

A promotional poster for the Star Trek: The Enterprise episode 'Unconquerable Soul Part II'. The central focus is the large, metallic, gold-colored Star Trek arrowhead logo. The background is a dynamic space scene with a large planet on the left, several Federation starships in the upper left, and a Klingon Bird-of-Prey in the upper right. A woman in a red uniform is shown aiming a phaser. In the lower left, a man in a grey uniform looks forward. The bottom of the poster features a close-up of the USS Enterprise-E's bridge, with a red emergency stop button visible. The title 'STAR TREK THE ENTERPRISE' is written in a stylized, metallic font across the middle.

STAR TREK THE ENTERPRISE

EPISODE 03:
UNCONQUERABLE SOUL
PART II

STAR TREK: THEURGY
EPISODE 03:
UNCONQUERABLE SOUL
PART III

Written 2014-03-26 to 2015-05-09

Courage is fear, when it has said its prayers

EPISODE 01: OUTBREAK

INTERREGNUM 01-02

EPISODE 02: WHATEVER GODS MAY BE

INTERREGNUM 02-03

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL - Part I

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL - Part II

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL - Part III

INTERREGNUM 03-04

EPISODE 04: SIMULCAST

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FOREWORD

This is a study of the emotional responses of lesser species, when such are afflicted by tragic loss of a loved one or a grievous failure to perform one's duties. In general, after causing grief to one or more individuals that the subject of study may care for. The fact of whether or not the subject could change the outcome of such an incident is in all cases irrelevant for the sake of this study, just as it is irrelevant for the subject in question.

The subject will probably react to learning of the loss with numbed disbelief. It may even deny the reality of the loss at some level in order to avoid the pain. The sense of shock provide emotional protection for the subject; a means to avoid being overwhelmed all at once. Depending on the subject, this feeling may last for an undetermined amount of time.

Immediate shock is replaced with the suffering of emotional pain. Although excruciating and almost unbearable, it is medically important that the subject experience the pain fully. It should be discouraged to hide it, avoid it or escape from it by frequent inebriation or use of narcotic agents. The subject may have guilty feelings and/or remorse over things it did - or did not do - before the incident. Living may seem chaotic and frightening to the subject during this phase. Shaping the subject's will at this point in the process has an inherent risk that the later phases may undo the indoctrination, for even if it is an easy feat, it may not last. The subject might even outright question the manipulator's words and motives.

Yet if results need to be expedient, and its life is expendable, this might also be the ideal phase to approach the subject.

Frustration gives way to anger, and the subject may lash out and lay unwarranted blame for the incident on someone else. This behaviour needs to be controlled and supervised, as changes to the subject's social standing may result. Moreover, the subject may rail against a perceived 'fate', asking questions in line with why the incident was inflicted upon it. The subject may even try to bargain - in vain - with the perceived omnipotent powers that it believes in, asking for redemption if the subject would perform acts of faith. This, of course, in order to find a way to escape the despair that the subject feels. During this phase, the subject is ripe for approach and suggestion, and if one might substitute the subject's need for a higher power, one might just gain a faithful servant.

Just when the subject's close acquaintances may think the subject should be getting on with its life, a long period of sad reflection will likely overtake it instead. This is a normal stage of grief, and while encouragement from others is not helpful during this stage, the subject still quite vulnerable to suggestion. During this time, the subject may realise the true magnitude of its perceived loss, causing depression. It may isolate itself on purpose, reflecting on things done by the time of the incident. The subject may sense great feelings of emptiness or despair during this phase, and be prone to listen.

As the subject start to adjust to life after the incident, its life becomes a little calmer and more organised. The subject's physical and psychological symptoms lessen, and its depressed state is alleviated. It is of great import that this phase is monitored in order to glean evidence of successful imprint.

When the subject becomes more functional, its mind starts working at its previous capacity, and it will find itself seeking realistic solutions to problems posed by its life that does not relate - or refer to - the incident. If the suggestions made to the subject has taken hold, the manipulation has been successful, and the period in which it is due to act without second thought... has finally begun.

During the last phase in this grief model, the subject may learn to accept and deal with the reality of its situation. Its acceptance does not necessarily mean instant happiness, and given the pain and turmoil it has experienced, it may never return to the carefree, untroubled being that existed before the incident. Yet it may still find a way forward in its petty life: a means to deal with the past that makes it content.

The subject might start to look forward and lay long-term plans for the future. Eventually, it will be able to think about the incident without pain. It may feel sadness, yet the emotional pain will be gone. It will once again hope; anticipate some good fortune to come. Indeed, it may even find joy again in the experience of living.

It is clear, that by intricate design, such hope and joy may be found in actions that benefit our cause.

Be it by acceptance... or vengeance.

- Manipulation of Grief, by the Host named cin Nicander

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

PROLOGUE: Resurrection

Captain's Log, Star Date 57505.28. The enterprise to let the harried crews indulge themselves in a night of frivolity may have been advantageous. Few will the chances be for everyone aboard the Theurgy and the Harbinger to entertain themselves on the holodeck again in the weeks to come, when we once more set a course for the Alpha Quadrant. It would seem that the Class 9 nebula that we have hid inside during the night has helped throwing our pursuers off the scent. It may even have provided us with enough time to form a better strategy of approach now that we have - momentarily - regained active access to Starfleet databases.

Yesterday, Intelligence Officer Carrigan Trent gave us a glimpse of the current placement of Starfleet's deployed ships, all the way from the KNZ to the Sol System. Hopefully, it will show us the right path. Away from the Calamity's sensor sweeps... and out of range for the innocent fleets that hunt us.

- Captain Jien Ives, Commanding Officer of the USS Theurgy

[USS Theurgy | Main Sickbay | Deck 07 | 0605 hrs.]

A sharp hiss cut the air.

It was the sound when the lid of the cryogenic stasis unit decompressed, and finally opened. Residues of cold mist rose into the air. The person inside had been gradually thawed during the night, yet the thawing had fogged up the glass completely, so the results of the Asurian blank cell treatment remained a surprise for the three people standing around the opening unit. Of course, the tricorders had been unanimous in the vitality readings, yet it remained to be seen what kind of appearance the DNA resequencing had resulted in. Were they awakening a freak from its slumber? A grotesque excuse of a survivor that would never accept the thing he had become, all for the sake of the truth and the mission?

"Nurse Vojona, Doctor Maya, please prepare to help me move him to the biobed," said Lucan as he looked down into the unit, the mist having cleared from the face. He reached down and opened one eye, confirming what the tricorder had already stated. Just to be sure, he raised a small palm beacon - its light casting the dancing mist into brilliance above the patient's countenance. "It is like we suspected. The pupils do not react. Nurse, I will move the patient together with Doctor Maya instead. Please sterilise the ocular implants and prepare eye surgery equipment."

The Chief Medical Officer turned his pale eyes to the Vulcan next to him. "We make the eye surgery a first priority for three reasons. One, we do not want to traumatise the patient when he regains consciousness, since he would blind when he does unless we do the surgery first. Second, as you said, the neuro-pressure treatment requires that he will be awakened enough for you to sort out the singals in his new nervous system. Thirdly, the neuro-pressure therapy would sort out the optical nerves after the implants are in place. So, let us move him. Grab his legs."

Carefully, Lucan ran his arms underneath the former Ash'reem shoulders, and moved the naked male human to the biobed. Despite his stoicism, Lucan was awestruck with the healing capacity of the Asurian blank cells, for the results were far beyond anything he had ever expected. In a way, these results had sealed the fate of this rare species...

...because Lucan and his kin would now make sure that Sar-unga and her people would be found, imprisoned, bred and drained for every drop of their healing cells that they could muster.

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-10-01, 03:18:28

Hylota did not know how to was they were operating on, and she did not fell it mattered right now since she had only one job and that was to follow orders, she could get to know this person later. Sadly ll she knew was that she was going to be assisting with the eyes only since she was bought in only after the patient had been stabilized.

As she was told to assists in moving the patient to the biobed Hylota nodded and moved into position, she wanted to make a good impression on her colleagues and as her first operation here she needed it to go perfectly. But as Lucan inspected the patient's eyes and noted that they were unresponsive she was given the new task of fetching the optical implants. Hylota nodded and rushed around the other and retrieved the implants. She took the case with great care and moved them over to the biobed and she took up a spot beside the tools so she could hand them off when needed.

While she waited to be called upon she took out a small scanner and gave the reclaimed optics one final scan to make certain that they had no remains of their previous owner on them. Satisfied with the scan she looked to Lucan wondering hat she would be called upon to do next.

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-10-02, 02:07:19

"Yes Doctor," Doctor Maya uttered in a distant voice. Although the little Vulcan's short slender build would seem to make her unsuited for moving a patient, the relatively high gravity of her home planet insured that she had the strength to do so without trouble.

Normally Ensign Maya displayed both curiosity and a warmth that wasn't often associated with Vulcans. Now it was as if she wasn't even in the room. Her eyes didn't seem to focus on what she was looking at. Her voice was perfectly even, almost a monotone and her posture was perfectly straight and poised. She never seemed to make suggestions or initiate any actions but she followed orders in a calm precise manner with movements that seemed both jerky and eerily fluid at the same time.

She had spent much of that morning mediating, burning incense and placing herself in a trance to become the perfect teleneurological manipulator. She had compartmentalized all the distracting parts of her psyche that would compromise this never been done medical procedure: The transformation of an intelligent being from one species to another. It was she who was going to reprogram Sarresh Morali's cerebellum to regulate the bodily functions of a Terrestrial human if it was unable to do so itself. She was also going to make sure that his nervous system regulated his bodily functions during his hybrid phases as well, when he was neither Ash'reem nor Terran. That would be the true challenge, far too much for a Vulcan who had to maintain her own biosystems simultaneously. While applying the dermatiraelian plasticine that would serve as Sarrash's epidermis until his skin had created its own. That was why it was necessary to for green blooded neurosurgeon to clear her enough space in her synapses to maintain the biosystems of *two* bodies at once.

This left her in a state that diminished her personality and left her open to suggestion, but that was purely intentional. It would allow Doctor Nicander to monitor Sarrash's biorhythms and give instructions. In effect Maya's telepathic mastery of the nervous system would be Lucan's surgical

tools. Since the little Vulcan had conditioned herself to obey his voice while she was in this state he would have complete control over the entire procedure. And of her.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-05, 23:40:22

When Doctor Maya and Lucan had moved the patient from the stasis unit unto the biobed, Lucan did what was ethically correct and covered the naked human with a thin medical blanket - leaving just the shoulders and the face bare. Then he gave Hylota an appreciative smile and a nodd when she had prepped equipment before he went to the unit by the wall that he could sterilise his hands with; its yellow light quickly preparing him for surgery. Then came the gloves, covering his tattooed hands for an extra layer of protection. Ready, he first picked up and applied the speculum mask upon Sarresh's upper face, distending eyelids wide. A tap on a button produced two smooth rings that lowered down and fixated the eyeballs harmlessly. For while sedated, it did not mean that the eyes did not make minute movements.

"Computer, begin surgical log. Patient: Junior Lieutenant Sarresh Morali. Post-treatment diagnosis has shown that the patient is blind due to the severe difference between Human and Ash'reem eyes and that the DNA-resequencing could not adequately give the patient human sight. Attending me is Doctor Maya and Nurse Vojona. Surgery begins now," he said with a detached voice, covering his mouth with a paper mask before he continued, "I will begin by clearing an insertion path for the implants. Nurse, please hand me the 0,5 mm exoskalpel." When the nurse gave it to him, he began the crude work of cutting out the necessary mass of the eyes, which may seem barbaric to the layman observer but it was actually a very precise step that begged for carefulness lest too much of the optic nerves were damaged. To connect the implants, the surgery also begged for room to let the implants digital output channels find and calibrate themselves with the remaining optic nerves.

While the surgery wore on, Lucan was betimes left thinking of the two present women, so widely different yet nonetheless interesting in their own ways. They were exotic in their separate natures, and they were both - to an extent - at his mercy. One was rigged to be manipulated at a moments notice through a hypnotic trigger, and the other one depended on him to get her through her fertile state - having asked him to experiment on her in whatever way he deemed necessary to find a way to reduce the... 'forceful' way in which Ovri ovulated. Both women had their own merits and uses, and yet only one of them were due to be exploited that morning.

The surgery lasted for almost an hour, the chronometer about to show 0700 hrs when Lucan removed the mask. Both the Ovri and the Vulcan had been involved in the steps towards completion, and when they were finally done, Sarresh's new eyes stared up at them - the silvery and artificial-looking irises catching the light in the room. Lucan closed them with his gloved hand before turning to Nurse Vojona.

"Thank you for your assistance, and well done," said Lucan and smiled to her once he had removed his mask, "Next, Doctor Maya will be performing a highly demanding Vulcan neuro-pressure treatment and she has asked to not be disturbed by too many people attending to the session. I will be supervising the procedure from my office, yet I will not be here in person either. Therefore, you will be dismissed for the time being, Nurse, but please remain in the wards - looking after our other injured - so that I can swiftly unlock the doors to this area and ask you to return at a moments notice. The patient is stable, but I rather want to be safe than sorry. If nothing else, I want you present when we finally wake up Mr. Morali."

Having spoken with Hyota, Lucan turned to Maya next. "Are you prepared, or do you need more time?" He gave Maya an earpiece so that she could hear his voice but not alarm the drugged and

semi-awake patient. "If you are ready, I will inoculate him and step away - sealing off the area and retreating behind the glass of my office."

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-10-06, 02:23:38

The surgery as almost textbook, no complications and nothing was obstructed. But Hylota was glad she was not the one performing the operation, the events of the night before still weighed upon her, the drinks she had had and the pleasure she had sought left her feeling slightly out of it today, fortunately not to the point where she was making mistakes, but after the hour of standing she found her legs aching slightly and her eyes were stinging from the bright surgical lights. Hylota did not know why she had thought that the party would ever be a good idea after all of the work she had done before that, and with how she was going to be doing this surgery in the morning, in retrospect it was a very poor choice.

Lucky for her Lucan as such a skilled doctor she did not have to do much, there was a little effort that had been needed to be done on her part and she had only needed to take a bigger role when testing the implants and making sure that it was fully integrated. In the end she sighed and relaxed as she felt she was done finally and she took a seat and looked to Lucan as he discussed what he needed to do with Maya. She nodded and got up again as she was told to tend to the patients and man the medical bay.

As the two went into Lucan's office Hylota sighed and she about cleaning up after the surgery. Moving all of the tools to sterilization and collecting all the bio matter that had been removed and not sucked up. She put it into the proper waste containers and moved it to disposal. After that Hylota looked to the door where Lucan and Maya had gone and he sighed as she went to the patients and started to do her rounds, looking over chart and making sure that they had not changed drastically and then checking the times on medications to ensure that they were given out on time.

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-10-06, 04:05:13

"Yes Doctor, I am ready," Maya replied in a distant voice. She had removed the gloves of her crimson surgical scrubs and was now massaging her hands and limbering up her fingers for the operation ahead. She had set the dermatiraelian plasticine on a tray that floated in the air at elbow level and could move it with the slightest push.

Normally it would be impossible for Maya to apply the artificial epidermis while maintaining telepathic contact with Morali's nervous system, but with Lucan Nicander monitoring from his workstation she wouldn't have to. If Sarresh Morali's nervous system had to be overridden in order to adjust his bodily systems Doctor Nicander would inform her. This left the little Vulcan free to apply the artificial epidermis over every crack and groove of the injured time traveler's body in the meantime.

Holding the floating tray with her thumb and forefingers, Maya slowly approached the patient and waited for instructions. Her gait was the same graceful series of short but quick steps it often was. There was no limping or sign of the ordeal the little Vulcan's body had undergone the night before. At this moment her body's aches didn't register and the pain and humiliation from the night before was buried deep in her memories.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-10, 23:24:46

While Doctor Maya had readied the dermatiraelian plasticine for the treatment, Lucan had discarded his surgical scrubs and donned his long white labcoat. He stepped up to the sedated Sarresh Morali where he lay upon the main biobed and fished up a hypospray from his pocket, one which had already

been charged and calibrated with 0,2 ccs of Amoelacin and 3 ccs of Umoxon, resulting in the inoculation that would make the patient docile and put in a dreamlike state of utter comfort during the neuro-pressure therapy. It was necessary to prevent any effect upon his neurological system, since a sedated state or a spinal inhibitor would block the nerve signals.

If Sarresh Morali were to open his eyes, he would not be able to give any credit to what he saw. Despite all that had happened to the Ash'reem, there was no risk of traumatising the patient if he was drugged and kept from full realisation about his whereabouts. With a clicking sound from his medical instrument, Lucan pressed the muzzle against the side of Sarresh's neck and released the mix with an audible hiss. Nothing happened since the patient had not been awakened yet, but the second charge in Lucan's hypospray would simply negate the sedatives that were currently running through the Temporal Affairs Officer's new veins. Twisting the handle around, Lucan stepped to Maya while he counted the seconds for the Umoxon-mix to take hold under his breath.

Yet before he did anything else, he locked eyes with the Vulcan before him and stroked his hand over her cheek - smiling to her. "Good luck, Doctor. I will be instructing you from my office," he said, yet he supposed his words were a bit wasted, remembering the last time they had been alone together. More precisely, the trigger he had made for her trance.

Circling Doctor Maya as he spoke, he continued. "When you wake up, you will do so under the following condition. At any point when I'd lay my hand upon your cheek and look into your eyes, like this," he said, and did so with his free hand - staring into her blank eyes, "you will instinctually, without delay, make yourself enter this kind of trance again... with the same spoken word meant to wake you from it, which I now will wake you with."

Only then did he return to Sarresh, using his hypospray once more and waking him into his imagined nirvana. Before stepping towards his office, Lucan finished his business by the biobed by ripping the thin medical blanket from the former Ash'reem's naked body with a bit of flourish - making it settle in a corner.

"Computer, seal Main Sickbay area and close the office." Lucan did not turn around to look at the glass walls as they shut behind him. Instead he stepped to his computer console and pressed the command to make the glass a one-way mirror - making him perfectly able to see Doctor Maya standing before the biobed while neither her nor the patient would be able to see Lucan where he stood behind the glass. "Move the display of biobed readings to the wall and let my voice tap into frequency three-five-niner and the earpiece that Doctor Maya wears."

While the bio-readings of Sarresh Morali flared up across the shut glass wall in superimposed orange and teal numbers and letters, Lucan stepped up to the glass and folded his tattooed hands behind himself - eyes on the Vulcan and his patient. "Please initiate neuro-pressure treatment. Begin by rectifying behaviour in the cerebellum and pituitary gland. Discontinue any attempt his body make to try and maintain Ash'reem bio-systems and reprogram his nervous and endocrine systems to maintain human biology. Make sure to use the dermatiraelian plasticine during the treatment, rubbing the compound into the patient's skin."

Rubbing his jaw after making his instructions, Lucan smirked a little and added one last thing. "Oh, while the dermatiraelian plasticine is quite transparent, its hard to get out of textile... so I would suggest removing your clothes before you begin, Doctor Maya, and you can use your whole body to apply it since it won't have any effect upon your skin. You may proceed at your own leisure."

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-10-12, 01:50:02

"Yes Doctor," the little Vulcan replied while removing her surgical scrubs. She was in fact, wearing nothing underneath for she had donned the crimson surgical gown in place of the ceremonial robe she would normally wear while reordering her mind so thoroughly. As she folded her surgical gown and placed it on a table Lucan could see her pale slender, body quite clearly. The little Vulcan even removed her footwear leaving her only in what the universe had given her when she was born on Vulcan centuries ago. Counselor Hayden O'Connor had done a good job with the dermal regenerator the night before and the little Vulcan's bruises were invisible to the naked eye.

There was no hesitation in following Lucan's churlish and seemingly absurd suggestion. On the contrary, to Maya's logical and focused mind it made perfect sense. The green blooded surgeon was going to need her hands free if she was going to override Sarresh's cerebellum and pituitary gland to keep his biosystems stable. She was going to have to apply the artificial epidermis some other way, in this case, body to body contact. Since the little Vulcan was a licensed sex therapist, there was no violation of procedure or medical ethics as long as the Chief Medical Officer allowed it.

Maya moved with eerily fluid alacrity as she oiled her body up in the dermatiraelian plasticine. She didn't move stiffly like a staggering Borg, she moved gracefully and fluidly like an Orion dancer or a Caitan acrobat. Once her body was glistening with the artificial epidermis, she climbed on to the biobed to straddle Sarresh's body.

Lucan was treated to a sensual yet absurdly pornographic performance as the little Vulcan rubbed and grinded her body against the dazed time traveler. Her fingertips dug into the back of his head at the base of his neck and Maya closed her eyes. "Contact has been made," she murmured in a nearly inaudible voice that was heard clearly over Lucan's earpiece.

Maya's eyes rolled back in her head. Although Sarresh Morali's thoughts remained his own the little Vulcan could now feel every sensation the former Ash'reem was feeling. She could sense the euphoria from the anesthetic and the slight stinging sensation from his artificial corneas. She could feel the human heart forcing iron based blood through his altered body and the air going through his bronchial tubes as it entered and left his transformed lungs. She could even perceive the instinctive arousal and her own slippery flesh grinding and rubbing on top of him. Through it all she separated and compartmentalized these sensations as she focused on keeping his biorhythms stable and getting his exposed dermis protected.

Post by: Brutus on 2014-10-14, 04:16:52

There was a hiss...or was there? He wasn't sure. Bathed in a cool, otherworldly darkness, he didn't want to move. His consciousness...his form? He wasn't sure...seemed to float. Floating was natural. Floating was right. Floating, swimming - *Swimming through the boiling, searing water, the acidic bite eating away at* - natural and peaceful.

His body gave a jerk, just the slightest. There in the darkness? Or on the biobed? What was a biobed? He didn't know. Something...a fog was wrapped around him. There was warmth. The warmth that he alone could not create. And a welcome slick sensation? He suddenly felt dry. Cool, but dry.

There was pressure too, a heavy, odd but yet, familiar pressure. A weight on his hips, his chest - *his chest, aching, searing in pain. The water coursing through him, eroding the very bones in his body, the pressure causing him to buckle as he strode to close the distance* - and then a blossoming of awareness. Simple, pleasurable contact. Contact like had not had since her - *Floating, keening in the*

wind on that driftwood as he swam closer, his eyes flaring in pain, watching her slowly dissolve - not since he'd last wrapped his limbs, and tongue, around her, around -

<Amikris?> the word was croaked from a man barely conscious, unaware that he'd spoken aloud. Not that the name was recognizable, from a throat so parched and missing the proper vocal cords to approximate the acoustical range of an Ash'reem male. It didn't come close to the nail on chalkboard screech that most humans would compare the alien language to. And yet, it was speech, all the same. The drugs

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-15, 15:42:58

Standing behind the closed glass wall, studying what was happening upon the single biobed, Lucan remained still while the superimposed bio-readings streamed across the glass surface. From floor to ceiling it shone, data that might be deemed the new life-pulse of the former Ash'reem. Human readings. Common and crude. Easy to read. The primal reaction to the Vulcan's body was quite expected, and since the readings were there, Lucan continued his log.

"Time: 0707 hrs. The patient has attempted to speak. As a side-effect to the epidermis treatment, the patient is showing arousal. This might be due to the manual application of the treatment, or simply as a natural reaction to the flow of blood in his new veins, effect perfectly similar to nocturnal penile tumescence. Reason may even be twofold. Treatment continues without complication."

The display was delectable, of course, and the urges of the beast inside bubbled underneath Lucan's impeccable surface. "Doctor Maya," he said after opening the frequency to her earpiece, "continue treatment until his nervous system has been aligned, and make sure the patient is comforted in his current state of arousal. Now that the opportunity has presented itself, it is the least we can do to ensure that his new genitalia functions in the way it is supposed to. You may do whatever you feel required to test his copulation ability and make him ejaculate."

Doctor Maya was in a trance, so he did not know why motivated his commands aloud. He was certainly going to make sure she didn't remember what he made her do either, lest his image and his methods would come in question...

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-10-18, 07:01:50

"Yes Doctor," Maya said in a strangely professional voice. Apparently the trance she had placed herself in wasn't causing any mental conflicts for she sounded almost normal.

Sarresh could feel a lithe feminine form rubbing and massaging his body. Long spidery fingers caressed and explored as an underdeveloped yet pert chest squished itself against his as a woman's legs snaked around his lower extremities. The probing hands stroked every crack and groove of his back, working their way down until they stroked every crack and groove of his backside. He felt the slippery female body off of him before the fingers stroked and caressed every line of his face, every crease on his chest, and every muscle on each of his limbs.

The little Vulcan kept Lucan's orders in mind. *"Continue treatment until his nervous system has been aligned, and make sure the patient is comforted in his current state of arousal. Now that the opportunity has presented itself, it is the least we can do to ensure that his new genitalia functions in the way it is supposed to. You may do whatever you feel required to test his copulation ability and make him ejaculate."* She didn't find any conflict for the ecstasy of the climax would put Sarresh's nervous, cardiovascular, and hormonal systems through their paces in laboratory conditions. As a

matter fact, it could very easily jolt his body into human norm and keep his brain from trying to run it like it was an Ash'reem body anymore. Like a neural stimulator or a cardio defibrillator, this could be the 'reset' button that Sarresh needed.

Placing the fingertips of one hand on Sarresh Morali's face while her hand slid down his abdomen until she found his shaft. She stroked it as gently as if she was stroking a tiny kitten, using only her fingertips. She closed her eyes and made contact with him in order to find out what would give him the greatest pleasure. Quite frankly, her secret to being a successful sexual facilitator was her ability to know what her paramours wanted. By closing off parts of her mind and opening others she could usually give it to them. Of course in Sarresh's case the former Ash'reem was literally not himself. Not only was he the wrong species but he was so tranquilized he could barely react like a human, but she had to try.

Post by: Brutus on 2014-10-18, 15:41:12

There was certainly physical arousal, not that the drugged and hazy Temporal Affairs officer was really aware of said state. Not yet, at least. He was still floating - *swimming through the burning waters*- in something approaching bliss, despite the painful memories that seemed to phase in and out with no warning or sense of reason. He could feel....something. It was the neurons slowly being reconnected, bit by bit, pressure point by pressure point, but he was in no state of mind to understand what was happening. Truly, how could he be? A new body? A new species really, not even truly himself anymore, save perhaps that immortal soul. Or had that changed now too?

His ears - which now stuck out far from his head, compared to his previous incarnation - were straining to hear a reply to his words, waiting for *her* reply, the woman he loved - *he needed to tell her, couldn't let her die without knowing, had to save her, his love* - to tell him she was there, that they were together.

"Yes Doctor," the professional voice grated on his new found ears, but perhaps she was with him in sickbay? <Amikris?> he asked again, in that bastardization of his 'native' tongue. Slick fingers danced across his body, teasing and caressing. The cheeks of his ass squeezed together in response to what his addled mind assumed was the redheaded Ash'reem woman's touch, coated with the life restoring gel his people secreted from the palms of their hands. He groaned, unbeknownst to even himself, at the touch, memories surfacing - *Her finger, her tongue, probing the rim of his ass, pushing their way in* - and then the form moved up to his face and he coo'd.

He stiffened again, when those fingers brushed his cock. It was not as long as it might be, half aroused as it was, thick, warm, and utterly human. As her fingers caressed him, so too did her thoughts, revealing the last coupling he'd had with Amikris, how their bodies had glided together, how she'd worked herself into his ass while teasing his cock and ensuring a heady orgasm ensued. How they'd fucked like animals, rutting and cumming over and over. <Amikris....>

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-19, 13:54:51

Watching from his place behind the glass wall, Lucan frowned at the strange noises Sarresh Morali was making while Doctor Maya stroked the patient's hardening penis. The readings that coursed down the glass wall did not describe any ailments or signs of an underdeveloped larynx.

"Time: 0709. The patient has made further attempts to speak, without success. If the patient is trying to communicate during his medically induced state of mind, it might he is trying to speak in his native tongue, using ultrasonic frequencies to form his syllables. Given the fact that the human vocal tract is

not equipped for the task... it might explain the unintelligible sounds that the patient is making."

With this in mind, Lucan looked away from the erotic display of the Vulcan on top of the human, both their bodies slick and glistening in the artificial light of Sickbay as they moved, and activated a translation program. With hand-gestures made before the glass wall, he inserted the audio-file of Sarresh's sounds into it, which resulted in static and a monotonous voice rendering of what might have been said, Ash'reem linguistics and the patient's new physical condition taken into account.

[No comparative reference available in Ash'reem vocabulary. Direct sound in normal hearing frequency and in Federation Standard: 'Amikris'. Common Ash'reem name,] said Thea, repeating the name as many times as Mr. Morali had said the name, ['Amikris. Amikris.']

Of course the Temporal Affairs Officer would be saying that name... Images of the Medical Assistant came unbidden to Lucan where he stood, remembering her fellating him in the Triage Centre, and weeks before that, in the blue light of the decontamination chamber, where Amikris had used the duct in her hand and rubbed his hard cock in the fashion that Maya was right then rubbing Sarresh. It was both fortunate that the Ash'reem had ended up dead on Theta Eridani IV... and a slight pity. *Ash'reem are interesting lovers*, Lucan thought, *or 'were', rather.*

It was fortunate that he had taken care of Thea's surveillance system, because otherwise the A.I. would be able to see what Doctor Maya was doing to the patient. Lucan was not sure what she'd do, but chances were that she'd tell the Captain. As it were, there was only readings being made of the ongoing upon the biobed. Lucan gestured with a tattooed hand towards the symbol that represented the channel to Maya's earpiece, activating it.

"The patient seems to think you are his former Ash'reem mate. To prevent confusion, I suggest continued treatment without speech to facilitate the daydream he is having. If he is made to doubt, he might struggle and try to fight the medication in his blood. Ample distraction is advised while treatment continues."

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-10-20, 00:03:34

"I'm here," Maya replied without thinking as she leaned over to whisper in his ear. "I'm here." Despite the highly compartmentalized state of her mind, her facilitator's training kicked in. Sarresh's need for comfort was undeniable. He needed a friend, he needed her to be his lost love, he needed her to Amikris. And deep down, some part of the little Vulcan really wanted to *be* Amikris.

Maya had left Vulcan because on her home planet her life was empty. Her work with as a sexual facilitator had left her with a longing for physical and emotional intimacy that couldn't be received from patients suffering from *Ponn Farr*. She craved ecstasy, bliss, and togetherness. She craved love, that primitive primordial state that draws people together.

<I'm here> she assured him as she used her telepathy to translate her words into his native tongue. She sent the words directly into his addled mind, allowing him to hear her voice and create the illusion of his lover that would allow them to immerse themselves in paradise for a poignantly short period of time. Sarresh needed Amikris right now, and after the abuse she suffered at Phantom's hands last night, Maya needed to <*be* Amikris. <I'm here my beloved, and you're not alone>

A wide smile that was completely alien parted her lips, and Maya let go of his member to reach for his backside in order to snake on of her long spidery fingers between his gluteus maximus muscles. With one hand on his face and the other at his posterior, the little Vulcan got creative when it came to

stimulating his penis. She leaned down and placed her mouth the tip, heedless of the bitter taste of dermatiraelian plasticine that assaulted her tongue.

Post by: Brutus on 2014-10-20, 03:53:45

He was utterly unaware of his surroundings, beyond the hazy sensations of nerves connecting and firing off along his slick body. He had no concept of time, or sense of place. Lucan's words were lost on him - perhaps had they been able to fully restore his Ash'reem ears, their acoustical prowess would have allowed him to pick up the words from the transmitter in the Vulcan's pointed ear. But as it was, his hearing was (mostly) at a human level now. Certainly not capable of eaves dropping on such a monologue as the one the smaller Vulcan was undergoing, courtesy of Dr. Nicander

But none of that mattered now. His (human) heart began to beat faster in his chest, blood flow hastening to his extremities - one extremity in particular swelled at the feather light touch, then the firm contact, between his legs. He heard her. At least, he thought he *heard* her. Her voice, that sweet, sweet voice filled his whole mind. His Amikris was back. He called out to her, words too jumbled, too mangled and smashed together. It didn't matter, the meaning was clear, even to someone not probing his inner thoughts and desires. That sense of wonder and welcome.

The newly minted body was responding wonderfully to the physical stimulation. If Dr. Nicander wanted a show, he was sure to get one. The mostly human male arched up when the slick finger slid down between his ass cheeks. They clenched, as men are often wont to do, but he relaxed, in anticipation. A groan, purely human, bubbled up as soft lips curled over his swollen tip. And her fingers were still on his face. He tried - and failed - to properly nuzzle her hand. His tongue slid out, seeking her skin, just long enough to graze against her wrist.

And all that mattered in that moment was one simple truth: He wasn't alone.

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-10-25, 06:12:31

Maya raised her head from Sarresh as her eyes darted left and right behind closed eyelids. Her lips moved unconsciously as she reordered her thoughts in order to simultaneously monitor Sarresh while fulfilling his fantasy. She needed to divide and reintegrate her mental processes in order to be both neurologist and sexual facilitator. Even though her mind was assaulted by Sarresh's thoughts and perceptions, her trance was deep enough for her consciousness to make room for both her mental 'medical computer' and Sarresh's desires by suppressing Maya's base personality. By clearing her mind of her own thoughts and predilections, the little Vulcan was able to perform as both a doctor and Sarresh's memory of his lost love.

A wide playful smile alien to Maya's nature broke out on her face before she lowered her head down and put her mouth around Sarresh's manhood. Her finger teased its way into his anus as she licked his member like an ice cream cone and made quiet cooing moans as she hungrily drank him in. She was empty, so empty without him, so empty without his passion, his perception of her, his memory of Amikris. Tears trickled out of Maya's eyes; she wanted to be Amikris so badly. And right now, for a brief moment, she was Amikris, or at least the woman Sarresh *thought* his love was anyway.

"I'm here," she murmured in the version of the Ash'reem language Sarresh's people used on dry land. "I'm here for you Sarresh, and I'm not going to leave you alone." Using her telepathic powers, she created the sensation that Sarresh was in a large bathtub rather than lying atop a biobed. As an aquatic being, he would find the illusion both comforting and stimulating.

Post by: Brutus on 2014-10-29, 23:36:52

He had no idea or awareness of the Vulcan's mental fortitude, nor the strain it might put on her, dividing her thoughts. Despite the fact that her finger was spreading him open, he had no awareness of *her* either. Clearly the therapy was working, in so much as his body was responding like any man's might. Clenching around the intrusion, burning slightly between his cheeks, eliciting moans. His thick member twitched and jumped, hardening all the more. It throbbed, the tip swelling, head purple and needy. Just as needy as the rest of the former Ash'reem. The only problem was - if you could call it a problem - that Sarresh thought all this was being done by his beloved. He had no awareness of what was actually going on. No real sense that his body was no longer the one he had been born with, and the woman tending to him was not the late Amikris Neotin. Her remains had likely long dissolved.

Dr. Maya was a complete nonentity to Sarresh, her presence preempted by the memory of the redheaded alien who'd made love to him time and again among the cargo containers only to spurn him not a day later after he tried to shield her from the horrors of her father's untimely demise. And he had good reason, now that he could hear his lover's voice. It seemed far off, in his head, not in his ears, a bit mangled, but he could hear her, and he called out to her. Told her all the things he hadn't been able to before her father's death. His love for her, his need for her. How she and she alone was giving him something worth fighting for in this time line, beyond the vague impressions of duty that his now memory locked former self had felt strongly enough about to sacrifice his future for. How he needed her, his anchor, his home.

He groaned out loud as her lips wrapped over his cock. The tongue dancing felt good, as impressions of water flowed over his skin. He leaned back in the tub (his body arching on the bio-bed) and he whimpered encouragement. A hand twitched, as if trying to reach out to his lover as he felt her finger slip deeper inside of his tight hole, stretching the ring wider. More muscle control seemed to be surfacing, as toes curled and a dab of precum beaded on his tip, dripping slowly down his engorged length. As far as he was concerned, he was getting the best bath time blow job of his life.

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-10-31, 00:55:42

The dab of precum tasted strange to her teasing tongue as it dissolved within her moist mouth. Of course it did. It contained elements of some of the last biochemical traces of his Ash'reem ancestry his body was going to produce. From now on everything coming out of him would be created by terrestrial homo sapiens. He may have been lying down but he was stepping into a brave new world.

Maya cleared those thoughts in her head almost before she thought them. She allowed the diagnostic part of her brain continue monitoring as she lost herself to the illusion Sarresh created for her. His lost love Amikris had lost her father, and was probably just as lost in the universe as Maya was herself. Without hesitation, she let go of her own identity and became *Sarresh's* impression of his lover.

She almost lost contact with his psyche as she removed her hand from his face to fondle his shaft. Her finger poked more firmly into his backside as she instinctively searched for a reconnection. Her lips slid up his member as she demanded more contact with him. His true thoughts were fuzzy, distant, hidden, but his sensations and passions were still an open book to her.

A quiet growl was heard from her throat as her body tilted left and right as she tried to taste his manhood from all angles. Finally she placed herself between his legs and emitted a soft grunt as her head bobbed up and down on him.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-31, 13:51:09

Standing behind the one-way mirror that the glass wall of his office had been rendered into, and with Sarresh's readings coursing across the cold surface, Dr. Nicander observed the proceedings with a quiet smile on his lips - as if he watched a play that he had directed and fooled the actors to perform - making them dance just for his own amusement. Or was it the parasite that had wanted to instigate this? He was not quite sure. Of late, the lines of his soul had been blurred.

Seeing that the Vulcan had increased the rhythm of the oral sex she performed upon the resurrected, their slick bodies locked in what would probably lead to the patient ejaculating prematurely, Lucan gestured with a tattooed hand against the audio link he had to Doctor Maya activating it, willing her to complete her undertaking in full - using the trance and hypnotic grip on her to make her do so.

"Sarresh Morali and Amikris Neotin were mates," said Lucan in precise, cutting syllables into her ear, "therefore, I think he will find it more plausible if you soon come to straddle him - letting him enter you. I am also concerned about the musculature and nervous system of his face, so I dare say kissing him while you stimulate the nerves in his temples and jaw with your hands will make him more... attuned to his new facial features. My readings suggest residual conflicts in the posterior auricular branch and the stylomastoid foramen."

He shut down the audio link and folded his arms across his chest where he stood, witnessing the show he was directing unfold before him. Too bad Doctor Maya would be made to forget his own involvement in the sexual development during the neuro-pressure treatment, being made to believe she had instigated it all on her own whim instead of the instructions he was giving her. He supposed he would have to make her believe he could not have seen what she was doing too; that he would only be monitoring the patient's readings by his computer and that the glass wall had not been clear from his vantage point.

Indeed, with a single word spoken to her after she was done with Morali, he would incinerate the manuscript by rewriting her memory...

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-05, 18:21:47

Upon being asked to bring the compound they used for burn wounds, Maal had it already on his mind so he turned with a nod, heading towards the medical supply storage. "I think we still have a minor stockpile of dermaline gel (http://en.memory-alpha.org/wiki/Dermaline_gel) left," he said over his shoulder with his deep voice as he walked, "perhaps just enough to treat the residual hurts of all patients still here that were subject to burn wounds on Theta Eridani IV. I will be right back, and I'll bring a fresh uniform for Ensign Matthews as well."

Thus he left Nurse Vojona and the Brig Officer behind for a short while, meaning to return with the gel and the uniform. In the meantime, someone else entered the Recovery Wards behind his back. Maal did not notice the arrival before leaving, but it was Phantom, or Lt Cmdr. Phanatos Kilinvoss, the Wing Commander of the Valkyrie Mk. II Dor'Ghltlh Squardon from the USS Harbinger.

When he entered, it was as if a hush settled upon the wards, eyes drawn to his ghastly face. He wore his white-collared uniform, reflecting the milky white substance that had once been his left eye. The stark artificial light of the wards made the scar tissue of his face gleam, and when he laid his mismatched eyes upon the Ovri and her patient, it was like a kick in the teeth. He went to them both, his presence filling the area more than the fact of his body, and his tone was eerily polite - like a veiled death threat.

"I require pain medication, strongest available," he rasped, his voice as damaged as his face, "for obvious reasons. Would you mind getting some for me? I got some from your ilk down on the planet, but I don't remember what they were called."

Having made his request to the Nurse, the Lieutenant Commander turned his dead eye on the Security Officer on the biobed. "Good morning, Ensign," he said, baring teeth as he pronounced the man's rank, "I will leave as soon as I get what I need... so that you may have your treatment. I am sure you can wait for a moment longer."

Post by: Brutus on 2014-11-11, 14:32:40

The former Ash'reem sank further and further into the illusion that his beloved Amikris was there with him, holding him, doing things unto him that were an utter delight, that men of any species would enjoy. Well, granted not all male species that the Temporal Affairs officer had encountered - remembered encountering - had functioning prostate gland, so that bit might not have been as well enjoyed across all cultures. But really, that kind of conscious thought was stricken from the now humans mind. He was an overload of sensation, and was far past the point of knowing that something different was going on.

As far as Suresh was concerned, Amikris was there, wanting him more than she'd ever wanted him before. Needing him, because he needed her, and he needed her to need him. There was that ghost of a sense of loss, deep, terrible loss. Of being utterly alone. And she was his soothing balm. Was it from the fact that he'd been stripped away from his previous crew, restored to his proper place in time with his memories woefully unimpaired? Was it that they were the last two Ash'reem on the ship? Or was that lingering sense of loss something deeper, something more? It didn't matter. His lover was here. She was - oh yes - she was taking him down to the root. He could hear her, feel her gag a bit - odd, she'd never had that issue before - he didn't complain at all. Weak hands reached out. They ran though what felt like those luscious, long red curls, even when in reality they were anything but. His now pink fingers formed a tight fist in her hair - harder to do with Dr. Maya's shorter cut, but manageable all the same, gripping with a hunger as his hips rose up off the biobed. This in turn caused her finger to shift deeper, and his moans to grow higher pitched.

<Close, close> he moaned in his native tongue, something that Dr. Maya would more likely understand the mental impression of than the butchered phonetic representation his human vocal cords tried to screech out, as much as by the way his balls grew tighter up against him. He groaned in frustration as he felt those perfect lips pull back and away in response to his moaned out pleas, but only to hiss in joy when her lithe body crawled over him. In his mind, this is what his beloved would do. That it matched up perfectly to what Dr. Nicander had instructed - well, the good doctor knew a thing or two about how mates reacted, and how Amikris Neotin in particular behaved. It was no surprise that the hedonist physician's instructions were well received by the prone, aching male.

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-11-14, 08:18:47

Maya groaned as she lowered herself onto him. She placed her fingertips on Sarrash's face so she would know exactly how he perceived this and what he wanted her to do. The little Vulcan's secret to being a sexual facilitator is that she could use her telepathy to give her paramours exactly what they wanted and share their pleasure. In this way she shared the sexual preferences of whomever she was with.

But right now she was with someone who was unsettlingly similar to herself. A temporal castaway, left

utterly alone in the cosmos. For the two of them there were no loved ones to go back to, there was no home, there was no company, no soul mate, no one they had anything in common with. And both had lost the only other person they had made a connection with. The similarities in their pasts threatened to make the feelings they shared dangerously genuine.

Maya groaned as she pushed down on him to get him inside. The muscles on her slender thighs flexed and strained as she grimaced at the sensation of his manhood pushing its way into her tight slender body. She shook her head to clear the wild locks of red hair that existed only in her patient's mind and shuddered as he slowly slid up into her. Then he bucked and her mouth fell open. She felt the water fill her gills and the warmth of Sarresh's body.

The entire time the clinical part of Maya's mind scanned Sarresh's nervous system and monitored his blood pressure, heart rate and other vitals. Her hedonistic side lost herself in his fantasy. With her mental processes divided the way they were Maya quickly lost all rational thought and acted on instinct, responding to her patient's instincts more than her own.

Post by: Brutus on 2014-11-23, 04:11:23

He could feel her touch on his jaw, on his cheeks, and he tried to nuzzle against those finger tips. It was as if he had a greater awareness of Amikris, but was unable to focus in on exactly what that awareness was. Beyond the obvious, that is. He was very, very aware of the slick, wet warmth that was sliding down along his aching shaft. It would be impossible to be unaware, in fact. The wet of her snatch was so different than the water that he felt surrounding them, different even than the secretions from her palms, the soothing, healing balm that all Ash'reem produced. It was that perfect, slick warmth that he longed for.

Those hands of his went to her hips, under the (nonexistent) water line. He held her firmly, as he bucked upwards again. There was a desperate need for his lover, to feel her taking him, to make her moan for him and him alone. Oh it wasn't as if their species was exactly monogamous, but she meant the world to him. She was his reason for trying to put aside his hate, put aside his disrepair at the situation. It wasn't like he was doing it for Jien Ives. Sure, the man had said...had said...what had he said? Sarresh couldn't remember, and it didn't matter. His reason for living was right there, ridding him in the warm waters they shared, squeezing every aching hard inch of his erection.

The reality of what was going on was lost on Sarresh. He had no idea that slowly, in the middle of coitus, the Vulcan doctor was rewiring his mental and physical pathways. That she was ensuring that once the time traveling now human woke up, that his new body would respond properly to the mental commands, most of them subconscious and automatic, that his mind would make. He had no ability to understand that he was, in fact, fucking a complete stranger, a being utterly alien to him in very way imaginable, and not his redheaded lover. Nor could he understand that said lover was well and truly dead, her remains long disintegrated in a pool of super hot acidic water, left forever on that hellish planet.

No, as far as Sarresh was concerned, he was having the ride of his life. His perfect mate was grinding down against him as he filled her tightly with his cock, aching for that sweet, heated release that only she could give him.

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-11-26, 06:19:30

In the meantime, Maya was riding her patient while being completely lost in his fantasy. "Oh!" the slender Vulcan moaned in a surprisingly loud voice. "Sarresh!" she cried as the pinky of her right hand

slid into the corner of her patient's mouth. Her crotch slapped obscenely against his body as she increased her rhythm. At this moment the part of her mind that wasn't monitoring his health was consumed by his need for Amikris Noeten, so now she needed him. The emptiness in her mind was excruciating, she was using Sarresh's fantasy to fill it. Or was it the strain of compartmentalizing her mind while receiving such intense stimulation that was excruciating?

In the meantime the analytical part of her mind received instructions through her earpiece. *"Very good, doctor,"* Doctor Nicander's deep voice purred into her ear, *"the patient's neural network appears to be fully aligned, and you have been able to verify the health, strength and mobility of the patient's new body. You are allowed to climax at any time, and it would be beneficial if you could make him reach his own peak as well. This is his last moments with his the image of his mate, so make sure they count. If I were you, I would say farewell to him as well. Then, you will give him the sedatives in the hypospray lying on the table next to the biobed."*

"F-farewell!" she groaned as the imaginary water in her mind surged around the operating room. "Unh!" Hallucinations may have been healthy for the Denobulan mind but they weren't for a Vulcan's.

"When I say the word that will wake you from your trance, you will not remember me telling you to remove your clothes or encouraging sexual activity with the patient," Lucan's commanding voice instructed, *"but you will remember what you have done. I have not been able to witness your actions, never seen your naked body on your side of the glass wall, but I have seen the readings, supported you with my comments about his nerves, and detected a state of arousal in the patient. I found it natural given the manual application of the gel and the neuro-pressure massage. That you would have taken advantage of the patient for your own gain, or realised the need to help him come to terms with the loss of his mate and acted for his benefit... I leave entirely to you to rationalize. I don't care, as long as you do not remember my involvement besides the medical practice,"* he said before he spoke the word to release her from her trance. *"Birdcage."*

She emerged from her trance to feel Sarresh's healthy member sliding within her moist tight body. "Anh!" she cried as her hips ground against him as she glanced about the room, momentarily bewildered. The water had vanished. Her skin was once more 'fish bait white' flushing lime green instead of the blue with green stripes of an Ash'reem girl. "Oh!" she cried as she looked down and saw Sarresh's newly human face grimacing in ecstasy, her artificial eyes closed quite shut. Suddenly she was Maya, Vulcan physician, who was grinding against her patient like an Orion slave girl in a Ferengi porn program. Any pretense of Vulcan dignity was scattered to the four winds.

Her distress lasted less than a second before her training kicked in. She had to reestablish contact with Sarresh and gave him what he wanted. She bent forward, rolling her eyes as she pushed against him and placed her fingertips on his face. She moaned out as his thoughts thrust into her mind and his masculinity thrust into her body.

Post by: Brutus on 2014-11-30, 17:14:49

There was no break, no mental disconnect for Sarresh. There was no shattering of attention nor realization of his true surroundings. For Lt. Morali, the illusion of his lover remained intact. It was her finger he sucked when it slipped past his lips in an obscene fashion. Her pussy that was clamping down on his still very Ash'reem cock. It wasn't the lithe Vulcan woman suddenly fully aware of her position atop the newly reconstructed human male under her.

For Sarresh, the need was there to rut his lover, to fill her with his seed and claim her all over again. Some desperation from his subconscious - a latent memory of her death, perhaps? Driving him on to

reaffirm their life together. Or just his species need to propagate despite all the difficulties inherent in their genetic structures, not unlike the Andorian peoples (though, as a gender binary species, the issues the Ash'reem faced were not the same as the Quaternary-gendered Androian's).

Regardless of the underlying factors driving the former Ash'reem on, the simple fact remained that Sarresh Morali very much wanted to have that release with the woman he thought of as Amikris Neotin. And that thought was at the forefront of his mind when Dr Maya placed her fingers back on his temples, eliciting a whimper from his newly pinked lips. He tried to reach up and kiss her, to claim her mouth with is in what felt like a natural coupling. His fingernails scored her back, the curve of her ass, digging in, and holding on firmly as his hips left the bio-bed beneath his body. His heels planted firmly on what he felt as the bottom of a river bed, 'digging in' to the 'sand' beneath them for leverage.

And then he began to well and truly rut her from below, hips pistoning, bouncing her against his waist, driving that cock as deeply as he could as he let out a series of increasingly obscene moans.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-01, 15:18:44

Standing behind his one-way mirror of a wall, Lucan admired the play of light across the bodies upon the biobed, gratified to see that Mr. Morali had quickened enough to display the full sexual functionality of his new body. Doctor Maya was performing admirably too, responding to the development in full. The readings of the Ash'reem-turned-human were off the chart now that the sexual activity was at its peak, and Lucan could verify that even though Sarresh's body was completely regrown, the Asurian blank cells had not given him a body that needed time to regrow strength and stamina.

As for himself, he was appreciating the display beyond the glass the way an artist might, having manipulated events and medical practice to enable Sarresh to say his farewells to Amikris. He'd had already had sex with Doctor Maya in the medical storage room, but that did not mean he did not enjoy the sight of her glistening body riding on top of his patient. He was a bit hard from watching them, but he did not let his own arousal impede his thoughts and his focus upon the readings. If Sarresh had a problem in his new body, he had to be there to correct it else all the time invested in the project would be lost. So when the act seemed to come to its crescendo, Lucan made no haste in activating the comm-link to Maya's earpiece.

"Very good, doctor," he said in his deep voice, checking his nails as he spoke, "the patient's neural network appears to be fully aligned, and you have been able to verify the health, strength and mobility of the patient's new body. You are allowed to climax at any time, and it would be beneficial if you could make him reach his own peak as well. This is his last moments with the image of his mate, so make sure they count. If I were you, I would say farewell to him as well. Then, you will give him the sedatives in the hypospray lying on the table next to the biobed."

Pacing a little as he spoke, Lucan finished his instructions, completing his masterpiece. "When I say the word that will wake you from your trance, you will not remember me telling you to remove your clothes or encouraging sexual activity with the patient, but you will remember what you have done. I have not been able to witness your actions, never seen your naked body on your side of the glass wall, but I have seen the readings, supported you with my comments about his nerves, and detected a state of arousal in the patient. I found it natural given the manual application of the gel and the neuro-pressure massage. That you would have taken advantage of the patient for your own gain, or realised the need to help him come to terms with the loss of his mate and acted for his benefit... I leave entirely to you to rationalise. I don't care, as long as you do not remember my involvement besides the medical practice," he said firmly, speaking into her ear while she rode the reborn Science Officer, "Birdcage."

The word said, Lucan had brought Maya out of the trance as far as the practice was concerned... He watched what happened in the transition, smiling a little. Then, he said, "Treatment complete, Doctor Maya. I will compile the data for a while then I will come out there. Should take me two minutes or so. Make sure to clean up the patient after you have sedated him."

Oh, it would be amusing to watch her both trying to finish off Sarresh and also say her farewells as Amikris in that short time...

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-12-02, 06:57:59

"Ah! Ah!" Maya cried as she ground herself against him. She fled the shock and humiliation of finding herself naked as an *utblat* and riding her patient by losing herself in his fantasy. Right now it made no logical sense to be Maya the abused neurosurgeon. Right now she wanted to be Amikris Noeten, plucky young cadet and the desire of Sarresh Morali, a man who had given up everything to come back into the past to save the future. At that moment, not only was she willing to give him anything, she wanted to be the woman he loved.

"Oh Sarresh!" she moaned in her closest approximation of his native tongue as she bent forward to let him claim her lips. "Uh!" she cried as she sat up again as she shuddered in ecstasy. "My love—"

Suddenly, Lucan's voice was in her ear, breaking her out of the spell she had allowed her patient to put her under. *"Treatment complete, Doctor Maya. I will compile the data for a while then I will come out there. Should take me about two minutes or so. Make sure to clean up the patient after you have sedated him."*

Maya grimaced helplessly as her body writhed in her climax. Once again she was Maya of Vulcan, physician, neurologist, and judgmentally compromised. Reality came back and slapped her in the face. It was impossible for the little Vulcan's normally pallid skin to flush any greener but the burning sensation she felt on her body meant that it was giving a very heroic try. Moaning in shame, she pulled herself off her patient and crouched on the floor in a fetal position as she tried to organize her thoughts.

"Peace, calm, tranquility," she murmured in the Vulcan tongue. "Peace, calm, tranquility."

In every person's life there comes a moment when they wish they had listened to their parents. Maya's parents had warned her that emotions were distracting and clouded judgment and at the moment she was in no position to argue. Emotions were an indulgence that had no place in the operating room and in fact they felt quite painful at the moment. Shivering on the floor, the little Vulcan took a deep breath and concentrated on controlling her involuntary reactions and suppressing her feelings.

After a moment or two, she rose from the floor and silently dressed in her surgical scrubs. She picked up a small medical device and held it over Sarresh's groin as she used her thumb and forefinger to adjust the position of his masculinity. A tiny cone of defuse white light shone out of the handheld instrument and where it shone their juices vanished. Making a decision, she shone the light on her free hand and then placed it on Sarresh's face. *"Goodbye my love,"* she murmured in the Ash'reem tongue. *"Sleep."*

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-12-17, 06:43:51

In the meantime Maya had donned her surgical scrubs and was limping towards the door. Her conduct this morning had been shameful. Apparently the mental trauma she had suffered at the hands of the *Harbinger's* wing commander last night had caused her old conditioning as a facilitator to become active. From now on she would only place herself in a trance in the safety of her quarters, and touching anyone's mind was out of the question. It had been fortunate that sexual congress had apparently been the 'shakedown cruise' of Morali's new body. The workout forced all of his hormonal and endocrine system to work as a Terrestrial *homo sapiens sapiens*. It was like using a defibrillator on a patient suffering from ventricular fibrillation.

How had this happened with Doctor Nicander watching? Had the brilliant doctor determined that Morali would need sexual coitus to reset his system and was that why he had requested Maya? Had Maya just mounted Morali on her own and had the handsome young CMO assumed that she was using an unorthodox approach to the problem. Or was her superior officer simply so shocked that he was speechless? Had he been called away to deal with another emergency and there was now no one watching? Or had some nefarious person incapacitated the doctor and given her instructions to fulfill their own twisted whims?

There was a simple way to find out. "Doctor Nicander?" she asked in an amazingly calm and professional tone. "The patient is stable. I request permission to return to my quarters. It has been an exhausting morning." While she waited for his reply to be heard in her earpiece she stood up rigidly straight and did her best to compose herself.

Post by: Brutus on 2014-12-19, 17:57:38

Dr Maya may have been broken out of her trance just before the pivotal moment by the devious commands of Lucan Nicander, but Sarresh Morali suffered no such break from 'reality'. He was still well and truly trapped in the illusion the diminutive Vulcan had helped to create in his mind as his synopsis were rewired to match a new body to an old thought pattern.

While Maya dealt with a severe identity and morality crisis, Sarresh rode the wave of ecstasy building between his legs. The way his now human balls had grown so tight as to barely move with each rocking thrust of his hips. The way fingers, pink instead of blue, held onto her hips, forcing the woman down onto his cock. After all, this was his lover, his mate, perhaps even soul mate would be the right word. The one woman in all the universe worth anything to Sarresh Morali. Making love to her like this, in the warm waters, was heaven for the time traveler, his port in the storm that had become his life.

He cried her name out in what to him sounded like their native tongue, but to anyone monitoring, came off as a choking, high pitched wail that set teeth on edge. One wondered what it did to the acute hearing of the Vulcan woman currently stuffed with his cock. And said cock jerked and sputtered inside of her. A hold over from his previous existence, and not quite changed by most of the transformations he'd undergone, the former Ash'reem retained the high level of sperm production native to his species. While it was truncated slightly when compared to other Ash'reem, it was still considerably more than average for a human male. It was powerful, and hot, and he could feel it filling the woman riding him, slipping down his shaft and coating his balls.

He was lost in that orgasm, and never noticed the way she slipped from his body. He had no idea that she was curled on the floor with his seed seeping out between her legs, struggling for control. As his head nestled back on the bio-bed, his body shook, the last of his climax dripping onto the bed beneath him. He was utterly unaware of her touch, a few moments later, when she cleaned him off. All he heard, as he drifted out into oblivion was her words, the words of his beloved Amikris:

"Goodbye my love," she murmured in the Ash'reem tongue. "Sleep."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-20, 03:26:14

Behind the one-way mirror wall, Lucan was staring right at Doctor Maya with a terrible smile on his lips, witnessing the development and how the Vulcan was reacting. He answered her immediately when she tried to contact him.

"Oh, are you feeling ill?" he asked, sounding concerned, "Please, step into my office so that I can take a look at you." Having said this, he raised a tattooed hand to make a simple command on his console, simply altering the phosphorescence of the glass so that it became a mirror on his side as well. He continued working by his console until the point when the Vulcan entered. He did not start scanning her with a tricorder when she did step into his office, instead appraising her with his pale eyes and with his hands resting on his hips.

"You don't look ill to me, as far as I can tell, but I have no idea how straining your neuropressure treatment might be to you, and besides," he said and gave her a knowing smile, "it has been a really early morning since we had to do the eye surgery as well. How about you go rest for a bit and return here at 0800 hrs? That will be when we wake the patient up, and I reckon you wouldn't want to miss that, would you? It is not always you get the chance to see someone reborn into a new body, is it?"

He let his concern show a bit more then, stepping up closer to her. "Or are you truly feeling bad, because then I can make some scans and I'll let you recover in your quarters for the whole day. I don't want you to taking on more than you can handle after this quite extraordinary morning."

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-12-21, 08:25:19

"It's all right Doctor, I just need to rest," the little Vulcan assured him. "The neuropressure technique was more taxing than I calculated, but Lieutenant Morali is stable. We have far too many patients for me to take a day off."

Maya could usually sense the psychic presence of anyone close enough for her to reach out and touch but Lucan Nicander was a ghost. To her telepathic senses, he seemed to be a hologram. Never had Maya been so grateful of that fact than she was at this moment. Even if the rest of her colleagues were too polite to say anything, they might still think it or feel it. Doctor Nicander was the soul of tact and discretion. Even Ferengi weren't as good at keeping their thoughts to themselves.

Had he witnessed what had happened? Since the effects on Sarresh Morali had been beneficial was he just placing the incident under 'alternative medicine' and letting the matter rest? Who knew, and in the words of their mutual mentor from Starfleet Medical, the Tellerite neurologist Doctor Gordo, who cared? Her former classmate and current superior was allowing Maya her Vulcan dignity and the little Vulcan indulged herself in defying her upbringing by feeling gratitude.

"I will return at 800 hours as instructed Doctor," Maya assured him. "I will not be late."

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 01: Between Nurses

[Recovery Ward | Main Sickbay | Deck 07]

Nurse Maal walked across the floor of the recovery wards with a PADD in his heavy hand, reading it with furrowed, thick eyebrows. He was Klingon, yet very young and had been raised on Earth with no belonging on his native homeworld. With no House, and with no known family there, he considered himself more human than Klingon in any regard, and he even wore his hair cut short and in a Earthen fashion. The information on his PADD was nothing noteworthy, save for the connection of a name on the list and the new colleague of his - the Ovri named Vojona.

He looked about, tried to see if she was present at the early hour, and when he did, he walked up to her with what he hoped would pass for a friendly approach. He knew naught of the Ovri in general, and even less about the woman before him. He knew she had been picked over him to help Dr. Nicander with the eye surgery of both Miko Dauntless and Sarresh Morali, and he supposed that if he was a career-person, he would take note of this, but he was not. He just wanted to survive one day at the time so that he could return to his mama and papa on Earth.

"Nurse Vojona?" Maal asked politely and cleared his thick neck, for while considered slim and short in Klingon regard, his introvert persona would never hide the lean strength of his body - even being twice over in contrast with his profession as a nurse. "I am Maal, I also work under Eve Jenkins. Good to meet you."

Gruff intonation yet pure human in his lack of accent, his voice rumbled slightly even if speaking quietly. "I just saw the latest transfer list of patients from the Harbinger. It would seem someone with your last name will be beamed over here momentarily. Apparently, they are shorter on staff on the Harbinger and we have more space to keep those immobilised and comatose after the battle. We have two Battle Sickbays besides this area, so I suppose these transfers make sense. I... just thought you wanted to know."

Not sure what to add or what to do, he supposed she wanted to see the list for herself and handed her the PADD. "Looks like he has been put in a cryogenic stasis pod because of the lack of biobeds, or perhaps it was just the lack of medical officers to attend to him."

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-10-12, 12:07:23

Hylota was going over the records and now with free time, filing the report on her surgery on her former coworker who she had assisted in the removal of her optical implants, it was grim work, recording how she had suggested the use of corrosive chemicals to free the implants and remove them. She was anything but vague in her report, detailing her account on what had transpired that night. She was getting tired of filling out these forms, but she needed to do it, once this was done she needed to take care of her brother's files and then collect her information on Ovri physiology for Lucan. So much to do, and so little time to do it.

As she went through the data one last time she noticed a shadow drop over her and she looked up at Maal, she lowered her PADD as he greeted her. "Indeed I am, nice to make your acquaintance Maal." She looked out over their patients and sighed. "Yes, I am the one that organized the transfer, I feel my

brother's recovery will benefit from him being with the only other medical member of our race." She looked at Maal as he mentioned that her brother was coming over now, she wished she could be there to transport him personally, but she had a job and she needed to stay.

However as Maal mentioned the cryo pod her brother was being transported in she sighed and bowed her head as she felt guilt well up inside her. "Yes I know of this, it was not an easy choice, but he was more likely to survive if frozen...I just hope he is hydrated properly, otherwise I will likely be the only Ovri here." She looked up at the Klingon and she profiled him, noting the race and his appearance and noting him to memory. "Listen Maal, if my brother is being beamed over shortly we should prepare a bed for him, I already have everything else I need for him set aside. we just need to prepare a bed for the recovery." She set her PADD aside. "Care to give me a hand with that? or do you have some work that needs to be done?" She got up from the desk.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-15, 15:42:58

Nurse Maal nodded.

"I can assist you," he said in his gruff voice and thought about what it would be like to have a sister or brother to look out for. He might be one of the very few of Klingon origin aboard, Master-at-Arms Zaraq being the latest crew addition from the Harbinger, but he was not as lonely as the Ovri. She was almost alone, besides her brother, in the whole of Starfleet. That was hard to imagine. What would it be like to feel even more secluded than he felt, attempting to uphold a human life with blood to show for it.

"I will follow you if you have found a place where we can move him after the stasis unit is beamed over. Where to?" he asked, clearing his throat behind his large hand.

Soon, Thea would say that the transport was ready. It would be nice to remove someone from a stasis unit for a change. Too many had vanished into those pods and the rooms where they were stored in wait for a time when they had time or methods to reconstitute them and treat their life-threatening injuries.

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-10-16, 06:31:32

Hylota bowed thankfully to her coworker. "Thank you Maal, and yes I have picked out where it is that I intend to put him." She got up and set her PADD down as she walked to one of the empty bed in the corner of the medical bay, it was one that had been vacated this morning by a fortunate crewman that managed to recover from his burns enough to return to active duty. Stepping over to the bed Hylota's finished logging away the station and she looked to Maal.

"We will put him here, we will need to set up a isolation field and turn up the humidity within the field to begin the recovery process, I have already taken care of everything else on the Harbinger. We just need to sterilize the area for his arrival because we will be turning this space into the perfect area to incubate bacteria and a recovering burn patient will not benefit from that." She looked to Maal. "So I am going to need some help getting thing sterilized and then you can help move the body onto the bed. Fortunately we just need to take him out of the pod to be finished with him, Ovri bodies thaw in a way that allows us to survive being frozen naturally."

Due to the battling, the built in sterilization systems were shot in many of the beds so it was mostly being one by hand, so the tools were already out. Hylota looked to Maal and handed one to him. "Here, since I guess you can handle pushing through a field better than I can. I will work on making

sure that the field is operational." Hylota patted Maal on the back and walked over to the wall console and began to try and get things operational.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-19, 13:54:51

Nurse Maal followed Hylota to the corner of the recovery ward, not having known whether it was correct to return the bow she had given him or not. The belated nod had come to mind when she had already turned her back, but she did not seem overly insulted by his lack of manners. He watched her log the new patient that were to occupy the bed and listened to the information pertaining to her brother's condition.

"I take it your species require humid conditions to heal better," he mused and watched the slightly simmering surface of the isolation field, a kind which he was fairly familiar with. It was not the kind of forcefield that Security might deploy to contain boarding parties over the course of the last couple of months, but a medical version that enabled altered environmental conditions within. "Okay, I can do that."

Maal picked up the sterilisation field emitter in his large hands and waited for Hylota to activate the field. When it did, he cleared his throat and stepped forth, digging his feet in and pushing with his shoulder first to pry his massive body through the repelling wall. It was not a strong field, but rather meant to prevent medical officers or patients to breach the field by accident. With a second step, he pushed through, and laid the emitter upon the foot of the biobed.

Turning his head, he verified that the field was stable before pushing the button on the portable emitter, which lit up and sent wide beams of yellow light towards the ceiling. The beams split and shifted out into a descending pattern - flicking sideways and sterilising all surfaces the beams touched within the isolation field. It would take a minute for the beams finish, so Maal raised the emitter in his other hand, which kind of resembled a hand-phaser, and used it to take care of areas that the emitter on the bio bed could not reach. The yellow lights flashed over Maal's uniform while he worked, and while he finished, he could hear computer's voice over the intercom.

[Thea to Sickbay,] said the Ship AI, [prepare for scheduled medical transport of one stasis unit containing Ensign Vinata Vojona. Please verify exact location for the transport.]

"I'm finished, so you can proceed," said Maal, stepping aside to clear the floor and removing the emitter from the biobed. He still remained within the isolation filed while he waited for the Harbinger patient.

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-10-19, 17:02:34

As Maal took the portable sterilizer and began to push through the field Hylota answered his question. "Well yes and no Maal. Hylota are native to a more humid environment and that tends to be better for recovery, but he real reason I am putting him in a high humidity area is so that he recovers from the damage he sustained on the planet while exposed to the high heat. Our bodies were not made for this type of thing, Ovri a not as resilient as mammals in some areas." As Maal worked on finishing the sterilization she fine tuned the field.

Once the field was finished being set to ensure a sterile environment Hylota set up the environmental conditions needed for Vinata's recovery and left them on standby until he was beamed in. As she waited Hylota let out a long yawn and then rubbed her forehead before looking to Maal as he worked inside the field. "You know looking back I think it as a bad idea to have gone to that big festival last

night, am still not feeling 100% for some reason...might have been the drinks." Hylota was taking her brothers advice and was trying to make small talk with her coworkers and trying to fit in little, although she felt this was time to be silent and professional.

Things were cut short though as they were contacted with the news that Vinata was ready to be beamed over. She looked to Maal and nodded as he said he was finished sterilizing. Hylota nodded to him and activated the new command for the environment in the space, making it warmer and much more humid. "Alright Maal I will need you to get out of there quickly, I do not wish to expose him to anyone just yet." She waited for him to move out as she responded to Thea.

Hylota cleared her throat before she tapped the badge on her breast and spoke. "This is Sickbay, a medical barrier has been erected in preparation for Vinata Vojona, please beam him directly from the cryo pod to the prepared bio bed. " She input the destination to the computer. "His race does not require a cryo wake up so we will not need to bring over the pod...the medical officer of the Harbinger was informed of this before hand."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-25, 01:29:38

Before stepping out, Maal turned his corrugated forehead towards the Ovri when she spoke of her evening on the holodeck. When it came to idle talking, Maal was not perfectly adjusted to normal human standards, being a bit on the quiet side. Still, he enjoyed hearing his fellow nurse talk.

Then again, there was not too much time for an answer, since Thea had announced that Hylota's brother was ready for medical transport. There was no need telling him twice either, with him wrapping his work up as quickly as possible and taking the equipment with him as he stepped out of the isolation field shoulder first. He put the things aside and brushed himself off, nodding to Hylota that they were all set before she gave the green light for the patient to be moved out of stasis and into their supervision on the Therurgy.

[Acknowledged,] said Thea, [initiating medical transport now.]

Odd that the Ovri did not need the cryo-stasis awakening signal in the pod to recover well, but Maal would take Maya's word for it. Maal folded his brawny arms across his chest and saw the patient materialise upon the sterilised biobed....

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-10-25, 03:23:32

As Thea beamed in the body a very female looking body materialized on the sterile table, it looked much like Hylota except the skin looked scaly and rough. The body was frozen solid still and the cold rolled off the body in a mist as he chilled the humid and heated environment inside the isolation field. The body had large breasts, blue skin with spots of red all over that matched Hylota's skin color. Vinata was finally aboard the Therurgy, and he was slowly developing white frost over his body.

Walking over to the field Hylota began to log away the information. "Patient is an Ovri, Male, name Vinata Vojona, rank Ensign. All scans are clear no complications from transportation. Thank you Thea, and thank you for beaming him over as he is now, I know it was not procedure to beam a body from a stasis pod, but as an Ovri we can save the power in the pod this way." he finished the patient log and looked to Maal. "Thank you again for helping with the sterilization Maal. It should be an hour before he thaws completely, but it should hydrate him properly so he will not need further treatments. He will need to be on a special list though, he is not going to heal as quickly as he used to now."

The more masculine looking Hylota started up the medical scanners to notify her when the heart started up again for her brother. Looking at the seemingly female form she looked to Maal. "Since we have time is there anything you would like to ask about the Ovri?" She smiled as she tried to engage in some conversation.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-25, 08:56:14

Seeing the body that materialised within the isolation field, Maal's eyes widened in surprise. He had expected something even more masculine than Hylota when she had told him it was her brother that would be transported to the Theurgy. Instead, the extravagantly coloured body was instead female, and to Maal's eyes, *very* feminine to add. He raised a hand in attempt to form a question about it, but he could not seem to voice the question without feeling that he'd make a fool of himself. So he dropped it and cleared his throat, tearing his eyes away from the curvaceous figure on the biobed lest he'd seem to be gawking.

[By all means, Nurse Vojona, it was no trouble,] said Thea over the intercome, and then Hylota was thanking him for his help as well, asking if he had any questions about her species. Prudent question, he figured, since they had one of her people to treat in Sickbay once... 'he' woke up.

"Your brother does not seem like males of most other species in the Federation," he said, clearing his thick throat behind his fist. It was the question that he had compiled in his head that he could pose without seeming like a adolescent human wishing to mate before his time.

Looking at the figure on the biobed out of the corner of his eye, he then added another question. "Will... s-, *he* not be cold lying like this once he had emerged from his cryogenic stasis? Should we not increase the temperature in the isolation field besides raising the RH to accommodate for a quicker recovery?"

He did not like the fancy words, feeling that his tongue was not meant for them, but Hylota had suggested that the relative humidity in the air would benefit her brother, but Maal just thought that he seemed a little... exposed where he lay. Already, he saw one or two other patients further towards the front of the wards trying to see more than they should of the Ovri from their vantage points. "A... blanket might be a good idea too."

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-10-25, 10:03:54

As Maal began to voice his concerns and ideas Hylota remained silent and she just took in everything before she then began to answer his questions and try and sort things out. "Well to start yes, Ovri males are much closer to your female's physical appearances. An Ovri male is a much more beautiful creature, but yes it is very confusing when a male of our kind is considered a beautiful woman to your people." She looked over her brother and she then went on to respond again. "Now as for covering him up, as much as I would love to give some decency, I should not put a blanket over him, so we should put up a curtain." She went and started pulling out the curtain and pulled it into place.

She then turned back to Maal and returned to answering his questions. "Alright, the cryo is just him being frozen now that he is out of the pod, Ovri are capable of thawing after being fully frozen so he will be fine, and I did not just raise the humidity, I have had the temperature increased since the start, Ovri are native to a hot humid climate and it is our ideal condition for recovery so i am putting him in that." She rubbed her neck.

Hylota sighed as she looked to Maal. "So Maal, is there anything else you would like to know or should

"I just tell you some things about my brother and me?" She made sure than no one could see her brother while he was thawing out and she was checking every now and then to make sure that the thawing process was not having any complications.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-25, 13:03:51

After Hylota had closed the holographic curtain - one of many that were being projected along the walls of the Theurgy's recovery wards via the ship-wide hologrid to both offer privacy for the patients as well as preventing some actual cloth from collecting dust and bacteria - Maal felt like a fool when the Ovri had already thought of everything in regard to the treatment of her brother. As much he should have expected, she probably knowing how to treat someone of her own unique species better than anyone aboard. At least until the staff had managed to educate themselves about the Ovri people's specific medical needs.

When Hylota sighed before asking if he wanted to know more about their kind and who they were, Maal was not sure if she was exasperated with him or if she was merely tired from the lack of sleep she'd gotten after the Festival of the Moon. He reckoned it was the latter and rubbed a rough hand over his jaw in thought.

"If female appear to have male physique compared to other Federation species, and male appear female, why do you not change the... pronouns, so to speak?" he said, having to think for a second to find the right word. He believed his question had merit since, standing there behind the curtain and being able to look at her 'brother', Maal could not see any male genitalia. "Is it a glitch in the universal translator that can be amended, or are you saying that you are able to carry children whereas 'he' cannot? Then how do you...?"

Maal trailed off, suddenly realizing that the trail of questions had led them to a rather awkward place. His coarse cheeks flushing slightly, he rubbed his own neck in embarrassment. "Oh, and how long do you think he needs to thaw now that he has been removed from a stasis pod?"

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-10-25, 18:27:59

Hylota found it oddly amusing when Maal started trying to rationalize how Vinata could look the way he did and not be a female. It was true that that seemed like a logical conclusion from a first look impression, but Hylota had the response ready, he had been preparing since her brother got hurt because she knew this moment would come.

"Indeed we could do that, but that would be incorrect. Yes our genders appear flip flopped for you, but there is a big difference, and you have indeed guessed it. He cannot bear children because male do not carry eggs. You see our genitalia is internalized. If he wasn't frozen I would show you, but yes he has a penis and testicles, his 'breasts' are simply fat build up to display health. I myself am the female, behind my similarly flat crotch is a vagina leading to a womb, but since we are a species with a cooler body core temperature we are capable of internalizing all sexual organs."

Hylota began to pull up a computer model of her brother's thawing. "In the end the Ovri simply took a different evolutionary route. Our females became the strong well built people, while our males became the flashy beautiful ones. and believe me this has been awkward for us. Vinata was met with many sexual advances when we were at Starfleet. It is strange to be considered the opposite gender of the one you actually are." she finished the simulation and she smiled. "As for your question, with current projections Vinata will be fully thawed out in under an hour, he should regain consciousness and full

functionality all on his own within an hour and a half." Hylota smiled, he looked very relieved and rubbed the back of her head as she sighed with relief.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-31, 13:51:09

That Hylota would have demonstrated her brother's internalised genitalia if he had not been frozen caused Maal to cringe and take a deep breath through his nostrils, almost as if to belatedly override the words with the sound. He was an only child, so he rationalised that he would not know the dynamics of siblings, but he figured that if such was an example of how cruel and disrespectful such could be to each other, then he felt better off having been raised a sole adopted son in a working class family on Earth. Despite the adolescent rasism he had suffered in school. Moreover, the mentioning of Hylota's own crotch and what lay hidden behind her uniform did not exactly ease his embarrassment either.

He was not sure if he managed to hide the awkwardness he felt before the female Ovri turned to a panel and pulled up her brother's body and the rendering of his thawing progress. She spoke of her species in general terms first, which eased Maal and made him step up next to her, trying to look professional as they studied the digital image of her brother's flamboyant body in all its tantalising glory. He merely nodded, but had to hold his breath to keep himself from saying something when she said her brother had been an object of desire after entering Starfleet Academy. It seemed to him perfectly... expected.

"Good to hear that he will recover from stasis in such short order," commented Maal in gruff relief for the change of subject back to the male Ovri's medical condition. "How much more treatment does he need after he wakes up? Do you think he will be able to return to quarters today?" Maal pulled up Vinata's journal next to the image of him on the display, reading up to make his own judgement even though Hylota would be giving him the answer in a moment. Anything was better than the topics they had just touched upon, but nonetheless, Maal's eyes tended to stray to the image of Vinata while he tried to read the journal.

"What," Maal began to say in his deep tone of voice when all there was to do was to observe and wait in regard to their current patient, using the opportunity to speak with his new colleague in Sickbay when they had the privacy of the curtain between them and the rest of the wards, "do you think about Starfleet and the Federation so far? Ovri must be new members of the UFP. What was your first impression?"

Knowing that Hylota was female underneath her uniform, despite her bodily stature, caused Maal to have more uncomfortable thoughts, but he tried to keep his demeanour more professional than what his Klingon blood compelled him to when it stirred.

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-11-01, 01:39:13

Hylota had not thought about how awkward she was making Maal, to her hey were both professionals and doctors, what was the discussion of anatomy to them. Of course in an Ovri hospital a patient would be stripped so a doctor could examine their body fully. And she had needed to learn the anatomy of their internalized genitalia to the point where it was casual for the comfort of patients, to her the displaying of her brother's genitalia was little more than showing a physical example of something she was talking about. It was this lack of understanding that was problematic for Hylota.

As Maal asked about the time frame for her brother Hylota looked back at her twin frozen on the bed beside her and she got a somber look as she placed her hand on the field and let out a sigh. "Although

he will be free of this frozen unconscious state in an hour, he will need to remain in there for one more hour with the mixture of medications so his skin recover properly and any possible lung damage from the hated air is undone." She then promptly turned back to the panel and began to work out the time frame and put in an appointment. "I shall also have the ship councilor come down to give him an examination, I do not know how he will take the news that only he survived from his station at the triage center." She clenched her hand into a fist as the information was finished being written up and she stepped back.

A Maal suddenly changed topics again and asked about her feelings towards Starfleet and the Federation Hylota sighed and shook her head. "My opinion of the ideal organization who I was being sent to impress was positive, before knowing the facts we do now, I thought they were a positive force in the galaxy that we as Ovri were wise to get to know and join up with. Of course based on what we were allowed to know of our first contact, your Federation was rather surprised to have not encountered any of us before that point. With how advanced we were it appears Starfleet thought they would have intercepted some of our transmissions by that point." She sighed and rubbed the back of her neck. "As for my opinion of them now, well my only hope is that this does not get used to drive the Ovri away. Your Federation's infestation is not a problem I factor in, aside from a few of your people's leaders who should not have power or should have retired ages ago I am indifferent. I am flag that the Ovri are too far to bother infesting...not that it would work that well. Ovri leadership changes so fast and we hold so few planets that we usually do not get attention and planets get rather obvious when they try and hold on to power."

Stroking her chin Hylota hummed. "Of course if we went to war I seriously doubt we would win in confrontations. Your Federation is stronger thanks to its parts, your multiple cultures and viewpoints is your strongest point. All in all I see the Federation as a wonderful idea that is currently having a rather large problem. And based on what I have read on the matter, your Federation should have procedures in place to avoid this. So gain, good idea, just a lot of flaws, but you mean well and that is what matters. Sadly you might be too much of a risk for the Ovri, I think this might make our relationship to the Federation a less intimate one, with few Ovri representatives, I feel we will likely only hold a ceremonial position and we will let our distance keep us from getting involved."

Hylota shrugged and sighed. "But that is only the opinion of an Ovri who is not high in standing, and comes from one colony. For all I know I might have the minority opinion for Ovri." She looked to Maal and smiled. "Now, since I answered your questions, how about you tell me about yourself Maal. I read that Klingons were...well to be frank the exact opposite of you. Why are you like this...and why do you keep acting so weird and holding your breath and stuff? Are you sick or something?" Hylota crossed her arms and looked at Maal. "Be honest with me, I might not be the best at social things but I can tell when I am being lied to."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-02, 02:49:34

Maal had listened with great interest to the Ovri's account of what she thought of the Federation and what it represented. Perhaps Hylota's own personal opinion might be moot in relation to the greater political standpoint of her species, yet his question had been a personal one, so the answer had been no more than he had wished for, and what he had expected to receive. He nodded to the assumptions she made, finding them of merit as best as he could tell.

Yet she switched the topic to... him, instead, so Maal was suddenly finding himself in a situation that he was not used to. Sure, the query was common, surfacing now and then, but since he had been around the same people for the last three months - serving on the Theurgy on its journey all the time - he had not been approached by a stranger for a long time. Long enough to give him pause to think

before answering. Long enough for her to ask more questions, and to inquire about his behaviour. Lying? It had been his first resort, dissembling and changing the topic his second, but he was caught in the headlights... and he froze instead.

"I..." he cleared his throat with a quiet rumble, called out into the light and not sure how he might phrase his answer. "I am Klingon, I suppose, but not of any House. I am not of my homeworld. Orphaned. Raised on Earth. It was difficult, but after learning about the nature of my blood... the ways of my people, I chose to be who I was raised to be. I am more human than Klingon, in all but my physique, and I strive to be better than my blood kin. I do not... I... detest violence. I would not inflict harm upon someone's father, mother or child. My human parents, they mean everything to me. I entered Starfleet Medical because... I don't know. Perhaps to prove something. To myself. That I could be more than what was expected of me, better than the heritage of my native species... if that makes sense."

The other thing she had asked was more difficult to answer. "I am not sick," he assured her, clearing his throat behind his fist, "I am just unused to... you and your brother. It is nothing wrong with you, I just... I was startled with how your brother was male, and you are female. Nothing personal, and your countenance does look female, so... I just had to think a little. So, who is our next patient to check up upon while we wait for your brother?"

Perhaps he could change the topic after all...

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-11-02, 04:16:55

Hylota listened to Maal share his background and why he was the way he was. She had to admit he had an interesting life considering the challenges he face and overcame. And almost instantly her mind drifted to thinking about how well he would do as a mate. She silently destroyed those thoughts and she went back to listening to him talk. As he finished explaining everything and then shifted the focus of heir discussion she could see thing ere still awkward so she made an effort to wrap things up so they could move on.

"Well, I am glad you managed to get over your struggles and become the man you are today...a little sad you had to be on this ship, but then again, I am very glad to have me you." She sighed. "Sadly I am not nearly as interesting as you in my history, I have spent mot of my i'm buried in studies so I could excel while I spent my spare time working on helping my brother learn all of our medical information. And even into Starfleet that was how things were, always looking after him, always making sure I was at the top with him close behind." he smiled at Maal. "An do not worry about he awkwardness, you are not the first to have that problem,and you will not be the last." She patted his shoulder.

She then took her medical PADD back out and went over it. "But yes back to work. Let me see...i took care of the burn victims this morning. Vinata is on a 24 hour monitoring to ensure there were no problems...and most everyone is fin..we just need to do a once over of the people in the ward, see if there is anyone who needs to be discharged properly, update charts, prep and administer medications and then we will have some time to ourselves while we wait for Vinata to thaw out the rest of the way." She lowered the PADD and motioned to exit the holo curtain surrounding her brother. "So unless you want to ogle Vinata a little bit more I suggest we get going on our duties." She smiled indicating that she was just teasing her new friend.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-04, 03:30:13

Hylota's story made Maal think of how it might have been with a human sibling to guide him through life. How much easier it would have been to follow by someone's example.

At the suggestion that he'd want to 'oogle' Hylota's brother a bit more, Maal was very quick to leave through the curtain, making an embarrassed sound deep down in his throat as he did so. "I was not..." he grated in half-hearted protest, guessing that nothing he'd say would convince the Ovri otherwise. Nor did he have any witty reply to make if she was - in fact - just teasing him. "I like women. I was just fooled by appearances." He grumbled and looked over the PADD to see who was next to attend to, yet somehow his mind kept returning to how Hylota had said that they would get some time for themselves once they had checked on the rest of the people that remained in the ward.

It did not disconcert him, but it was a bit intimidating that a woman would be so friendly towards him. He often let the opposite sex down since he was nothing like his native people, since women often expected him to... He did not know, perhaps crush a Gagh with his bare hands in some barbaric display of fealty? Ram a bat'leth up the posterior of a Targ to show his eagerness? Roar the highest to display the strength of his non-existent House? Klingon customs remained a mystery to him, and as he thought about it, perhaps he was a mystery himself because of the expectations upon him?

In any case, the patient first in line was a human, the Brig Officer by name Matthews. "One of Doctor Maya's patients," he commented on the way there. The major medical need had been to treat his arm, having been hurt on the planet during the attack. Post-surgery recovery and skin-transplantation procedures had left him staying overnight to let the area develop its own epidermis. If he had not scratched himself during the night, then he was due to be released before long. Question was whether he wanted to. Maal had seen first-hand what that prisoner, Sonya Acreth, had done to Doctor Nicander when she managed to get out of her cell on the Harbinger...

"Ensign Matthews," said Maal and handed the PADD with the journal to Hylota for her perusal. He smiled as best as he thought seemly, all things considered with the recent losses in the crew. "I'm Nurse Maal and this is Nurse Vojona, she having recently transferred to us from the Harbinger. We would change your linens, but you might be leaving us soon so we might be able to do it once you do instead," he said, the phrases rolling off his tongue without seeming too recited. "Did you sleep well? How is the arm feeling today? Any lingering pain or discomfort?"

If all was well, the current time of emergency left them nurses able to sign patients out and let them return to their quarters. Too few doctors and too many patients called for some lessening administrative regulations.

Post by: Endeavor on 2014-11-04, 05:37:25

Connor was strapped into a metal chair. All around him was gray stone. In front of him was a large shadow, not letting him see the adjacent wall to him. It seemed like an eternity that he'd been in that chair. Suddenly a voice came deep from within the shadows. At first the voice was so alien to his mind that he couldn't even think of to who it might belong to. The voice kept saying, "Connor. Connor. Connor." over and over again. Each time the voice said his name, it sounded more and more familiar. The name crashed into his mind like a bunch of cymbals. Sarah Johnson. The captain of his father's old ship. She slowly walked out of the shadows. Her gray hair was pulled tightly back behind her ears and into a bun. There wasn't a single hair out of place. She had her hands folded behind her back. She spoke with a voice of disdain, "Connor Matthews. It's a shame it had to end like this. You've dishonored your father's memory. I want you to know that before you die." Connor couldn't speak. His eyes were wide open. He tried to say a word any word, but nothing would come out. He was in too much shock. Captain Johnson removed her right arm from behind her back and in her hand was a

phaser. She held the phaser to his temple. Connor could feel the cold metal touch his skin. He didn't struggle. He knew he couldn't. How had it come to this? Where was everyone? Last night he was in the Sickbay, now he was strapped into a metal chair, about to die. "It's a pity the Matthews name couldn't live on for more generations. Goodbye Connor. The sound of a trigger being pulled sounded throughout Connor's mind.

And he woke up. Connor propped himself up on his arms, forgetting about the burns on his arm. He was sweating. Where was he now? Connor took in his surroundings. He was once again inside the Sickbay. Connor chest was heaving up and down. Even though it was a dream, it felt so real. Is that possible for dreams. It took Connor a couple of minutes to relax himself. Once he was calm the pain that was flaring up in his right arm caught up with him. Connor laid himself back down. His breathing had returned to normal. Connor lay there in silence for a few more minutes before he heard footsteps approaching. They were too heavy to be Maya. He then saw the two. He watched as the Klingon named Maal exchanged pleasantries as he introduced himself as well as the Ovri, Vojona. "I'd rather just change my own linens if you don't mind." Connor said without much emotion. Connor didn't want to speak about the nightmare he had just experienced, so he simply said, "Yes, I slept fine, thank you." Connor listened as Nurse Maal asked him about his arm. "It hurts when I make too much contact to quickly but it's fine. It won't kill me."

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-11-05, 00:41:27

Hylota read over the file quickly before she nodded and looked to Connor and sighed as he insisted that he could take care of himself. Hylota shook her head and frowned. She handed the PADD back to Maal and took over the situation. "Ensign Matthews, you suffered a burn due to proximity to an energy weapon blast. You suffered heat and radiation damage, as much as we would like to discharge you as soon as possible, we still must perform the proper followup." With that Hylota got a hypospray of Connor's usual medication for the pain and to dissipate any lingering radiation. "If you would please come closer for your painkillers, I would like to administer this before changing your bandages myself." She turned to Maal. "Maal, could you grab me some of the ointment for burn treatment. I think we should be able to move through this quickly so we can finally move some people put of these beds and back into the ship." Hylota knew better than to let someone expose such a wound as they were, if they did, the exposure to air would make the flesh sting, and without fresh ointment, the recovery could be much slower. And in truth he would need to get Maya to sign off on Matthews's discharge forms since she had been overseeing his treatment.

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-11-05, 18:59:45

Hylota was caught off guard by the sudden new arrival behind her and Phanatos's sudden insertion of himself into the situation. It was like looking at a burned anatomical model of a human, it took Hylota a moment to return her focus on the task that was asked of hr and she looked from Connor back to Phanatos and sighed. And here she was thinking that she would be able to get through this without trouble. "Yes sir, but if my associate returns with the treatment for Ensign Matthews I will have to return to him." She changed her attention back to he PADD.

She pulled up Phanatos's data and she looked it all over. Sh found what he had been given on the plane and then looked for if there was any of it left in stock still. As she skimmed over the data she frowned and sighed. "I am sorry sir, but the medication you receive on the planet is no longer in direct stock and I do not have the clearance to replicate any for you. If you would like you could take a weaker pain killer, or you could wait for my CO to conclude his time with Dr. Maya so he can meet with you about renewing your prescription." As she was standing there she pulled up the other medications they had in stock and looked for ones that has no problems being mixed with what Phanatos had been

taking.

Finishing that off Hylota tuned back to Connor and she switched back to his information. "But right now I need to perform a simple exam to see how Ensign Matthews recovery is going." She pulled up a little form and looked to Connor. "If you could, please touch your thumb to your fingertips, would like to make sure that you have not had any damage to your motor functions. And after that we will go over some simple stretches and we should be able to get you out of here today if you prove to have no complications." She prepared to send the discharge forms to Dr. Maya for when they finished everything up here.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-25, 01:38:25

Phantom bared his teeth - on the side that didn't already show teeth - when it was suggested that the nurse's clerical shortcomings stood in the way for his pain medication. He was about to tear into her like a phaser canon when she mentioned that the alternative was to wait for Doctor Maya... and he set his teeth back together. While the ruin of his bad eye may have mimicked the movement, his seeing eye shifted towards the door to Main Sickbay, wondering why the Vulcan was there with the senior doctor...

Had he hurt her enough the night before to merit a physical?

"I will take what you can give me then," he rasped to the alien female, or male. He was not sure. His remaining eyebrow drew down as he realised he'd seen *it* on the Harbinger too. Good lips, no tits and narrow hips. Her alien voice sounded feminine though. Did she not have an Ovri brother that was far easier on the eye from the neck-down? It mattered naught to him. He just wanted his medication and to get off the bloody ship with his pilots. If the Vulcan decided to squeal on him, despite her promises not to, he did not want to linger. He took the small canister from the nurse's frog fingers and nodded with cursory, false gratitude. Behind his back, she turned to her first patient, and Phantom was about to leave for good... when he saw two patients sitting in another area of the Wards.

His scowl grew as he stepped towards them. "Smoke. Titan," he rasped as he regarded them, both looking like they had been in a fight the night before. "I don't care what you did as long as you can fly. Do you still have clearance?"

"Yeah," one of them said, "just some good old fighting over a skirt."

"I expect you to report to the Flight Deck at 1000 hrs. Clean yourselves up, will you?" He was already heading for the exit, thinking that perhaps it was not just himself that needed to leave the fancy starship before someone expected him to show up for a hearing in Security. On the way out, he spotted Husker as well. "That goes for you too. Make sure you are cleared to fly at 1000 hrs."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-25, 01:38:25

Inside, Maal returned, and together with Hylota, they gave Connor Matthews the last treatment he needed from them and then forwarded the paperwork to Doctor Maya for her perusal. In the meantime, it was agreed that he was free to leave and assume administrative duties with his department. And while he may have left, the rounds continued, and it was not until an half an hour had passed until they got the opportunity to retreat to the medical lab for something to drink. During the last couple of days, the medical labs had become a retreat for the personnel in Sickbay that needed to get away for a while - to collect their heads after seeing so much burn victims.

"I wonder what they will be discussing on the Senior Staff Meeting," commented Maal, nursing a cup of coffee in one hand - making the cup look like it was made for a small girl. "I'm a nurse, not a commander, but I think we are in a really weak position to do anything at all."

Maal opened the collar of his undershirt and sat back on the diagnostics table, collecting his thoughts a bit. He had stopped thinking about the mission and the poor tactical position they had for their mission, and his thoughts instead fell on his new colleague. "Odd how both you and your brother look like women, only more... pronounced when it comes to your brother. You must find the Klingon people to have strange appearances, being so different as we are to you."

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-11-25, 02:47:39

Hylota joined Maal in the Medical labs, she took a seat on a counter that had been cleared off for more sitting space since the room lacked chairs for the entire staff to sit. As Maal questioned what the senior staff was meeting about Hylota shrugged and added her own opinion to the mix. "I have not real idea, but I would wager it has something to do with the sheer amount of crew transferred here to the Theurgy. Probably talking about what our ships shall be doing now. I also think thy were talking bout what they could do to save your Federation, because we cannot exactly just rush off to do this, otherwise we might cause a justifiable war against the Federation to "Remove the Parasite Menace."" She shook her head. "If not for the intentions of our pursuers being to eliminate us, I would suggest we abandon one ship and fill it with benign chemicals that mix into a deadly toxin, take a page from the Ovri battle tactics."

She looked to Maal and smiled at his comment. "Actually your race is confusing for our men, your females are like effeminate males to us, and your males are gruff and rough looking females in our opinion. But the biggest oddity is hair, we have never developed it." She shrugged and leaned back. "It is such a soft thing, although I cannot imagine the hassle of managing such a thing that is always growing, the sleek bald form of the Ovri is much more efficient." She chuckled. "But the overall female look of our people is probably attributed to the scents we produce, males produce only one, while females can produce several. Like with humans, they all produce estrogen, but males also make testosterone which overpowers it, but alter their amount of estrogen and you can make a male human look female." She rubbed her head as she pick up a glass of water. "I hope that makes sense." She leaned forward now.

Hylota took a drink of he water an sighed. "Although it has been put on the table in the past that males have the glands removed from them, give them a more fema..." She shook her head. "Sorry, male look to them. Unfortunately this has not been a simple thing, the science has no purpose and a lot of risks, and it kills sex appeal for us." She shrugged. "Personally I think h thing we should focus on is a better ability to recover from small wounds, right now we have trouble with them and risk infection easily. An coming into a Federation where cutting off an are to fix it is not a reasonable response anymore." She chuckled before taking another drink of water.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-26, 02:53:15

Listening, Maal's mind - while by far not the quickest but still keen enough - lingered on the cultural differences and physiology of the Ovri, since he had little more to offer than Hylota about the speculation about what the Senior Staff would be talking about.

"This hair-growth is my bane," he said, sipping his coffee with ill humour because of the topic, "I shave twice a day, and I have been forced to learn how to cut my own hair since I have to do it so often. These eyebrows perpetually want to grow upwards like two horns, and while my back was spared, my

front has a thick jungle of hair that I don't know what to do about. Even though I have been raised human, I still have the hair-growth of the Klingon people." To show her, he raised his hand and unzipped his undershirt a bit further, displaying a the coarse, dark hair spreading from the centre of Maal's pectoral muscles. "At this point, I envy your people, who does not need to spend so much on personal grooming."

He zipped up his undershirt again and pondered the facts laid out about the gender specifics of the Ovri. He mulled it over while he drank some more coffee. "I see no point in removing body parts because of interspecies social exchange. That would be absurd. Instead, I think its just an initial threshold of unfamiliarity that both the species in the Federation and the Ovri have to cross. Humanity has become very accepting when it comes to expression of sexuality and love between same-gendered people. Four hundred years ago, such was not the case, but Humanity has evolved. More so than my native people."

Maal rubbed his chin, feeling the stubble even though he shaved early that morning, and looked out over the medical lab, seeing that many returned to their duties even if they had just sat down. "Its not common practice to amputate," Maal confessed, feeling a little squeamish just thinking about it."Especially for wounds that we normally don't treat with dismemberment... In any case, I find your species fascinating, and I hope you can forgive me for looking a bit too long at your brother because of his glands. I do not know about your pheromones, but I will try to help in make sure the other nurses on the Theurgy knows more about your species so that you need not correct everyone you work with."

Putting the empty cup aside, Maal thought some more. "Will you miss the Harbinger now that there is a lot of crew here that is unaware of your specific psychology?"

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-11-30, 02:13:08

As Maal reveled his chest Hylota felt warm as she noted his strong musculature and well built form. She was about to think of his mating qualities before she stopped herself and cursed her fertility and adolescent desires. Hylota dragged herself back to the conversation and listened to Maal and sat quietly before he inquired about her status aboard the Theurgy and she sighed. "Well to be honest Maal the help would be nice, but in truth I had no friends aboard the Harbinger. When we learned the truth of the Theurgy my brother and I realized we would be branded traitors ad we withdrew. I was not interested in making ties outside of professional ones with my CO so I have come from nothing into nothing socially with this transfer." She downed the rest of her water and let what she said sink in for Maal.

"As for your other points, Ovri are quite often debating the need of males if we were able to master self fertilization or asexual reproduction. To become genderless race with no need for sex. It is a popular idea among some of the theoretical science fields and a handful of biologists. I myself have thought about the value of losing genders for the good of the race, but the artists have made good points against the idea, to abandon so much of who we are as Ovri is considered akin to eliminating what the Ovri are." she raised her empty glass to drink again only to find out she had emptied it and she sighed. "Our sexual pairings have never mattered because a lusting female never goes after another female, they always find a male. When outside of that time we can have fun with whomever we choose. It educates us and can help us learn bout our bodies. Things have only gotten complicated as we have interacted with other races who do not share the same physical appearance."

Without a drink she st the glass aside and leaned back. "As or what you did with Vinata, do not worry about it. You should have seen day one, he was put in the girls quarters and nearly had a heart attack as one of the senior students at the academy began to hit on him thinking he was a woman.

Apparently he inquired about his mating habits and sexual desires...or was it fetishes." She smirked and waved her hand dismissively. Oh well, what is important is you got this out of the way before he was awake, just treat him like a normal male and you will be fine with him." he got up and patted Maal's shoulder and she had a strange feeling as her mind remembered the fear of the night before and pushing way on Lucan, but could not bring up anything other than a vague strange feeling.

Hylota stood there for a moment before shaking her head and smiling. "As for the dismembering, when you get a gash in your arm, and it would take less time to cut it off and let it regrow than have it recover, what would you pick? Ovri medicine really lags behind in recovery terms, we rely quite heavily in our regeneration abilities." Her hand remained on Maal's shoulder, holding it more and more firmly.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-01, 14:30:53

Hearing Hylota advise him to treat Vinata as any other man aboard, Maal nodded to the simple and sound advice. Knowing what he knew, he did not think it would be too hard to do so either.

He glanced up towards the Ovri female when she came to stand by his side, putting her hand on his shoulder. She seemed lost in thought for a moment, but just as quick as the spell had come it was gone, and she was asking him what choice he would make. "Well," he said to Hylota and put his own cup aside, thoughts returning to the abilities and biology of the Ovri, knowing there was more to them than met the eye. In Hylota's regard, she had just said that their sexual pairings were not restricted to matrimony. That females would always choose males in their stage of fertility, but would educate themselves with whomever they chose to outside of those times in their life. Therefore, Maal wondered if he was reading too much into her sudden proximity. Was she merely socialising, which he thought... or was she willing to mate, or just educate herself?

Clearing his throat, Maal answered the question. "It would depend on if I can still use the arm or not. I would not like to remove a limb just because of some gash, since I have use of my arm in my duties and my everyday life. To wait for it to regrow seems to me... rash, and ineffective."

She was looking at him with those lidded black eyes, and had yet to remove her hand from his strong shoulder. Realising this, Maal wondered what she was up to but since they did not know each other well enough yet, it was not like he could ask her straight out. He slid down from the diagnostics table, catching his balance as he landed by the help from her hand and putting his own on her shoulder. She had the stability and strength of a human male, which belied her exotic face and lips. It was a contrast which still perplexed him, and he had never thought a male body like hers - patterned and scaled like snakeskin - would intrigue him. It seemed the education in Ovri biology had peaked his interest.. or there was something else happening in his mind. Was it pheromones? He let go of her shoulder.

"I need to go to the restroom before we return to the wards. I will be back soon," he said after she had talked about limb regrowth, and he walked off to collect his thoughts, stepping out of the lab and entered one of the medical staff's restrooms. He frowned as he looked himself in the wide mirror, knowing that he had no need to relieve himself in one of the stalls but merely to collect his thoughts... slow but keen as they were.

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-12-01, 22:46:41

Hylota being who she was, she did not realize that she was accidentally suggesting that she wanted to mate with Maal. She had not thought about such things and it was leading to an awkward moment she had not intended. However as Maal inquired about the pain in limb and the loss of it Hylota decided to elaborate a little more. "Well gashes often do cause pain and leave scar, and this can cause problems

by hindering movement or motor functions, so it is easier just to wait a year to let something regrow, rather than deal with long term damage."

She would have gone on to explain that it was also a good way to gather genetic samples for testing, pay someone for an arm and test medical ideas out on actual Ovri tissue instead of synthetic materials. As Maal was off in the bathroom Hylota sat and relaxed, she had no real idea what she could do with her time as she waited for her brother to wake up, and she knew that she should not go far since the patient they operated on in the morning was possibly going to wake up later on and she should be there for that if it happened. So for now Hylota just sat and waited for Maal to return, he was not going anywhere and he might as well have some conversation with a handsome man while she was at it.

As she thought the last bit Hylota put her face into her hand and groaned, why was she doing this? Why did she have to be so unrefined when she was in her fertile period, it was intolerable sometimes, and come on why was she now looking at Maal this way, he clearly was more interested in a woman that looked like...well a woman, and she was manly to say the least. She shook her head and groaned as she tried to think about something else, but it was too late, she was beginning to feel moist. Hylota bit her lip as she placed a hand at her crotch and began to gently rub as she tried to relieve herself before Maal got back.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-04, 00:12:22

Eventually, Maal exited the restroom, rubbing his head in lingering thoughts.

Not being the most confident about how to deal with females to begin with, given their tendencies to expect something else than he was from them, the situation with Hylota was confusing on another level. Now he had expectations for what females ought to be like, and she was not, so that ought to add up to his disinterest in her. However, given how she was unprecedented, and he had gained insight into her species and their culture, in her role in their society and how they might lead their lives, even in her as a person, she was no longer a stranger. She might be alien, different, and not wearing the kind of body females were supposed to in his culturally biased opinion, but she had become female in his eyes right from the start because of physical and behavioural traits besides the mere fact of her bodily appearance. She wore a woman's face and her voice, while alien in intonation, was decidedly not masculine. Moreover, he was confused about his trail of thought. Why was he rationalising his own interest in her as a female?

Had the catalyst been her touch and close familiarity with him? Something she said or did along the way? Surely he had not given her any kind of signal..? He had merely shown how hairy he was, which to him was not exactly flattering in any regard...

He returned to the corner of the Medical Lab they had taken for their own, stepping around the corner whilst being silent and in deep, slow thoughts. He raised his brown eyes to say they ought to review the journals to select the next tier of patients that could be returned to their quarters... when he saw her touching herself.

"I..." he said and cleared his throat with a rumble, "I am sorry, I did not realise you were... Shall I go? I can start going over the next..." He lost the words in short order, and he just turned to leave instead before he'd make a larger fool than he already was, which was quite an accomplishment given how large he was and how foolish he felt.

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-12-04, 05:26:25

Hylota had not managed to get far with pleasuring herself, when working through an outfit it was not as easy to get off. As she was caught by Maal she turned a dark brownish as she blushed and quickly crossed her legs and put her hand behind her. As Maal apologized and offered to leave her Hylota bit her lip, pushing out her hidden band of cartilage out to actual bite herself as a punishment for her action. As Maal was about to leave Hylota reached out and called to him. "No wait, I am sorry...I just couldn't help myself." She rubbed her arm as she got up and walked towards her colleague. "I am kind of stuck in...hat is it mammals get...in heat? I am getting hit randomly with these peaks of arousal and it is really hard to ignore them and just ride things out." She swallowed hard as she stood a little way from Maal and looked at him.

"I would like to say that i wont happen gain...but it is just going to get worse." She sighed as she decided to commit to explaining herself to this man, her first friend in a long time. "Listen Maal...I rally like your company, I would love to have you as a friend...but please understand that I am not in a good point right now, and for he next few months things are going to get hard for me and I will be fighting to stop doing what you just saw all the time. I is not something I want to have happen but it is part of my biology,I cannot control it...and it is extremely embarrassing...please do not let this ruin any friendship we might have had...but if you do not want to see me again I can understand that." Hylota rubbed her arm, i was awkward to see a person that looked like a grown man acting so timid.

Hylota was not sure what else she could say, she was horny on a level she had trouble fighting and it was going to force her out of her work in matter of days. and then when the eggs started to grow she would not be able to work again. She did not want slip ups like this to ruin any chance she might have a friends.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-06, 14:13:54

First hearing about Hylota ovulating certainly explained her inclination to masturbate, and judging by her choice to do so in a public area, Ovri females truly had to have a strong sexual drive during those phases in their lives. Maal had paused, of course, and listened as she continued to explain that she could not help herself and that this time of fertility could last for more than just a couple of weeks for the females of her people.

When she said she liked to be friends with him, there was a kind of bittersweet taste in Maal's mouth, finding himself appreciative to the words and yet also somewhat disappointed in learning that Hylota saw him as just a friend. Then again, he supposed he ought to not be too surprised given the severe differences between himself and the males of her species. Hylota would likely prefer a more... feminine man than himself, if she would even consider someone of another species than her own. Since the Ovri were new to the Federation, they might still think xenophilia unthinkable.

"Friendship is stronger than personal embarassment," he rumbled, running a hand over his ridged head while he tried to assemble his mind to speak. He attempted a smile to allay her fears as best he might, showing the teeth that numerous human dentists had helped make more akin to what humans had in their mouth. Dental surgery was not something he ever wanted to undergo again, regardless the great results. "Also, given how we work the same shifts and neither of us are likely to transfer to another part of the fleet... I think it would be rather difficult to never see each other again. Besides, what you were doing was perfectly natural, if only a bit ill-advised considering the regulations about behaviour in the public areas of the ship."

Turning fully to face Hylota, he set his hands on his hips and looked at her. He pretended that his savage biology had not reacted to the primal display - that the slight tumescence did not show enough for her to notice - and cleared his throat. "I imagine that it will be difficult, and that we might not be

working the shifts together if things will turn as bad as you say, but there must be some kind of help for you to lessen the symptoms. Why not ask Dr. Nicander for help in getting you medication? Surely the females of your world had to have some means to cope with all of this?"

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-12-06, 19:28:35

As Maal explained that things were alright and that she was not in trouble with him she let out a long sigh and shuddered slightly. "Oh thank goodness. thank you Maal, I will never betray your friendship." She smiled at him, she had no idea that he had any intention of being more than a friend. If she had she might have moved to try and find relief with him. But she asked him how her people usually found relief and if there were medications she could use Hylota nodded. "Yes there are medications I could use, but at this point they cannot do anything else to help. And Dr. Nicander is currently busy but he said he would look at the medication later on for me to see if he can help."

As she thought about the alternative means for release Hylota sighed. "Well it is not something we can fight forever, every female goes through it, the easiest solution is to just give in to the urges. Have an hour of sex and cooling down and then work from an isolated environment so you can avoid distracting others. Of course without any ties I do not think I will be having sex with anyone." She sighed and rubbed her head. "With the way things are going for me I will have to go back to my room during my next break and work to get myself off." She sighed and shuddered slightly.

He put on an unserious smile. "Shame you probably do not want to do anything with me." She chuckled and sighed as she looked at the hands on her hips and chuckled. "So what is with the hands on your hips right now? I thought people usually put hands on their hips when things would get serious." She looked down at his hips again and then blushed as she noticed the sizable bulge in the uniform of her comrade and she instinctively moved closer. "O-Oh my...you appear to be um...quite sizable...and erect..." She began to breathe more heavily as she looked at the cock and then looked up at Maal, desire on her face. "I could help you with that if you helped me with my desire Maal." She pressed closer until her hips met his.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-07, 00:48:42

Maal thought he would be able to hide his thoughts and primal nature without discovery, that he would be able to maintain a human semblance of etiquette and social connection with his colleagues. Alas, his Klingon biology had caught up with him in the face of such strong female urges that Hylota displayed, both in the way she had been caught and what she was saying. She even suggested that she'd take care of her urges during her next break, and the idea - combined with his imagination - spoke to him in a way that made his blood boil.

Yet for all his guarded thoughts and composure, he actually *flinched* when Hylota discovered his state or arousal. He opened and closed his mouth, hands dropping to his sides. Should he cover himself? Should he...

Then she was right there, making him an offer he had never gotten before in such a on-towards manner. His hardness throbbed in the pressure of their bodies meeting, extending further by the promise of more. 'Scratch my back and I'll scratch yours' they said back on Earth, but Maal had never heard it used quite in that way before. Hylota's face was right below his own, her exotic features catching the light and her dark eyes looking up at him. She might have the bodily strength of a man under that uniform, but she was not stronger than him. In essence, with her face so feminine, she was to him bodily a fit woman without breasts... and there were human women who were seen as no less women because of it. Those thoughts had grown more and more obvious throughout the morning they

had spent together... leading up to the tense moment they now shared.

Maal found himself raising his hands in silence, wrapping his fingers around the Ovri's waist. He imagined Klingon women would be muscular as well, and despite his upbringing, the feeling of Hylota's abdominal musculature against his thumbs made a low, rumbling sound escape from the bottom of his throat. His eyes were hooded under his dark eyebrows, and his hands slid down to her hips, holding her against his throbbing tumescence. His blood willed him to claim this woman, and he breathed heavily through his nostrils before he spoke.

"We are on a break now," he almost growled, and he glanced towards other medical staff working further off in the lab. "Medical supply storage. Meet me there."

Then he walked off, his thoughts racing, but his mind was nowhere as quickened as his blood.

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-12-07, 01:16:29

Hylota stood there silently against Maal for a few tense moments before he moved and put his hands upon her and she smiled. This coupled with the look on his face would have scared away most women, but to her she thought he looked rather handsome. He looked oddly appealing and she wanted to get closer still, his growls reminded her of her mating chirps and she could not help but place her hand on his chest. He was so much stronger and bigger than her, he was beginning to see why females of other races liked this in men so much, it gave an odd sense of security that she really desired in this hectic and troubled time, wrapped in his arms she felt safe.

But this moment was short lived as Maal broke things off and looked at the other personnel in the room with them. Hylota thought that the moment had been killed here and she would be left aroused and horny for the rest of the shift until Maal filled her in on his plan. She blinked and looked up at Maal with a smile as he let go of her and she watched as he left the room. Hylota placed a hand on her heart and felt the rapid beat for a moment and thought about what he was doing for a moment before she took another cup and had a drink.

Hylota tried to calm herself a little and waited before she too went to the door and left the lab and made her way to where she had been instructed to meet up with Maal. Entering the storage room Hylota smiled a little nervously as she rubbed her webbed hands together and looked around. "So Maal...this is where we shall find out relief...I hope you do not mind taking charge, I feel that if you let me do that...well I might make things a little fast paced." She recalled her time with the half betazoid the night before and how she had made things escalate so quickly.

Of course she did not know of the mating habits of Klingons so she did not know of their aggressive nature and strength shown during sex. Hylota just thought that things would progress like they had the night before, with lots of kissing and then sex.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-08, 13:23:25

Maal had been pacing the small, dark room with the blue HUD displays, their light whisking across his powerful frame as he moved. He tried to calm himself, making his native mating desires abate in their ferocious nature. Deep breaths. He had no claws to scratch with, or sharp teeth to scrape the Ovri's flesh, and no desire to frighten her. He needed to compose himself and remember that she was no Klingon woman, and the irony was that he had no idea how to mate with such either. There was only his genetic memory, and the urges he could not explain.

When Hylota entered the room, Maal did not know what to do, so he turned and faced her, hearing her suggest that he would lead the way. It felt like she asked him to man the helm of the Theurgy and navigate an asteroid field manually, meanwhile feeling drunk by the effects of his Klingon nature. She indicated that she wanted him sooner rather than later, which was the only thing he had to go on. So he cleared his throat and began to open his uniform, jacket first and undershirt afterwards.

"Computer... lock the door," he said gutturally, and a chirp let him know they would have some privacy.

Realising, at that point, that him undressing was likely not doing anything for the Ovri, he let his undershirt and jacket hang open - revealing his powerful and hairy torso. He walked up to her then, and since he knew not what else to do, he looked into her eyes before he kissed her... and his hands wrapped around her waist again. He was not that much of an experienced young Klingon when it came to kissing, but at least it was better than just undressing at an arm's length of a distance between them. Also, she had said that he'd take charge, so he supposed that he ought to undress her too.

Hence, his hands came to roam her body up to her neck, where he started to tug at the zipper and the buttons to bare her torso like he had bared his own, without tugging the sleeves free from her arms. He continued kissing her, soon to gradually work on the fastenings of her uniform trousers. In a few moments of awkward tugging motions, he had them open. At that point, he felt he had to do something about his own trousers as well because of the tight confines they were for him at that point. He began to open them for her...

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-12-09, 00:44:57

As Maal initiated things and locked the door for them Hylota watched for a moment, seeing how he would proceed, wondering just how much he would act on instincts. As Maal opened the front of his uniform again she smiled and blushed as she gazed upon his well built body and she smiled as she thought of how strong he was. But when he came over to her she was caught off guard by the kiss. As she was pulled in close and their lips locked Hylota's eyes fluttered shut and she took a deep breath as she tried to focus and prevent herself from pressing for letting her tongue into Maal's mouth. As soon as she did that she knew things would get weird.

As her cloths were worked off Hylota moved to follow Maal's example and she began to work off the remainder of his uniform. She tugged and pulled until she managed to push his pants down to reveal his erect member. With its release Hylota caught the smell of its musk within moments and she shuddered as she reached out and took it in her soft hands and began to massage it. Despite not wanting to take a dominant role in their sex, Hylota was still doing exactly that without so much as a second thought. Hylota wanted to breed and it was hard to fight that primal desire.

As she massaged Maal's cock thought she realized what she was doing and she began to detect the sweet taste in her mouth and she knew she needed to pull back. So Hylota pulled away from Maal and backed into a wall while panting. "s-sorry about that, I was letting things get out of hand too quickly, please, allow me to take a more submissive stance." Hylota slipped the rest of the way out of her uniform, and pulled her feet from her boots. She ran her hands over her soft lightly scaled body as she backed up against a wall. "Please do with me as you like, but try and avoid involving my tongue, I do not think you could handle it." Hylota licked her lips, unintentionally giving them a pheromone laced coating trap to give Maal a spike of lust if he kissed them.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-11, 10:03:28

Maal had begun to grunt when Hylota had touched him, feeling her hands around his lightly ridged length. Like his forehead and down his spine, his reproductive organ had never been as smooth as his human friends', and while he had realised women craved it, he had felt awkward about the size and surface of his member. Such thoughts quickly slipped from his mind, however, as he lost himself in the passionate kiss he shared with the Ovri. Her taste was intoxicating, but just like that, she pulled away as if she was scared she might hurt him - leaving him bewildered and hard.

Vaguely, as he saw her bare her sex to him whilst removing her clothes, he heard her caution him in regard to her tongue, and if his own heartbeat had not overridden his higher thought processes, he might have remembered something about what the pheromones of a female might do when they were in heat. But the text on a PADD held little consequence in the promise of what lay betwixt the female's legs. He might have nodded, but he stepped after her for sure, and he crouched down before her. If he could not have her tongue, then he would give her his own. He craved to scent and taste her, feeling famished, and she was his prey...

Not too ungently, he slid his brawny arms between her thighs and lifted her up, making her sit on his shoulders while facing him - her back leaning against the wall with the shining blue displays. His fingers were splayed wide across her back, and her sex drew his mouth in like it was magnetic. He lay his open mouth against her, and he dealt her the firm strokes of his Klingon tongue and his rough lips. The stubble of his jaw slid against her minute scales without harm. He sucked upon her sensitive flesh, tasting her, and making content noises, as if he was like his blood kin and had just set his teeth into a raw Targ. Or at least that was what he imagined... He had no idea what they did.

He continued tasting her, licking deep into her slick warmth, until the aching need in his loins could no longer be denied. He sat her webbed feet down on the floor again, and he lay back on the floor. He had wrapped one hand around her forearm and pulled her with him, wanting her on top of himself. The blue lights played across her exotic body, and as soon as she was within his reach, he lay his other hand behind her neck and pulled her face down to his own - kissing her. Tasting her, and the nectar upon her lips made his cock twitch against one of her thighs.

"Mount me," he rasped, "or I will." He did not care. He just wanted inside her.

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-12-12, 01:27:45

As things progressed Hylota tried to allow things to happen, letting herself be pressed up against the wall, she felt the cold touch of metal against her skin as she was moved for Maal's convenience, as he began to eat her out Hylota moaned and pressed her hips out so he could press in more deeply and for the first time Hylota saw an upside to stubble, as he short hairs slid along her sensitive flesh she gasped and moaned in pleasure and began to rock her hips to encourage further stimulation.

Hylota was enjoying everything that was happening as Maal started them off with the oral stimulation, but things changed course and Maal lowered them both to the ground and they shared an intimate kiss and for a moment Hylota was tempted to force her dominance again and take Maal as her mate, but she was snapped out of it as their kiss broke off and Hylota listened to Maal as he told her to either mount him or he would mount her. Normally Hylota would submit and take the sex, but as she was, Hylota wanted to take charge and breed.

Hylota suddenly put her hands on Maal's shoulder, her eyes seemed darker as she spoke in a husky lust-filled voice. "I will mount you like the beast you are." Hylota licked her lips again and she stretched her body, her pussy moved down sliding down along the ridged cock of the Klingon. The stimulation made her moan and pant with pleasure before she raised herself and let the cock stand tall before she

lined up her pussy and slammed her hips down taking all of Maal's cock in one go. And as Maal opened his mouth to moan she pressed her advantage and pressed her lips to his and she shoved her thick strong tongue into Maal's mouth feeding him her pheromone laced saliva.

Hylota held the kiss as long as she could while she worked her vaginal muscles to form firmly around Maal's cock. As she held it she began to rotate her hips in a circular motion as she tried to bring some added pleasure to her mate so that she might breed with him. Hylota was giving up on being submissive and was now working to take full charge as her people's women did.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-14, 14:44:37

That Hylota would appreciate and accommodate his thick, ridged length was no surprise to Maal, and he even wrapped his fingers around her hips to push her down onto himself. He was a little bit surprised, admittedly, by the predatory edge to her words when she said she'd mount him - even going as far as to call him a beast. Well, he supposed he was a beast to her, Klingon and all, and right then, when his savage blood ran thick through his veins, it would be hypocritical to protest.

But that was nothing compared to how his eyes widened, when despite her cautionary words about her mouth she still kissed him the moment he was fully embedded inside her slick sex. Yet her damp lips were not the cause of his momentary panic. No, it was how he felt her tongue slide into his open mouth and fill his entire oral cavity. She tasted so sweet his head began to spin, and the scent coming from her open mouth filled his senses. If he had not been entirely hard for her already, the predatory kiss was like an injection of high-grade aphrodisiac, and his hardness became almost painful to him whilst it grew. His mind was reeling, and his eyes fluttered in confusion as to what was happening.

"Oh, my god," he rasped once she withdrew her tongue, which might not have been a wording not have been very Klingon of him. His mind became more and more singular in his purpose from that moment onwards.

He bucked and thrust under her, driving his cock upwards in a hard and increasing rhythm. He held on to her hips to assist in her meeting motions, and he was rewarded by the sight of her from as she rode him. The blue displays around them were like stars in the dark room, and the light caressed their bare bodies whilst they began the timeless dance. Maal's mind narrowed down to his ancestral nature, and it did not take long before he attempted to roll over and have the strong female on her back.

Yet the traditional position that his human upbringing had named the missionary position was not what he was after. He wanted to bend her over and fuck her from behind, so that was what he tried to do, wrestling her over so that she was on all fours and kneeling behind her. If he was successful was an entirely other matter, given the needs of the ovulating female.

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-12-17, 22:06:48

As Maal moved and shifted after he got Hylota's tongue into his mouth, Hylota could tell that things were going to get much more interesting pretty quickly from here. But when Maal began to move and tried to move Hylota to be on her knees before him, she however was not interested in giving him what he wanted so easily. "OH what do you think you are doing Maal? I am not giving you control that easily, you want to fuck me as you see fit you will have to take control from me." She grinned and she pushed back using her strong thighs to her advantage.

She wrapped her legs around Maal and moved to hold herself in her current position bouncing on his

cock as best she could while he tried to change the state of their sex and tried to move her to a more submissive position before him. Hylota however was acting on her own instincts and was fighting to try and keep her control but it was a losing battle and after a few minutes of fighting she was fucked up off of her position on Maal and was moved to the ground on her knees with Maal's cock still buried inside of her.

As she was put on her knees before Maal her mood remained but she was not fighting to get back to her position of dominance. "OH my it seem you won this round, how about you show me what it is you wanted to do to me Maal, I m quite curious to see what exactly a Klingon is like when they are having sex." He shoved herself back against Maal's his cock pressing into her depths a her own swift pace as she clenched her pussy firmly and moved her muscles to try and milk the cock as bet he could as she was now put at Maal's mercy.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-20, 03:26:14

"I mean to mate with you, what else?" he growled heatedly, struggling to get his will done.

Then, just after a short while after having defeated the Ovri whilst they mated - subduing her to his personal wish - Maal seized her hips and started driving into her from behind - his eyes wandering the exotic expanse of her minutely scaled back. Her buttocks were slapping into his muscular lower body, and if he did not cut his nails as often as he did, his grip might have scratched her. From behind she looked like a discoloured, fit male, and had it not been for the fact of her wet sex milking his ridged length, he realised it might appear he was copulating with a man. Yet her face, and her lips, and her tone of voice in the dimly lit room rid him of such thoughts.

Hylota wanted to know what he meant to do to her, yet at first, he merely grunted and continued his hard and steady rhythm, but when she spoke of Klingon preferences, and wanted to learn what Klingon were like intimately. "I have no idea... how Klingon are... supposed to mate," he grunted as he fucked her from behind, his ridged length pushing into her over and over, "I am almost human... in that regard."

Forced words, and his mind remained locked on the present. He continued to move, grip hard on Hylota's hips. She moved against him on her own accord as well, and his native blood compelled him to scratch her back whilst fucking her. Yet he resisted the strange urge despite how she encouraged him. Anxious he was, however, and he came to seize one of her legs and flipping her over so that she was on her back. From there on, the struggle was to keep her on the floor and to wrap his arms around her. He kissed her roughly, his mating instrument pushing deep again, and he felt beside himself with the need to mate with her, rolling on the floor and fighting to get the upper hand while still wrestling and thrusting himself into her.

"I should not..." he said, frowning as he looked down into her black eyes, his Klingon meat still pumping into her at a high rhythm, "...I should not come inside you." Because he was about to unless he paused.

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-12-26, 20:38:44

As she was fucked by Maal, Hylota was just enjoying herself and taking great pleasure in knowing that the man she was with was in charge and going to take care of her. And by that she meant that whether he knew it or not, Maal was going to help relieve her pent up sexual tension. But as Maal kept going and stated that he should not cum inside of Hylota she let out a chuckle and pressed back into the cock that was penetrating her, clenched her walls firmly around the cock and she spoke gently. "Oh

yes cumming inside of me would likely be a bad idea with the odds that your see will take, but honestly I do not care, I need this, I need this so badly."

Hylota was like an addict right now, her body craved sex and it would not take no for an answer. The dangers and complications did not matter, Hylota just craved sex, she wanted a clutch and she wanted it now. And if not for the events of the night before, with the aphrodisiac and all of the sex, Hylota might have been able to hold off and keep some control, but the activities of the night before had taken her by surprise and her body was craving more, wanting to fulfill its functions now. And without the Ovri infrastructure to help fertile female through this period, and the embarrassing nature of this made Hylota not care at all about the risks. She just wanted it to be over now.

For all of her intellectual ability, Hylota had never had to deal with her fertile period in such a manner, he had always been able to deal with it by going somewhere she could be alone and just relaxing, but she had not had many of these cycles and she was struggling to handle herself as she was without her medication to take the edge off or some way that she could just take the day off and relax in her room, instead she was stuck horny and around males while she was vulnerable. "OHhh! Maal...after this I need to retire for the day, his is getting to be too much...I will probably come back later, but after this I need to relax."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-29, 02:13:15

That Hylota did not care whether or not he came inside her made Maal even more confused, but confusion was not the ideal thing to deal with when his mind had narrowed down to the primitive drives that made him continue thrusting his ridged length into her Ovri sex. His thoughts were sluggish to begin with, and now even more so.

She was on her back, facing him as he laid on top of her, and she was meeting his movements by arching her back. It was all too much for Maal to handle... and he cried out like a Klingon might when besieging the tender flesh of a female. The sound surprised even him, and he bit down on it to let them escape notice... but that did not change the fact that his seed was gushing into Hylota already. His body was heaving with the release inside her, load after load of thick Klingon reproductive fluids flooding her insides. It was even leaking out since he could not stop himself from moving. He rode out his own climax like a beast having just felled its prey, and his hardness still throbbed in its rigid state long after the seed had ceased to flow.

And yet like that, his native blood relinquished to his human upbringing, and he lowered his head to kiss the Ovri in the aftermath, hoping he had sated her needs as well as she had sated his own. He knew not what to speak of, but revelled in kissing her nonetheless where they lay on the floor - hands soon to begin roaming her body.

"I... I am sorry, I should not have... But I could not help myself..." he said, voice leaden and yet worried as his mouth hovered over hers, "It might still be too early. You needn't have to bear children aboard this forsaken ship. Perhaps Nicander can stop the seed from taking. I... You were too.. I just could not stop myself." He was still inside her, already apologising, and his desire for the Ovri overwhelming enough to make him loose his control.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-01-02, 19:59:34

As Maal climaxed within Hylota and filled her with his warm seed, it was as if a bucket of water was thrown over a flame, extinguishing her desires as her body felt it had gotten what it had cried out for. Hylota in turn wrapped her arms around Maal and held him close as she panted and cooled down from

her sexual escapades. And despite gaining relief, Hylota felt that this might lead to some trouble for her down the line, but for now all the Ovri could care about was the relief she had gained.

As Maal then began to apologize and tried to rationalize not worrying about anything and how his seed might not have taken Hylota sighed and leaned in and pressed her smooth forehead to Maal's and let out a soft gentle chirping. The sound was oddly calming and Hylota mixed it with a gentle back rub before she shushed Maal and began to speak. "Maal, you're worrying too much. You and I were both caught up in a rush, neither of us would have stopped, and to be honest, I needed this. I was not able to function, in a few days I would likely have tried to rape you to get this relief. I did not realize how slippery this slope was when I started off just rubbing myself off. This was my fault for not having any self control."

Hylota kept from kissing Maal and simply rubbed against him lovingly. And if I do bar any children that are viable to survive, well then we will find them as I birth the eggs. And they will hopefully be Ovri enough to freeze so we could just put them to sleep in a cryo pod and let them sleep through this hectic time in there." The Ovri had much different ideals of raising children, exploiting their biology to keep children safe through hard times. "And we have Vinata here, if things go poorly they at least will have some family here."

Hylota did not bring up her skepticism about the bonding of mammal and amphibian DNA, and the success of Klingon genetics growing in a non-mammalian manner. If there was a freakish child, Hylota was prepared to put it down for both of their sake, and Hylota as a scientist wanted to see what would happen, perhaps this child would have a better natural system for small wound restoration that Ovri lacked.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-05, 11:36:12

Hearing Hylota's rationalisations about the danger of her being pregnant and what might be done with the children, should there be any, Maal came to understand just how different the Ovri were to humans. He was still telling himself that she was not far enough into her ovulation, so he had trouble foreseeing that such decisions were to be required. Perhaps with a modicum of denial, his thoughts shied away from the prospect of being a father. He was certainly not going to bring up his rights in any decision about the children when he was not even thinking it likely, and especially not when still inside her.

"I see," he rumbled, and when she was not inclined to kiss him any more, he took it as a sign that she expected him to pull out of her and get off her warm and dewy body. Furthermore, even if he enjoyed her thick fingertips rubbing his back, they were supposed to be back on duty soon, and neither of them wanted to be discovered as they were. His ridged length came free from the Ovri's sex as he sat back, their mixed fluids coating it. He may still have been quite hard, but not enough to prevent him from dressing. His leaden mind, which was still affected by his Klingon testosterone-levels, caught up on the fact that he had to say something more than just that. "I do not usually do this. It was... liberating. Unwise and against regulations, using this room, but nonetheless... liberating."

He stood, and the HUD displays shone upon the beads of sweat covering his powerful build, streaming across his musculature as he turned to look for his clothing. He shook his head to clear his mind, and began to dress when he located his uniform in the dim light.

"Shall we leave at the same time, or should I linger a while?" he asked thickly, rifling through the textile in the darkness with his powerful hands to find his underwear. After finding them, he straightened and turned to face her before he put them on. "You said you were going to retire to your quarters earlier.

Do you want me to inform Nicander when he is available that you were feeling ill?"

It felt like they were conspiring, even if Hylota had to leave for legit reasons.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-01-08, 04:32:48

Hylota sighed as she listened to Maal as he still was nervous and uneasy. And Hylota pulled him into a hug from behind and just held him as she spoke calmly and softly to him. "It was wonderful Maal, you gave me what I needed and you do not have to worry about anything, I am still here, you can say you were helping me learn the layout for the supplies here and I do not think anyone would question it." She gently rubbed his shoulders and sighed, her breath was sweet and made Maal's skin tingle as the pheromones met his skin, fortunately that was all it did.

Releasing Maal Hylota moved to get her own clothes back on and took some wadding to place in front of her pussy in case of anything seeping out and putting a mark on her clothes. "I am glad that that was good for you Maal...I would hate to have my coworker only able to think about bad sex whenever he looked at me. Oh and about the sex...If you ever want to meet up again in private...off work, I would not mind spending time with you Maal...some special time." Hylota smiled and she rubbed her scalp before she went to the door and looked at it and then to Maal. "Alright, I think we should leave at once since we are both going to be doing the same thing here." She smiled.

Hylota exited the store room and then changed topics to put them back on a normal track. "So our time here so break is running out. How about we head back to the medical bay so that we can go over all of the files, and then we can check up on my brother and see how he is thawing out." She smiled and motioned for Maal to lead them back to the medical bay.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-10, 01:13:24

At the proposition to seek her out in private, Maal was both surprised and pleased to hear it. He had reckoned Hylota wanted a genuine Klingon and not just an awkward imitation of it, but it seemed she had actually enjoyed being intimate with him. "I will keep that in mind... I mean, I will."

They ended up dressing at the same time before they went outside, and Maal squinted at the bright light that met them in Sickbay. "Aye," he said, catching on to the act with a couple of seconds' worth of delay. "Agreed. Let us check on your brother when we are done." It may have sounded like he wished to actually check her out again, but that was not the case. He cleared his throat. "I mean, how well he is responding to the thawing."

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 02: Shock & Denial

[USS Theurgy | Crew Quarters/Senior Staff Quarters | 0710 hrs.]

Throughout the Theurgy, the crew was waking up, some of which would be resuming their duties on the Alpha shift. For while the Festival of the Moon may have lasted until the middle of the night, and many had drunk a bit more than they should, it did not mean that there wasn't a tomorrow waiting for them. A day that might bring shame and regret, or contentment and joy. Yet some may wake in shock - unable to deny what must have happened and also failing to remember how it came to be they woke up where they did. Or with whom.

Her short blonde hair impervious to being dishevelled, and her face even more angelic when she slept, Rihen Neyah slowly opened her heterochromatic eyes where she lay on her bed - white sheets barely covering her bare body. It took her a couple of seconds to blink and focus upon the face of the person next to her, but when the sight and the memories came to her, her lips spread in a bright smile - the corners of her eyes creasing in delight.

She sat up in the bed, pulling up the corner of her blanket to barely preserve her modesty - done more out of common habit than any need to really cover herself. She ruffled her own hair with her free hand and then covered her mouth when she yawned - smile soon returning afterwards. "Good morning. You fell asleep quite fast after we completed *Jamaharon*. I trust you were satisfied with my companionship?"

Post by: Axius on 2014-12-29, 05:18:26

Woken by a soft voice, Axius opened his sapphire eyes and looked upon the metal ceiling above. While a pounding in his head rang like a drum, the voice mysteriously didn't seem to cause any pain. It was sweet and calming, and he turned to where it came from.

The first thing the Câroon noticed was the outline of hourglass hips and teardrop-shaped breasts in the white sheets. He took another look at his respectively bare body before facing Rihen with a look of shrouded surprise. Then came a genuine smile as he remembered the night before. Axius leaned toward her, speaking in her ear before he jumped from the bed, "Oh, I can only sleep once I've been fully satisfied."

He stood next to the untidy bed, exposing his sculpted body before speaking again, "And you sure as hell did that." He bent over as he waited her to reply, amused by the amount of smiling they shared, and gathered the trail of clothes leading to the door, not sure if he should leave them unattended for another hour of fun, or place them over his skin and head in for a shift.

He tried not to look at her glowing skin in attempt to control the length between his legs.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-30, 01:57:38

Having grinned when the fighter pilot had answered her with a private comment in her ear, Rihen positively beamed when Axius rose from the white sheets and complimented her on her performance of the *Jamaharon*. She'd always found Câroon men and women gratifying patrons when they came to

Risia, and not just for their physical beauty, but for how they were not the kind to react with bland politeness. They were an emotional people, often outspoken, and while empathes and telepaths could never read their feelings, Rihen had found it fairly easy to see when they were appreciative towards her arts.

"It means a lot to me that you say that, Axius vel Onea," she said with her bright smile, and she tilted her head when he bent over to pick up the clothes from the floor - looking without shame upon his posterior and the way his muscles moved underneath his skin when the garments were scooped up. The Lone-Wolf might have had a wee bit paler complexion than other Câroon, but the accentuated body was no mistaking. Like how they wore their feelings on their sleeves sometimes, their bodies were a second testament to where they hailed from.

Since he had vacated sheets they'd shared, Rihen smoothly rose from them as well, still holding the corner of the blanket when she followed him out from his bedroom and into the main living area of his quarters. Smoothly, with practiced care, she tied the blanket around her body like a towel, and she seated herself on the small divan she found in the sitting area, and her mismatched eyes still followed him in his quest for the clothing he had worn during the Festival. She saw her own white toga, remembered how she had let it fall on the way to his bedchamber, but she made no movement to retrieve it where she sat.

"Thank you for letting me sleep here in your quarters tonight," she said, a playful expression on her face, "I have my own civilian quarters, of course, but I really enjoyed your company after the success of last night."

She had hosted the entire thing, practiced her old dancing from before she was banished from Risia. It was a wonder she remembered it all. "I had never imagined that I would be able to host *Lohluna* for both of the crews. I felt there was due cause to celebrate afterwards, and I am grateful you wanted to do so with me." Sitting there, she let her eyes wander his bare body up and down - emphasising the meaning of her next few words. "Yet the sights one can see here in the light of morning does make the wonders on the holodeck pale by comparison..."

Post by: Axius on 2014-12-30, 06:31:53

It seemed as the two were having most of their conversation without words. The exchange of genuine smiles was something rare in the life of Axius. She was one lover that had satisfied him to his ends. Maybe her Risian blood had a great effect, how she always gave, but somehow knew what the pilot wanted. He remembered their sweaty skin writing against each other, taken away by the flare of passion that had either sparked from the enthusiasm of safety or the alcohol. Either way, it was a night he wanted to remember.

"My pleasure. My door is always open whenever you need it. Just remember to bring the good stuff, not synthehol." He winked, as though being completely naked and expressing clear sexual desires wasn't enough flirting.

He placed the clothes he had gathered into the replicator to be recycled, and he received a satisfying glow of light as their matter was turned into energy. He tapped a simple control, programmed by the many previous uses, to replicate a small pot of hot tea, accompanied by china cups decorated with the inscriptions of ancient Câroon languages.

Axius strode to where the Risian sat carrying the small tray of beverages to the table. There she was, propped up perfectly, as though the linens were crafted by the finest seamstresses and fitted perfectly

to the goddess shape of her body. It couldn't be that her species allowed her to be this breathtaking. She was unique in a way that couldn't compare to other Risians.

And then she made his heart melt with a simple sentence.

Axius neared her even closer, almost nose to nose as they mingled their breaths. "Am I your light in the morning?" He ran a tattooed hand up her wide hip and into her covered chest, "I am merely the moon to your star."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-31, 00:12:37

When Axius came closer, Rihen tilted her head the other way and bit her lower lip with her characteristic smile. Yet when he touched her, that smile grew even brighter, and she leaned her head back to meet his gaze better since he was leaning over her.

"I don't know if you can call me a star just yet, Chief Onea," she breathed against his lips and propped herself up with her hands behind herself, making his rank a sultry sound. She arched her back to meet his touch too, slowly pushing her chest out to the palm of his hand. "After all, you have not lit me this morning."

The path Axius' hand took made Rihen's blanket come a bit loose, and it slipped off her body a little, but she was nowhere as bare as he was - a fact that she was very well aware of. She liked it when men and women were not self-conscious about their bodies, regardless their species or appearance. In that regard, Axius and her were alike. For her, it was in her very nature as a Risian to be generous with her body, and she had a mind to be just as generous as he was being right then.

"Oh.. I don't know what kind of 'wolves' there are below the ground of Câroon," she said after a tell-tale glance - lips barely touching his in anticipation of their first morning kiss . and she shifted her weight to reach out with her hand, "but it seems they *do* like their stars instead of any moon."

And her fingers wrapped around the Lone-Wolf's endowment just when she kissed him, stealing his breath into her mouth. She did not know if Axius knew about the name-sake for his squadron, but she had heard about the Terran animals once or twice. With the way her hand began to stroke his tumescence, she was confident he would get her meaning nonetheless.

Post by: Axius on 2014-12-31, 22:32:52

Axius breathed in slowly in pleasure and fulfillment of the kiss's anticipation. Her grip was like velvet, soft and firm, pulling the blood into his thickening cock as he entered his tongue into her waiting mouth. Each stroke made him moan softly into her mouth, eyes tightening in angst. His hand slowly gripped the sheet that covered her flawless skin, throwing to the side as he seized her full breast. His free hand glided up the curve of her arched back and pulled it closer, releasing the two from the awkward position as he continued to embrace her lips.

He quickly ripped her from the ground, wrapping his strong arms around her waist and, unfortunately deafening the pleasure coursing from his now hard length. He pulled his head back, opening his eyes as he locked with Rihen's, speaking softly as he brushed his thumbs softly against her back, "I'm not 'Chief' in here..."

He pecked her lips once more, "With your artistry, you have complete control over me."

He continued to kiss her vigorously, savoring the taste of her lips and the feel of her skin, carrying her to the bed where they would once again achieve a level of ecstasy surpassing pleasure. "What first?" he asked, biting his lip.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-02, 15:21:06

When she was hoisted up into his embrace, Rihen made a surprised but delighted sound, and she wrapped both her arms around his neck and her legs about his waist. She returned his passionate kissing fully whilst she was carried through his quarters. Judging by his words, he wished for her to show him the best way to repeat their *Jamaharon*, so when they reached his bedroom, she set her feet down and ran her hands down from his shoulders and the hard planes of his chest - lips parting from his.

"Then let us take our kisses elsewhere," she said, and she pushed him lightly to make him lie down upon the tangled sheets they had shared during the night. Yet she followed him, laid down upon him to rake her fingers through his hair, and kiss him once more before she turned around - straddling his face while leaning down towards his rigid arousal. "Let our lips show our desires through action rather than words..."

So she took his throbbing length into both her hands, and stroked it firmly in preparation for her lips, which would descend his hardness all the way to its hilt. Eventually, of course, since there was less pleasure without anticipation. She swirled her tongue around the bulbous head, and when she drew her lips back, she made it pop free with a damp sound. In all things she did, she wore her playful smile, truly enjoying *Jamaharon* in all its expressions.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-02, 15:21:06

When Lin Kae replied, Soo grinned across the head of his glistening length. "You have an incredible wand, my dear wizard," she said, tilting her head while she jested. With her hand at the base, she waved it from side to side in lazy motions, "My magic is only as good as the wood I wield in my hand."

He urged her to continue, and she happily did so, welcoming his hardness all the way to the back of her throat in a firm and quick rhythm. She groaned around his girth as she continued to finger herself, rubbing her clitoris while she pleased him as best as she might. Her other hand rubbed him in sync with her lips' insistent movements along him, and she closed her eyes to better sense him - to let herself revel in the very pleasure she was giving him. It was more than enough to bring her to the edge of her own tolerance, swaying of the brink of the fall with each second she fellated him - thrust two fingers deep inside herself.

So when he eventually came, it was the final straw for Soo. She had to articulate her climax, pulling back her lips from his cock just as it began to gush thick white cream upon her. She rubbed herself throughout the convulsions that shook her, and she milked out all of his seed with her other hand. His semen splattered her neck and her breasts, feeling warm against her skin. Breathlessly, she came to grin in satisfaction once the tremors subsided, and she opened her eyes to look at her happenstance lover.

"Oh, my..." she said and giggled in delight, "I think I'll have to borrow your shower now, if you don't mind."

She stood up and let go of him, swaying her hips playfully as she walked out of the room. She glanced back over her shoulder at him. "I suppose you could join me, wizard. Might be lonely in there..."

Post by: Axius on 2015-01-05, 23:15:56

As the two danced through the erotic stances, Axius finally realized what Rihen was positioning for. With her clean folds of vagina nearing his eager lips, he was oblivious to the fact that she was about to do something he hadn't received in a while.

As her gentle lips wrapped around his massiveness, his breathing shuttered, chest becoming tight with the overwhelming waves of intense pleasure emanating from his cock. Her tongue like a whip of water gliding over his head, saliva rushing from her lips and down to his pubic hair as she ascended and descended his length. Each and every moment was like a new sensation, each new wave of satisfaction making him forget that she was performing this activity to its maximum potential. He bit back a moan, but still escaped was a deep grunt of joy. He placed both tattooed hands on her firm cheeks, gently squeezing as his own tongue snaked from his lips.

It met her in her pinkness, gently gliding over the skin, bare, but natural. It tasted of her other set of lips, still as sweet and intriguing as her personality. As he progressed through the flesh, lips entering her passage, the pattern of bliss came into action. Every lick, every kiss, every maneuver he made on her was reciprocated on her end. Each movement he made felt like he was doing so to himself as the rhythm set it.

This was definitely a good morning.

Heaven was a word he used lightly, but each time the head of his penis punched the back of her throat, he felt it getting closer and closer. Eventually he would have to release, but he felt the urge to conceal it. Partly because he wanted to continue in his efforts with his procedures, but also he didn't know if Rihen would want his cum in her mouth. She was an expert, she would know when he was meet his peak, so he left it in her hands as he vigorously, yet gracefully, pleased her.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-09, 01:03:13

Feeling quite keenly how this was not the first time the Lone-Wolf pleased a woman with his mouth, she found herself moaning around his rigid arousal without having to exaggerate her reactions in any way. She began to arch her back rhythmically to thrust her warm sex against his mouth, and her puckered, hard nipples scraped against his abdomen as she moved. She paused in her ministrations to speak, smiling from ear to ear.

"I a-am not used to men being quite so generous as you a-are. Oh..." She had a mind to say more, but she could not be ungenerous and leave him bereft of her mouth. With one hand milking him from base to neck, her lips sealed flush around his girth once more, and each time she raised her head anew. He was vigorous despite the aftermath of his drinking at the festival, and she envied him for his ability to drink sensibly. It was an art she had never learned, and therefore she had all but quit drinking anything but synthehol. Something she appreciated now, when she could be as generous with herself as she wanted without feeling ill or having a headache.

With the tension rising, they both quickened their motions, each one's sounds of lust growing inside of their occupied mouths. "Mph!" she cried out as her vagina tensed up, and then pulsed with pleasure. "Mppphh!" She had to wrap both her hands tighter around Axius to have something to hold on to. Eventually, she tried to continue her oral stimulation, but could only do so when as the waves of her climax began to abate, rhythm completely lost. In the end, she had to let it go from her mouth so that she could moan loudly with the release she had felt. Delicate shivers coursed through her body, and she grinned in elation when she finally resumed control of herself. "Oh, Axius... You have me

quaking... Is that why you got your pilot name?"

Feeling how his male hardness pulsed, Rihen knew he was not far from his own completion of *Jamaharon*. Therefore, she threw him a knowing grin across her shoulder and turned around so that she was facing him where he lay on the bed. "Can I ride your tremors while you shake?" she asked in a hushed voice and laid her hands upon the hard planes of his chest, placing her sex on top of his length, grinding herself along it as it lay against his lower abdomen. "I want to feel you move and tremble... and then ride out your aftershocks..."

And with a small shift with her hips, she got the angle right... and she felt him press into her. "Oh..."

Post by: Axius on 2015-01-16, 06:32:01

It was instantly, like a popping of a bubble, that white-hot fluid shot into and spilled out of Rihen's wet vagina, falling down on his chiseled abdomen and forming tangles in the dark hair surrounding his throbbing testicles. Pools of cum flooded the deep creases of his erratically rising stomach as she continued to milk it right out of the dick that stayed inside her warmth so long that he began to lose the ability to chain together thoughts. He finally let out the cry he had been containing for the majority of the act, and the guttural moan reverberated throughout his being.

He grabbed her hips, as the absence of substance was leaving him to drift as the last drop of liquid dripped from her walls. She collapsed on top of him, still leaving his softening cock enveloped in warmth. "Rihen, don't tell me you're that dirty all the time," he said, with breathy vowels and sharp consonants, lacking air that he let out in the large breathes of pleasure.

Rihen's body glided closer to his head, where their lips met one more time as he sat up, supporting himself with one bulging arm. "But, we still have to clean up," he smirked locking eyes with her as his long finger slipped across the film of sticky fluid caking on his abdomen. He raised it to her lips, and slowly allowed it to enter her mouth.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-16, 14:48:01

She may have been surprised by how hard he came, flooding her with his warm semen, yet Rihen certainly did not mind, undulating her hips and milking it all out with her sex as best as she might. Leaning on his strong chest for support, she made sure her patron was thoroughly pleased until the very point when his convulsions ceased, and she could lay down on top of him, satisfied that her native generosity had brought him joy that morning.

"Oh, I don't think I was too naughty, was I?" she said with a wide grin as she kissed him, running her fingers up and down his shoulders and neck when he propped himself up. "I may have spoken of my own wishes, but by the judge of things... I think you shared my need to make you quake."

She made his call-sign sound very naughty, swirling her tongue around his fingertip a little bit, but acquiesced to his will to get up and get cleaned for the shift that was about to start. She may have been a civilian engineer aboard, but that did not mean she didn't do what she could to help out aboard the ship. "Thank you for a wonderful night," she told him and sat back, cupping his hand in both of hers to kiss the palm, and then she gave him another of her characteristic, blinding smiles. "...and the morning wasn't so bad either."

She stood and walked out, throwing him another smile over her shoulder. "I think I will try that tea of yours first," she said and she exited, "*Jamaharon* always leaves me thirsty."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-03, 18:12:40

[Winterbourne's Quarters]

His peaceful, pleasant sleep was cut short as his world turned from a secluded black to a sudden flash of light. Dazed and still half asleep, Cale Winterbourne blinked, and then opened his eyes to be greeted with a ray of light that escaped from the bedroom door of his quarters - left slightly ajar. *Riptor?* came his thought, guessing that the tall fighter pilot from the Harbinger had suddenly left.

With a grunt, Cale meant to roll to the side but found his left arm pinned. Blearily, he tried to move his arm, but all sense of touch stopped past the elbow. Confused, he turned his head, perplexed at being stuck and at the loss of feeling in his hand. The world was still out of focus, but after a few blinks the Helmsman discovered the cause - lit by the narrow light from the door that had been left ajar. *Oh, yeah... Now I remember...*

Riptor and he hadn't been alone last night. Aisha S'lthi's dark-haired head lay nestled in the crook of his arm. Her soft but steady breathing could be felt on his shoulder. Cale smiled for himself as he admired the Cardassian's slightly scaled features in the beam of light. Her nose rubbed gently against his skin with the rise and fall of her breathing. With a stifled yawn, Cale also noticed her limp hand weighing down his chest - her fingers arched slightly.

Cale lifted his free arm and gently took her hand. He thought her fingers give a reflexive squeeze. As he slowly become more awake, Cale also notice how incredibly cold his legs were. Lifting his head groggily, he saw his bare legs completely exposed, the blankets twisted across their upper bodies, and the only warm spot being where the Cardassian's leg was bent across his. He was about to rectify this when he paused.

Why... is there voices coming from the main room? Was Zaraq still with them too?

Glancing towards Aisha again, Cale did his best to gently disentangle himself from her, trying to not wake her up. Then he got on his feet, realising that he had no clothes on. He looked about, finding a pair of black boxers to pull on before he walked to the door - looking out the small gap before opening the door.

He saw Riptor. He stood with his back towards Cale, fully dressed, and he had just answered the door - someone standing in the corridor. They were silent, and it looked like the one that had chimed the door to Cale's quarters was stroking Riptor's face - a hand on his cheek. A sudden pang of jealousy hit Cale upon seeing it, thinking the fighter pilot had a lover he did not know about. But just as Cale stepped out to ask, Riptor nodded to the one outside... and stepped out. Gone as the door shut behind him.

"Ript-?" Cale had begun, but fell silent when he was left alone, running a hand through his white hair in confusion. Then he returned to the bedroom...

Post by: IronFerrox on 2014-10-05, 18:12:40

Aisha stirred in the bed and began to awaken in the quarters of the Theurgy's young Helmsman. She rolled over a bit as her eyes fluttered open. Despite the soreness she couldn't help but feel wonderful after the amazing night she had been given by the three males. Still if there was any of the three she would want to still be here with her it was the one who's quarters she was in. There was something about the young helmsman she enjoyed the company of. Maybe it was just the shared bond as

fellows who shared the post at the wheel of their respective ships. Maybe it was the way he was both like a man when she needed a man but straddled that line towards femininity as well that pulled her to him. She didn't know what it was but something about him made her feel comfortable and happy. As she looked up from the bed. "Winter? Is that you?" she said looking towards the shadow of him as he came back into the bedroom.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-09, 00:16:00

Returning, Cale saw Aisha stirring, and he stepped back to her while rubbing the sleep and residual alcohol inebriation from his eyes.

"In all honesty, I am not entirely sure just yet," he replied with a hoarse voice, his white hair standing on its end and his cursory attempt to comb it down quite futile. "I did end up in these particular quarters so I'd say it's a fair chance that's the case. I will not take much else for granted though. Not without some coffee and something for this headache."

He sat down next to her in the bed and raked both sets of fingers through his hair, trying to sort it all out. He tried to come up with a reason why Riptor would leave so suddenly without even saying goodbye, but he supposed there was any number of duty-related reasons why he'd have to leave. Perhaps his squadron was ready to depart from the Fighter Assault Bay ahead of time. Perhaps there was still maintenance to be done to them before they could, so he had to report to that frightening Squadron Commander of his, going by the apt call-sign Phantom. *But... why was there... a woman at the door, stroking his cheek?*

In retrospect, he might have been wrong. The voice he had heard when he woke up could have been female, but it was not a certainty. He was not sure he had seen that hand on Riptor's cheek either, honestly, since he had barely woken up just yet. Perhaps the idea of a lover by the door had surfaced because of jealousy, being fond of Riptor as he was.

Glancing towards the woman that was usually at the helm of the Harbinger, now being in his bed, Cale gave her a lopsided smile, his back halfway turned towards her where he sat. "Yesterday was pretty wild, right?" he said with a chuckle, "I can hardly believe how things developed down there by the beach. I am not sure how much of a role as a facilitator that blonde Risian played in the events, but I am still very grateful to have been there... partaking in the madness. It was a great experience."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2014-10-30, 21:47:54

She understood exactly what he meant. "Yea Coffee can help with the headache but I can think of one even better," she said gently walking up behind him and placing her scaled hands against both sides of his face over his temple and gently rubbing it hoping the pressure and motion would ease the headache he was feeling. "guess its a good thing that I didn't drink as much as the rest of you. At least one of us should be able to have a clear head full of those wonderful memories." She said softly kissing his neck. as she rubbed the sides of his head gently hoping the temporal massage would help ease the headache. She looked over at the replicator. "Two cups of the black drink please." she said.

The computer made one of those strange staticy tones before replying, "Insufficient information."

She sighed, Access data on the North American indigenous plant common name Yaupon holly Extrapolate from data a tea prepared by the following means. Parch the leaves and branches Then in a large stock pot boil the browned leaves and branches in water until the liquid reaches a dark brown to

black color. afterwards strain into a cooling vessel. From said information replicate two coffee cups of the resulting tea. At a normal hot tea temperature."

The computer piped up, "According to data given the drink contains an abnormally large quantity of ca..."

"I know computer, I know what it does it's a herbal medicine used by Missisipian native American tribes. That's what it's supposed to do. Just make the damned drink already and file it as a form of detox treatment if you have to.

"Understood" That said two cups of the drink appeared in the replicator.

Aisah smiled as she took one of the cups and took a sip grimacing a bit remembering the taste suddenly remembering how the black drink always was a bit of an acquired taste though vaguely reminiscent of tea. she nodded "yep that's the stuff." she said in a satisfied tone before walking into the washroom and spitting out the small sip into the sink after having held it in her mouth for a few moments.

Already her eyes looked a bit more awake than before as she brought him his cup. "It's hot but drink it as quickly as you can. Make sure you swallow it, and yes it is supposed to taste something tea-ish."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-01, 02:45:50

"Wonderful memories indeed," said Cale and closed his eyes with delight when his Cardassian lover massaged his temples and kissed his neck from behind where he sat upon the edge of the bed. He only opened them slightly during her debate with the replicator, which eventually led to Aisha leaving the bed and him being rewarded with the sight of her naked self picking up the two cups that had materialised. He frowned in her direction when she sipped from one cup and vanished to the bathroom, hearing her spit out what she had tasted.

"So... I really should drink this then?" he verified with raised eyebrows when she returned to him and gave him his cup. He smelled it first, but he had not the best sense of smell so most of the scents were hard to pick out. He decided to trust her since it seemed like a concoction made by her adopted human people, being of the old native American bloodlines. It seemed so remote, that one of her species had been brought up and schooled in a centuries old human culture. It only added to the many intriguing qualities she had, and fed his appreciation for the unknown and his need to explore her more. "Okay then..."

Winterbourne started with a sip, and it really did not taste well, but he continued to drink it all down as best as he could without scalding his tongue. Immediately, it seemed to clear his head and make the skin on his face tingle with re-activating nerve-endings. His stomach complained loudly, but his mind slowly cleared and the headache subsided somewhat in intensity. He grimaced a bit since the taste wanted to linger in his mouth.

"I don't know about the drink," he said in light humour where he sat on the edge of the bed and coughed into the bend of his arm, but his eyes lingered on Aisha as he added, "but the service and the staff in this place sure makes up for it."

He could not even remember the last time he had a naked woman roaming around in his quarters. There were usually men, admittedly...

Post by: IronFerrox on 2014-11-02, 02:35:25

She lightly laughed about his comment on the drink. "Actually I would advise you excuse yourself to the latrine if it feels like the black drink wants come back up. For centuries was used various purification rituals among different tribes particularly before war. I think your stomach may be telling you exactly what the purification ritual entails," she said with a bit of humor. Dont worry after you get back I'll have us both something much better that is sure to get rid of any other lingering effects. I promise this one will taste a lot better.and will even help a bit more with the headache. She said as she walked over to the replicator. "Tea, Wintergreen Hot. she specified as she sipped at her cup of the Black drink holding the liquid in her mouth for a moment letting the caffeine absorb before swallowing it having learned to not let it bother her stomach as easily by taking slow sips of it though never having learned how to like the taste. Still she had to admit the caffeine buzz more than made up for the taste.

Taking the two cups of wintergreen tea out of the replicator she smiled walking over to a seat not even bothering to look for her clothes deciding that if he didn't mind her state of undress she may as well enjoy the liberation of not having to get into a uniform for at least a while more. She always had always enjoyed the rare moments of having the luxury of going without clothing finding the freedom relaxing as she waited for him to come out of the bathroom knowing it might be a few minutes remembering the first time she had been introduced to this drink and remembering how it tended to react to a stomach full of alcohol and not much else. she silently apologized to him knowing that the worst for him was moments away but knowing afterwards the hangover would be far less pronounced thanks to the mixture of caffeine and the rejection of whatever alcohol was still in his stomach.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-04, 01:18:18

True to Aisha's word, Winterbourne's stomach rumbled again in a couple of seconds, and he decided to take her advisement for the recuperation before it was too late. He excused himself and headed to the bathroom, and in the movement to rise up from the edge of the bed, the effects hit Cale in full force. No more had the sliding doors of the bathroom shut behind him than the convulsion started deep down in his throat. He landed on his knees and heaved with the force of the regurgitation.

Five minutes later, Winterbourne emerged from his bathroom again, having brushed his teeth but still looking more sick than he had before he had drunk the black concoction. Yet in seeing Aisha where she at and with the cup of tea available, Cale sat down on the edge of the bed again with a deep sigh. The new air and the lessening hold of disgorgement, added with the first sip of the tea, made him smile weakly where he sat in his black underwear.

"That was... intense, in lack of a better word," he said, and found the energy to chuckle, "so what is next, tea and hoping for the best?"

Post by: IronFerrox on 2014-11-06, 16:37:21

She smiled softly, "Well, after the tea, I would suggest a nice long shower while I take care of you and help you get rid of what's left of that headache in every way I can think of. It's the least I can do for you being part of a fantasy I had secretly wanted for years after all." She said softly feeling a bit attached to the helmsman, her kindred spirit on the Theurgy so to speak. For certain it wasn't a love or romance, though she did enjoy his company and absolutely loved every second convincing him how much a female can please him just as well as a man could. In a way she felt a sport in the way it was clear he preferred male company. It was like everything she did was a game to show him anything a guy could do she could do so much more for him. In a way that little game made everything all the

more fun for her.

She smiled softly turning her back to him before bending over to pick a piece of clothes off the floor. A bit of swimwear that she had hastily discarded after entering the room the night before. As she moved her naked scaled body was fully exposed and as she bent over it was all too easy to see the split between her legs softly glistening in a bit of morning dew that was oh so intentionally revealed for him to see that she was his to take whenever he desired.

Se smirked looking back to him as got back up and walked over to the replicator whispering a couple sentences to it then grabbing whatever it had just replicated hiding it as she made her way towards the bathroom before looking back. "I'm going to use your shower; feel free to join me." She said as she disappeared into the washroom and the sound of a sonic shower starting could be heard.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-08, 14:39:11

Winterbourne was still coming to terms with the effects of whatever he had been asked to drink, but his eyes became still when Aisha tempted him with the display of her lower body she picked up a piece of her clothing from the floor. A lopsided smile came to him as he watched her move through his quarters, replicating something he did not catch what it was before heading towards his bathroom. Upon being invited into his own shower to join her, Winterbourne chuckled where he sat on the edge of the bed and shook his head at the boldness she showed towards him in her desires.

The woman intrigued him, that was certain, and while it had begun with an innocent fascination for her alien body back on Theta Eridani IV, he was not entirely sure what kept him so invested any more. They had become close friends, he supposed, but with certain benefits that he did not have with others aboard the Theurgy. Certainly not with any women, at least. There was the Chief Medical Officer, which he kept to himself for both their sakes. He could not even remember how it had happened the first time, but he still dreamed about those few times they'd shared.

The memories quickened him, and he rose from the bed with a smile on his lips and with unfitting ideas in his head - following Aisha just a couple of seconds after she turned on the sonic shower. He paused in the doorway to push down his black underwear with his, leaving him bare as he stepped out of them and closed the final distance - his pale yet lean body caught in the stark light of his bathroom.

"How could I refuse?" he said as he opened the glass door and stepped into the stall.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2014-11-08, 21:10:45

What he found within the stall was the Cardassian woman standing there her body with water caressing down its form. She gently guided him in and smiled softly. "Just close your eyes, relax and let me take care of you." she said softly as she placed her hands back on his temples and as the water caressed over him. She continued the soft temporal massage from earlier, gently caressing his neck and upper shoulder with her lips. Slowly she moved the massaging hands to his neck as she pressed her naked body against his back letting him feel her breasts pressing against his shoulder blades as a soft slippery sensation could be felt. It soon became clear that she was using her very body to lather his with soap as she continued the massage taking it down to his chest, then abdomen, before he felt her scaled hands gently grasp his male organ slowly beginning to stroke it from behind as she fondled his balls as well before slowly moving around him to kiss his lips with hers then neck then chest before coming back up using her own torso to lather his front half up with soap. Occasionally she returned to tease his cock with a rhythmic but slow handjob while she just softly reminded him to keep his eyes closed relax and just enjoy, reminding him he had to do absolutely nothing but become putty in her

hands that she could hope to mold into a tension free relaxed form free of every ache and worry.

Soon, he felt her moving down slowly grazing her lips against his chest stomach then abs before her hands once again returned to his human organ. Far from her hands being all that she gave him as he felt the familiar moistness of her lips and tongue softly against him as she began to gently slowly suck him off using her hands to gently mound his rump before a finger prodded and intruded into his anus pushing deep into him. She moved it around his colon searching as she waited to feel that reaction when her finger found his prostate so she would know exactly where inside that cavern she needed to massage. Finding her target she began to increase the movement and sucking of his blowjob as she intently began milking his cock for all it was worth guiding him to release his pre as her finger intently rubbed and stimulated his prostate to her full ability.

He may have noticed that the other hand had been absent for a few moments though but soon it rejoined the other slowly fingering around his asshole as the other stimulated him. There was no telling what the other hand had been up to though the human knew it probably had a lot to do with the item she had retrieved from his replicator that was still a mystery to him. Unbeknownst to him the mystery was about to be solved as she finally got what she wanted as he erupted into her eager mouth. She slowly swallowed every drop starting with her lips around his head then slowly began to deep throat him letting him feel her throat contract around his head as she swallowed every drop down. Slowly she withdrew her mouth from around his length taking time to savor him and licking him clean of every ounce of tasty cum before taking her hands and slowly washing his entire crotch clean before washing his legs and rear then feet as well.

Slowly he felt her get up and then almost in the same movements guide him down. As he was guided down to his knees presumably for him to give her a similar treatment to her own she smiled softly and spoke up. "You can open your eyes dear?" she said softly. As the youthful human opened his eyes he was met with a phallic object about a foot and a half in length in a shape and scaled pattern similar to the same scaled pattern of his guest's skin. Directly below it was her Cardassian slit though her clit was nowhere to be seen. It was more than clear though that the object was connected to that sensitive bud and was a device to mimic a male's organ for a female to use for a clitoral orgasm with another partner, essentially a device for the woman to make herself feel male.

"I know that you like males more." she said softly. "And I know you were saddened to see our last guest leave. "I was hoping that I could make that loss up to you though" she said gently. The enormous Cardassian modeled device graced her form almost as if it was always meant to be a part of her. "After everything you gave me last night and that wonderful breakfast you just gave me the least I can do is try and let you have the morning you obviously wanted." she said as she softly guided his head forwards guiding him to begin sucking on the very realistic looking cock that was now attached to her otherwise feminine figure. "Go ahead and pretend I'm the male that you really desire." she said gently caressing the back of his neck. "I only wish I could also fill your throat with the delicious seed you crave." She said making it clear her only regret in this device was that she couldn't make the results even more real for her partner.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-12, 10:56:39

Oh, the treatment Cale received from his Cardassian lover was sublime, and like she claimed, it served to soothe his headache quite well. To simply stand there with his eyes closed as the sonic pulsed thrummed against his skin, while Aisha serviced his body with soap, body, hands, mouth and prodding fingers, it was far more than he had expected when she asked him to join her. Towards the end, when she had made him so aroused he could barely stand there in the stall, he had laid his hands against the glass walls for support - spreading his legs a bit to accommodate the massage of

his prostate gland. It did not take too long for her, who knew his desires rather well at that point, to make him come - crying out as he filled her mouth and throat with his seed.

His expectations having already been succeeded by her divine treatment, it served to surprise him that she was not urging him down to kneel just so that he'd give her cunnilingus for her troubles. His climax had already made his knees weak so there was little required to make him oblige. When he opened his eyes at her request, he saw that artificial phallus before his face, so large it was almost intimidating. It seemed a seamless part of her body, and he could but chuckle at the sight, eyes widened in amazement.

"You spoil me, Aisha," he murmured over the thrumming sound of the shower, vapour rising from their bodies as he reached up to close his fingers around the fleshy fake organ. He tilted his head and looked up at her as his hand moved, rubbing her clit by stroking the shaft. She needn't encourage him by pushing his head towards it, his lips already at the bulbous head. "I would say that you have more than made up for the experience of last night... And being a woman, you certainly know how to use your advantages..."

His hand began to move in tandem with his lips, and he made sure to apply his movements so that there was a lot of friction made against her clitoris. The artificial organ was a bit bigger than he was used to, even larger than Zaraq's and Riptor's, but that did not hamper him the slightest. In short order, he was doing what he managed without hurting himself, rubbing her sex with his movements. He even reached up to fondle her breasts with one hand as he worked the length, until the time came when he rose up and kissed her.

"Use the soap," he whispered heatedly against her lips, meaning as a lubricant, before turning and setting his hands against the glass walls - still kissing her over his shoulder.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2014-11-13, 19:12:02

She couldn't help but loan loudly at his motions. It was far better than she could have imagined. She only guess this was what it must have felt like for a male as she lost herself in her fantasy feeling herself being pushed over the edge as he sucked and groped. "Oh, yes!" she moaned, "Suck me off." she begged. "Take it in deeper" she moaned each subtle motion of his mouth torturing her clit as she felt her cunt growing soaked as her inner walls began to tremble and she began to gush from the intense clitoral orgasm.

Soon after he was done sucking she felt him moving up and kiss her lips and nodded hearing his request as she turned to give himself to her. Seeing her opportunity she was far from wanting to refuse and lubed up her synthetic cock with the soap before aligning it perfectly. "Looks like I get to give that cute little anus a through cleansing," she said with a smirk as she eased herself into him letting the length and thickness massage the inner walls of his body. She took great care to go nice and easy almost treating the cock like some for of massaging tool to rub muscles that could only be reached from the inside.

Soon he felt another massage greet him as she felt a hand gently grip his balls from behind as she began to massage and roll them around in her fingers taking great care to gently apply just enough pressure to firmly squeeze the testicles within but not cause pain. Slowly a thump and finger couple fingers began to gently apply pressure to each round testicle gently squeezing them individually not enough to hurt much but enough that the pressure was there.. her thumb rotated a bit as she began to massage the ball inside taking great care to not injure or cause pain but to give his testes the same kind of intimate and sensual deep tissue massage she had given every other inch her hands chose to

grace. Slowly her thumb and finger began to rub at his tubes that connected his balls to his body gently applying soft pressure to the point where his testicles and tube joined. She gently began gripping his ball and pulling it downwards letting him feel his tube literally being pulled tight as a finger worked around and massaged the tube itself before finding its way against his flesh and into the divot of his pubic bone and fingering against the structures in that sensitive cavity softly kneading around where his cock entered his own body before making her way to his other ball to repeat the process.

Soon, enough she was done with the testicles having given them their massage, and she made her way to his cock itself. She slowly, gently gripped and run her hand up and down the male organ combining a motion of a reach around hand-job with a deep massage treating the rigid cock engorged with blood flow like a tense muscle that needed to be eased into a far less tense state. Slowly she applied pressure from the base to the tip squeezing him till his head was bright reddish purple from blood pressure before gently pressing fingers to the head and forcing the blood back down past the tight grip of finger and thumb returning it to a normal state. She then began to massage him from head to shaft to base before easing slowly into a smooth hand-job using the pre that had invariably been spilled by now as lube as the fake cock burred in him continued as she always had been, slowly, rhythmically pumping in and out of his asshole making sure she moved around inside him to stretch his inner body out in every direction she could.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-19, 23:46:01

As he had rubbed Aisha's clit with the base of the strap-on, meanwhile sucking it like he'd suck on a real cock, Winterbourne had found that he could make his Cardassian lover come regardless the fact that the scaly length was not truly hers. He'd made sure he rubbed her firmly, and towards the end, he even raised a pale hand to slide his fingers into her. He'd felt her come as much as he heard her cry - which reverberated between the glass walls of the shower.

Now, as he'd turned his back to her and let that long hardness slide past his tight sphincter, it was his turn to be satisfied, and he groaned silently against the wall - fogging up the glass. He felt the soap lather up as she moved - the scales forming white foam between their bodies that dropped down to the floor. Cale had laid his head against the wall as she fucked him, revelling in the sensation of soapy scales rubbing his prostate gland. He was panting at the time when Aisha reached around and began to massage his sac, and even though he somewhat enjoyed the massage, it was when she combined her slow yet persistent motions into him with the firm hold around his cock that he showed the most response. When she rubbed it from base to tip, he thought he'd loose his footing if it wasn't for the wall he leaned on.

For already was he hard, even if she'd made him spend himself already. He curled his fingers against the glass, panting harder, and soon, she had him thrusting his hips back against her a little despite the sheer size of the toy she'd replicated for him. "I'm, I'm..."

Unless she stopped, she would make him come against the wall in the next few moments.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2014-11-26, 20:57:20

She grinned, "I know, if I don't stop you're going to cum." She said swirling a few fingers over his head, tormenting it a bit more knowing it was likely to send him near over the edge. She spoke in a soft seductive tone as if telling him to go ahead. She began stroking his cock more and more as she pumped into his ass furiously. She could feel her clit being teased to its limits wanting more and more motion to send her over her own edge and make her own fluids drip down her legs. She moaned out loudly as she felt herself climaxing from the attention as she worked his cock relentlessly. She could

tell he was at his own limits as she began eying the ground waiting to see his seed being spent from her attentions to him. "I want you to cum." "I want to watch you spasm in pleasure." She grinned, "I want you to spill your seed knowing a girl gave your ass the fucking it needed instead of the male I know you previously thought you would have preferred."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-28, 23:39:02

When already having been so thoroughly, so luxuriously pleased by his counterpart on the Harbinger before she entered him, Winterbourne ended up walking the line of the edge for longer than he had ever done before. He trembled on the verge of a second climax because of the first she'd given him, having fellated him so well and good that the anal sex confused his body, making him hard and ready to burst but just *remaining* there - the pleasure so exquisitely drawn out that he fell silent in the heaving rhythm.

Trapped there on the ledge of his pending fall, with soapy bliss thrusting and sawing against his prostate, and with her hand coaxing the climax to finally come from the base of his being, Cale heard her climax behind him a second time, and despite being trapped in his own euphoria, he grinned listlessly, his cheek still resting against the glass wall of the stall. Clumsily, he reached behind himself and lay a hand on her hip, to keep her moving even if her thrusts became arrhythmic.

Yet when she was finished, it was his turn, and she made him aware of her intentions in words - her syllables echoing in the sound of the shower. Despite it all, and the situation he was in mentally and bodily, he chuckled when she said she wanted to challenge a man in anally pleasuring him. "This is... the best... I have had... in forever..." he said genuinely, panting when she resumed her movements, and moved even harder. She was determined to end his sweet agony, rubbing him more firmly as well, and given how close he was, she got what she wanted in short order.

When he came, it was only with the support of the artificial cock in his ass that he remained on his feet, and he shot his load against the glass wall he faced. He cried out breathlessly at first, then he became much louder when the initial shock passed, his whole body flexing in on itself as he roped the wall with his thick seed. His hands and his cheek slid against the glass, fingers curling, and it was indeed the best he'd had since god knew how long.

He did not know what to say... And regardless how wiped his mind had been, he could not help feeling a bit sad that Aisha S'lti would be returning to the Harbinger in just a couple of hours, after they had attended the Senior Staff Meeting.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-03, 18:12:40

[Evelyn Rawley's Quarters]

When Rawley woke up with a sour curse, she was only wearing socks, flight boots and someone's unzipped undershirt. She was sitting by the small table in her quarters - feet crossed upon said table - and her neck hurt from sleeping with her head tilted forth. With eyes bleary and a bloody headache reaching as far down as her teeth, she glared around the room and put her feet down - replacing them by her elbows upon the table as she clutched her shaved head. "Fucking hell..."

On the table stood an empty bottle of whiskey, and her panties were lassoed around its neck. The rest of her quarters seemed to be on more of a disarray than usual, and... she wasn't alone. Eyes narrowing to make out who the moving figure was, she cleaned her dry teeth with her tongue so that she could speak without her lips getting stuck. "Hey, what the bloody fuck happened last night?"

Post by: Nolan on 2014-10-16, 12:08:51

It had been a long yet satisfying night for Thomas, a smirk could not be wiped off his face as he walked through the corridors of the Theurgy. He was on his way to Rawley her bunk, even though it was dead right early to be up and about after such a heavy night. The prospect of working on the captured Reaver had dragged him out of his sleep and after taking enough time to freshen up and get his clothes on, he decided Rawley should share in the joy of early wake up calls.

It was still pretty quiet in the corridors and he imagined a lot of people would still be sleeping out their hangovers or regretting their shift had started. He turned into the corridor that lead to Rawley her quarters now and stopped at the door. He let the door slide open and stepped inside the room. His eyes adjusted to the darkness and he sighed softly as he reckoned she was somewhere in her bed, with or without company. Somewhere he regretted the poor guy or girl that had walked into her web as he or she would probably get yelled or kicked out. Though that prospect lead to some amusement for Thomas. "Computer, lights please." he said and narrowed his eyes a bit.

As the lights sprung on in the room, the chaos around him was shocking yet not that chaotic at the same time. The smirk on his face only became a bit bigger as he noticed Rawley at the table, already in such a great mood it seemed. He looked around in the room and took all of the mess around him into his mind. It seemed like she had some great party here. His eyes stopped at the table as he looked at Rawley, noticing the bottle of booze. He stepped towards the table as she grunted and asked what the hell happened. "Well, I wasn't around here last night so you tell me." He answered her and fished the bottle off the table. He looked at the bottom of it to check if there was still anything in it, only to notice that it was empty. "Maybe I did see one or two ensigns flee the room though before I got in..." He teased her as he picked her panties off the neck and held it up with one finger. He seemed to inspect it a bit before making eye contact with Rawley.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-17, 23:34:37

Evelyn grunted as she made out the silhouette of Razor in the garish light, hearing his jokes on her behalf.

"Fuck you, Tom," she rasped in her coarse British accent and snatched her panties from his fingers, but she had to remain seated for a bit longer so she ended up holding her head together with her hands - the underwear lassoed around her fingers instead. "Shit, I have not felt like like such an acidic pool of vaginal discharge since I was in the Academy. How the fuck did I survive to flight school?"

With great labour, she got to her feet, supporting her weight on the edge of the table. The table, however, did not support her, so it tilted over and almost made her fall. It crashed down on the deck plating and she stumbled off to the side, catching herself on the doorframe to the bathroom. "Bloody hell," she mumbled and got her legs in order by leaning on the support she'd found. It was only when she was standing that she felt the soreness between her legs, verifying the fact that Nolan might not have been jesting. The undershirt she wore was not Starfleet issue, but rather a civilian garment that anyone might have brought to the holodeck for the celebrations. Unbuttoned, it just barely preserved her modesty as she leaned her aching head against the edge of the doorway, but she honestly could not make herself care about covering herself up because Razor was there, for her modesty was far down her list of current discomforts. She had the vaguest notion to put on her panties again, but she reckoned quickly that she needed a shower first lest she'd be smelling like a brewery all over the Flight Hangar.

"Why the hell are you here anyway?" she croaked and cleared her throat, trying to assemble her

shattered mind. She was not bothered if he'd come to remind her about her pending shift, for her curses were not directed at him. No, her swearing usually maintained the calibre that would make nuns faint and children cry. Having asked, suspecting the answer, she turned her back towards him and removed the undershirt - her naked frame revealed just before she laid in a stumbling course towards the shower. Her naked body was, while toned and otherwise flawless, showing old scars and puckered seams of surgery. No dermal regenerator had been allowed near her skin, as much was evident.

She realised that the sliding doors shut behind her, so he'd have to step after to reply. That did not, however, stop her from turning on the shower and stepping in. She hawked and tried to spit out the foul taste in her mouth, hands on the shower wall for support. *Who the hell did I end up fucking last night? Shit, Chief Covington... again?* Had he been in her quarters as well?

"Are you trying to fool me, Razor?" she called to override the shower, water coursing down her body, "It was you who fucked me last night, didn't you? You claimed your prize for me flying the Reaver, huh?"

Post by: Nolan on 2014-10-19, 10:38:52

The smirk never left his face as Rawley snatched the panties out of his fingers. He leaned against the table for a second as he looked at her, head buried in her hands as the alcohol probably caused for a nasty echo in her head. At her comment about surviving flight school, Thomas shrugged his shoulders, letting go of the table and inspecting Evelyn her room. "You fucked your way to the top maybe?" he continued to tease her, basically on the verge of mocking her. "It sure has been a while since I saw you this knackered though." He continued as Rawley razed herself to her feet.

The table tipping over and crashing down made Thomas turn around and see what had happened. Evelyn was still on her feet, sort of, leaning against the doorframe. His eyes rolled over her noticing the bare breasts under the shirt. The buttons loose enough to see her skin underneath it, further down, well there was nothing there that covered up her sex and he followed her legs to the floor as they struggled to find a balance. "I'm here because our shift started about fifteen minutes ago. And we we're going to our little spoil of war." he answered her, he was not really surprised or shocked that she got rid of the shirt and he took note of the various scars and seams as she stumbled towards the shower. "Christ... Eve, do you need a hand to get to that shower?" He asked now, clearly seeing that she'd probably be not much use today on a flight deck.

Yet before an answer came the doors went shut. In fact he wasn't even sure if she heard what he had said, rolling his eyes he went after her. The sliding doors moving open again and the sound of the water reached his ears. So she did make it somehow to the shower in one piece. He leaned against the doorframe now as he waited for her, seeing her vague figure through the steam of the shower. What she shouted out next made Thomas smile "Oh, I wouldn't dare to fool you Ranger... Not in the state you're in now." He answered her, cheery enough and clearly being amused about the situation still "In fact, I still need to collect that." he reminded himself loud enough so she could hear him "Anyway, why do you think I fucked you? Have you been fucked so hard that it wiped your brain?" he asked her, trying to lure her out of her tent.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-25, 00:32:10

Despite everything, Razor's comment made Rawley cough out a derisive, short laugh against the glass wall. "Don't flatter yourself, hot shot," she rasped and cleaned her teeth with a finger, "I hardly think you'd make such a lasting impression. Besides..."

She ran her hands back her scalp and shook her head before glancing out the glass towards Thomas. "...by your own bloody words, I heard you have yet to collect," she said with a crooked smile and blood-shot eyes, "So don't oversell your cock when it's too fucking scared of me to come out and play."

Done with the shower, she pinched the bridge of her nose and stepped out - pearls of water coating her body as she reached for a towel, wrapping it low around her hips while she added, "You should stick it where it likes to be. It must think me tainted or something. That I have teeth down there too... or something." She took a second towel and turned her back on Razor, beginning to dry off her arms and neck before the mirror, feeling like shit... but what's new? She had a shift to attend to, and a Reaver to explore.

"Erectile dysfunction or not, you can still use your hands, can't you?" she idly chided Razor, and began to dry her head with her second towel, back still turned to him, "I need a fucking uniform..."

Post by: Nolan on 2014-10-30, 17:33:14

Before Thomas could comment on Rawley her reaction he got shut down by the assumption of an erectile dysfunction. For a few seconds though he had found nothing to come up with to counter argue. Going full on defensive would probably just make Rawley revel and enjoy herself even more. Perhaps a more solid action should be taken to this matter?

His eyes went over her naked body and he looked up at her as she stood in front of the mirror. He stepped closer now and looked at her face through the mirror. "Aren't you tainted than?" he asked her with a smirk. He waited until she was drying up her face before he moved in.

He forced her against the wall, face sticking against the mirror while his hand pulled the towel off her waist. "Before I stick anything anywhere, I damn hell want to be sure you don't have any teeth down there." he growled in her ear. His hand reached down, moving over her abdomen down between her thighs. He ran his hand through her lips and he expected at least a struggle or a fight of this. Rawley wasn't really the person who would let this go unpunished, but he was craving for a good fight, or a good fuck...

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-01, 02:45:50

When Razor asked his strange question about whether or not she was tainted, Rawley did not have the energy to frown at him in the mirror's reflection - not understanding what he was referring to. She figured he was not inclined to go fetch her uniform, but thought no more of it until she dried her head and face with her towel.

"He-ey!" she exclaimed when Thomas pushed her up against the washstand and the mirror, pinning her against the cold glass surface and the edge of the porcelain. "What are you-? What the fuck do you think...!" Her eyes went wide when he ripped the towel from her hips, baring her against the pressure of his body against her own - the side of her face held firmly against the mirror. She tried to backtrack what she had said and understand what the fuck was going on, and she could but come up with one theory.

"I did not mea- Hey! Ngh!" Suddenly, Thomas had slipped one hand down between her legs, and Evelyn felt his fingers rub her tender labia insistently. It did not exactly hurt, rather the opposite, but it ignited her ire for real because she was certainly in no fucking mood to mess around. "Take your

hands off me, Razor! I said I n-needed a uniform, and you had hands to help me bring one, you bloody dimwit!"

Admittedly, she might not have been too clear about it, and the resulting misunderstanding and development would have made any number of women feel threatened and exposed to a sexual assault, but Rawley was more fighter than woman, so she lashed back. She struck backwards with her right elbow, meaning to catch Thomas over the side of his face. Being pinned against the edge of the washstand was problematic, but regardless of how hard she managed to strike him, she'd secondly try to push away from the washstand and make him trip backwards. From that point on, if she succeeded, it would be all fists and kicks to take him down.

She fought like a cornered cheetah in ferocity despite her short stature, making up for what she lacked in muscles with her rage. The only thing that mellowed her ire was her hung-over state of mind, which might serve to keep her from dealing permanent damage to her squadmate.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-11-02, 22:21:58

The elbow Rawley swung his way hit Thomas straight where it had intended to. The blow dazed him a bit, allowing Rawley to break free from her position. He managed to raise his fist and regain his composure just before Rawley would be able to strike down the seven hells down on him. Clearly he had misunderstood the situation entirely yet a good fight was something he needed, the consequences of how and what however would be something completely different to answer for later. He didn't even try to justify his actions. "Come on Evelyn..." he said softly, teasingly almost, wanting her to go berserk.

He equalled his footing now and cleared his mind. What exactly triggered him to go this self destructive? It was something that had completely been dormant during his stay at Theurgy. Perhaps the cropped up feelings of being a hunted prey by the Federation or perhaps it could be something that was way deeper down. Either way it was something that he couldn't really think of right now, right now, he only felt the urge for a really good fight. He waited for Rawley to make the first move, yet he was ready for her, ready to repel each and every kick or swing she'd deal out at him.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-04, 01:18:18

This could potentially have been the worst morning she'd had in a long time, and that including the couple of months she had spent in Sickbay. Rawley had no idea what she'd done the night before, she was so hungover she thought she was actually still drunk, and she had woken up in a chair with a cramp in her neck that would not go out. From the moment her eyes were open, she had been heckled by her squadmate, and now, having asked - albeit impolitely - for him to get her uniform, she had ended up in a bloody fist-fight!

"Fuck you, Razor," she hissed, face contorted in rage, and she picked up the glasses standing on the washstand, throwing them at him with brutal force. Her toothbrush clattered on the floor. She picked up a plastic container stacked with towels and sent it the same direction that the two glasses had gone, and then she snatched up the square and heavy weight indicator and hurled it like a bastard frisbee against Thomas. "Get the fuck out of my quarters!"

In the wake of the flying onslaught of objects, Rawley flew in, dealing consecutive fire with close-quarters attacks to try and finish what her artillery had begun. She had no regard for her own nakedness, coming at him like a bat out of hell and with burning ire in her eyes.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-11-04, 18:10:55

The barrage of glass and pretty much everything that was moveable in the bathroom was not really something Razor had expected. The glass shattered against his elbows as he tried to repel them. Yet the heavier weight indicator was dodged by just an inch. He prepared himself just in time as the close quarter combat began. Countering most of Rawley her swings and kicks, he dealt out a few blow himself, not really inclined to leave her quarters just yet.

The normal thought pattern inside Thomas his mind had been completely wiped at the moment it seemed. The look in his eyes much hollower and empty than before. It was as if this wasn't really Thomas anymore and the way he fought off Rawley was a nice example of it. He fought wilder and more savage, dealing out rough blows and vicious strikes in places he knew Rawley was still weak after her stay in Sickbay. There seemingly was no sign of the old Razor at this time and the fight continued.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-08, 14:39:11

The fighting took them out of the bathroom and back into the trashed main living area, Rawley's leaden strikes hard yet imprecise since the adrenaline could not quite clear her head. She tried to slam Thomas' head into the doorpost as they left the bathroom, but she failed, instead getting hit over the temple.

The world spun upside down and she almost fell over, since the head trauma that last had put her in Sickbay reminded itself quite severely. That Ravon would strike her like that just showed her that this was not friendly fire. She had obviously ticked him off with her jargon, which might not be too surprising but she had never thought it would lead to a full on fight.

In order to get some respite for a few seconds, latched on to a chair and hurled it in Ravon's direction. "Computer, lights out!" she called, and while she might have called for security instead, she was not the girl that would let others do her fighting for her. If Ravon and her had a disagreement, she'd settle it herself. The darkness fell over her quarters, and she tried to focus, knowing exactly where she might dive and roll on order to get past Thomas and end up behind him. Going from a fully lit room to complete darkness blinded them both, but she had the upper hand on her own battlefield. Only problem was that she could not stop her head from spinning after that last blow.

Nevertheless, she picked up another aluminium chair and wordlessly struck it sideways where Ravon ought to be. Two swings, then three, the last with a cry boosting the force behind the swing. Only upon striking him did she toss the chair. "Lights one hundred percent!"

She was prepared for it since she said it, and then she snatched up the bottle that had been decorated with her panties not long ago - going after Ravon with it.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-11-13, 15:59:25

As the fight drew them out of the bathroom and into the messy room of Rawley, Thomas fought back fiercely. Already managing to drop a good hit on Rawley her temple, he was seemingly out for blood. He had a wicked smile on his lips and his fists were raised. When she hurled the chair over to him, he waited for it and just as he wanted to dodge, the lights went out. Quite literally and figuratively speaking. The chair grazed past his own face now, hitting him just slightly against the head. Yet the lights turning off had some sort of alternate reaction to his brain. Ravon was a bit out of place now as he stumbled around, not finding decent ground to stand solid on and when he heard Rawley scream

for lights, he frowned a bit.

He could not remember what had happened when he saw Rawley jump at him with the bottle. The last thing he remembered was the door sliding shut when Rawley went in the shower. He quickly raised his hand to counter Rawley, yet she'd probably notice as well, he didn't seem to counter her in an offensive way as before. He place one hand on her wrist that held the bottle and his other hand was placed against her shoulder. The balance was lost however as he fell back and landed hard and rough on his back. "The fuck?!" He shouted out now as he looked at Rawley, the rage burning in her eyes "What is wrong with you?!" He asked surprised, genuinely surprised.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-19, 23:46:01

Her swing might have been caught, but Rawely had not let that deter her at all. She'd shoved the hand he'd put on her shoulder aside and pushed with all her bodily weight - her hand square against Thomas' chest to topple him. Why had her assailant suddenly been so unprepared, with his centre of gravity too high and his stance awkward. Had he forgotten that he'd attacked her?

Regardless, he went down, and Rawley straddled his waist to keep him there. Her shaved head still hurt from the night before, but the adrenaline had washed her mind clean. Thomas might have been holding her wrist like a vice, but she quickly switched the bottle to her free hand and struck down against his head. Problem was that he did not lie still, and she was not heavy enough, so with a resounding crash, the bottle exploded into pieces against the floor next to Thomas' head

He was shouting, looking like he didn't know what she was doing, and she realised that she had become the assailant since he was no longer fighting back - his expression being incredulous. Was it so surprising she fought back when he...? Scowling, Rawley laid the flat side of the broken bottle against his neck. "Move, I fucking dare you!"

Her heartbeat resounding in her aching head, she glared at her squadmate with lips pursed - panting from the sudden fight that had been brought to an end. "What the hell was that, Ravon?" she demanded, the cold bottle still flush against his neck even though she did not move otherwise. "You should bloody well know better than to fucking attack me! What were you thinking? Any bloody woman would report you for sexual assault!"

Post by: Nolan on 2014-11-23, 14:35:38

Thomas struggled and resisted the peculiar position he was in right now. He only stopped once he felt the cold glass against his neck and opened up his hands, showing his palms towards her to indicate to Rawley that he was no danger. "What the hell was what? What the fuck is this?" He bit back at Rawley, still not really sure what was going on. The only thing he knew was that Rawley was straddling him naked and he had no clue how he got in this room after seeing Rawley go to the shower.

As she laid out the facts for him now his eyes widened a bit while his eyebrows frowned "Sexual assault? Attack you?" He repeated slowly and shook his head a bit "What the fuck are you on about? Is your head still flushed with booze or something or has it been fucked too much by a cock that you lost your mind?" he hissed now. He was in a far too tight spot to fight his way out and remained calm as much as he could. "I only remember you in the shower and all of a sudden you're fucking throwing fucking shit at my face and pin me down on your floor!" he said, giving her his side of the story.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-25, 16:50:57

Listening, calming her breath a bit, Evelyn frowned where she sat on top of Ravon - trying to determine whether or not he was trying to fool her so that she'd lower her guard. With a headache and being upset, it was pretty hard to be objective about it, but she thought that if he was being straight with her, she had to at least give him the chance to show it. If he was trying to fool her, he ought to have acted even more confused and harmless than he was, and if she'd let him go, at least she would be armed with the broken bottle. She knew how to use it too.

"You need to have your fucking head checked, Ravon," she growled with the motion of getting up on her feet and stepping away, "And I don't say it just because that it needs to be said, I mean you *really* need to have your head checked by Sickbay or a Counselor. Jeez, I was just teasing you in the bathroom like I always do and all of a sudden you flew at me and tried to grope me. What the hell was that? And you didn't take no for an answer either, you hit me in the fucking head like you meant it too; right where I had surgery after the last fight! You could have fucking killed me, and you don't even remember it?"

Rawley spat on the floor to rinse her mouth and walked away, leaving Ravon where he lay and going to her bedroom. "What a pissy fucking morning..." she muttered under her breath, angry as hell and not prepared to speak with Thomas unless he came and apologised. She should be reporting him, but what would that be like in the pack later on? Hell, she did not know if she could trust him anymore, and trust was imperative if they were to fly against the Calamity together again. With anger in her movements, she raked her fingers over her shaved head and tried to focus, pacing the bedroom before she yanked out a drawer and began throw pieces of a new uniform on the covers.

She had no idea where her panties had ended up, and she had not replicated any new ones either, so she pulled on her trousers, not giving a shit.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-11-29, 23:49:00

He remembered nothing of what she told him, that he attacked her or that she teased him. His eyes stared into Evelyn's yet they seemed hollow as if his thoughts were too busy with processing the data she had just provided him "I wha?" he muttered softly and shook his head "My God, I'm sorry Ranger! It wasn't my intention at all to hurt..." Yet he paused just at that bit, how could he sincerely apologize for a thing he had no memory of? Maybe she was right, he did need to get his head checked up, yet he was no fan of shrinks or counselors for that matter.

He looked up at her now as she got off him and started pacing. He shook his head slowly once more and started to think how he could say something to her or do something with her at all without Rawley killing him. He shook his head once more as she started to get her clothes out. "Fuck Evelyn... I'm sorry. That's all I can say right now." He said now as he got on his feet, working with her on the Reaver would be a bad plan right now and he looked at her as she got dressed. Without another word he made his way to the door, preparing to leave the room.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-02, 03:05:03

Noticing how Ravon hesitated by the door, Rawley glanced towards him with hardly any less ire in her gaze. He had apologised, and perhaps he was genuine about not remembering anything. Perhaps the situation aboard was becoming too much for Thomas, with the fate of being outlaws up against impossible odds not exactly being ideal for anyone. Still, innocent intentions or not, Rawley was far to angry and hung-over to be open for any reconciliation.

"I will see you on Fight Deck, but I would prefer not talking to you until you have had your head

checked," she said and rubbed her head with one hand, furrowing her brow in Thomas direction. "Get out of my quarters."

Only when he was gone did she take a deep breath, looking towards the ceiling. Fuck her head hurt, but the worries were far worse. Worries for THomas and what might ail him, and worries about the Pack. How were they all to function if she could not trust one of them? The tight chain now had a weak link, and Rawley's head was hurting something fierce after the blow she took.

"Fuck what a night," she said for herself and sank down on the floor at the end of the bed, sitting there while nursing her head in her hand. *And who did I fuck before Ravon got here?*

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-03, 18:12:40

[Thanida zh'Wann's Quarters]

Deputy zh'Wann was already in her shower, the water running down her back as she slowly lathered herself up. Her white hair was a wet waterfall down her back, and her antennae were lowered in thought while streams of water poured down her neck.

She was looking down at the drain as a little whirlpool appeared inside it and began sucking up the water coursing down her form. She tried to imagine that the water was actually her fears, doubts, and depression that was going down the drain, allowing the vessel that would be her body to be empty of all. Maybe a few drops here and there, but it'd be gone. Sadly, this could not be. The fact of the pending meeting with the Senior Staff still remained, and the revelation still due.

Ida needed to think her troubles would go down the drain. She knew it was far from the truth, yet she still needed this product of her imagination. She set her hands against the wall of the stall, just staring at the drain as the soap slid down her legs and fell from her body. She let her mind run amok and allowed herself time to finally think; making the sounds of the water smacking against the floor block out all other sounds in the Galaxy. Everything... besides her thoughts.

She needed to tell Wenn Cinn about her transfer request before the meeting. She owed him nothing, but the Ridgenose still deserved to know ahead of the announcement.

[Deputy zh'Wann,] said Thea's voice over the intercom in the bathroom, [you have a visitor by the door, and it appears you are unable to hear the signals. Shall I tell your visitor to return later?]

Ida's antenna angled down and she hissed between her teeth. "Who is it?"

After being told, she soon stepped out and wrapped a large towel around herself, going to answer the door - her face stony and eyes as sharp as they always were on duty.

Post by: TheBanshee on 2014-10-28, 21:48:14

The celebration the night before on the holodeck had proved to be a very welcome distraction from the insanity of the mission and his return. Cinn had woken with a satisfied smile still on his face but reminded himself quickly that returning to his usual stoic demeanour was the only option despite how he may feel on the inside. He couldn't afford to let one night of throwing regulations to the wind distract him from his job.

He had decided that passing by Ida's quarters early, as he had been summoned to the awakening of

the badly injured crewman, would be an acceptable grounding. He wanted to speak to her about the requirements for the morning as he would be in meetings for a couple of hours at least. Reaching her door he pressed the chime and waited. Nothing happened. He wondered whether she would still be asleep after a heavy night or whether she was awake and busy. The answer came soon enough as a freshly showered and still be-towelled Ida appeared at the door.

"Good morning. I trust you had a pleasant evening?" Cinn smirked at the hard expression Ida threw his direction.

"I hope I didn't interrupt anything... or anyone," he said with a healthy dose of insinuation and looked over her shoulder to see if there was evidence of anyone else in her quarters.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-01, 02:45:50

The Chief of Security teased her when she opened the door, and Ida narrowed her eyes at him - antennae rising in ill humour. She even folded her arms and cocked a hip as she regarded his smirk, her own lips thinning. "If you were, it would be none of your business, Cinn," she said in a quiet tone, but she did not linger on the topic. She turned and walked back into her quarters. "I need to speak with you, actually. Could you come in while I get ready?"

The sitting area was not far beyond the doorway and adjacent to the bathroom, so Ida went to the fogged-up mirror and washstand, telling the computer to keep the sliding doors open on the way there. That way, she could brush her wet hair and still speak to Cinn while he waited outside. She picked up the Starfleet issue blowdryer and overrode the small noise it made when she spoke. "I wanted to tell you this before either of the two Captains approached you." She clenched her jaw and continued to brush her hair while she spoke. "The USS Harbinger has a skeleton crew, but that does not mean they are without need for protection. Ensign Acreth killed all but one Petty Officer Cardamone when she escaped from the Brig during the attack on Theta Eridani IV, so there are no senior officers left to lead a new security detail aboard the Harbinger."

Ida felt pearls of water tickle her blue skin as she tended to her hair, and her face was still freckled with small droplets when she stepped towards the doorway, meaning to look Cinn in the eye when she told him.

"I mean to apply for Chief of Security on the Harbinger," she said simply without ceremony, turning off the blowdryer and standing in the doorway to the bathroom, "Yesterday, Captan Vasser already suggested it before I did." Technically, it had been Chief Ravenholm that broached the topic, but that held little consequence. She merely wanted Cinn to understand that it was not just her own initiative.

"Given what I told you in my office... about what happened to me during the time when you were away, I hope you understand that while I do look forward to being your Deputy again, I might need a fresh start... on a new ship. I also want to point out that I am not considering this as a career move, for there is no prestige to be found during this mission of ours."

She left her brush and hairdryer behind and stepped out to the sitting area, putting her hands on the back of an armchair and leaning on it while she spoke to Cinn. "On the Senior Staff Meeting, the suggestion to have me transferred will come up, so...." she sighed, glancing away, "I would like to know what you think before that. I personally think its the right choice for the mission and the need to protect the Harbinger crew now that they have been decimated, but also from a personal standpoint given recent events. So..."

Ida trailed off where she stood, looking to Cinn with the wish that he'd break the ensuing silence.

Post by: TheBanshee on 2014-11-09, 14:53:09

Cinn stepped through the door and took a seat as he waited for his Deputy to get herself ready and also speak to him about whatever was on her mind. As she spoke he could feel his good mood ebbing away but expression didn't change. Instead he let her talk, to explain her motivations for her transfer application. He couldn't blame her for wanting a fresh start but he certainly felt that guilt return over his failing to prepare her for his death.

His eyes, which had been staring forward while she attended to her hair, returned to the towelled blue figure as she walked back through. He last word hung in the air and he let it linger there while he formed his thoughts into a coherent sentence. The silence was palpable in that time as the two security officers looked at each other.

"If it is what you want," he said, emotionless in his tone, "then I will support your application."

He paused again. There was a lot he had wanted to say but he couldn't or perhaps wouldn't. He had been so open and honest about how coming back had made him feel, even how he had felt when Ida had brought him up to speed on what had happened but now he could feel it all being locked down and held back again. Then he did what anyone who was struggling with a topic did, he changed the subject.

"I will be in meetings most of the morning it seems. You are aware of the Acreth situation and I will be discussing that with the Doctor later on. Monitor it but I want no interaction with it for the time being. I want a report on the damage to the ship in its relation to security, what is likely to cause us the most blindspots and potential breaches. Lastly I suppose you should begin to filter your suggestions for a potential replacement," Cinn listed his requests in a typically businesslike manner, only the last sentence having any kind of hesitation about it.

Standing, he headed back to the door, "I shall leave you to get yourself ready for duty and I will see you once the meetings have concluded."

With that he exited through the now-open door, more on his mind now that he had anticipated or would have liked.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-12, 10:56:39

Wenn Cinn's reaction was... not expected.

Ida did not know what was worse; the lack of support when she asked for his opinion, the deafening silence between them as she stood there behind the armchair, or how he decided to pull rank on her instead of being the comrade-in-arms that she needed. She just stood there, however, taking the orders he gave her without saying anything, but the Ridgenose even had the nerve to lay it upon her to find a suitable replacement as his Deputy if she left. It was as if he wanted to milk out whatever last use he might have for her before she left!

Pushing away from the armchair, Ida took a couple of deep breaths, filtering what she wanted to say in her head three times over in order to not make a fool of herself. Her upper lip curled still, and a cold fire lit in her blue eyes just before he said something behind her back. *Shall be leaving me to..? Was he just going to..?*

She rounded on Cinn and saw him walk out the sliding doors. Only when they shut behind him did her thoughts catch up with her and she snarled curse, striking the armchair so that it fell forward. The crash did little to appease her, and she ended up pacing her quarters with her fists clenched. Her antennae twitched back and forth in part shame and anger, having thought so much more of Cinn than for him to take it so personally that he shut her down and left. Didn't she have any allies left aboard?

Perhaps leaving the Theurgy was her only option after all..

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-03, 18:12:40

[Soo Young Seung's Quarters]

Groaning, Soo rolled over. The party had ended hours ago but the pounding in her head hadn't stopped, or even lessened. Inside her fractured mind, she promised to never drink again, which she did every time she had a hangover. She wiped the crust from her brown eyes, and the vicious light that assaulted her made her cringe. Quickly, she closed them again and buried her face in the pillow.

What happened last night? She couldn't remember. After she had a private little time with the Ovri nurse, everything was a blur of music and shots, which had soon turned to complete oblivion. The last thing Soo could remember somewhat clearly was talking to someone - probably not a hologram - at the bar. And then... nothing.

She moaned into the soft pillow. It was time to get something for her headache. She rolled over, and slammed her elbow into a pillow. A pillow that grunted.

Her eyes widened. *This is not happening... No bloody way.* Slowly, she looked behind her, eyes bleary. Doing so, she also realised that she was as naked as the day she was born. *Oh, shit...*

Post by: Kurohigi on 2014-11-02, 02:37:21

He had been too comfortable to move or open his eyes, simply enjoying the feeling of remaining in bed, avoiding any stimulus that might have kicked in a hangover and left him sorely trying to put together the pieces of the night before. The first thing that tipped him off that something wasn't right was when he shifted in the bed, and realized it was bare skin against the sheets. He never slept naked, always having his underwear on. When an elbow hit him in the side, though, was when he knew something definitely wasn't right. His eyes snapped open, shooting up in the bed, and finding himself staring at . . . *Oh shit.*

Soo Young Seung wasn't exactly a stranger. They might have passed one another in the hallways when working aboard the Theurgy, maybe said some form of greeting in passing, but this was far beyond that. He was naked in a bed with her, also naked, the sheet the only thing keeping either of them from fully appreciating the other. "Did . . . did we . . . ?" He couldn't bring himself to say it, but the signs seemed to point toward it. Sharing a bed together, naked? The only way they couldn't have had sex was if they both fell unconscious from drinking too heavily.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-04, 01:18:18

The confusion and doubt that the Bajoran young man radiated reflected Soo's own consternation, and with wide-eyed shock, Soo scrambled out of bed - yanking the blanket with her on the way.

Though she had not counted on her limbs feeling like leaden weights and her sense of balance so off

that she could not tell up from down when she got her feet on the floor. With a sail of her billowing blanket behind her, and heralded by her indignant cry of surprise, she careened off the bed and crashed-landed into a heap of textile and bare limbs. Having landed thus, she wanted nothing else than to remain and hide as best she could, but she was hurting too much - unsure whether her headache had spread down her limbs or she managed to strike the floor too hard in her fall.

So eventually, she peeked up over the edge of the bed, only her eyes and her hair - completely on its end - showing as she regarded her happenstance bedpartner. "You are..." she blinked hard, "the hologram wizard, right? The one who unshackled Thea? I was MIA at the time so I have only heard the stories, but I was there when you made her able to leave the ship with that... emitter thing. But... why would... How did we..? I have not spoken with you before, have I?"

A hand surfaced from below the bed as she held her head, groaning in pain, "I'm Soo... or Oracle, anyway. Do you remember anything? Did we..?" Hesitantly, she reached down with her other hand... and the soreness confirmed it. "I... think we did..."

Post by: Kurohigi on 2014-11-07, 03:43:48

Soo pulling the blanket away made him instinctively place a hand over his manhood, obscuring it from sight. As she took her fall, knees apparently still weak from whatever happened last night, he forgot about modesty and was more concerned with her, leaning out over the bed to check on her, his nudity a distant memory at that point. "You okay?" he asked, eyes locked on her face, not on any exposed bits which might have been unveiled from her fall. As she asked about him, using a nickname he hadn't heard before, he felt a bit of a flush come across his face. "Is that what people are calling me now? Yeah, I'm Lin Kae, Holographic Specialist. I don't think we've ever said more than two words at a time to each other, usual greetings when we're passing each other in a hallway. I have . . . no idea how we ended up here."

As she reached between her thighs, his eyes averted their gaze, but as she confirmed that it seemed they had had relations that night, he swallowed a heavy lump that formed in his throat. "I'm not sure what to say in this kind of situation. This has never happened to me before." One night stands, even drunken ones, had never been a part of his life. Hell, sex with organic girls was unusual for him, Kae always suffering a bit of social anxiety with anyone who wasn't made of protons. Skye carver, through some extraordinary circumstances, had helped him with overcoming that a bit, but Soo Young was only the second woman of flesh and blood he had been with, if everything was as it appeared to be.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-08, 14:39:11

Soo was about to say that this kind of thing never happened to her either! But... she realised that... well, that would not be entirely true. She shut her mouth and cleared her throat, suddenly remembering one or two occasions that she had also used alcohol in order to cope with the stress of sensing people's thoughts and emotions all around her. Yet as for the night before, she did not remember Lieutenant Lin at all, but she did remember that Ovri nurse that had used that long tongue of hers in ways she had never...

Blushing even more, Soo reeled her mind out of the gutter and to the present. "Well, I can't really say I know what to say either..." She grabbed a fistful of the blanket and held it to her chest as she stood up, her balance a bit better but her headache still lingering. "It is just s-" Standing, she saw that Lin Kae was completely naked where he had laid on the bed and had looked down on her. Upon realising this, her eyes went wide and she quickly turned around with a startled sound, meaning to grant him some modesty. The problem was how that exposed her *entire* backside to him instead, resulting in

another indignant sound escaping her as she awkwardly tried to wrap the blanket around herself without falling over.

"Would you just-! I mean can you-?" She gave up trying to say something coherent, hard as it was to keep a trail of thought. She finally managed to tuck the blanket like she would use a towel underneath her armpits and quickly set about looking for her clothes around the bed, heart beating fast. She really tried to not look at the Bajoran while she searched for her garments, but it was kind of tricky since he was just... *there*. "Have you seen my shorts and my white top? Underwear, yes, I had underwear too. Where the hell-?"

This was silly. While she soon saw how their clothes had been left as breadcrumbs leading out into the front of her quarters, she could not just leave him there as if he had done something wrong. This had obviously been both their faults. She rounded on him instead, taking a deep breath and looking at him, trying to not look anywhere she shouldn't, hard as it was. "I am sorry. Let's start over. Hi, I'm Soo Young Seung, like I said. Nice to... make your acquaintance, I guess?"

She held out her hand to him, giggling nervously at the more formal greeting.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2014-11-09, 04:07:08

Her brief eye contact with his bareness brought the self-conscience back, an arm moving down to censor himself again, even as she turned her back, exposing a round, well shaped buttocks to him. Say what you will about Tactical CONN, but their pilots were some of the most in-shape people Starfleet had. For the girl's that meant bodies like fitness models, like Skye or Hannah. Soo Young, perhaps in part to her heritage, was more like a martial artist, slimmer in her figure than the other two women, yet everything was well proportions, and firmer than -- *Stop staring!* He had to mentally scold himself, looking away from her posterior just as she finally wrapped herself up and properly hid herself.

He joined the search for clothes while remaining on the bed, covering himself. It mostly consisted of craning his head this way and that, looking for some hint. The trail of clothes soon made it obvious that they had tore into this bedroom with intent. It was something pretty intense, so much so that removal of clothes could not wait until they had a bed beneath them. *Makes me wish I could remember*, he thought, disappointed that some thing that must have been so hot and heavy wasn't even a blurry, incoherent memory, not a non-existent one.

She sought to clear the air, and perhaps dispel some awkward, though her introduction after a night of forgotten sex did make things still feel a bit awkward. "Lin Kae," he replied, about to reach up and shake her hand, before realizing the hand he needed was the one covering himself. After her own hand switch to the other, he used the free one to shake hers, while absentmindedly staring at the blanket that covered her. *I must have seen every inch of what was beneath that blanket, did things that only the Prophets know to it.* As embarrassing as this moment was, perhaps the greatest disappointment was not knowing, both what happened and, maybe more importantly, if it was any good for them.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-12, 10:56:39

With the switching of Lin Kae's hands to shake hers, Soo had thought to say something more after her attempt to smooth things over, but the... *sight* that had flashed before her and the growing impression of the Bajoran's thoughts distracted her - eyes widening at the implications she received from him.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, trying to handle it all as best as she could, "Kae, yes. Wow, I am sooo sorry, I did not mean to force you to switch hands like that, and... I mean, I did not intend to make you do so on purpose, I..." she cleared her throat, all too aware that the hand she was shaking had just been holding his... *Stop it!*

Heart still beating fast as she released the handshake, she frowned and followed the direction in which he was looking with her eyes, and that made her piece together his thoughts. "I... would hope the Prophets were not here last night too," she said, chuckling nervously since she could sense that he really wanted to see her naked. She keenly felt Kae's interest in her bleed into her emotions as well, and she also wondered just how much fun they'd had last night. He was just a couple of years younger than her, and she looked much younger than she really was, so perhaps that had piqued their interest in each other last night? Before she knew it, she was trying to re-imagine their act in that room, and just like that, Kae's thoughts of her had kindled her own curiosity.

That, in itself, would not have been a problem if she had not been half Betazoid, and she projected her feelings unto Kae - resulting in that feedback loop that often got her into trouble. She'd triggered Lt Cmdr. Renard in the same way, and the Ovri nurse only yesterday. Rawley used to make fun of her for it, back when they had been lovers, but now she was not in her company... but a complete stranger's.

"You m-must have seen everything, yes," she said nervously, pressing her legs together and shifting them a bit where she stood, "I kind of goes with the assumption that we had sex last night... I don't think I remember any Prophets stopping us either." She chuckled and pried her eyes away from the Bajoran on her bed, thinking that she had to leave before she got them both into the same mess that got them there in the first place.

"I... umm.. Shower, yes. I will be in the shower. You can... stay or go, I suppose. I will just be in the bathroom." And yet... she could not bring herself to leave, standing there in the torrent of her triggered and growing emotions, channelling them unto Lin Kae without being able to help it. She ended up looking at him instead of leaving, caught in the maelstrom.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2014-11-17, 00:53:42

Kae had not realized that Soo Young was a telepath, her statements that mirrored his own thoughts so eerily being the tip off that made him blush a little hotter, realizing that any thoughts he had about her body had also been picked up by her. It was enough to make him want to avoid such thoughts again, yet that seemed almost impossible now, as he was unknowingly caught up in her psychic feedback. Attraction from him impressed on her, and fed back to him, creating an almost infinite velocity from the feeling being passed back and forth, weighing down upon them like a small moon on their backs. It was the difference between finding someone attractive and aching for them, and Lin Kae was beginning to ache, no doubt about that. Already, his ability to cover up was lost, thanks to the growing manhood beneath his hand, unable to be restrained.

She had what felt like all the time in the world to go and take that shower she spoke of, and yet she didn't move, just as he didn't. He could take no more, the feelings threatening to drown him, prompting him to finally give up on covering himself up, hand moving to the blanket she wrapped around herself and tugging at it. If she were still in full control of her libido, she might have been able to prevent him from success, but if she were as trapped as he was by his own hormones, then it was more likely to fall to the floor and be forgotten before it even settled there.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-19, 23:46:01

The silence had lingered to the point of being awkward, and trapped in the downward spiral as Soo found herself - and that she pulled Kae down into - it was almost a relief when he did something. They could not just stand there and look at each other...

Belatedly, she realised that Kae was reaching for her towel.

"He-ey!" she exclaimed and tried to get away, but that only helped tearing the towel off her body since Kae had formed a grip on it. She opened and closed her mouth like a fish, somehow trying to cover herself up and also being torn between running away and getting the towel back. She tried to sound angry, but it was kind of hard when she felt all giddy, her smile showing through. "What d-do you think you are d-doing?"

Speaking of 'hard', the holographic wizard had obviously not snatched away her towel for no reason, and upon seeing it, Soo covered her mouth and nose with both her hands in a mix of fright and intrigue - eyes wide. "Oh, I'm so sorry, I did not mean to... Oh, dear, that looks almost painful. Are you okay? Does it usually get t-that big?"

Yet they were already trapped, so it would not be any surprise to either of them that Soo did not leave, instead stepping closer with breath trembling. She glanced to Kae's eyes, for some kind of absurd approval, before she dropped her hands from her mouth and touched his hardness, wrapping both hands around it where she stood before him. She knew he wanted her to, and she let him know she wanted it as well... through touch and the bleeding-effect upon his mind.

"Oh... dear... how big you are..." she whispered, finding herself drifting even closer, lips pursing to seek his.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2014-11-24, 02:03:50

Kae's manhood seemed to leave quite an impression on Soo Young, who glanced at it like it was some modern wonder of the world. Some would have found irony in the fact that he was so well gifted down there, considering he had a fair amount of social anxiety, and didn't truly get much time to put it to proper use. It must have been like putting the Theurgy warp core in a Constellation class ship with how impractical it was. As her hands reached out to touch it, a soft but sustained breath of air left his body, showing his clear arousal at her touch, while his eyes gazed at the naked form now on display.

Her training had her fit and strong, so very much like Skye Carver had been when he was with her. *Skye, and now Soo Young; I'm starting to think I have a type.* Tactical CONN officers were often much more physically fit than standard officers, with exception to Security, due to the stresses that could be put on their body by the high speed movements of smaller crafts. Inertial dampeners designed for shuttlecraft were not meant to work for craft as small and maneuverable as the Valkyries, requiring healthy, strong pilots. It resulted in male officers who would have broken Kae in two, and female officers who were equal parts strong and sexy.

Kae's own hands reached out, pressing to either side of her waist, observing how close his thumbs were to her naval, the center of her body. "You're smaller than I thought," he said, before looking up with an apologetic glance. "I didn't mean to say I thought you were . . . I just mean that Tactical CONN officers always seem so powerful and larger than life, but really . . . you're just a girl." Perhaps woman would have been a better choice, but Soo Young still had a girlishness to her, a youthful appearance that made her look kinder, sweeter than he expected the hard edged fighter pilots to be.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-25, 16:50:57

She was trying to kiss him, but holographic engineer that he was, Kae seemed caught up studying her instead, as if she was a holo-character come to life. Soo bit her lower lip and let him look, but she would not be letting go with her two-hand grip on his arousal. When he called her a small girl, she furrowed her brow at him, then she twisted her hands around his shaft in opposite directions, meaning to hint at the pain she could cause rather than actually inflicting it.

"Watch it, boy," she said, emphasising the second word even if she was smiling with the corners of her eyes, "not only is your big friend here at my mercy, but I know enough martial arts to swing you around the room with this hold." Then she tugged at him with her grip so that he stepped closer, and she tilted her head to catch his mouth with her own. Kissing him, she felt that it was vaguely familiar, only confirming that they had been doing a lot of that the night before.

"My pack... comes in all sizes and variations," she breathed against his lips, starting to milk his thick length with her hands while they kissed, "you just happened to hook up with one of the smaller ones... But that does not mean I cannot bite..."

Grinning, she did close her teeth around his lower lip for a couple of seconds - her eyes opening to look at the wizard she'd found on Risa. Or rather, the Risa that he had helped create for the two crews. Her eyes sparkled with mischief as she slowly rubbed him - hands both soft yet not without its calloused edges. She was being compared to Skye Carver, no doubt, given the vague rumours that she had caught about her sister wolf and Lin Kae. Yet she needed no hear-say when his mind was as open book to her.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2014-11-30, 05:39:59

"I-I did not mean to offend you," he said, apologetically. Clearly, he had been trying to find the right words to explain himself, only to fail in the attempt. "I'm just trying to say that . . . with all the things that you and the other Tactical CONN do, it can sometimes be forgotten that you're just people too. You seem like so much more, and now, I see you." He saw the side of her that wasn't a rough and tumble fighter pilot, but a woman who could appear vulnerable, as she had when she was covered by her blanket. Seeing that vulnerable side, and now the stronger, more fearsome side she displayed, he began to see how he could have arrived in such a situation to her. She was attractive, not only in the physical sense, but with a strong personality that could draw him in too.

As she continued to rub him, drawing forth pleasureable, quiet moans from his lips, he looked her up and down again, searching for some way to return the gesture. He couldn't quite get to reach between her legs, given her double handed grip on him, so he moved up to the next best place, his hands first touching upon her arms, gliding up them to her shoulders, before circling around to touch upon her breasts. It felt less perverse to work his way there rather than straight out grope them, but once there, gentle hands massaged the orbs, thumbs especially working small circles on her nipples.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-02, 03:05:03

Soo heard him - sensed him - putting her and her Pack on some kind of pedestal, but at the same time... he appreciated her for whom she was.

"I s-see. I did not mean to frighten you," she said, clearing her throat a little as the situation had become a bit awkward again. Her blood still ran wild in her veins, and she could not stop moving her hands fully. Was she being too forward? Should she stop? Had it been a misunderstanding? No. it had been him who tried to steal her blanket first! It was his fault getting the naughty ideas in his head, and... well... perhaps it had been her own fault for spinning out of control, but it was not like she could

help it!

"I am nothing more or less than you see, silly. I am not the kind of girl who likes to keep secrets..." All manner of doubts were cleared when Lin Kae raised his hands to caress and fondle her skin, finding their way to her breasts while he rubbed them with some more range of movement. She did not need to ask if he liked her body, for his feelings shone through in both his thoughts and his bodily response. She found herself smiling in the radiance of his attraction for her, and she realised she was already far along on the path of wanting to have sex with him again. If nothing else, to make up for the fact that she could not remember much at all about the first time they had done it... She thrust out her chest towards his hands, panting shallowly as the spinning motion continued.

He was an attractive young man, this guy she had found in the holographic night, and while she had tried to kiss him, he seemed not so eager to kiss as he was to tease her. "I think we... really missed out on what happened here yesterday," said Soo, and she released his hardness with one hand to gently push Lin Kae so that he ended up on his back. Only then, when kneeling down by the bed, did she reveal how she had intended to fellate him, using lips and tongue at first. Her mouth encompassed the head, and then she could swirl her tongue around the bulbous head.

Yet in being a mind-reader, she was trying to learn what he wanted, and make his desires her own.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2014-12-14, 00:11:59

Her was spending too much time in his head, just trying to make sense of everything, planning out what to do next, and not enough time just letting him feel his way forward. If he were better able to stay out of his mind, he might have noticed Soo Young trying to kiss him, and returned the gesture as was proper. Not kissing her and yet the two of them touching like this felt like a skipped step, but as she mentioned that they had missed out by not remembering, his eyes moved back to hers, away from the bosom he had been lavishing attention upon. She pushed him back, Kae landing on his back on the bed, watching as she moved into position for something that could only have been one thing. Before she could do so, he sat up and stopped her, wishing to do something else first. Finally, his lips met hers, an actual kiss shared.

"I thought that should . . . go first," he said, explaining that was the reason why he would stop her from going through with what she was intending. Even after the kiss, there was a sensation on his lips, like he could still feel her mouth against his, still kissing him. He allowed himself to recline back, not fully laying back, instead placing himself in a good position to observe as she began to fellate, proving her skill with an attentive and creative display that didn't settle for just one thing and doing it till the end, but making full use of her lips and tongue to press the act onward. Kae reached out to brush some hair from her face, tuck it behind her ear, and make sure he could get a good look at what she did, wishing to fully appreciate the act by witnessing it with his own eyes.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-14, 20:42:45

Soo was very pleased when her happenstance lover wanted to give her the kiss she had been bereft of, and she first chuckled and then purred against his lips. "That's more like it, wizard." She gave him a grin once their lips parted, feeling more into it now that it was not just the maelstrom of their sexual attraction that made them do this (again). The break of pace, which the kiss indeed was, made Soo think more of him than that she was just letting herself be washed under by the undertow of their linked minds. For this, she gave him a very warm smile while he reclined upon the bed.

Was his cock all that beckoned for her now? No, her mouth was going to explore the delights Kae's

body had to offer. Traveling downwards, marking the young man's flawless skin with kisses as she went, she lavished attention to her lover's neck and collar bones before she would find her way to the hard pebbles at the bottom of his chest. Her hands upon his shoulders, Soo crawled down his body to take the first one in his mouth. She rolled her small tongue around it, nibbling and kissing until it almost hurt. She felt and listened for his reaction before she moved on to the other nub, giving it the same treatment. By then, her hands would roam Kae's body as she made her way ever downward, not once ceasing her ministrations, the Asian Lone-Wolf not wanting to leave a single part of the Bajoran's body untouched.

Soo's mouth, guided by his mind, soon found its way down to Kae's hips after tracing his navel. She scraped her teeth lightly against his skin, before sinking her teeth into a hip bone. Not hard enough to break blood, of course, and she soothed the area by nipping and tonguing at the abused hip. Then, glancing up at Kae, Soo traced circles over the hip's twin with her thumb... apologising for the harsh treatment if it was too much for him. In either case, she replaced her teeth with feather-light kisses once she moved there.

She continued downward - skipping past the prevalent erection - to nip at his inner thighs. She gave him a playful grin past his throbbing length, peeking out from behind it. Only then did she grasp the presented shaft, gingerly running the thumb of her other hand over the slit collecting liquid at the top. Moving her body up, letting him see her body a bit more, she ran that thumb across Kae's bruised hip, the pre-cum glistening in the faint light - creating an ethereal brush-stroke. Ever teasing the shaft with her grasp, Soo then greedily lapped up the smudge, effectively cleaning her lover's hip before making her way back - perching between parted legs. Then, with a smile on her lips, she leaned down to meet an eagerly twitching head. He tormented Kae by placing slow, deep kisses against his the slit at the top.

Continuing to stroke one of his thighs with her free hand, Soo finally dove in. He passed between her separated teeth and she closed her lips around him. It did take her a few quick dipping motions to achieve acclimation to his girth. Soon, she managed to get a good rhythm going. Bending her head back as best she could without putting his length in a compromising angle, she took a look at his face to verify what her mind was already perceiving from his.

Content, Soo continued to shove him down the length of her tongue, the head getting closer and closer to her throat with every thrust. She could not help but touch herself with her free hand at that point, feeding on the stimuli she was giving him through the feed of emotions his mind. She fingered herself, letting a soft moan percolate down his shaft, and the rhythm of her fellatio increased for a while, her lips flush around him. She could feel him hitting the back of her throat, and her eyes watered a little even though she kept going.

Yet soon, she slowed her pace down and dragged him out of her mouth fully, stretching her lips back into relaxation and a deep breath. "You like it, huh?" she whispered huskily, grinning to him, "I can feel you do..." Milking him where she sat, she tilted her head to the side. "Do you want me to keep going?"

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-01-01, 23:38:53

Soo Young Seung was full of surprises, Kae was beginning to realize. He had seen a vulnerable side of her when she woke up feeling exposed, and then a strong, almost too willful side for one of her size when she thought he might have been underestimating her. Now, he saw her in the throes of passion, intensity in every action she performed, and when that action was using her mouth against him in inventive and pleasurable ways, it was almost too much of a sensory overload for him to handle. When she asked if he liked it, he could hardly believe she felt the need to ask such a thing. With the

skill she had on display, he couldn't have imagined anyone who experienced it would have any complaints, though he had learned enough about sexuality to know that when a woman was that talented, it wasn't because she was worried about her ability that she asked, but simply to hear praise for it.

"More than like it. You're incredible," he said, voice barely able to get it out, like she had sucked the breath from his lungs when she had sucked on something else. At the question of whether to keep going or not, he nodded, bringing a hand to the back of her head and nudging her down. Nudging was about all he could do, because her inner strength had already proven too much for him to have any hope of forcing her to do anything.

Under such skillful hands and mouth, he knew he wouldn't last long, but the need to try kept him going. He didn't want to seem too easy to get off, even if what she was doing made him want to release far sooner than he did. When at last he felt himself nearing the climax, unable to hold it back any longer, he let her know, offering Soo a chance to decide how she wanted to handle it, whether she would take it out from between her lips or not, and if she did, where she planned on aiming the resulting mess that was quickly coming her way.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-01-14, 02:54:33

Flattery got Soo Young anywhere she wanted to go, so after hearing her praise of his tool and providing it enough pleasure to leave herself in a messy state, she was welcome to use his shower for as long as she wished. He didn't let her get too comfortable in there alone, though, giving her perhaps a minute or two to wash down the bulk of the mess before he stepped into the shower behind her. There, his hands swept around her, grasping her waist and pulling her back to his chest. "We haven't finished yet," was all he said, as his hands moved up to continue caressing her breasts while his wand, as she liked to call it, stood tall and nestled itself between her buttocks. Kisses were planted along her shoulder and neck as his hands cupped and grasped, lifted and rotated her bosom, experiencing with all kinds of movement and pressure to find what she liked.

"I've never done this, you know. Shared a shower with someone else." It seemed so different from what he might have expected it to be, so cozy and even a bit tender, the smaller space requiring a closeness that was hard to stop. Sex in the shower was likely more challenging, but as far as holding and touching, it was a great place to forget the rest of the world and focus just on one's lover.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-16, 14:48:01

Sensing Kae rather than having to see him stepping into the sonic shower, Soo did not open her eyes when he embraced her, smiling ruefully when his hands sought her tender bosom and began to fondle her. The pulsing vibrations in the air of the shower made vapour rise from his hands as he cupped her sensitive breasts, and her breath hitched when his rough palms slid over her puckered nipples.

"Oh, I can feel that," she said throatily when he said they weren't finished, and she reached behind herself to slide her fingertips up and down his roused length where it lay nestled on top of her buttocks. She tilted her head to the side to welcome his warm mouth against her neck. She groaned in anticipation, having yet to feel him inside her, when he confessed to have not shared a shower. "Don't worry... I'll show you what you have been missing out on."

She turned her head as she said this to capture his lips with her own, and she began to stroke his arousal with a firm grip around his base. He tasted like men did the night after a party, but she did not mind, since she had the same taste in her own mouth. Well, aside from the taste of him from just

earlier, that was. As she kissed him, and worked her hand along him, she felt his desire rising once more, and it made her own body answer in kind. She made indistinct sounds against his lips and arched her back, pushing down his bulbous crown to her swollen nether lips, and rubbed him against her ready sex.

"Please..." he whispered and set her free hand against the wall of the shower, arching her back even further. "I know you want to."

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-01-25, 05:57:53

And he did want to. Oh how he wanted to.

With Soo Young taking position, bracing herself with a hand against the wall, the other guiding him exactly where he needed to be, Kae took hold of her hips and pressed inward, both the moisture of the shower and the slickness of her waiting sex enough to see the entry go smooth and quickly, Kae fully penetrating Soo Young before beginning the motions, pulling himself backward before another forward push. The first few times, he was simply testing how well she braced herself, but as she proved more than capable of handling it, he was more willing to let loose and truly enjoy himself with her. Her small yet well built body was an absolute pleasure, tight and fit and more than enough to handle him, while the sounds that came from her during the act were gratifying enough to only encourage the act further, to forget all else and simply focus on his partner.

"Soo, you're so tight," he said to her, or maybe he more moaned it out. Was he surprised that she was? Maybe only because he didn't think anything could be so tight as she was. When he would move to pull back out so he could push back in, he started to wonder if it was her tightness that made it difficult, or his own subconscious desire to not be buried deep inside this very lovely, very sensual young woman.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-26, 13:19:40

"Yes-s," Soo moaned when Lin Kae began to enter her, and she seemed to remember the feeling of his cock inside her from the night before - the sensation triggering memories that had been erased by her alcohol intake. He passed through her outer flesh, squirming into her passage, and her toes curled against the floor when the wizard began to thrust his cock into her. Soo's thighs trembled from the release of endorphins in her veins, and with a slack-jawed smile, she settled her forehead awkwardly against the wall, just like both her hands came to brace against it - fingers curling against the smooth surface. "That's it... That's it..."

It began to feel very, very good. Her breathless words became moans of ecstasy as the Holographic Specialist massaged her inner walls with his thick erection. His thighs began to slap rhythmically against her legs. Soo felt blood pumping into her crotch, tingling veins and throbbing muscles that she'd only feel when being with man. The muscles of her cunt clamped tighter than ever against Kae's shaft as he continued to pump in and out. Her own juices dripped down her sweaty inner thighs. Vapour rose from their bodies as they moved, the sonic shower turning their perspiration to mist as soon as it formed. His sac slapped her clitoris gently each time he surged against her, but the orgasm that built inside her was not a clitoral one. It was the delightful, slick friction of his girth inside her vaginal passage that overcame her, and her trembling knees bent as she reached her second climax that morning.

To prevent herself from falling, she straightened and reached behind herself - fingers digging for a hold behind Kae's neck as she lost control of her voice. His thrust pushed her front up against the wall

instead, and that kept her from falling as well. Her heaving breaths fell in sync with his movements, and her cries fogged up the glass. Her breasts were rubbed by the wall as Kae surged into her, and with the new angle in which she was being penetrated, she felt the head of Kae's cock brush the front of her passage. Her upright stance also clamped her tighter around his pumping length.

And though his mind, Soo witnessed his reaction to her orgasm - another layer of gratification added to the sex for her.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-02-17, 04:42:42

Like Soo Young, the actual act had a way of bringing back memories. He didn't have a full grasp of what their previous night had been, but he did find a sense of familiarity in things. The way her skin felt pressed against his, the scent of her skin when he was kissing her neck, or the feeling of being inside her again, this time with a clear mind and a want that must have been as powerful as the night before. The shower became steamier and steamier with the panting and the sweat that came from them, their bodies kept constantly clean even as their dirty act continued. He was never going to be able to look at his sonic shower the same way again, not without remembering Soo Young Seung in there with him, the woman leaving behind an impression that would not fade easily.

His own climax came swift, even after the one she had given him with her expert fellatio. This one erupted within her, their bodies beginning to slow down as the last of him was squeezed out, finally coming to a full halt, bodies pressed together against the shower wall. He could feel her pulse beat through her back, just as she would feel his heart against her, the warmth of his breath against her shoulder and neck. "Being with a telepath is . . . different." He said different, but his mind would tell her he meant it in a good way. It was a unique experience, having someone who psychically reverberated everything, passing it back and forth, building it ever upward until the both of them were soaring to new heights.

Yeah, she definitely left her impression upon him.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-21, 02:39:32

Kae's words poorly reflected his meaning, yet nonetheless, Soo heard it, and she faced the challenge of conveying her own gratification for having been with him. Both yesterday and the lovely morning they'd just shared.

Still panting, heart racing, she stood on her tiptoes and let him slip out of herself - the feeling of loss great - yet she turned around to face Kae with a bright smile. Turning around in his embrace, she remained perfectly close and wrapped her arms behind his neck. She kissed him, really thoroughly, as their bodies recovered from the euphoria they'd shared - hearts beating as one. The wizard tasted really good, and especially in the intimate confines of a sonic shower, and even more so after having sex with him. Oh, she could so get used to this. Being with a man. True, she had a tendency to like women more... but this man? Oh, he was something else.

"Mind if I borrow your shower again some other time?" she asked, lips barely parted from his, and she bit her lower lip playfully as she said it, opening her eyes to look into his, "But... I really need to report in. I am due for maintenance in the Flight Hangar this morning, and as much as I'd rather stay here and have sex until this headache wears off, I hardly think it will be effective. I need breakfast and I need it bad, okay?"

Something which her flat stomach attested to with a loud growl, overriding the thrumming sound of the

shower.

"Well," she said and laughed, "like I said. I need to go, but..."

She kissed him again, wrapping her arms tighter around him and made sure she left him with a really good impression. She pushed herself up against him really tightly too, as if a promise for the next time. "...but I want you again, whenever you can tear yourself away from your wizardry, okay?" And thus she pushed the button and stepped out of the opening doors, the mist following her out and spreading across the floor as she stepped away. She gave Kae another smile over her shoulder as she left his bathroom - removing her bare self from his company before she ended up shirking her duties even more than she had.

With any luck, she could return to him again soon, right?

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-03, 18:12:40

[Sten Covington's Quarters]

As soon as Narik Cinsaj awoke, she knew that she had made a mistake.

The Boslic groaned, the headache she had not being one that you'd get from a simple synthehol drink or two. It wasn't often that she was that drunk but whenever it happened, she'd done something bad. She tried to open her eyes but the light that flooded into the bedroom of her VIP quarters was too bright.

But wait, in her new rooms... the door was on the right side. *Drizzt, where am I?* She lifted the sheets over her marked forehead, trying to hide from reality... and noticed how crude they felt. They smelled strangely. She had to find out where she was. She tried to open her eyes a second time and looked around, finding out that she, indeed, was not in her new luxurious rooms. She lifted herself up into a sitting position and just then, she noticed that she wasn't wearing anything but a Starfleet undershirt... which *certainly* wasn't hers. She thought about it for a second; which person that she knew wore the colour of the undershirt? Too many.

She closed her eyes and tried to even her breathing. She stood up, zipped the undershirt to her neck... and walked to the door, opening it and making her way through the Starfleet quarters to find out who she had stayed with during the night.

When she did, Narik leaned against the door frame... feeling extremely awkward.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2014-10-17, 04:03:21

Sten was running a little late. The previous night's celebrations had taken a toll on the Chief of the Deck all right. Following his merry romp with Rawley, he had returned to the main area of the party and he continued to imbibe serious quantities of alcohol and synthehol. Being a large man with a tolerance to match was an asset, but he was no longer nineteen years old and the original chime if the alarm clock had gone ignored until he woke up again, only to feel the warm and soft presence that shared his bed. Who was it? I was definitely female and they did have a good deal of fun if the clothes strewn about were any indication. And a quick check revealed it had been the Boslic engineer.

How the hell had that happened? While a degree of professional respect had been established the previous day, there was still little love lost between these two. *How much did I drink?*

However, Sten did not wake the woman as he busied himself by tidying up his quarters a little before taking a rapid shower and it was with nothing but a standard-issue towel about his waist that he made his way back towards his bedroom, and incidentally his uniform. And when he saw the very much awake Nahrik in one of his undershirts, he stopped dead in his tracks. "Well good morning."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-17, 23:34:37

Indeed, this was an awkward situation if she'd ever known one. The Covington man was not representative for her kind of taste in partners, and the other day, they had not really seen eye to eye in regard to her new contract. He questioned her expertise and refused to trust her to do her job without his full control over every little move she made in "his" hangar.

The thought had occurred to her that he was simply being discriminating towards her because she was female, alien or simply younger than him. Either way, she thought that if he did, he completely fit the archetype of what human males in their fiftieth Earth cycle were like. So she supposed that she was not entirely flawless and objective in her regard of him either, but regardless what viewpoint one might choose to observe this encounter, neither one of them were entirely content or happy with the surprise. On her end, she had at least been in control of her mind and memories when the Ferengi forced themselves on her during all those years, so it was genuinely frightening to consider that she had lost herself so completely.

"Why," she began, swallowing to ease her aching dry throat, "why can't I remember anything? How could we... I mean, why would I... Did you put something in... It does not make sense, that's all. Frax, my head..."

She clutched her marked forehead and walked off towards the bathroom, meaning to drink some water before she tried to shower off the smell of human upon her. Had she been taken advantage of? How could she tell if she had? She could not judge if she had been raped like the Ferengi had raped her. She had no means to deal vengeance lest she knew the truth. No means to cover herself as she bent over the sink to...

"Eek!!" She struggled to cover her bare behind, splashing water clumsily as she did. She rounded on the human and dared him make fun of her with her glare.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2014-11-04, 04:15:44

As the Boslic spoke and moved past him, Sten made his way back into the bedroom where he started getting dressed. And it was then he noticed his hands. He might be the Chief of the Deck and not get his hands as ditch as he used to, but he was still very much involved with fighter maintenance. And as such, his big hairy paws had gathered more than their shares of burns, scars and scrapes and various other injuries. However, he did not burst his knuckles at work the previous day.

And then, as Cinsaj yelped, some memories resurfaced through the fog of alcohol. Two of Harbinger's pilots had cornered her, one had her pinned down while the other was reaching for his belt buckle...

That would explain these more recent injuries, and the bruise on his ribs.

"I'm not entirely sure what happened, but I'm fairly certain you followed me willingly, and that I didn't touch you."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-08, 14:39:11

Scowling at the Covington man where he stood, Narik's eyes slowly dropped after he spoke and she also noticed the wounds upon his knuckles. Frowning at first, her eyebrows climbed with the images that came to flash before her eyes. The holodeck. Suraya Bay. She had started to drink in her VIP quarters while writing her diary, deciding that it would be a great idea to familiarise herself more with the crew of the Theurgy now that she had ended up there instead of the Harbinger. She had come upon a group on the sands of the amphitheatre that had brought a couple of crates with bottles from frax-knew-where, and she had grabbed the neck of two bottles containing some strange Human beverages.

"Oh, drizzt..." she whispered and put her hand over her marked forehead, closing her eyes. "I think I remember..."

But that was not the worst of it. There had been these two pilots, persistently following her in the group. She had acted friendly with them at first, made some chiding remarks that had gone completely over their heads, but the more she'd drunk the less patience she'd had for their antics, recognising the callous nature of those lecherous smirks as soon as she saw them. She had seen the expressions on many Ferengi when she'd been a slave. But how...

"I was parted from the group," she said, unsure about how it happened, "No, I saw you. Yes, I saw you returning from the beach. I decided to leave... but there was..."

They had followed her. The two pilots. She had been so inebriated she had barely been able to walk straight. Had she drunk that much of the human swill? Synthehol drinks did not make her that out of it. Regardless, they had followed her, and when she noticed them... It had been too late.

"You..." Narik's slate grey eyes rose, "you had followed me as well. They had me, but you showed up."

Post by: CanadianVet on 2014-11-10, 07:51:35

The Chief of the Deck's gaze met the Boslic's as she spoke. Her words, they made the last of the alcoholic fog clear from his mind and he too recalled things extremely clearly at this point. He was about to head out, his guitar slung across his back when he and noticed the civilian being eyeballed by a pair of pilots from the Harbinger. That of itself was not unusual, but when they followed her, he simply knew they were up to no good. After all they appeared to be friends of Riptor's and they likely wanted to avenge the insult done to him on her behalf.

"Actually, I followed them," replied the older man. "I wasn't sure what they were planning, but something told me it wasn't for your health." Oh, did he ever unleash seven kinds of hell on these two men, storming up behind them and striking without warning. A flash of recall brought to his mind the sight of one of the pilots, Smoke, slumping to the deck with his nose broken and a smear of blood on the bulkhead to mark the point of impact before he turned his large fists on Titan...

"Whatever our differences, lass, I wasn't about to let them jump you."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-12, 10:56:39

The words the Covington man spoke was honourable, and his actions were far from what any Ferengi might have done. There had been no profit for him to follow her and protect her from the two pilots. In fact, she had thought far less of him, that it would not have been beyond the human to leave her to her

fate at the hands of the other two lecherous humans. Starfleet or not, they were men, and it was in their nature to exploit women for their bodies, regardless if they were Boslic or Bolian. It did not matter to them as long as there were curves to fondle and holes to stick themselves into. At least... that was what she had thought, even though she knew she ought to give non-slavers the benefit of the doubt.

Standing there with the enormous yellow undershirt, probably given to her as a pajamas, she still had questions to sort out, but she would be civil about it - try to be kind to this human that had protected her virtue. She cleared her throat and hugged her own waist. "I do not know why I ended up sleeping here instead of my own quarters, but I can imagine that... if the other Harbinger pilots had found those two.. Smoke and Titan, I think they said their call-signs were... they would have been none too pleased. Perhaps staying here was for my protection too."

Nodding slowly, rationalising the situation as best as she could, she glanced towards the mirror and raked some purple hair back from her forehead. "So... thank you, Covington man, for letting me stay here, and for the rescue, " she said and looked back as she stepped past him and out of the bathroom, "It is rare to find chivalry in this galaxy any more, but I am glad that it is not an utterly extinct occurrence."

Smiling a little as she glanced over her shoulder, pausing in her search for her clothes, she added, "You may be a headstrong control-freak when it comes to the flight deck," she said without any edge to her words, "but I am glad there is a good person, Starfleet old-timer or not, behind that uniform."

Post by: CanadianVet on 2014-11-24, 06:53:03

When the Boslic spoke, Sten simply smiled. Chivalry? That wasn't this thing. But he was kind of old fashioned in some ways and there were things one just didn't do. And cornering a drunken civilian for gang-rape was one of them. Especially if the aggressors were Starfleet officers. Usually, Covington was happy to be able to do what he did best and couldn't care less what the commissioned crowd did. But if the most junior enlisted recruit was expected to embody the galantry and honour Starfleet represented, officers ought to be held at a much higher standard.

And the old Chief found both Smoke and Titan utterly lacking. He could have called Security, have them arrested. And then what? Between the booze and the operational situation, they would walk away effectively scott-free. So instead, some lower-deck justice was meted out.

Was it chivalrous? Maybe. But to Sten, it was not only the right thing to do, it was the only moral course of action.

"You were pretty shook up. Couldn't very well leave you there, could I?" Despite the callous nature of the words, the Chief of the Deck spoke with genuine care and kindness. She had been infuriating earlier, but he was a chief. Looking after folks was his job.

As she searched for her clothes, he respectfully turned his back as he pulled on shorts, his undershirt, a white Tac Conn shirt and his coveralls and then, he spoke. "I'm still not about to give you free rein in my hangar, but if you can make some time around lunch time, we can talk about how to keep you from making a mess on my deck."

The words were spoken with a smile. Could he and her eventually come to an arrangement?

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-25, 16:50:57

Putting on her clothes, Narik chuckled at the retort she got, and she turned to face him - wearing her white and magenta dress with its sash and boots. Her Boslic evening-wear might have seemed overly casual to most species, but hers was not a posh people. Ready, she made sure it was safe to look in his direction before she headed out to the main living-area.

"We can talk about it, but I am not making any promises," she said, and whereas a Human might wink, Narik decided that it might be misinterpreted. "I will go find some breakfast in the mess hall first and then head straight for the Flight Deck so that I can set my teeth into that Reaver. I heard I was going to get assistance from two pilots as well, and they'll be well needed too." Evidently, Mr. Renard had recruited someone named Rawley and another named Ravon to help out on the Reaver project.

"Assistance or not, I look forward to delve into all your rules and regulations this lunch. Hopefully I won't have destroyed too much of the place in just a couple of hours." She paused by the door as she teased him, folding her arms underneath her chest. She gave him a rueful smile before she left. "When you grow tired of talking, I will make sure to tell you how I prefer to work for sake of best efficiency. Perhaps you will learn something too... Sten."

She guessed that like with most other humans, the first name indicated a certain level of trust, and given the events the night before, she felt safe knowing that there was a good man on the new ship she had come to. Off duty, she decided she'd call him by that name to show this newly earned trust.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-03, 18:12:40

[Hannah von Slaverton's Quarters]

Nightmare awoke, thinking she was alone with her happenstance lover from late last night.

She'd had no idea Klingons were so rough lovers before she picked up Zaraq by one of the bars. He was the new Master-of-Arms, tall and strong with a past that bespoke her taste in men. Dangerous and with a sad story, exiled as he was and not able to return to his House on the Klingon homeworld. It had not taken many minutes before she had mustered the courage to ask him home to her quarters, and admittedly, the drinks she'd had might have helped some as well. In either case, Zaraq had followed her home, and they'd ended their Festival with some personal fireworks in her bed.

Yet when she opened her eyes, they were not alone.

"What are..." she began, sitting up with a frown towards the shadow standing by the bed, one hand placed upon Zaraq's face. He had his eyes closed, sleeping, but when Hannah spoke, he opened his eyes - looking up at the dark figure in the room. Hannah felt fear building in her chest, even if she was not easily frightened. The silhouette had sharp ears, like a demon, and it made stories from her childhood on Mars come to mind. It took her a couple of seconds to realise that they were Vulcan ears. "Computer, lights!"

The eyes that met Hannah when the lamps lit were completely dead - void of remorse. Her uniform collar was red, and she had three pips - halcyon beauty made terrible by the implications of the situation. It was Commander T'Rena of the Harbinger. The First Officer. The Winter Queen.

"Who the hell do you thin-" said Hannah, eyes darting to the hand on Zaraq's face. "What are you doing to him?"

"What is necessary for the mission," said the Vulcan quietly, just as she removed her fingers from the

Klingon. "I will make you understand as well."

"Like hell you are! I don't know wha-"

"Silence her."

The strike was instant and brutal, sending Nightmare into the wall beside the bed. *Zar-raq?* She was disoriented, did not know how many seconds passed, but when she came to, she was on all fours - her hips held high by rough hands. She was about to scream, but the familiar feeling of Zaraq's ridged cock, forcing itself into her sex, completely drove the breath from her lungs. She flailed, scratched the floor, but before she got enough air down her lungs, T'Rena had crouched down next to her - a fine-boned hand thrust down upon the side of her head. She could only let out an animal mewl in protest to the meld as it set in.

But... in a couple of seconds... she *did* understand.

Soon, she even began to move in answer to Zaraq, knowing what her ultimate duty aboard would be.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-03, 18:12:40

[Sjaandin Fedd's Quarters]

How did he end up on the floor?

Vivid impressions coursed through Sjaandin Fedd's mind, channelled through him by the woman that had climbed on top of him. Had she been at the door? Cir'Cie, the Vulcan from the Science Department. It was her that straddled him, right? The botanist. His head was ringing, hurting, and it wasn't from any headache. His torso hurt too. Had he been struck down to the floor? He had trouble thinking straight, his mind not completely his own. Nor was his body, since the Vulcan had taken possession of him, one hand upon his cheek and with fingers splayed across his forehead. A mind meld? Cir'cie's other hand had pulled down the underwear that he had slept in, and was now stroking his cock to arousal. *Why is she..?* His mind doubled back in confusion, a last resort as the meld aligned him to her viewpoint. No, it had not been her at the door.

No, indeed, through Cir'Cie's memory, he saw that it had been a man. A tall man with a beard, and he had stood in the corridor when Sjaandin opened. He recognised himself in the doorway, but the human had to have been from the Harbinger. Otherwise he'd remember that face. Well, he could not say he knew the entirety of the Theurgy's crew, but a giant of a man such like the one in the corridor he'd remember. Sjaandin had answered in his underwear, asked him what was the matter. Then... A strike to his abdomen. He had doubled over. He almost retched upon the floor. The second strike had come over the back of his head.

"Your compliance is required. Please do not resist." Cir'Cie, her face impassive - void of feeling - had made him hard with her hand. How did she end up naked? Was she trying to? Of course. Yes, the meld had told him the reason. Of course she tried to get him aroused. It made perfect sense that she wanted to have sex. They would need to reproduce for the long voyage, and Cir'Cie had picked him as a candidate to impregnate her. The meld had showed him what had to be done, and it made it easier to make the anger at being assaulted subside. If that did not soothe him, his empathic abilities could sense Cir'Cie deciding that it was time... well before she acted on her thought. She raised her hips and guided him against her Vulcan sex - letting him enter her... sinking down unto him.

When she did, her hand removed from his face, Sjaandin saw the figure behind her. It was the man that had stood outside the door, and he was naked as well - grinning to Sjaandin from across Cir'Cie's bobbing shoulder. "It sure makes sense, doesn't it?" said the bearded man, white teeth glinting. "If we are to win, we can't do anything foolish. We need the time and the numbers, or rather... the time to make those numbers."

Sjaandin grunted, Cir'Cie thrusting herself down on him - hands upon his chest. "Yes-s," he said, "It is the only way."

Nodding as he chuckled, the bearded man sank down on his knees behind Cir'Cie. He spat in his hand, lubing himself up, and then grabbed Cir'Cie's hips. The short-haired woman did not pause her movements on top of Sjaandin, but when the bearded man pushed inside her anus, the Vulcan did blink. Once. Yet that was the extent of her initial discomfort before she surrendered the control to the two men inside her - the both of them moving in sync. Mind and intent alike.

Captain Vasser was their only salvation, no matter the cost.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 03: Pain & Guilt

[USS Theurgy | Main Sickbay | Deck 07 | 0800 hrs.]

In the Chief Medical Officer's mind, the post surgery treatment and eye surgery had gone well earlier that morning, and after completing the steps towards full bodily recovery, Lucan had sedated the drugged Junior Lieutenant and asked Doctor Maya to clean herself up. What was left was for Lucan to ask Nurse Vojona to return (having been temporarily dismissed as per Maya's preference) and help him dress the Temporal Affairs Officer. It would not have been seemly to wake the man while being naked when there would be so many people in attendance. No, a uniform was replicated, since that may add to a feeling of familiarity despite the fact that the patient's body would be entirely new to him.

As for what Mr. Morali would remember from his neuro-pressure treatment with Doctor Maya, Lucan was confident that the man would think it a dream. Such was the nature of the drugs he had been given, and if he had questions, Lucan would answer them in a way that would allay his fears and preserve both his own and Doctor Maya's integrity. The important thing was that the drugs would have worn a couple of minutes ago.

The chronometer said 0800 hrs. Alpha shift had begun, and involved parties were present for the grand reveal - so to speak. It was not so much Lucan revealing the results of the medical team's toils, but rather the moment when Sarresh Morali would awake to a new life among them, with all that it may entail.

Standing by the biobed, Lucan had his team at his back, or rather, those of them who had assisted in the restoration of their Temporal Affairs Officer. Head Nurse Jenkins and Doctor Duv, Nurse Vojona and Doctor Maya. The only one not belonging to medical in some capacity was Petty Officer Cardamone - or Sar'unga Deshaw - who had proven key to the outcome of the project. A project that Lucan had come to call the Phoenix Project in his reports to command.

Before the biobed stood Captain Ives at the forefront, with First Officer Rez and CSec Wenn at their side. The Bajoran's presence, new or renewed as it were, had its explanation in how Morali might be violent. Then, lastly, but perhaps most importantly, the Chief Counsellor was there as well: Doctor Hayden Quinn O'Connor being there to calm the Ash'reem down if needed be.

The human, Lucan reminded himself.

"Any questions before I wake him up?" he asked the gathering quietly, making sure not to gloat at his team's achievement. No, he remained sceptical and professional about what he had been ordered to do - still signalling how disgruntled he was at sparing resources for the poor man that had lost everything but his beating heart and - hopefully - his mind.

Captain Ives - in her female form - shook her head slowly, eyes locked on the man on the biobed.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-10-02, 18:56:22

Doctor Amelya Duv was present as well at the event of awakening of Junior Lieutenant Sarresh Morali. Eventhough, seeing all the people present it seemed more like a ceremony. A split second ago

she could have thought that this would be a service ceremony for an important figure like they would do on Earth. Or well, this is how her human crewmembers and officers told her it went back on Earth. She herself had not witnessed such an event like they described it. Yet she guessed this came pretty close to it.

She looked at the man on the biobed now as he was still in coma. She had read the post op reports before he had been laid to bed and what had transpired from then till now. Mostly it weren't very active reports to read, just the vital signs, brain scans, blood analysis. Things like that. Amelya was very curious on how Sarresh would undergo this awakening. There were many scenarios laid out in her head yet it was all unknown since all of this had never been happened before. It was nerve racking, yet not in a bad way. She was waiting hungrily for the result of hours and hours of work.

Amelya slowly shook her head when Lucan posed the question if there were any questions before the awakening sequence would start. She just wanted to see what they had created.

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-10-03, 01:41:50

From her position behind Doctor Duv, Maya could peek over the taller woman's shoulder. Despite being the shortest officer aboard, the little Vulcan preferred to stand in the back while she engaged in light meditation and concentrated on organizing her thoughts.

Nearly every Vulcan serving in Starfleet had informed their shipmates that in times of duress someone from Maya's planet could go without sleep for weeks. That didn't mean that they *should* go without sleep for weeks, it only meant that they *could*. After putting in long hours in the triage center on Theta Eridani IV and spending mostl of her time in sickbay after the evacuation, enduring the sexual assault by Phantom and the complicated exhausting procedure to convert Sarresh Morali into a Terrestrial human was a lot for the little surgeon to bear.

Such discomfort was irrelevant; it would dishonor both Commander Nicander and Lieutenant Morali if she wasn't present at this moment. There was also a chance that Mister Morali would need her services if his psychological reaction to his transformation was intense enough to cause physical complications. Therefore the little Vulcan was present but stayed in the back and indulged herself by doing some light maintenance on her mind. Unchecked, her brain's mastery over her body could cause physical and neurological damage if she didn't sort out and accept her recent memories.

A small part of Maya's consciousness registered curiosity, even anticipation about the unveiling of the human Morali and his upcoming physical and emotional reactions. This was either a positive or negative sign. Such a reaction could be considered positive because such curiosity was a normal reaction from Maya and indicated that she had come to terms and accepted recent events. However, her reaction could be interpreted as a negative development if it meant that Maya was suppressing her memories and refusing to deal with what had happened recently. Neurological self-diagnostics would obviously have to be added to the little Vulcan's daily routine.

Post by: TheBanshee on 2014-10-03, 19:31:35

The broad frame of Wenn Cinn stood at the shoulder of his Captain with his arms crossed. He knew the situation and why his presence had been requested, it made sense, the human-looking male in the bed had been changed dramatically in order to keep him alive. Running through his mind, alongside potential worst-case scenarios, were thoughts of how it might feel to have been changed so much, to have lost everything and to wake up to discover all of this in one go. He would honestly understand if the poor guy decided to have a fit but he wouldn't let him get too carried away.

Cinn uncrossed his arms and let them hang loose at the side of his body, he looked relaxed but his muscles were ready to jump into action should the need arise at a moments notice. When the Doc asked if there were any questions he nodded, "Just one and just in case. How fragile is he going to be? If he gets out of hand I'd rather not undo the work you've done to get him to this point."

He was trying to eliminate potential restraining holds and get a better sense of what kind of scenarios were an absolute no-go in the event the man did go crazy. Having a better idea of what wouldn't work and what would be less of a risk would help him immensely.

Post by: The Counselor on 2014-10-05, 00:52:52

As Hayden stood with the rest of the team awaiting Morali's return to the living for better or worse, she forced herself to focus. The man in the coma certainly didn't require or deserve less of her focus simply because she was distracted, and O'Connor wasn't exactly a novice at juggling the demands and array of emotions associated with her dual roles. That said, given the events in the hours preceding this morning, and the people she was most concerned about in close proximity, O'Connor decided to cut herself some slack.

Her eyes kept locking with Maya's. O'Connor had made it clear to the doctor she was not happy with her being on duty this morning, but Hayden took some comfort in knowing the neurologist was serving as an observer today rather than an active participant. Given the brutal sexual assault Maya had suffered the night before, Hayden knew she was in no physical or emotional state to be overseeing anyone's medical care. However, as Maya still refused to name her attacker, O'Connor had no official reason to make waves about removing her from duty. Though she had hoped Maya would call in sick just to give herself time to sort things out, she could understand the impulse to focus on work. Still, Maya's presence left her concerned and served as a reminder to touch base. Hayden might not have been entirely comfortable keeping her on duty, she wasn't an immediate danger to herself or others. In addition, Maya didn't object to keeping a therapeutic relationship open with Hayden, and that was critical as far as O'Connor was concerned. She had to do what she could to keep that line of communication open.

Then of course there was Wenn Cinn, whom she was supposed to see later in the day. The new (or returning) back from the dead security chief had been through a lot and Hayden wanted to meet with him to make sure he was adjusting as good as could be expected. When he spoke up about what could be done to restrain their patient safely, Hayden listened carefully. She was glad to be there to help, but she wasn't sure soft words would be enough to keep the other man calm.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-08, 01:45:35

His pale eyes centring on Wenn Cinn - this as-of-yet uncorrupted pawn in Lucan's manipulative game that had unexpectedly returned to the board - the Chief Medical Officer took the opportunity to incline his head in recognition. "Ah, glad you asked..." he said and a glimmer of his natural charm surfaced briefly despite the grimness of what had been done and at what expense to other injured aboard. He gave the Bajoran an smiling appraisal. "It would appear that Sarresh Morali was not the only one returned to the living after this battle. Not only will I credit the Prophets for their fine judgement in returning you to us, but also their medical fortitude to return you as you were. Not sure I could picture you as a Ferengi, for example, or a Bolian, Mr. Wenn."

Gesturing towards Junior Lieutenant Morali, Lucan answered the large man's question. "We were not quite so successful in that regard, as you can see. Circumstances forced us to make him human, and

while that should give him a bit more bodily strength than his Ash'reem body held, he is still physically human, with all the fragility or sturdiness their physique hold. Our readings say that Petty Officer Cardamone's blank cells have restored him, and there are no areas in his body still undergoing the healing process." Pausing his explanation, Lucan resumed his official role and did make an emphasis that cut no confusion about what his expectations were on his 'turf' of the ship. "I do hope, however, that there will be no cause to traumatise the poor man further than we've already might, so I would prefer if there would be no unnecessary violence here in Sickbay."

Indeed, jokes aside, he was still the ethics-bound medical officer that he was. Or acted to be... hard as it was to differentiate past and current appearances with what he had become. Truth and Untruth mixed in his chaotic existence.

Lucan turned his gaze to the First Officer, present on the other side of Captain Ives female form. "Commander, I believe I remember an issue in a report that... one aspect of *you* had in regard to Mr. Morali's ocular implants." He gave the Trill the reassurance that he could, now that the man had underwent eye surgery in advance of him awaking from his sedatives. "I believe your former host named Kiya had a concern about the issue of willing consent of the patient, and it is one I share with you. You made an example of a past case of yours where the patient tried to remove his kidney implant with his bare hands, and it is not unheard of in this century either. While it should be known by now, and I do not wish to resume arguing with her in public like I did last - terrible judgement of mine, but I still think my claim is valid - I objected to restoring Mr. Morali for those *exact* reasons. There is no way to tell how our Temporal Affairs Officer will handle this kind of loss and change. Captain Ives wanted this, and I can but pray that the winds will blow strong in this former man of the Ash'reem people, and that he can forgive us all. The least I could do for him now that he awakens, as small a gesture as it may be, was to ensure that he wasn't waking up blind as well."

"I did not want any of this," said Captain Ives quietly where she stood, still looking at Sarresh Morali where he lay, "The mission demands it."

"Aye aye, Captain," said Lucan with a mock-formal undertone, but he kept himself from making a ludicrous naval salute - the comment more acerbic than outright confrontational. He glanced towards Sar-unga Deshaw and Eve Jenkins to see if they had any questions as well, but if they were content... he rather unceremoniously fished up his hypospray from his labcoat's pocket and stepped to Sarresh Morali, leaning over him where he lay. With one hand on his cheek...

...he inoculated the man and stepped back, hands folded behind his back while the attending group waited.

Post by: Brutus on 2014-10-15, 05:22:41

It was as if the fog was lifting all over again. The first signs of life were nostrils flaring. Smells assaulted his nose - muted smells, strange smells. The antiseptic sting of medical sanitizer wormed its way into his senses, and he took in another deep, shaking breath. Pink skin flushed - skin that was dry. It was that dryness he felt next. His body wasn't slick as it should be.

Then there were the voices. Again, they were muted. He was coming up out of the coma haze, and recently repaired neurons were firing, sending signals all over his body. His arm twitched, and the too dry body of his began to well and truly stir. It seemed that the neuropressure therapy had worked, but in Sarresh's mind - not that he was thinking of himself quite as Sarresh again just yet - something-something was wrong. There was a memory in the back of his thoughts. Something had gone horribly, horribly wrong, but he couldn't remember what.

And then he opened his eyes. The light was, it was blinding. Searing. So bright that he screeched in pain - except it wasn't the high pitched screech of his people but a ragged, jerky moan, so much deeper than it should have been. It jolted him, forced him to blink (dry) eyelids. The optical implants seemed to adjust to the remains of his eyes and suddenly that harsh brightness was replaced by an alien field of vision. Readings, sensor data, as well as what almost passed for a normal 'human' image assaulted his nerves. He blinked again, rapidly. But human eyes and human vision was not the same as an Ash'reem's. A tottally different view of the spectrum was available to the Ash'reem, and they were hypersensitive to light. And yet....and yet.

His features turned from confused to scowling. There were memories missing, he could fell it. There always were, of course, but these were recent memories. He felt...robbed. Something was wrong. His eyes....his vision....he raised his hand to block the light - his pink hand. His very, very pink hand. The scowl slipped to something shocked, then horrified. This couldn't be his hand! Where were the membranes? What was this small slit in the palm. His duct was gone....why was he Pink?

He tried to speak, but he couldn't form the words properly. He choked a bit - not from a dry mouth, but from trying to press his tongue against the middle of this throat - a tongue that while longer then a normal humans wasn't quite long enough for what he wanted, and burst into a coughing fit. Finally, he gave up and said, in a gravely Federation Standard. "What...the hell...did you do ... to me?"

The anger would come later, but now, there was only shock.

Post by: The Counselor on 2014-10-18, 03:11:51

However distracted Hayden may have felt before Morali awakened, she was quickly pulled from her reverie the moment he showed signs of alertness. Until that moment, however, it didn't entirely hit O'Connor emotionally what she was actually witnessing. Until the temporal affairs officer awoke, she was ashamed to admit to herself she hadn't allowed herself to think too deeply about the person they were trying to save and what the psychological impact of their efforts would be. Of course, much of that could be chalked up to professional necessity. People in mortal danger had to be viewed as medical puzzles to be solved to preserve the medical team's sanity. Too much contemplation about the person in jeopardy could paralyze the medical staff involved. Though Hayden hadn't been involved in Sarresh's restoration, she realized then that she had automatically prepared herself on some level for things not to go well. After all, from what she knew, the whole process had been a shot in the dark.

There was also the fact that, for Hayden, Morali had been more of idea than a living breathing person to this point. Normally compassionate to a fault, O'Connor forgave herself for the simple cognitive reality. She hadn't known him, so she wasn't emotionally invested in his recovery, at least not where it concerned him personally. In point of fact, they were here out of a desire for their own survival more than his per se, as he possessed knowledge, they hoped, that could help them live to fight another day. That reality wasn't lost on her either, but that didn't mean she liked it.

So it was perhaps not surprising then when Hayden stepped forward and was the first to attempt to soothe their anxious patient. He might not have seemed entirely real to her before, a fact she would never admit, but he was now, and O'Connor was not the type to let someone suffer. Forgiving herself for her sins and pushing forward as best as she could to move on, a practice she'd begun since killing many for the sake of one, she made sure to keep her voice soft, but strong. "Lieutenant, I know you have a lot of questions, and I promise they will be answered in detail. First, my name is Dr. Hayden O'Connor, and I am a physician and counselor aboard the USS Theurgy. Please know you're in

sickbay aboard the Theurgy, and you are safe here. You were badly hurt, and the medical personnel had to resort to some extensive and rather experimental procedures to save your life. I know you're trying to process a great deal, but please do your best to remain as calm as you can. I don't want you to suffer any more than you have."

Hayden resisted the urge to place a hand on him, not wanting to startle him too much. Instead, she made sure her eyes met his, and hoping he could see her, she offered, "There are several other medical and command personnel here who can explain what happened, but first, are you in any pain? Perhaps you'd like something to drink?"

Post by: Searcher on 2014-10-19, 04:48:15

Eve had been quiet, contemplating the man before them and like many others felt the guilt of what had been done. She looked at Captain Ives when she said she hadn't wanted it but had ordered it for the sake of the mission, giving her a small but supportive and somewhat reassuring nod. They had all had their say in the matter but ultimately they had undertaken this procedure.

She watched as Morali began to revive, the twitches of muscles and deepening breaths the first signs. It was when he tried to open his eyes and cried out that she responded. "Computer dim the lights by fifty percent," she ordered and watched to see if that helped him and was ready to dim them further if necessary. O'Connor was talking to him, trying to reassure him and from her position she gently reached out to touch the skin of his neck.

It was gentle, her fingertips barely touching him but it was enough that her Deltan abilities could kick in and work to alleviate his pain. Not only did she attempt that but also exerted a bit of her empathy to try to help him calm down a little. It wasn't much but she hoped to help him work through the shock, exuding a calming presence that was likely felt by anyone standing near her. For now she would remain silent, letting the psychiatrist do the talking.

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-10-20, 03:05:37

Maya's large hazel eyes became alert as Sarresh forced the words out of his newly human throat. Her body burned sugar she couldn't afford to waste as her lips pressed together, her mouth widened, and her nostrils flared. Memories of her session with Morali came back to her, the beautiful illusion that the two of them shared stimulating her skin. It had been a shared dream, nothing more, but for Maya it was a memory she could store in her psyche to comfort her during times of hardship.

There was no need to intervene and it would be cruel to Sarresh to reveal to him that the ecstasy they had enjoyed together was not his alone. Everything had been taken from him; to wrest the illusion of privacy from him would be an insult he could not endure.

Hayden O'Connor was stepping forward and taking charge of the situation. She really had to admire the willowy human. She was so brave and so responsible. Despite the pain and humiliation of last night Maya appreciated the new counselor's kindness and professionalism. She regretted placing Hayden in a difficult position but if Maya wanted to protect the *Harbinger's* wing commander the little Vulcan would have to take on the ethically questionable burden herself.

But right now Maya was devoting most of her senses to the drama unfolding before her in sickbay. How would Sarresh Morali deal with his 'race lift'?

Post by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2014-10-20, 04:45:41

She felt better being here when Sarresh Morali was awoken but now she found herself second guessing her choice. It would be hard enough waking up into this human body would be hard enough the presence on a unknown alien could only add to it. Still she felt more responsible for him. His new body. His human body would not be possible had she not come forth. She had put him in this position and she needed to make sure he would be alright. Her attention was focused solely on Morali to the point she was starting to tune out the voices and smells of the others in the room working on picking up only on his. She only just heard if there where any questions though it would take a while before she nodded her head slightly. It was only after that point she back fully focused on the human who was the subject of this gathering to the exclusions of all other about her.

Her eyes narrowed as she say his nostrils flaring her attention fully focused on him. Her eyes narrowed seeing his chest rising and falling as he took a deep breath. She watched his pink skin flushing showing he was indeed very much alive and working like a human should. Her body twitched as his arm like as she looked at him as a cat would watching a mouse. Attune and attentive to its every movement. As his eyes opened her head slowly moved back as she continued focusing on him. Her ears twitched as he tried to talk becoming in tune with his voice. She heard his words and was only just aware of others moving about the room. Still her attention was on him as she continued watching him.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-24, 02:48:49

A respectable doctor would not get the kind of... kick that Dr. Nicander got out of seeing the Ash'reem awakening and wearing a completely different body. Then again, it just confirmed the fact that he was not a very respectable doctor in that regard. *Oh, no. What a surprise...* Behind his worried but conserved frown, the idea made him laugh. The only sad thing was that he never got to share his inside jokes.

Right then, Lucan did not regret letting Mr. Morali live instead of dying on the operation table. The thing inside wished the Ash'reem dead because of his ability to predict when temporal incursions were threatening the Theurgy, and Lucan had wanted him dead so that he would not sense what dwelt behind the bulkhead of Surgical Suite 02, but the intriguing use of Asurian blank cells had not only sealed the fate of Sar-unga Deshaw's people when they'd be located, but during the preparations for Morali's treatment, it had also made Doctor Maya his ignorant slave - just a hypnotic gesture away to do his bidding. Moreover, it had given him the opportunity to... *really* appreciate his first close encounter with both the Asurian and the Ovri species. Nurse Vojona, still in the dark about having almost died at his hands, had come to ask to be his willing test subject, and who knew what benefits may come of the experiments he would perform upon her body in the weeks or months to come?

All things considered, the decision of letting Morali survive had been more beneficial than letting him die, and now, Lucan was even treated with a unique show to celebrate the outcome. For how many could say they'd seen what they now saw? *Truly remarkable...*

While the new Chief Counsellor, who Lucan had yet to truly get acquainted with, tried to calm the patient down, and Eve - blessed, sweet Eve - in all likelihood touched him with her halfbreed abilities, Lucan was calibrating a hypospray in his tattooed hands. Done, it was charged with sedatives, and he handed it to Nurse Vojona after showing her the cc volume on the small display. He trusted that she'd know what to do if so required.

"Mr. Morali, I am Doctor Nicander, and Captain Ives is here too," he said, voice low and empathic towards his current plight, stepping forth in the dim light, "Like the Counsellor said, we managed to save your life, and 'experimental' treatment might even be an understatement for what we had to do.

There was no way to save you that had not reduced you to a life unfit to live, with machines breathing for you and leaving you permanently bedridden. Even then, the risk for infection and dehydration would not have given you any guarantees - any hour potentially have been your last. What we have done, Mr. Morali, is nothing short but a miracle made possible by an unforeseen benefactor and a medical team that has worked for two days to give you this new chance at life. A life not quite the same as you led before, but far better than the alternative."

Lucan paused, and he looked towards Captain Ives where she stood with her arms crossed and with lines of worries around her eyes. He wanted to laugh at her obvious self-disparaging thoughts, but instead, he took a deep breath and spoke to Morali again. "By the winds... you will need time before you can wrap your mind about all of this, but please bear in thought that what we have done was for you, and in the hope that you will lead a full, new life. None was done to you with ill intentions. Please try to keep this in mind... and remain calm."

Then, Lucan turned to Dr. Duv and Dr. Maya. "Will the two of you please explain the procedure, starting with the aquatic denominator we found and the DNA resequencing, followed by the neuro-pressure and epidermis treatment?" He then looked towards Sar-unga, "You might need to explain your role as well, because otherwise, the patient will not give credit to anything we explain. Can you do that?"

Hopefully, Eve Jenkins' touch and the Counsellor would keep Morali calm enough to hear them out, otherwise, Wenn Cinn or Nurse Vojona might have to step in... As for Captain Ives and Commander Rez, they had a lot to answer for once he understood why he had been made a priority... and learned the cost of his survival.

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-10-24, 08:21:52

As she was given the hypospray in case thing went poorly Hylota tried her best to remain out of sight, but with how many people were here, and even the Captain, she could not just push past anyone this time, so she moved to the side and into Morali's view letting the amphibian humanoid see another amphibious life form. Hylota held the hypospray behind her hands so it would not be seen and possibly send the traumatized man into a fit. She had some time to read up on his medical file...what little of it that wasn't classified to her. She could not help but feel that she was sorry for him.

As she moved around the group she kept moving to remain away from the captain, but always have a clear line of running so she could try and get to Morali before he would do anything if things went badly.

Post by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2014-10-26, 23:27:18

Her eyes remained on the lone figure that lay prone on the bed adjusting to a new life as a new life form. She felt sorry for him. It had been an adjustment waking in her human body. Even though the change between the two would not be as drastic as it was for him it was still a hard change to expect. Her hearing was still focused on his breathing and the rapid pounding of his heart that the words of Dr. Lucan was all but lost to her. It would take a few minutes before her mind finally started to process as she finally started to draw back to the world back into her mind. Blinking softly she slowly became aware of the world around her once more before her eyes slowly drifted towards the doctor offering him a soft slight smile. "I think I would be able to do that. But it might be best to allow him time to adjust fully first. Still I will go by your judgment," she said as she smiled softly before her eyes turned back to the figure laying on the bed. "I just worry about how much shock and new things his mind can adjust to,"

Post by: Brutus on 2014-10-30, 00:33:57

Sarresh couldn't even begin to comprehend what was going on. His hand was pink. His *hand was pink!* And some woman he didn't recognize was asking if he was in pain? Pain? He was confused. He was barely aware that there was a crowd around him. He started to breathe faster, the gills at his neck - the gills! They were gone!! Sucking in a deep breath only caused his nose to flare - and that was when he realized his nose stuck out from his face. His nose wasn't supposed to stick out from his face. It was...small, it was a nub. That wasn't right. His hand was pink and his nose was wrong and he couldn't breathe through his gills...He started to hyperventilate. He couldn't get enough air. How could he. No gills. Too dry, too bright, too, too tootototototoo

And then there was a clam that washed over him from a light touch on his skin. His whole head jerked over to see Nurse Jenkins. He had a vague recollection of her. He frowned. She did something, something weird. He could barely sense it but any sudden worry just...melted to the side. There were voices, and he drew in another shaking, ragged breath as wild eyes seemed to dim slightly, the animal panic fading out of them. He turned back and looked, really looked at the crowd there. So many strange faces. The woman who claimed to be a councilor. He had no memory of her. Nor the strange creature with wings, whose sheer sight caused him to recoil slightly on the bio-bed. Only the dampening sensation of calm coming from the half deltan nurse kept him from crawling off the bed just then. Sarresh had no idea that the strange looking creature was the source of his *salvation*.

All in all, the former Ash'reem male only recognized a few faces. One with a teal collar around his neck, talking at him in relatively calm tones. Dr. Nicander. Something about him, in the back of his mind - he couldn't bring it to the front. There was too much to take in. What the hell did the man mean, talking like that. And the other...the other was Jein Ives. That man...woman...the sight of that being filled his heart with a rage that he didn't quite understand. Something...something else had happened involving Jein and he couldn't quite put it all together and it only made him that much more angry.

He turned away from the woman. She may be his commanding officer, but right then he wanted to spit at her and he didn't - couldn't recall why. Nicander was babbling on about saving his life and the angry man tried, oh he tried, to focus on the words. He remained silent though. If there were a telepathic in that room right then, they'd be getting a brain-full of confusion, disorientation and anger. He couldn't focus the way he wanted to. His head began to throb as the doctor finished his attempt at calming and explain.

His eyes - small, alien eyes now, glittering with embedded technology - narrowed and were drawn to away once again from Nicander to the side of Ives where some other alien lingered. She - he thought it was a she, despite the lack of apparent mammary glans - looked at him, briefly. His face wrinkled up in confusion again. Still, he said nothing, looking at them all, not quite...glaring exactly, but it was clear by now that he was having trouble ordering his thoughts.

The winged creature was talking to the doctor. Then she was looking at him, and Sarresh forced himself to look back at her. Or what his newly restored eyes perceived as her. Stats seemed to materialize in the corner of his field of vision, information and bio-metrics that didn't quite make sense to him. He had no idea that his eyes used to belong to a doctor from the *Harbinger* nor did he understand that they were originally coded with medical firmware to help assist the formerly blind (and now very deceased) woman with her surgical duties. He shook his head from side to side as he tried (and failed) to clear it all away.

"What...What the hell are you all talking about? What Happened?"

Post by: Searcher on 2014-10-30, 04:58:14

With her hand touching Sarresh, Eve could feel the emotions wailing against her shields. Mostly it was some fear and a lot of confusion but once there was a spike of pure anger. She actually winced and projected more calm to him and when he looked at her she gave him a soft smile. "It's going to be okay," she whispered to him and then looked out at all the others.

She never lifted her hand from the patient, in fact had let her palm rest against the hollow of his shoulder and her fingertips caressed his new skin softly and tenderly. "I would suggest perhaps we back up and give him a little room to breathe, take things more slowly and perhaps only one or two try to explain things," she stated to the others. "It's all quite overwhelming for him."

She hadn't wanted to say he probably felt like a caged animal on display at a zoo but having so many gathered around he had to feel something similar. Yes he was a medical miracle but it seemed a bit much for him to wake up to so many crowded around him. His dignity and pride were already severely damaged and now he was going to have to learn to live all over again.

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-10-31, 03:57:23

After all she had been through Maya was numb, but since a lack of emotion was considered healthy to the Vulcan mindset, she was unconcerned. As a matter of fact, the drama unfolding before her was a welcome stimulation to get her out of her unfeeling stupor.

Watching Sarresh Morali's reactions was strangely appealing. It was like watching a vehicle collision in slow motion. Even though a spectator could accurately predict the outcome, actually watching the process created a morbid fascination that could not be denied. In her phlegmatic and almost dazed condition, she could not look away.

Mister Morali was reacting poorly as predicted. He would no doubt experience the five psychological stages of loss and grief, also known as the Kübler-Ross model: It could apply to any kind of loss, from the loss of a loved one to the realization of one's own impending demise. In this case Sarresh Morali was grieving for the loss of a loved one: himself. The question would how quickly could Mister Morali go through the stages, and would he survive long enough to complete them?

As the reality of loss is hard to face, it was likely the former Ash'reem would attempt to deny what had happened to him. The instinctive reaction would be for Mister Morali to attempt to shut out the reality and magnitude of his situation. As a matter of fact there was a real danger he could become delusional and retreat into himself to live in a false, preferable reality. After all, she had shared that reality with him recently. She knew what it looked like.

Granted, that was an unlikely scenario. Because his new body was now giving him sensory input completely alien to his Ash'reem psychology it was likely that his denial stage would be painfully brief. It was statistically probable that Mister Morali would become belligerent and be very difficult to care for due to misplaced feelings of rage and envy. His anger would be like an uncontrolled submachine gun of earlier eras: It could be directed at himself, or at others, or at a higher power, any convenient target would do. He would possibly be dangerous to himself and others and would be uncooperative in general and no help to the captain and the mission whatsoever.

If he survived long enough to calm down, he would no doubt attempt to discuss the feasibility of changing him back with Doctor Nicander and Sar-unga Deshaw. The challenges of reversing his transformation were incalculable and possible only in the theoretical sense, especially in the current

circumstances. To say that it was unlikely such a request could be fulfilled would be an understatement. Fortunately if Sarresh reached this stage he would likely be conciliatory and cooperative. He might even reveal the knowledge that was so important Captain Ives had been forced to order this unethical procedure in the first place.

When Sarresh finally understood the reality of his situation his depression would hypothetically become so powerful that he might become suicidal. This could be extremely dangerous, not just for himself but also to everyone aboard the *Theurgy* if he decided to commit suicide by allowing or even *facilitating* the destruction of the ship. He would have to be closely watched and any information he gave would have to be treated with skepticism.

Would he be able to get through those stages and finally accept his tragic circumstances and be able to embrace his new life as a Terran human? Could he truly cope, and would he cope in time? Or would his behavior be completely unpredictable? Despite the human biochemicals in his brain, Sarresh Morali was born an Ash'reem. His people could have completely different coping mechanisms, psychological processes that could be just as painful and as dangerous as the Kübler-Ross model. He'd have to be kept under close observation in any case.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-11-12, 20:37:16

Amelya Duv continued to watch as the drama started to unfold itself. Had it really been this horrible? Of course it must have! Waking up in a body that completely feels and looks different than what you were in on before your final moments would commence. Amelya was sure that she couldn't grasp the feelings that would be flowing through Sarresh his mind and body. She looked at the other medical officers and at the captain while her stomach turned in a knot. Hearing what Jenkins said would be a great idea, perhaps one on one talk could learn Sarresh more.

She didn't wait for anyone to commence or act, she just took a step forward and smiled gently towards the man before her. Her nostrils faintly flared open a bit while she took a deep breath, where should she start, perhaps at the part where he would remember his last actions. "Lieutenant Morali." She addressed him "We beamed you aboard after you attempted to save your fellow Ash'reem Amakris Neotin. Your body showed great trauma due to the effects of the acidic water in what used to be the hot springs on Theta Eredina." She took a moment to swallow before continuing "Due to the extreme complex physiology of the Ash'reem, we were forced to act quickly to save your life. Basal products were administered to reduce the acid to damage or harm you in an even greater way. After that we had a small conference, the medical officers among us on how to save your life." See let out the part where Jien Ives had demanded it from them, thinking that aggression would solve very little or have any benefit in the current situation.

"A way was devised to ass-.." Her sentence broke off as her comm badge beeped. Her cheeks flared up a bit and she excused herself from the scene for a second to reply to the incoming message. After a few moments she returned in front of Sarresh. "Doctor Maya, would you like to continue, I'm afraid my duty calls me away to deal with a problem down at the battle sickbays." She apologised for the inconvenience and smiled faintly at Sarresh before leaving the room, the doors sliding shut behind her. The tension escaping her as she got out of the room.

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-11-14, 03:30:59

"Of course Doctor," Maya nodded as the Amelya left.

Amelya's retreat would seem strange to an onlooker but it was all part of a psychological ploy. By not

being associated with the medical staff who had done this to him, the delicious doctor might be able to get Sarrash Morali to trust her. Maya had been invited to take the role of 'bad doc' in the game of 'good doc, bad doc'. As the physician with the worst people skills aboard the *Theurgy* the little Vulcan was the ideal choice for the role of the heartless dispenser of data. If Sarrash focused his resentment on one person rather than the entire ship it was unlikely he would be a danger.

There was one flaw to this strategy though. Maya was a poor liar. Although she could rehearse a deception and execute it flawlessly without any tells she had a hard time with 'fibbing on the fly'. Despite her attempts to break free of her Vulcan traditions she was at heart a very honest person.

Maya blinked as she canceled the light trance she had placed herself and flinched as she brought all of her cognitive functions to bear. She took one unsteady step forward before standing before Sarrash with flawless poise worthy of a dancer.

"In order to regenerate your body it was necessary to alter it," Maya announced. "Simply put, your Ash'reem DNA was incompatible with the method of bodily regeneration we employed. It was necessary to reorder your DNA in order for you to receive the treatment. Fortunately, nearly all anthropomorphic species in the galaxy share the same ancestor, the species that seeded the galaxy with their genetic material approximately four point five billion years ago. Using the genetic resequencer and DNA samples from one of our fallen comrades we were able to transform you into a being we could save."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-15, 01:08:25

Lucan had stepped back a little to give the patient some space, and while he listened to Dr. Duv and Dr. Maya tell Sarresh about the basic incentives towards what had become of him, he was watching Captain Ives where she stood between Wenn Cinn and Edena Rez - gauging just how difficult this was for her. Her lips were thin, pale lines behind the fist that she had raised before her mouth, as if she was sick and wanted to vomit. Yet her eyes were hard and unblinking, making her look like she was thoughtful and focused, but Lucan realised she must be steeling herself - forcing herself to watch the outcome of her decision to save Sarresh and force the doctors to restore him.

Therefore, it was with no small amount of irritation that Lucan heard Amelya Duv omit Jien's involvement before she had to leave the room and see to one of her patients. Now, she had effectively shifted the blame to him, being the highest ranking medical officer present. Doctor Maya said things that were likely to upset Sarresh even more, so he realised what he needed to do if he was to appear to be the good doctor he portrayed himself to be. He would listen to his Head Nurse, and go with Eve Jankin's recommendation to dismiss the small crowd that was present around the biobed. He fished up a medical tricorder and scanned Sarresh, confirming the obvious.

"The patient is obviously not taking this well, since Jenkins is the only thing that keeps him from having a panic attack," he said with deep concern, putting away his tricorder hastily and stepping into the Temporal Affairs Officer's field of vision. "Mr. Morali, I will ask most people to leave so that you can move a bit. Your body has been through a lot, but I assure you, there is nothing wrong with you besides the fact that we had to alter your DNA for sake of tissue regeneration. You are still you, and no one can take that away from you. Give me a moment, please."

Lucan rounded on the gathered people, his frown not the least hostile but not offering any opening for debate. "This was a bad idea. Commander Wenn, I believe we can handle it with sedatives if so required, Nurse Jenkins can keep him calm as well with her abilities. Captain Ives, Commander Rez and Petty Officer Cardamone, thank you for coming but please go now and await my word on whether

or not Sarresh can have any visitors."

"You must inform the Bridge if he says anything," said Jien, and she did not leave right away, "Anything at all about remembering his training and detecting a temporal incursion. The mission rides on this."

"Yes, Captain, I am sure it does," said Lucan evenly with just enough flavour but without being insubordinate. He spoke with the authority invested in his position as Chief Medical Officer on the ship. "Yet I'm ending this show right now. I will not jeopardise Mr. Morali's sanity by making him an animal at some medical zoo. If you are concerned for his well-being as much as the mission parameters, then you will leave now and give him some room and time to cope with what has been done to him." He might not have said it out loud, but the accusation about who had ordered the resurrection was right there, barely veiled between the lines.

Jien did not even look at Lucan, her eyes still on Sarresh Morali, as if she could not look away from the nightmare she had created. After a couple of seconds, however, she turned on her heel and walked out, just like Rez, Wenn and Cardamone had been ordered to do.

By this point, Lucan turned to his own staff and the Chief Counsellor. "Nurse Vojona, please hand me that hypospray and check on your brother, I am sure he is about to wake up soon. Doctor Maya, please return to your patients for the time being. Counsellor O'Connor and Nurse Jenkins, please stay for a while longer while I speak to the patient."

Having given his orders, Lucan paused to look at Mr. Morali, "Please, would you try to sit up? You will need to work on your balance. While you do, please ask any questions you may have. I know this is difficult, but we are trying to explain in order to help you."

Post by: Zenzine on 2014-11-15, 01:41:33

Hylota perked up s her name was mention and she rushed to the side of her CO handing over the hypospray. "Here you are Doctor, and thank you, I do believe he was just getting up...if you happen to gt the ear of the ship's Councilor could you advise them to come pay a visit to my brother so they might evaluate his psychological status." She nodded to to him and left as soon as she was sure Lucan had a firm hold on the hypospray. As she walked away hr hips swayed as she went, a byproduct of her wide hips she hid the movements well when she walked slowly or short distances, but when she walked quickly she had her more feminine walk.

Post by: TheBanshee on 2014-11-16, 00:08:52

Only the faintest of twitches to his still expression gave away Cinn's irritation at being asked to leave in such a brusque manner. Sedation was fine so long as you could get to the man in order to administer it. That was the entire point of him being asked to be there. Still, Doctor knew best or so they said and who was he to argue. Actually that's exactly what he had been about to do, preparing himself for a verbal conflict with the CMO just as the Captain stepped in.

He waited for the dialogue between his Captain and the Doctor to finish, not moving a muscle until Jien turned and walked away. He paused only to mention the discussion he required with the Doctor, "We need to talk about our *quest* shortly." Cinn then turned and followed Jien out of the door, unimpressed by the attitude of Lucan towards those whom he had dismissed so coolly.

His long stride caught up with Jien and the others swiftly and then falling into step naturally as they made their way out of the medical bay.

Post by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2014-11-17, 05:53:40

Anyone with eyes could see that he wasn't taking the change as well as anyone had hoped. Not that she would blame him. Making such a change was hard. Even if it were something minor it was still a change to a body that he had known his whole life. Her eyes finally moved from the changed man who lay on the bed to the doctor a deep set frown forming on her lips as she slowly turned casting one last glance at him knowing they were connected in a way few others would come close to understanding. She wouldn't say a word to another as she slowly turned from them leaving the sickbay and the prone figure who she had bled to save.

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-11-17, 06:23:53

Maya nodded and made her way out without saying a word. Once again Doctor Lucan had displayed his leadership ability and was taking responsibility for what they had done to Sarresh himself. It was his responsibility after all as chief medical officer and there was no need for a mob to upset his patient now that Mister Morali had revealed that he was able to take a shock without his body failing him. It was time to get back to work.

She really needed more meditation time or better yet more sleep after the day and the night before but aboard this ship long hours and exhaustion were nothing special. Her patients needed her and if her weariness eroded her Vulcan discipline and made her as fallible as a well-rested human it was a burden she would have to risk bearing. Even so, she made a mental note to request a few hours off today. It would be bad for morale if her patients saw how frail she really felt right now.

Post by: Brutus on 2014-11-22, 19:19:40

Overwhelmed was an understatement. Sarresh wanted to rage at what had been done to him, but the nurse next to him kept his mind well and truly subdued. Perhaps it was something he would be grateful for later. Perhaps not. His emotions were not quite his own to control, after all. So much information was being dumped at him, and he wanted to pretend none of it was happening.

But something had clearly happened. Something to him. Something to Amikris...the Trill doctor - yet another face he didn't recognize - was telling him how he had tried to save Amikris? Hadn't he been with her, not that long ago. He frowned, eyebrows furrowing together to a point above his new nose. Tried to save her...that implied that something happened and he failed. The more the young doctor spoke, the more rapidly his heart began to thud in his chest. But before she could finish, she was interrupted, and the diminutive Vulcan Doctor stepped in to address Sarresh instead.

Again, there was no trace nor flicker of recognition of the Vulcan woman, no hint at all that Sarresh remembered what the two had undergone during his recovery and re-sequencing. Just muted horror as she spoke.

There was a word that surfaced in the back of the former Ash'reem's mind. A story he had read once on the *Relativity*, about a man made monster, put together from bits and pieces of the dead. It struck Lt. Morali to the core when Maya informed him that not only had large swathes of his DNA been re-sequenced, but that the base materials had come from former cremates. His mouth hung slightly ajar as he processed those words, tuning out - again - everyone else in the room. He did not hear Lucan ushering the rest of the gathering away. He didn't hear Jien Ives orders to be informed the moment Sarresh seemed to be useful. He paid no attention to the look that P.O Cardamone shot his way, nor

the slight flicker of relief? that passed across Dr Maya's features as she too was dismissed.

No, it wasn't until they were all gone, and Lucan Nicander was standing right next to Sarresh that the man's enhanced gaze seemed to focus away from the hazy, shocked fog that had consumed it. Intelligence flashed behind the servos that coated his iris, and he looked up at the other man, gaze narrowing.

"You turned me into Frankenstein's Monster," he stated, throat sore, voice hoarse. "Total gene re-sequencing? Taking bits of DNA from the deceased? Was saving my life worth such...morbid measures?" He should have been shouting. He should have been leaping forward to strangle the good doctor, but the ever present calming influence of Eve Jenkins kept him well and truly in check. Oh, the doctor's implications of just who was responsible for that choice were already clear to the addled man as he managed to lean forward. "You turned me into a freak at what cost? Amikris will want nothing to do with me now!" It hadn't quite sunk in that Amikris would be wanting nothing, from anyone ever again.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-24, 16:41:59

Inside, Lucan was chuckling with mirth at the implication that Junior Lieutenant Morali could not remember that he had lost his mate in the acidic lake. Then again, perhaps it had been hard to see when you did not have any eyes left?

On the outside, Lucan's eyebrows knitted with worry, as if Morali had just said something he had not expected and that it was not the right time to speak of it. If he had cared, he would be standing at a crossroads in the treatment of his patient, where he would have to decide whether or not it was more merciful to tell the surviving mate right away that he had been the only survivor. Besides Captain Ives, of course. He looked towards Eve Jenkins before speaking, as if her calming touch was the deciding factor. "I could say that you should feel lucky being alive, but that would only be a platitude. Nevertheless, that *is* the good news: That despite what happened to you, you will live on, healthy and strong, albeit looking different than you were. You are now human, medically speaking, besides the shape of your Ash'reem heart that is now pumping red blood through your veins. Furthermore, while I may not be of their kind, there are many aboard that can help you come to terms with your new body. Other humans, and people that you can talk with in order to come to terms with what I was ordered to do to save you..."

Lucan turned and indicated Counselor O'Connor where she stood not far away in the circular room.

"...and potentially - as far as the Captain is concerned - to save the whole crew and the mission. It was not well known before you were hurt, but I understand you are key in detecting temporal incursions; to thwart them should something like the Niga Incident happen again. Captain Ives also told me that even though you may not remember it, you volunteered to aid us all until we see this mission through. Orders or not, it was the least me and my team could do to ensure that you would not have to remain the shell that you were, having lost everything but your heartbeat and your brain activity. If we had not found the means to restore you to full health, you would only have been able to alert us with a computer attached to your cartilage skull. Now, you have a second chance at life."

Pausing, Lucan supposed that was the best he could do to give the poor sod the good news.

"However, and it pains me that you should have to learn this now, but only you and Captain Ives survived." He paused there, and showed the appropriate amount of pain and regret, his voice lowering as he looked away. "Assistant Neotin was indispensable here in Sickbay, and she was a friend. We figured out the antidote for the Niga virus together. I treated her for her isophobia, and even when her

parents died, she refused to leave the Triage Centre. She begged to to resume her administrative duties immediately, and I acquiesced her requests. Such a tragedy, a young woman merely outliving her parents for a couple of days."

Lucan looked back towards Sarresh, his pale grey eyes blank with pending tears, even if he kept his expression stoic and professional. He laid a tattooed hand upon Morali's shoulder, the father's murderer offering his condolences. "Yet the winds know my grief can be nowhere close to what you may feel right now. I am so sorry, Lieutenant. I wish there was some way to spare you from this shocking experience, and that I could have saved her in the same way we saved you... but she was already dead when you were beamed out. As I read it in Captain Ives' report, there was no hope to save her before you tried to reach her."

As a wise precaution, Lucan was holding the hypospray with the sedatives in his hand, hidden inside the pocket of his labcoat. He was not so much concerned about the reaction as he was excited to see the way his words affected the stranded amphibian.

Post by: The Counselor on 2014-11-28, 21:58:32

Hayden watched the exchanges between Morali and the others in the room with professional concern and a sense of private guilt. She understood there was a certain practicality in having diverse medical and command staff on hand to give, and perhaps more importantly, to receive information from the man. However, as the exchange progressed, it was apparent just how shattering Sarresh's experience was going to be, and there was a certain voyeurism in this experience that didn't sit well with her on some level.

She thought she heard one of the nurses, indeed the woman she believed had saved Morali's life, mention a request concerning Hayden and the nurse's brother. Hayden mentally filed that away, along with the other mental notes she was keeping in such a short time. O'Connor was concerned about Maya, Cinn, Ives, and now Sarresh and an unknown male to name a few. Despite having plenty of distractions, however, the counselor couldn't escape the pit in her stomach that was her own grief. Somehow she felt destined to feel it forever.

Hayden was relieved when Nicander cleared the room. It was what she was screaming to do herself, purely because of their patient's expressions. It gave her no particular sense of flattery or confidence to be asked to remain behind, and in fact, she wasn't sure if she would be much help. She *wanted* to help, of course, but she also recognized she was a stranger to this man and was witnessing his private pain simply because her title suggested she should.

Those feelings became that much more amplified when Nicander dropped the bombshell that Morali was the sole survivor. Having sent a group of people to their deaths just recently, there was a certain agony in having to witness the consequences of other people's choices, no matter how well-intentioned. There was also something just in it, she supposed

Hayden resisted the urge to say something to fill the space between the CMO's news and Sarresh's response. Though she questioned on one level the wisdom of dropping such news on an already fragile man, she also knew it didn't make sense to keep it from him any moment longer. Much had been done to him already in the name of his own welfare, and keeping this from him would just be one more instance of someone else asserting control over him. First, it was his body. Asserting such control over his emotions seemed just as wrong.

Post by: Brutus on 2014-11-30, 19:04:18

Objectively speaking, Lucan was right. Sarresh had been spared an utterly horrible fate, and there was every chance that, in the end, he would be grateful to have escaped the horrible alternative - to be a shell of a man trapped in a life support unit, only able to respond to questions via computer assistance hard wired into his skull. Yes, that was a fate far worse than a fully functional new body, even one built on the DNA of dead crew that well and truly had a Frankenstein-esque feel to it. Truly, it was as much a medical miracle as the artificial eyes now allowing Sarresh to focus his horrified gaze on Dr. Nicander as what was left of his world shattered around him.

The mission didn't matter just then. Not even the horrific transformation mattered. Living up to the supposedly idealized version of himself, the man that volunteered to have his memory butchered to save the *Theurgy* and the future of the timeline itself, because that man felt it necessary, didn't matter. His new lease on life didn't matter. What was life, without companionship? What was his mission, without Amikris?

The memories came back in a flood of pain. The searing bite of the acidic water. The struggle to breathe. The heat coursing over every inch of him. The mind numbing pain. And her wrecked, destroyed form, floating adrift in that pool of water. Of...of having to leave her. Of having that choice taken away from him.

It would be an unbearable rush of guilt, of devastation, that Nurse Jenkins would feel through her touch. Sarresh didn't even shrug away Dr. Nicander's hand on his other shoulder. His body convulsed, once, as clear tears began to trail down the chiseled jaw from his technologically enhanced eyes. His vision blurred - before the servos corrected for the discrepancy caused by the tears, phasing out the smudging in his vision to restore perfection to his sight. The sob was soft, at first, and then utterly gut wrenching as he fell to pieces, with a hushed, pained "Noooooo".

Post by: Searcher on 2014-12-01, 05:15:24

Eve remained focused on the patient, her hand resting gently upon his shoulder as she tried not to create too much physical stimuli as she weathered the emotions of all those around her. They were strong enough to batter at her shields and she was thankful when so many of them retreated. As always there was only the blank spot that was Lucan, none of his emotions or thoughts slamming into her. For a moment she was able to gather her wits and simply take in a few deeper breaths.

It was only a moment though as suddenly Sarresh began to remember things. Anger, revulsion, and many other emotions flooded her but none were so bad as the guilt. It was like an arrow piercing her heart, joining with the guilt she felt herself and again she could see the young engineer laying there impaled with part of the scaffolding. Her body went rigid for a moment and though her mouth opened as if to let out a heartbreaking scream, there was absolutely no sound from her.

The miasma of guilt and horror threatened and yet Sarresh needed strength and comfort, something she couldn't do if she allowed herself to fall into that black pit of despair. Her teeth clicked as she shut her mouth, brow furrowing as she swam back up to the surface. With her shielding back in place and strong, she drew Sarresh to her and wrapped her arms around him as her own tears glistened and slipped down her cheeks. "I'm so sorry," she whispered, stroking his hair and rocking slightly like a mother comforting a child.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-03, 23:26:47

The change from anger to misery came with relative ease, Lucan thought, after he gave Sarresh Morali the news about his mate. He watched the shift happen with hidden excitement, that moment

when something died behind those new artificial eyes of his. Perhaps it was the beast inside that made Lucan consider the fact how he had taken everything from him even when he'd had nothing to begin with.

For indeed, as he stood there, with his compassionate hand resting on Sarresh's shoulder to support him wordlessly, Lucan thought about how the former Ash'reem might have foreseen all of this to happen while he served on the Relativity. Why would he then volunteer to help the Theurgy? Had he harboured some kind of hope to change events he had witnessed in the time-stream? Had he hoped to save Amikris' life, and in her DNA, also saved his own people from extinction? Or had he known it was futile to save her, and that his people would be doomed no matter what he might have done? Had he volunteered to undertake this mission, knowing that after his Memory Engram Manipulation treatment, he would not know what may come of him? Had he been sitting there, on the Relativity, watching these very events unfold time and time again, and still decided to sacrifice himself for the chance that only one minor thing would have come to pass differently? That he could have stopped the deaths of Amikris' mother and father? That Amikris would not have been wroth with him, and been by his side instead of taking that swim in the Thermal Springs when the Calamity attacked?

Indeed, if he had known that the Calamity would strike on Theta Eridani IV... he would have known about the casualties that numbered in the hundreds. All the injured outside in the Recovery Wards. Had Sarresh wanted to save them all, or was it just Amikris and his former people? Or might he be key to the odd chance that Captain Ives would succeed with their mission? Speculations, all of it. Lucan supposed that they would never know.

What he did know, was that Sarresh had been stranded in time, with no memories or means to help the ship unless a temporal incursion would trigger those memories. Without that trigger, he knew nothing of worth. Just another imbecile feeding off the life support systems of the ship. Even worse, he had then been virtually killed, stripped of flesh and face, loosing his mate and his people in one savage strike. Yet he had been ignorant about it, blissfully so, until that moment when he cried in Eve Jenkins' arms. Lucan had even made him think Amikris still lived, which was quite easily accomplished by manipulating Doctor Maya to make him think she was Amikris. Lucan had watched his Vulcan subordinate fool the heavily drugged Sarresh, fucking him on the very biobed he now sat on - playing the part of the Ash'reem girl with bravado with the help of her empathic abilities. Lucan had given Sarresh one last glimpse of what he had lost. One last taste of love forever gone.

And now, Lucan had destroyed the fool completely with just a few compassionate words, merely telling him the truth of his pitiful existence. Now, Sarresh knew *exactly* what Lucan had felt when they took Kisane from him. With luck, the former Ash'reem's hate and sorrow would be the kind of ore that Lucan could use to forge a weapon of his own, since he knew the heat from which Sarresh now rose again. *Will you be my sword, my shield... or merely my dagger in the darkness?*

The first blows of the hammer had fallen, and the biobed had been the anvil.

"I wish there was something I could do to ease this pain you feel, but I am afraid our anaesthetics cannot treat this kind of agony," he said quietly, removing his hand from the man's shoulder, "I know the stories of others mean nothing right now, but if there is any comfort, I do understand some of your loss. The woman I was supposed to live and die with on Envon experienced something horrible, and she was reduced to but a shell of her former self. I sought a way to cure her. Travelled to Aldea to study medicine. I thought my people would care for her while I applied myself to the task. I was wrong. They thought her condition hopeless, so they put her down. They killed her like she was an animal in my absence."

He raised his eyes to Eve Jenkins, and the subtle meaning with that look was plain. She had said she loved him, and the reason he had not responded in kind was because of what he spoke.

"The day before I left, before I left to find her cure," said Lucan, his voice low, "I pushed her wheelchair along the mountain paths. I wanted to take her to the plateau her parents had taken her when she was young. Where she had played and learned to command the wind. Her parents could not take her there anymore, because they died in the incident where she had become broken. I tried to do it for her... or for them, I don't know. Yet the mountainside was too steep. Gravel made us slide down all the time, forced me to start over, again and again. I was determined. She could not speak any more, did not move a muscle in her face, but I knew she would be telling me to give up. That I would hurt myself. Hurt her even more. It was not until nightfall that I gave up. I had given her my cloak to keep her warm. I could no longer see the cliff face, and I was cold, bleeding."

He looked towards Sarresh Morali again. "Her name was Kisane, and everything I am today is because of her. I may not have been able to save her, but since that day, I am committed to my calling." No reason to tell them what that calling was, of course. "With any hope, this great loss of yours, and your new life as human being, may both bring something good into your life as well."

Becoming his instrument of murder and mayhem until his kin claimed the entire Galaxy as their own.

Post by: Searcher on 2014-12-11, 06:49:12

Eve continued to hold the changed man, crooning to him as her heart broke for him. She wasn't going to tell him of others who had died, like sweet Esther and countless others. She wished he would have waited to tell Sarresh, to give him a little time to adjust, but the words were out and there was no way to take them back so all she could do was be there as much as possible.

What she didn't expect was for Lucan to speak of his own past and loss, her eyes rising to catch that significant look. Her breath caught and he continued with the heartbreaking story. She wished she could embrace him as well but the more he spoke, the more she realized something. He would never love her, not fully at least. As he spoke and broke Sarresh's heart, he now did the same to her.

Pain filled her, the look of defeat and sorrow plain in her soft eyes and tears welled anew. There was no way she could just turn off her feelings and in that moment she hugged Sarresh with just a little more tenderness. When she looked at Lucan again, he would still see the love she held for him but no longer the hope, only resignation and determination. Her heart was broken but she would survive.

Post by: Brutus on 2014-12-20, 00:55:49

He was only dimly aware of the arms encircling his body, of that very human comfort that Nurse Jenkins was offering to him. He had no way at all of knowing what she was feeling - her grip on him helped to take the edge off of what he was feeling, but it didn't seem - at least just then - to be a two way street. He couldn't feel the fingers running through his hair. All he could feel were the tears that snaked down his own cheeks, causing his lip to tremble. The reaction was so very muted from what would be expected. Again, a result of the nurse standing behind him, next to him.

It was something of a miracle that the former Ash'reem could hear the words that poured from Lucan's mouth. A similarly heart wrenching tale, one that managed to turn the gaze of the destroyed man up to the doctor. He looked up at Lucan from the embrace of Eve Jenkins, a pitiful, broken man in a shiny new body. Whatever future he might have known to have happened, none of it mattered now, as he

listened to Dr Nicander recount his own horrors.

And they were horrific. Perhaps he would have been more sympathetic had his own world not been crushed just then. Perhaps, had he not woken up, 'alone' in a new body, he may have felt the pain of Eve Jenkins behind him, or felt a kinship with Nicander over their shared losses. Perhaps in time, he would.

But just in that moment, his whole body shook with pain. with loss. "I held her..." he moaned out softly. "In my arms. In my lap. She was...so real..." Ghosts of a memory, that he couldn't possibly know were not with his own beloved Amikris, but with the now vacant Dr Maya. Such intimacy that had left him sure, so sure, that he was not alone, that the woman he would have made his mate was there with him, alive. That they had both survived that hell planet. He had *known* it in his heart, in his soul.

He was wrong. And the hug from the nurse felt both wrong and right. The timing was as bad as it could be, as it forced him to remember the feeling of Amikris in his arms. He wanted to shove Nurse Jenkins away - but at the same time, he couldn't. He couldn't be cause her presence restrained him in more ways than one. He couldn't because he *needed* that kind of intense, physical comfort. And he hated himself all the more for it.

Almost as much as he hated Jein Ives. There was no doubt, not one, in his mind as to who was at fault. Who could have helped him save Amikris. If they could do...do *this* to him, they could have done the same to her, if only they had beamed her up as well. If only they had done a wide dispersal beam. The memory flashed back, floating there as the acid bit into his body, slowly dissolving his bones - *his bones!* - from the inside out, watching as they both started to flicker, he and the mess that was Ives.

Sarresh began to tremble and shake in Eve's arms. Was it shock, or simply rage?

Post by: The Counselor on 2014-12-24, 23:09:30

In so many ways, Hayden felt as if she didn't belong in Morali's presence at this most intimate of moments. A counselor's job was often to bear witness to someone else's pain and to contain it for them even if there was no erasing it, as was certainly the case now, but as she watched Nurse Jenkins embrace Morali, she felt a bit guilty for being an unwitting voyeur to such agony. Now was not the time for logic or words to challenge him out of his feelings. Understanding and a certain meaning to it all would come later, when the shock faded. Now was the time for comfort, physical touch, all of which Eve was already doing and doing well.

Nicander's words seemed to come out of nowhere to Hayden, and though she was left with the sense the CMO's admission was shared out of his own discomfort and sense of helplessness when it came to Sarresh's emotional response, she was no less moved by it. She didn't know Nicander all that well, but although he struck her as a perfectly competent physician, she had the sense there was a certain social awkwardness about him. He wasn't completely devoid of emotional intelligence, but she was left with the impression what he offered on that front might be more feigned than anything. As if what he offered that spoke to someone's emotions or psychological well-being was calculated so that he could get to the information he most cared about: that which concerned the science of medicine. She supposed he wasn't unlike many doctors who considered themselves more scientists than artful healers.

But now she didn't know what to make of what Nicander was sharing. She never would've expected him to share something so personal, especially not in front of others. Whatever discomfort he might have felt at Morali's emotional agony, it seemed like he was trying to offer his support in his own way.

Hayden turned to him and met his eyes. Now was not the time or place to address what he'd said since their focus needed to be on Morali, but she hoped to convey to the doctor he'd been heard. She searched his eyes for a long moment, wanting to communicate her concern for him and her desire to reach out to him later when the time was right.

Turning back to Eve and their patient, Hayden noticed she wasn't the only one moved. Before she could say anything to Eve, however, Sarresh's shaking caught their attention. Hayden knelt beside Morali and placed a hand against his back. "Take slow, deep breaths. You're safe here."

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-11-15, 01:41:33

[Meanwhile | Recovery Ward]

As Hylota walked through the holographic curtain in the recovery ward she walked in to see her blue and red brother sitting up in his bed shaking his hands trying to regain all his feeling while he kept his eyes firmly closed. Hylota smiled at him and spoke up breaking the silence of the space. "Well you are looking better...sorry for having to freezing you brother but you needed to thaw so you could take in more water to restore your body." Vinata did not respond at all and just began to rub his soft moist skin wiping off the water that had collected on him. Hylota bit her lip for a moment before talking. "We are aboard the Theurgy now...You have been out for a few days suffering from a severe case of dehydration and light burning. All injuries should be restored, but according to code you must be monitored for 24 hours to ensure that there were no unforeseen complications."

Vinata node and opened his dark eyes to look at his sister. "I see. Well I am glad you are able to get me healed, but could you tell me why I am not able to have a uniform?" He motioned to his nude form. Hylota smiled softly and shook her head. "You know how it works, when thawing a body must be nude to ensure even thawing, and it also ensured that you were able to absorb your treatment through your entire body." Vinata nodded and accepted the explanation with a sigh. After learning he was female in figure compared to every other race he was quite self conscious about his body and liked to be covered up. "Can I have something to wear...or will you be citing the hibernation code on me?" He raised an eyebrow as Hylota grinned, he let out a groan and flopped down on his bed. "You know you can be a bit of a pain some times sis." Hylota just chuckled, she was grinning ear to ear doing her best not to get too excited.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-11-30, 00:18:40

After receiving the signal that she was needed elsewhere, Amelya left the room with Sarresh and the others. Once the door closed behind her she let out a small sigh. Feeling relieved that she was out of that room, away from the bad vibes in there. She couldn't help but feel bad for the man they 'saved' back there, if you could even call this saving. She quickly shook the ideas and thoughts away as she made her way to the task at hand. She walked up to the holographic curtain and made her way in. She wasn't really surprised to see the two siblings already talking with each other. By the time she got by the bed, she smiled at both of them kindly. Her hair had been tidied up a bit and was kept together by two black sticks, two more strands of her brown hair rolled down behind her ears and rested just at her collar bones. She hadn't made the effort to put on make up.

Doctor Duv smiled kindly as she was happy to see some familiar faces from the Harbinger. She took up her PADD and checked the last inserted data while she peeked over to look at Vinata. "Hello Hylota and Vinata. Welcome aboard the Theurgy if nobody has called you welcome here yet." she smiled and placed the PADD down once more. She started to scan Vinata now while asking Hylota if she had any remarks on the data gathered or on the thawing process. While her own scans showed

nothing out of the extraordinary, Amelya still let her eyes go over the body of Vylota's brother. The Ovri physiology was somewhat different than the other species that she had worked with. "What about you Vinata, anything that feels out of the ordinary?" she asked and looked at him.

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-11-30, 06:42:51

As soon as Doctor Duv entered the curtained off area Hylota turned with an irritated look as she was prepared to tell whoever had entered to please give some privacy. As soon as she realized who it was she snapped to attention. "Ma'am." Vinata smiled and waved hello to her. As she gave them welcome to the Theurgy Vinata spoke first, as usual. "Well Ma'am it is a pleasure to still be serving after all that happened with the triage station." Hylota responded shortly after in her usual manner. "Thank you Ma'am." As Vinata was asked about his health he smiled. "Well I am no longer in ny dangr, my kin feels a little tingly from the thawing I would guess, but aside from that I have recovered from my near death quite well. Now if only I had some clothes." He looked to hi sister who for the first time near Doctor Duv. "I would supply you with something Vinata, but you just suffered a severe case of burns an dehydration, not to mention since we are the only race with medical regulations on thawing from being frozen without mechanical aid you must follow Ovri regulations. And they clearly states that you must remain undressed for 24 hours." Vinata groaned and flopped down onto his bed again.

Vinata sat up and smiled. "It is nice to see a familiar face...well it nice to see someone else for hat matter. Hylota is being a little overprotective of me." Hylota shook her head. "You almost died, I think I am a little entitled to a little freak out over your safety brother." Vinata sighed and looked to Doctor Duv. "So what brings you over to my little bio bed today Ma'am? I doubt you just wanted to say hi and check up on me, do you want to talk about anything? ...Please talk with me, it is so boring in here, I am sealed in this little spot behind a medical barrier, it is so dull in here...it wouldn't be so bad if I had a PADD in here or something." Vinata smiled slightly showing that he was not suffering.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-12-01, 16:07:47

Amelya smiled a bit as she heard the two siblings talk and perhaps even tease eachother. "I'm afraid Hylota is right. You'll have to spend the following hours without any garments on. Ovri regulations." She answered to back up Hylota, a warm smile on her face now. "As for what brings me here. I needed to physically see you after the thawing process and see if you're alright." she continued and placed her hands at the end of the biobed. She had to laugh a bit heartily as Vinata seemed to beg to her to not leave. "Alright, alright Vinata, what do you want to talk about?" she asked and looked down at him.

In the back of her mind she made a mental note that she still needed to arrange an appointment with the ships counselor. After such a traumatic event perhaps the young Ovri could use someone to talk to more specialized in these matters. Yet for now, she just stuck around for a social chat. She used to do that a lot on patients under her care to get a feel of their morale and their worries. She'd usually try to help them as much as she could so when she left they'd mostly have a better feeling than when she came to them.

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-12-01, 16:42:10

Vinata smiled at Doctor Duv. "Well I thank you for coming o check up on me, fortunately as you can see, there s nothing wrong with my body." He smiled while Hylota muttered under her breath. "At least that we have observed so far." Vinata ignored his sister and decided to push on to find out thing since he ha been out of commission for a while. "Well Ma'am if you would not mind me asking, would you be able to tell me what I have missed?" He moved to get more comfortable on the medical bed. "You see after I left my post at the Triage center I was knocked out and have been out of consciousness for

several days as far as I can tell."

Vinata looked worried and he clasped his hands together in a worried manner. "I remember seeing the center under attack, I saw things going to hell. I want to know if anyone else from my station was able to make it out. Did any of my patients recover, did my colleagues make it back to the Harbinger?"

Vinata did not know the death toll, he did not know that most of the people where he had been stationed could not be beamed up. He had no idea that many of his colleagues had died fighting to protect their patients while he had been running to get supplies, but judging from the pained look on his face he had a bad feeling about what had happened.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-12-02, 12:00:54

While Vinata spoke of his last memories down on Theta Eredina, Amelya's radiant smile faded a wee bit before she nodded and would start to speak. The memories of Theta were mixed, she had good memories about them yet a lot of negative ones as well considering the aftermath. She started to tell Vinata what had happened now, trying to be as detailed as she could about the events without really pushing to the fact that they had lost a lot of good crewmembers. She told him at the end of her talk that a lot of them perished on Theta and that those who got out were somewhat injured, physically or mentally. "Most of the injured lay aboard the Theurgy now, like yourself." she concluded and placed her hand on his leg "But at least you'll make a full recovery." she smiled.

It brought her to her next point however "I do think though that you might have benefit talking to the ship's counselor. Just to make sure you have no residue trauma psychological. I'll arrange for a meeting once I discharge you from sickbay, or let one of the other doctors take care of it." She continued and kept her hand on his leg. It was a sign to let her show him that she did this for his own good and that it was not really up for discussion. She meant the best for him, even though the two would no longer fall under her command once she returned to the Harbinger.

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-12-04, 00:56:42

Vinata took the news relatively well, he ended up laying on his back with a hand on his forehead when he learned about the loss of many of the people he had come to call his friends. It was so strange, he had left them all alive and now he was laying on a different ship hearing about how he would never see any of his friends again. He was so taken aback by the news he almost didn't notice when Doctor Duv said that at least he had recovered, he looked blank for a second before snapping back and responding. "What? Oh yeah...that is good." He put on a weak smile, unlike Hylota he was not able to take this in stride and it was painfully obvious that this much needed news hurt him on a deep level. Although when he heard that he would be talking to the counselor.

There was pain and confusion on his face, he turned to look at his stoic twin sister several times before he let out a sigh and rubbed his arms. "I think that would be for the best Ma'am...I would rather they show up while I am stuck here though, let me start working this out now instead of letting it go on while I am put back into the work rotation. That and it would be something to do while being stuck here." He chuckled and smiled at Doctor Duv, it was clear he was putting on a smile for her sake, making a simple joke to try and calm her nerves and show her from CO that he was not a wreck and would recover from the ordeal.

Seeing the rather down mood the curtained off area was Hylota oddly enough tried to make things better as she cleared her throat. "Not to be disrespectful at all, but I think we have all suffered enough doom and gloom. Lets instead focus on some humor...like how we have already gotten the nursing staff of this crew confused about which one of us is the sister." Vinata groaned and chuckled. "Oh

great this again, well at least I was asleep through it this time. Last time had a security staff member calling m Hylota and asking me out for a romantic Holodeck date." He shook his head and chuckled.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-12-09, 11:37:47

Amelya let her eyes go over Vinata as he spoke and despite the efforts of the male Ovri, she could still sense pain and distress. She noted down in the PADD that a counselor should visit as soon as she found the time to do so. Although Duv could council herself, she felt like a real professional would be better at it with Vinata. Most probably these talks would not be contained to one small chat but to numerous chats to help Vinata recover. That's where the problem was... Duv was to be transferred back to the Harbinger after this last act aboard the Theurgy. A notion that made her a bit sad herself. She wanted to head back to her 'home', yet she had met so many people here and left so much crew behind.

Amelya had to laugh a bit though when he told her about the crew not being able to keep them both apart. "Well, you two are quite different to everyone else here on the staff. I presume some men can't really make the link that you have breasts. Safe to say, I think they always conclude that woman have breasts." she chuckled and felt some stress falling off her shoulders as she could laugh once more. "Besides Vinata, maybe you can experiment with the men..." she added teasingly and winked at him.

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-12-11, 02:54:07

Hylota noted the look of worry on Duv's face, she had seen that look on her own face recently as she had thought about how to handle things here. She held her thoughts to herself though as Amelya talked with Vinata about his gender identity and how people thought about him. Vinata however turned a purplish color and shook his head no. "What! Me, with a man? I don't think I could, have seen how they reacted to learning I was not a woman, what would happen if I played the part of a woman only to be caught when they find the slit I have is simply a cover to hide my own cock? An besides, I find women attractive..." He looked at Hylota as she raised a hand to note the physical appearance of females. "Shut up Hylota you know what I meant. I want to spend time with the other gender." He shot his twin a look that said to drop it.

Hylota raised her hands in a motion to back off. "I understand fully, I have recently gotten intimate with both, I met with a fellow woman who I found attractive for her body, and a man I liked for who he was." Vinata looked at his sister funny. "You bedded a male?...Aren't you getting into your fertile period? Hylota you do realize this is risky right?" Hylota sighed. "I know, but it is that time, I cannot exactly fight of the desire for intimacy so easily. and I do not want to just take an extended leave and lock myself away. I have done enough of that I think." It seemed Hylota was tiring of her self imposed isolation.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-01-06, 20:54:33

Amelya listened to the twins as they discussed the matter of intercourse or sexual contact with others and she smiled a bit while holding the PADD against her chest. She looked at both of them as they continued their conversation and she eventually interrupted them "Right, well... Vinata, I'll schedule a meeting with the counselor on a later time, but right now I'm afraid I'll have to take my leave." She said friendly and nodded at both of them "Hylota, I trust you will take care of anything your brother needs. If you need anything else you can address it. cmdr. Nicander." After saying her goodbyes to the twins she took her leave and vanished from the main sickbay.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-01-09, 08:11:36

Vinata nodded and reclined on his bedding. "Alright, I will take whatever help I can get...it would be nice to vent with someone other than my sister about the stress that I have been handling right now. Thank you for the help Ma'am and thank you for coming to see me." He smiled and stood up to salute his former CO before she returned to the Harbinger. Hylota smiled and nodded to Amelya. "I will be sure to get whatever help I need from him Ma'am, he has already agreed to help me with some small things I have. I should be able to get right into the swing of things in no time at all." Hylota smiled and saluted like her twin did as she saw her CO off and returned to looking after her brother and telling him what his limitations were, and what he should be doing, mostly stretches and things to get his body stretched after the hibernation he had been through.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 04: The Teslyliac Duplicate

[USS Theurgy | Main Sickbay | Deck 07 | 0800 hrs.]

She was on the planet, getting people to evacuation shuttles and transport stations. There was phaser fire and a barrage of torpedoes struck the ground every few minutes. Suddenly the ground shook and the air filled with smoke. It grew hot and she found it increasingly difficult to breath. Her mind was going blank as she started coughing and fell to her knees. She was going to die.

And then nothing...

[Isolation Room 02 | Sickbay | Deck 07]

The first thing Lahkesis was conscious of was the warmth of the solar lamps. She could feel them all over her body. Next she became aware of the cool mist cascading over her from various sources and drops of water moving over her skin into the water she was laying in. It was roughly an inch deep and roughly room temperature. Her body was stiff and didn't seem to want to move immediately, most likely due to her being stationary for some time, though she could not tell exactly how long it had been.

Her mind slowly began to piece together the events that had brought her here. The memory was still fresh in her mind, the emotions just under the surface. She could still feel the raw panic, the final thoughts of her own mortality, and the dread as darkness had taken her. She had always known that her death was inevitable, though she had honestly expected to live a good deal longer. She wondered if she was afraid of death.

She did her best to let go of the emotions, to relax in the healing waters and warm rays inside the isolation tank. It was over, she was safe. She took a deep breath in and let it back out, repeating that over and over to herself. It was a simple relaxation technique, no where near as effective as those of a Vulcan, but it worked and she quickly relaxed once more.

Slowly she opened her eyes and blinked until they focused around the tank. It was bright, yet she could still make out the details of the tank. The lights of the tank washed out most of the world around her, but she could see the ceiling of the recovery ward through the plate of transparent aluminum to her side. She heard a faint beep, notifying whoever was near that she was conscious. She closed her eyes again and waited.

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-12-19, 08:15:54

Maya was sitting at the observation console monitoring the isolation tanks, meditating. Appropriately enough, she found the chamber quiet and suitable for light mediation, even though the greenblooded neurologist wasn't the one in isolation. It was a delightful way to find solitude without loneliness especially now. Lying before her in a transparent isolation tank was a the tall and willowy Lahkesis Saugn, a young woman who was even more alone and isolated in the modern day galaxy than Maya was.

Although the lovely Miss Saugn appeared perfectly human, appearances were deceiving. The lovely young woman who was currently lying in a crystal coffin like a sleeping princess in a Terran folk tale

was actually a being artificially created from the Teslyliac, a species of plant life that had been wiped out in the war with the Dominion.

The poor girl had been created as part of a secret experiment and had learned most of her knowledge from sleepteaching computers that had taught her as she developed. Even when emerging fully grown from her cloning vat, she had little in the way of guidance, for a year after she had awoken the research facility that had created was destroyed and only Lahkesis and two of her identical sisters survived to spend three months in the wilderness before cobbling together a subspace beacon so they could be rescued.

After that Lahkesis and her sisters were lived at the Daystrom facility before enrolling in Starfleet Academy. Lahkesis Saugn was assigned as a midshipman, for she had spent an additional two years at Starfleet Medical studying medicine. When Midshipman Saugn was assigned to the *Theurgy*, she had joined Maya on the night shift where the two formed an awkward friendship.

Maya discovered that she had much in common with the young girl, and took her under her wing. Poor Lahkesis was a stranger in a strange land, just like the little Vulcan was. Like Maya, Lahkesis enjoyed observing people but had difficulty interacting with them. Just like the temporal castaway, she was curious, for the galaxy was a new and exciting place to her, but at the same time she was alone. The girl seemed to emulate Maya's behavior, looking at the older woman as a role model, and for her part, Maya attempted to guide her. But when it came to dealing with her feelings, it was the blind leading the blind. Both of them attempted to focus of the more positive emotions without knowing how. Both of them dealt with negative emotions by stoically suppressing their feelings and keeping their behavior cold and efficient.

Like most of the *Theurgy's* medical personnel she had gone down to Theta Eridani IV and gotten caught in the *Calamity's* attack. Smoke inhalation and intense heat had incapacitated her and since the ash filling the air cut off the sun, she had suffered malnutrition as well. After she was recovered Lahkesis was placed in a clear isolation filled with an inch of mineral water and subjected to solar radiation until her energy levels returned to normal. In the meantime Maya made it part of her daily routine to spend time with her.

An electronic chime alerted Maya that her charge was awake. The little Vulcan awoke from her light trance and rose to peer through the transparent lid to check on her colleague.

Lahkesis was a lovely creature. Without clothing the pale, nearly flawlessly smooth skin covering her tall, slender, yet curvaceous figure was exposed to view. Her lovely eyes were open, revealing that her irises were the same luminous crystal blue eyes as her pupils. The 'hair' that covered her scalp in a floral pattern of reds and pinks were in reality living filaments that had more in common with flower petals than mammalian hair. The pouty lips on her square unlined face were pursed as if she was going to ask a question. She was squinting at the sunlamps shining down at her so Maya pressed a button on her PADD and the lid to the isolation tank rose so the girl could sit up. Maya inhaled the girl's floral scent, a guilty pleasure for someone with olfactory senses stronger than the human norm. Lahkesis Saugn didn't smell like sweat or salt like most people did. Her natural odor was closer to roses or lilacs.

"Hello Lahkesis," Maya greeted in her calm mezzo-soprano voice. "Are you experiencing any discomfort that is medical relevant?" she asked as she tilted her head and stared at the girl with her large hazel eyes. "Do you have any psychological issues you wish to discuss?"

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2014-12-29, 23:27:13

As the tank opened Lahkesis looked around. She smiled when she spotted Maya. It was good to see a familiar face, especially that of her guide to all things humanoid, or rather at least all things humanoid that had not been a part of the information she had received at the Research Facility or at Starfleet Academy, which as it had turned out was quite a bit. She would have had to learn much of that on her own, a daunting task to be sure, if it had not been for the guidance of the Vulcan Doctor.

Though she had made it a point to keep much of the discoveries she had made on her own, especially regarding her sexuality, a secret. She was not certain how others would react to the information about what she had dubbed her "blooming" and the narcotic substance she released at the moment of peak pleasure. Though she was certain they would most likely react with curiosity and not hostility, she also could not shake the thought that once more she would find herself being a medical subject and not a person within her own right.

She had lived through that once in her life, she did not want a repeat of it.

But still she was glad to see Doctor Maya and she sat up in the tank. As she sat up, crossing her legs so she would remain in the water, she noticed a faint pain in her neck and back. It was most likely due to remaining motionless for an extended period of time. Though her body was distinctly plant based it still required movement or it would stop being as flexible. She would likely need to take some time in the gym to stretch out and rehabilitate her body, though that would have to wait.

As she glanced around it became quite clear to her that the battle was long since over, once more the USS *Theurgy* was at peace, or as much so as possible giving its circumstances. The first question she asked was perhaps the most obvious. "How long was I unconscious?"

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-12-30, 08:36:18

"Approximately forty six hours, eight minutes, and fifty two seconds," the little Vulcan replied, "but of course it is impossible to be precise," she added as she gazed with maternal pride at her darling protégée. "You missed a party," she added as she glided behind Lahkesis and started massaging the kinks out of her neck. "It would have given you an excellent opportunity to socialize and form bonds with your shipmates," she added before narrowing her eyes and tightening her lips. "Then again perhaps it was best that you didn't attend," she admitted as she thought of the cruel treatment Phantom had given her. "The *Harbinger's* officers were there. Some of them were quite uncivilized."

It was at times like this Maya appreciated growing up with a traditional family on Vulcan. Contemplating the repercussions of an encounter between the *Harbinger's* pilots and the innocent young Lahkesis was the stuff of nightmares. For a brief moment, Maya understood how it was possible for sentient beings to actually *wish* to kill other sentient beings. The thought of Phantom or any of the *Harbinger* fighter pilots getting anywhere near the girl made the concept of committing homicide disturbingly acceptable.

She pushed those thoughts from her exhausted but disciplined mind and tried to indulge herself in the maternal love that Lahkesis' presence nurtured. It was a good feeling, appropriate for a medical doctor. It gave her a sense of purpose and belonging and allowed her respite from her personal demons without having to use her mesiofrontal cortex to distance herself from her emotions. Loving the willowy intern was an indulgence no different from a swig of alcoholic spirits or frivolous time wasted on the holodeck: It was comforting and let the little Vulcan relax the way the majority of her shipmates did.

Unlike the state inebriation, caring for Lahkesis served a constructive purpose. The willow intern really was like a fragile flower and needed to be loved and protected. If having maternal feelings for the girl was a guilty pleasure, it didn't matter. The means justified the ends. If Lahkesis had an ally that would watch out for her and it made Maya feel better, what was the harm? She had left Vulcan to rebel against being forced into total emotionlessness after all.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2014-12-30, 12:31:40

As the Vulcan moved behind her to begin massaging out the knots in Lahkesis tense muscles the plant girl could not help but let out a soft, quiet moan. She was tense, but nothing that a bit of Vulcan Massage couldn't cure. She relaxed a little as she thought about what the Doctor Maya said.

She had only been out for about 2 days. She felt as if she had missed a couple of week for sure, but then again she had never actually fallen unconscious like that before, brief periods of unconsciousness after spending too much time away from solar radiation and her solar lamps, but nothing like what had happened on the planet's surface.

"I missed a party? I can't decide if that means I missed social activity, which is regretful, I do like observing the crew in social situation," Lahkesis said with a sigh, rolling her shoulders and stretching. The feeling of the Vulcan's massage felt quite nice. "Or if that means I missed another incident of where a member of the crew imbibed too much alcohol and engaged in ritual combat, or at least as close to ritual combat as they are capable of while intoxicated."

She could not help but let out a chuckle as she remembered one of the incidents where a Klingon member of the crew attempted to engage a Vulcan member of the crew in ritual combat and preceded to do more damage to himself than the Vulcan. The security personnel let the Klingon beat himself into a crumbled heap on the floor. He was simply left there for the rest of the party and everyone else simply went on with what they were doing before.

"Either way it sounds like it would have been enjoyable to be there," Lahkesis replied with a smile. Though she paused and considered it again. "Or were they uncivilized in such a way as to make lewd advances to crewmembers?" She considered that possibility for a second. "If that's the case then perhaps it is best that I missed the entire affair."

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-02, 03:18:24

"Yes I must agree," Maya replied as her long graceful fingers applied the ancient art of Vulcan neuropressure to the young girl's spine. Although composed of cells closer to fungus or vegetable matter, the girl's nervous system was incredibly similar to those of her shipmates and responded to Maya's caresses. "The *Harbinger's* Valkyrie pilots were an uncivilized group whose barbaric behavior was noted despite attempts to keep the situation hidden rather than dealing with it. Speaking from experience, their behavior is unsurprising considering the example set by their leader. Responsibility starts at the top, I believe the expression goes."

Maya closed her eyes and moved the horrible memory of her ordeal to the back of her mind. She could concentrate on those particular memories later, when she met with Counselor O'Connor. Right now she was here to provide a safe and nurturing environment for young Lahkesis so the girl could have a chance to acquire confidence and experience.

"There were some interesting interactions," Maya backpedaled so as not to discourage the poor girl.

The universe wasn't that bad of a place; it just looked like it right now. "I'm sure you would have enjoyed yourself."

And I would have enjoyed myself too, because I would have been watching over you instead of being assaulted by Phanatos Kilinvoss she added silently. I could have been watching you bloom with motherly pride instead of being pruned like a dead branch. It was times like that when Maya's mother was proven right. The *V'tosh ka'tur* were wrong, at least some of the time. Sometimes it was best just to suppress your feelings and pretend you didn't have them.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-01-02, 04:25:14

"Sounds unpleasant," Lahkesis replied as she pulled a face, though it quickly disappeared as she felt the Vulcan work over her back, the feeling of her working over the smooth skin over her spine forced a soft moan out of her lips. She could not dwell the thought of the brutish fighter jocks when they were on the prowl when there was a sweet Vulcan hitting every sweet spot on her spine. "I would hate to imagine it. Perhaps if I were there it would have been a good idea to carry a phaser." She let out a chuckle, but was interrupted when she felt Maya hit another sweet spot, sending a shudder up her spine and eliciting a low moan.

A blush was starting to creep across her face, she was almost completely unaware of it, but the massage was starting to arouse her. "You know you really don't have to do this, I've sure a sonic shower on a higher setting and some yoga would have worked all the kinks out," she said as the tips of her hairs began to glow, faintly, almost unnoticeably. "Not that I'm complaining..."

Though tension was almost completely gone from her back she was now nothing more than floral smelling gooey putty in the hands of a master. Her eyes slowly began to drop as a sigh escaped her soft pink lips. It was defiantly an interesting sensation, thus far she had only ever experience any feeling like this when she experimenting with her sexuality.

Suddenly she pulled away, moving forward and climbing out of the tank. Her face was flushed and she looked, for lack of a better phrase, hot and bothered. "S-sorry... I'm a little... I think I should... I don't know..." She looked more than a little confused. As she stood there she awkwardly folded her arms across her breasts seemingly embarrassed suddenly.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-02, 05:43:24

Incredibly, Lahkesis was responding to Maya's touch as if she was getting sexually aroused. This would be a wonderful development if it were true because it would be one less thing that would isolate the girl. Sexuality was a glue that held social units together for the majority of species aboard the *Theurgy* and any development that allowed Lahkesis to get closer to her shipmates was a good one. If the girl really was developing a mammalian style reproductive drive she would no doubt have many questions. It was fortunate that Maya was a trained sexual therapist specializing in sexual surrogacy. If anyone on the ship could guide her safely, it was probably Maya.

"You know you really don't have to do this," Lahkesis said. "I'm sure a sonic shower on a higher setting and some yoga would have worked all the kinks out. Not that I'm complaining..."

"Nonsense Lahkesis," Maya assured her. "Vulcan neuropressure can be very therapeutic," she added without specifying just *who* the treatment would be therapeutic *for*.

From a certain angle Maya's face appeared to be smiling when she noticed that each of the Lahkesis'

hairs were faintly glowing at the very tips. The willowy intern was so adorable when she was like this that it took effort for Maya not to allow her mezzofrontal cortex to neutralize her emotions. As she breathed in the heady floral scent Lahkesis was emitting, the little Vulcan finally understood why so many species laugh. When the girl sighed in arousal, Maya sighed in contentment.

Abruptly the young intern slid forward and climbed out of the isolation tank. The crimson sap was flushing under her delicate white skin. *"S-sorry... I'm a little... I think I should... I don't know..."* she stammered before covering her chest and fidgeting.

"Are you cold?" Maya asked, wondering how that could be. The little Vulcan had increased the ambient temperature of the room before beginning her meditation. Many species would feel quite comfortable wearing little to nothing in the isolation chamber right now.

Maya lowered her mental barriers and blushed a greenish tint when she encountered Lahkesis' embarrassment. The little Vulcan may have been a touch telepath, but she was psychically sensitive enough to sense the emotions of someone within three meters of her. "Lahkesis, what's wrong? Is something bothering you? Let me help you. You know you can talk to me about anything. I promise I won't laugh," she said with a straight face.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-01-03, 13:31:38

Uncomfortably Lahkesis shifted her weight from one foot to the other and back again. Her mind was racing with possibilities as to why her body had reacted like that to the other woman had been touching her. Sexual arousal was something completely new to her and thus far she had only been sexually aroused by observing others engage in sexual activity, whether in person or by watching recordings of it on a PADD. To actually be sexually excited like that by the touch of another person was something totally new to her.

She could feel the thin fluid akin to blood flow through the thin veins in her plant like body. It served three valuable functions, firstly it brought in carbon dioxide and took out oxygen, next it brought nutrients into her body to allow her body energy to burn as she moved, and lastly it regulated her temperature. Standing there she could feel the pulse of fluid had increased, something that usually happened as part of her fight or flight impulse, though it seemed to be doing it for a completely different reason this time.

She searched her mind for something to say, some way to explain that she was reacting to the neuropressure massage by becoming sexually excited. Though she had no reason to she found herself feeling exposed and humiliated. She had been given Vulcan Neuropressure massages in the past, but had never had this type of reaction before. Though it had been some time, the last time had been before the encounter with the Ishtar entity. Had that incident altered her? She had experienced increased sexuality sense then. It had seemed like the other members of the crew had recovered nicely since then, why was she any different?

Finally she knew that she would have to say something. "I don't know how to say... I am... I don't..." She tried to begin, but the words got lost. "I just..." She gave up on talking and just gave the Vulcan a pleading look, she had no clue how to express how she was feeling or why she was feeling this way. All she could hope was that somehow the other woman would somehow just know what was wrong.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-04, 07:15:21

Maya's large hazel eyes narrowed as she tilted her head to one side. "I must have your thoughts," she said as raised a hand and spread her long spidery fingers to touch Lahkesis' face. It was an uncanny miracle that the neural fibers in the girl's body had duplicated the neural network of anthropomorphic species throughout the galaxy to such a degree that a Vulcan could touch her thoughts.

Unfortunately, a mind touch allows communication both ways. Lahkesis could sense shame and self-loathing from the little Vulcan, but soon that sensation was replaced by surprise, sexual titillation and overwhelming joy flavored with motherly pride and a touch of relief. It was clear that the green blooded physician believed that nothing was wrong with Lahkesis. On the contrary, she seemed to think that the willowy intern had achieved something important.

"Why Lahkesis," Maya's gentle smile wasn't the forced plastic one she normally used. "I am so happy for you. I wish to thank you for giving me such joy. You have developed a sexual attraction to mammalian species. I am so relieved. Now that you've acquired the ability to be attracted to others, you have one less reason to be alone. This is a cause for celebration," she added as she stood up on tiptoes and hugged her. "You're developing so fast..." she murmured wistfully.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-01-04, 12:36:12

As the Vulcan's fingers touched her face and she felt the rush of their minds touching Lahkesis was reminded of why exactly she disliked telepathic communication. There was a sudden lurch in the pit of her stomach as her mind flooded with additional information, some of it she could immediately process, some of it simply overwhelming her. She tasted the emotions of the other woman and something, something buried under the surface, slipped into her mind. Though while the contact was still in place the Maya's shame became her shame, Maya's self-loathing became her own self-loathing.

Lahkesis finally did breathe easy once the connection was broken. "Well...?" she asked hoping that the brief contact between their minds was enough to give the Vulcan Doctor some answers and to make it so she did not have to actually vocalize her shame.

"Why Lahkesis," The Vulcan said. "I am so happy for you. I wish to thank you for giving me such joy. You have developed a sexual attraction to mammalian species. I am so relieved. Now that you've acquired the ability to be attracted to others, you have one less reason to be alone. This is a cause for celebration."

Lahkesis was just about to say something when the Vulcan hugged her and her mind went blank. She wasn't sure what to say or even how to feel.

"You're developing so fast..." Came a whisper from the green blooded woman.

Lahkesis found herself hugging the shorter woman back, though she was not tall she leaned down so Maya would not have to stand on tiptoes to continue hugging her.

She was relieved when the hug was over, though now she needed to ask what in her mind was a loaded question. She did not know what to expect the other woman to say.

"What... what do I do now? I am not a mammal so what is the purpose of me becoming sexually excited? I was under the impression it was only suppose to be the opposite gender that excited me, yet you are not. Please explain this to me." What started off as a single question quickly led into

another, the desperation in her voice rising as her confusion did as well. "Please tell me my becoming sexually aroused because you were touching me will not affect our friendship."

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-04, 15:08:05

Maya held Lahkesis' hand firmly but fortunately her mental barriers were back up and the girl could only feel the warmth of the neurologist's hand. "You don't have to worry about that Lahkesis. I am, and will always be your friend. And you needn't concern yourself with your embarrassment either. Everyone loses a measure of their dignity from their arousal, regardless of species. Your reaction is perfectly normal," she assured her as she released her hand to stroke her cheek affectionately.

"You live in an enlightened age young one," the little Vulcan continued as she patted the taller woman on the shoulder. "When I was your age a romantic attraction to the same sex would have gotten you ostracized but in the modern era the gender of your partner doesn't matter anymore. You're free to love whomever you choose as long as they're a consenting adult. Don't worry about the purpose of your attraction to others. The purpose of your attraction is to allow you to form emotional bonds with those around you. The ability to form a physical attraction to others is necessary for your psychological well-being. That is why I'm so happy you have developed it."

Maya paused and her pale complexion acquired a greenish tint. "And you needed be confused over your sexual attraction towards *me*," she assured her. "It's a natural reaction to the bond of love and trust we share. I entered the medical field as a sexual surrogate and I'm told the touch of my hands can be quite arousing." At this point, Maya squinted, pursed her lips and jerked back while taking her hands off the poor girl. "My apologies," she said as she massaged her fingers distractedly. "I didn't mean to touch you inappropriately. But you shouldn't feel ashamed. I will accept you, no matter what."

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-01-05, 00:13:08

As the Vulcan spoke Lahkesis stood silently, shifting her weight from one foot to the other. She did her best to keep eye contact, but she was constantly finding herself looking down at her feet awkwardly. Though the kind words of the other woman helped ease her awkwardness and shame, she remained uncomfortable.

She found herself looking at her hand, still firmly held in the hand of the green blooded woman standing in front of her. She was infinitely grateful at it was Maya and not someone else. Anyone else and it would have been all the more awkward. She knew she had to say something and after another moment she was ready to begin.

"N-no, it wasn't bad or unwelcome... I just wasn't expecting my body to react like that..." She replied and did her best to smile despite how she felt. She blushed a little redder as she looked up into the eyes of the other woman. "It was actually kind of nice..." She took a deep breath and did her best to steady herself. Her face was quite flushed and seemed to get more so as she went on. "I would not be opposed to perhaps a little more..."

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-05, 13:09:09

"I am not sure that would be appro..." Maya stopped and squinted. Why wouldn't it be appropriate? Maya may have unofficially adopted this lovely child but she wasn't her biological mother, she was just a friend. And did she want young Lahkesis to experiment with her newfound sexuality outside of Maya's protective supervision? Her suffering at Phantom's hands had proved that some things should only be shared between people who already shared a bond, not complete strangers.

Besides, wasn't this sort of coupling best done by two people who loved each other? If she shared herself physically with young Lahkesis, they wouldn't be merely coupling, they would be 'making love'. 'Making love.' Such a romantic term. Too much fear, sorrow, and hatred had been made already. When faced with such an emotional imbalance, wasn't making love the logical thing to do? Maya loved Lahkesis. She would make sure that any experimentation with intimacies between them was an enriching experience.

"No, you're right Lahkesis," Maya nodded. "Something this personal that renders you so vulnerable should only be shared with someone you trust. This isn't something you do with strangers; you should get to know someone before initiating intimacies. I would be honored to acquaint you with the sensations of a romantic experience."

She ran the tips of her long spidery fingers over the girl's pale and exposed chest. Tiny tingles of telepathic impressions from the Vulcan's fingers would stimulate Lahkesis' breasts if her body worked like a mammal's. "You are so beautiful I have no doubt that when you acquire some confidence and experience your affections will be in great demand. And with a little practice your kisses will soon become the most sought after ones in known space."

She stood up on tiptoes and put her arms around her neck, but since the girl was nine inches taller than she was kissing her would be awkward.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-01-05, 17:32:46

As the other woman touched her breasts Lahkesis could feel her heart pound harder in her chest and her breath quicken. Her experience with sensuality had been limited to only what she had observed in recording and in person. In both of those she had seen very little of what could be considered foreplay. Though she was familiar with the concept, she had only ever seen what could only be described as pure animalistic passion. The act of sexual contact done for no other purpose than physical stimulation, no emotion involved.

She let out a slight gasp as she felt the telepathic impulses from the Vulcan's fingertips rush through her. The nerves that connected her skin to her brain were sufficiently more sensitive than the average humanoids as they suffered less signal degradation between neurons. As a result her skin felt like it was tingling as every nerve in her breasts felt like it was exploding with stimulation. Her breasts were unlike the majority of humanoids, as she did not have any mammary glands, instead they held the gland that created the enzyme that triggered her blooming. The direct stimulation of this gland was triggering her bloom far stronger than she had experienced before, her mouth falling slightly agape as she lost herself in the feeling of the moment.

She was so consumed by the sensation of the other's hand on her smooth skin that she was barely aware of her speaking at all. It was not until the other woman wrapped her arms around Lahkesis' neck and stood on her tiptoes, drawing the plant based woman into a soft, gentle kiss that Lahkesis was again aware of herself. She closed her eyes to let the sensory and telepathic input flood directly into her mind as she leaned down to make their heights more equal, or at least as much as she could.

Her first real kiss, the moment consumed her more than even the sensation of the green-blooded woman's fingers on her breasts. She was lost in the feeling of the other woman's lips against her own, they felt so hot, the heat seeping into her, flooding through her body. It felt like every square inch of her was hot, she was actively becoming warmer to the touch as it seemed that not only her hair was

becoming bioluminescent, but in addition the thin blood like substance underneath her smooth skin began to emit a soft glow.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-07, 03:43:18

Lahkesis' passion burned so hot that Maya almost lost herself in the sensation of it, and the green blooded physician had to use all her remaining discipline to maintain control. Lahkesis was a fragile flower and the little Vulcan wasn't going to overwhelm her. But it was a matter of who was overwhelming whom. Lahkesis' was uncannily invigorating. Of course it was. The girl inhaled carbon dioxide and exhaled oxygen, while Maya and everyone else onboard did the opposite. The girl could probably hold a kiss longer than anyone alive.

Maya had to struggle to slow her heart rate down and keep her skin from burning. The sensation of the girl's smooth skin and hot mouth against her own was invigorating. Maya felt like she was glowing and if she would have opened her eyes she would have noticed that Lahkesis was glowing, literally.

Maya's long spidery fingers caressed down the girl's perfectly smooth shoulders and down to her shoulder blades. The girl's silky, creamy skin tickled Maya's fingertips as she hungrily held Lahkesis' mouth with her own. Maya shuddered as she held her and decided she better back off before she scared the girl. Indeed she was becoming so lost in the girl's embrace that if she wasn't a Vulcan she would have frightened herself. When she drew back and released her, it was Maya who had her eyes closed and her mouth open gasping for breath.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-01-10, 18:23:17

As the kiss broke the glowing of Lahkesis' skin seemed to fade a bit and she let out a breath of almost pure oxygen she had been holding since they had begun kissing. Though the kiss had been awkward at first, a totally new experience for the young plant girl, it was not altogether unpleasant. Slowly her eyes fluttered open and she sighed, gazing at the other woman's face. It seemed almost different to her, changed as if in a whole new light.

To make matters more interesting she became acutely aware of the slick feeling between her thighs and the feeling of heat that pumped through her body. Though she had experienced sexual arousal before, this time felt very different. This time the feeling of something new filled her. She wanted to go further, to see what would happen if she took this encounter to it's logical conclusion.

But she hesitated, uncertainty filling her. She didn't know what to do, how to progress. She would have to guess and hope she did not screw up. Slowly she tentatively reached out a hand and dragged it over the fabric of Maya's uniform covering her breast. Her long fingers lingering, unsure where to go or what to do, only that they wished to stay in contact with the other woman, even if they were separated by the layers of fabric.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-13, 07:20:48

Maya smiled gently and placed her hand on the back of Lahkesis', gently guiding the other woman's hand over her own breast. "Computer activate privacy seal on doors," she ordered. "Authorization Maya, code one, six one, three eight."

"Authorization recognized," a disembodied woman's voice responded. "Privacy seal activated."

Without a word Maya opened the seam of her blouse and removed the top part of her uniform. She let Lahkesis run her hand over the sports bra the little Vulcan wore under it before removing that

article of clothing as well. She took Lahkesis' hand and placed it on her green nipples while her other hand ran her long spidery fingers through the glowing filaments that were Lahkesis' 'hair'.

A relaxed natural smile was on Maya's face, the first one that had graced her features since coming aboard. This wasn't forced or stilted like her other grins were. This one came from within. The sensation of her affection for Lahkesis washed over her body, overriding the exact and calculated biorhythms that she normally maintained. At this moment, Maya understood what so many poets on so many worlds had tried to express when they attempted to describe the sensation of love.

Maya leaned forward and kissed the girl's chest. Her tongue playfully exploring her fruit flavored nipples. Her hands caressed the girl's back before moving down to explore the buxom curves of her hindquarters. Lahkesis' skin was so unnaturally smooth it was like the skin of a newborn baby. Lowering her psychic barriers, allowed the willowy girl to sense impressions of how Maya truly felt about her. Titillating and caressing the adorable intern, Maya felt only joy.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-01-16, 07:36:47

As the other woman removed her top Lahkesis' uncertainty resolved into a curiosity she could not ignore. She wanted to know everything she could about this new feeling, everything she touched had a new feeling, it felt like every nerve in her body was alive. Sensation flooded into her brain, almost overwhelming her. Her long fingers moved delicately over the fabric of the sports bra and once that was removed they moved smoothly over the other woman's breast, her hand and fingers being effortlessly guided by the green-blooded woman she was touching.

Normally she would have spent hours at a computer console, reading through everything she could find on the subject. She had never *learned by doing*. Almost everything she knew was the result of a data upload to her juvenile brain shortly after her biological birth and from the books she had read since then. She had plenty of opportunity to engage and experiment sexually while at the academy, but her curiosity about it had started far more recently.

She was so lost in the sensation of touching the other woman and the new feeling that she was not aware of Maya reaching up and beginning to touch the brightly colored filaments that made up her hair. The sensation and direct connection to her brain from the filaments, especially the nucleus accumbens, one of the key pleasure centers in her brain, caused her to let out a surprised, yet pleasurable gasp.

In that moment all of the mental guards and insecurities melted away, her mind laid bare. All of her secrets, the inner turmoil she felt about her nature as nothing more than a copy, all that she was, all that she ever had been, was laid out for the other woman to see. Deeper than inner mind meld the intimacy that the poor plant based girl shared in that moment was beyond anything she had ever felt. Her mouth hung open and her eyelids drooped as her skin began to glow once more. The glow of her hand casting almost a ghostly half light over the breast and nipple of the lightly green tinted woman in front of her.

She was barely even aware of the kiss to her chest, only the continued joining of the Vulcan's and the Teslylic's minds, going beyond mere sensuality and into something akin to true intimacy.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-18, 05:55:16

Maya's mouth kissed and licked up the girl's chest towards her neck. She stopped and groaned as Lahkesis opened her mind to her, the girl's thoughts and secrets exposed for Maya to see. Maya held

her tight with one arm around her back and the other gliding through the girl's 'hair', gasping and groaning as she was overcome by her reaction to the girl's psyche.

The trouble with a mind touch, no scratch that, a mind *meld* was that all secrets were laid bare on both sides. Lahkesis knew of Maya's cold and restrictive childhood, of how the little Vulcan's government selected her for medical service in order to take advantage of her high psi rating and use her as a sexual surrogate for patients undergoing the affliction of *ponn farr*. She knew of the little Vulcan's trepidation when the Vulcan High Command of two centuries ago discouraged the use of telepathy and began outright prohibiting it. Lahkesis knew of the resentment Maya felt when she discovered that the rituals of procreation could be performed outside of the terrible ordeal of the *ponn farr* and that most Vulcans were aware of this.

Lahkesis could feel Maya's sense of freedom upon entering the Interspecies Medical Exchange and living amongst the Denobulans and the Terrans. The freedom of choice, the freedom of expression, the freedom of sexual orientation was dizzying. She felt Maya's shame at her people's reaction to the Xindi crisis of 2153 and the little physician's sense of duty when she offered her services to Earth's preFederation Starfleet.

She knew Maya's sense of loss at the decimation of the *NX-04 Discovery* and her wonder that the energy discharge at the Battle of Cheron had somehow deposited the battered hulk and the handful of survivors two hundred and twelve years into the future where they were rescued by the *USS Imperator*, where the little Vulcan met the ship's counselor Jien Ives who introduced her to the new century.

Lahkesis knew her thrill at discovering the existence of the United Federation of Planets, where the citizens of all member worlds had the right of choice, freedom of expression, and the right to any sexual preferences their psychology and physiology dictated. And she knew what the Federation meant to Maya and why the little Vulcan would sacrifice her life, her freedom, and her honor to preserve it.

Maya didn't want Lahkesis to have access to her memories. There were horrible things in there that would drive the poor girl away from others. If the girl fixated on Maya's recent encounter with Phantom she would be afraid of her body and afraid of others, condemning her to a life of solitude. That was why Maya released her emotions from the leash that had been put on them since birth to let Lahkesis know exactly what she thought of her.

Maya's entire body tingled when she allowed herself to feel just how much she loved Lahkesis. The girl was a beautiful flower, a promise for the future, a treasure that should be protected but should also be shared with the universe. Lahkesis had her whole life in front of her, and represented to Maya all of the children of the Federation who needed to be protected from the creatures that had secretly taken over Starfleet. She was the symbol for all they were fighting and dying for. Starfleet had been tasked to seek out new life and there was Lahkesis, searching for where she belonged in the universe. If it took Maya's last dying breath, she'd make sure that she had a chance to find it.

Maya sat up and took a deep breath, taking her hand off the girl's head and placing them on her thighs. Maya forced herself to slow down, and take it one step at a time. This wasn't an indulgence in the little Vulcan's pleasure, this was a learning experience for a precious girl in a safe and friendly environment. Maya had little doubt that Lahkesis would be the most popular girl in Starfleet if she knew how to kiss properly. She sat up on the edge of the isolation tank and beckoned the girl forward.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-01-18, 06:45:52

It was all too much for the young plant girl. The flow of information was reduced to feelings and colors, darkness blooming into light, shadows consuming and being pushed back by brilliant colorful lights. The emotions and the sensation of the psychic connection itself all but consumed her. She could not hold back her own emotions and memories as in an instant the moments of Lahkesis' life moved between them. The cold white lights of the research facility, the confusion as the numbers of her sisters dwindled, the deep hatred of those who kept her in the small room, the pain of the tissue samples taken oh so many times from every corner of her body.

Then there was the fire and a secret, pain and guilt.

Then came the blinding light of freedom, rescue from a Federation ship and a new home. Finally was the drive for something more, the hope of the academy.

Then Suddenly Lahkesis breathed and found herself back in the moment, the past slipping back into her memory. Only something remained, something not her own. A memory an emotion. Something she could not identify it was buried so deep. She was suddenly afraid. There were monsters...

And then Maya withdrew her hand from the young plant girl's hair and for a moment all was cold. The Vulcan, her friend and mentor, stepped away from her and the space between them felt like miles, stretching before her. She unconsciously took a step forward, trying to close the space and as Maya sat down and beckoned her closer Lahkesis obeyed without a second thought, her eyes looking over the face of the other woman searching for something unspeakable. Something had changed in her eyes, an unspoken truth. If this was love then there was something that could taint even this. Ghosts of fear and pain drifted through her mind, phantoms in the wind.

In a single movement she fell forward, wrapping her arms around the other woman and pressing her head into her chest, her ear to the soft green tinted skin of the other woman's chest. She could hear Maya's heart beat and it brought her comfort. She relaxed, though the fear did not pass.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-18, 07:45:18

"There-there my darling," Maya said as she hugged the tall willowy woman and rocked her gently against her body. It was a nonsensical phrase she had heard in several movies that she had watched over two centuries ago that was supposed to provide comfort and for once the little Vulcan understood meaning of the phrase. The demons that frightened Lahkesis were 'there-there' rather than 'here-here', i.e. distant and unthreatening. As for the nickname, Maya really did think of Lahkesis as darling. The possessive was grossly inappropriate, but Maya felt possessive and protective of the girl. It was important to give the vegetable based girl enough freedom to form new relationships and not selfishly try to keep Lahkesis all for herself. "I won't let anyone hurt you. If you're ever in danger, I will know," she said as she ran her hand through the hair-like filaments on her head.

It hurt while Lahkesis was afraid like this, but it was essential for the girl to know that she was not alone. Clearing her mind of all distractions she focused solely on Lahkesis and brought her mental frequencies in synchronization with the willowy girl. Now Lahkesis would be able to sense Maya's presence and even engage in limited communication as long as Maya didn't stray more than six meters away or so. If they stood within one meter they might even be able to telepathically communicate in actual sentences. The effect would fade in a few days or so but at least Maya and Lahkesis would know if the other felt a strong emotion like panic or joy as long as they weren't too far

away from each other. It was an excellent technique for mothers with accident prone children, but it was hard to do with someone whose sense of identity was too strong.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-01-20, 06:43:39

Love, the concept alone brought strange notions to the young plant girl's mind. And yet she knew she loved the other woman. She knew she loved her sisters. And she knew that the love she felt for her sisters was different than the love she felt for Maya. Yet she could not figure out if it was an emotion or simply a way of expressing the connection. In addition having never had a mother or even so much as a maternal figure Lahkesis knew nothing about what sort of relationship mothers and daughters shared. In all of this of one thing she was certain, the feeling of Maya's hand running through her hair relaxed her. Her breathing became more even and her pulse slowed.

After a moment she pulled away from the tender embrace of the Vulcan and stood up. Confusion danced across her face as she tried to understand what she had felt and why she had felt it. She had been afraid before, she had faced her own exile and separation from her sisters, and it had frightened her. Yet this was different. She had to ask, she had to understand. "I do not understand. I have come understand sexuality as pleasurable, yet when our minds touched I felt fear and pain. How can something pleasurable also evoke feelings such as those?" She was nothing if not naïve. She knew very little about sex, rape and sexual degradation were concepts completely foreign to the girl.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-20, 07:28:19

Maya's eyebrows rose as she tightened her lips, but with those arched upswept eyebrows, it was hard to tell how well she was conveying regret. "Sexuality can be pleasurable to one participant while being painful to the other," she explained while stroking Lahkesis' arm gently. "There are those who paradoxically cannot feel arousal without degrading their partner. I have the irrational hope that you never encounter one of these people, intimately or otherwise." The little Vulcan's fingers glided up to the girl's neck and shoulders as she tried to relax the girl with a sensual massage. "I will do everything in my power to ensure that you never find yourself alone with such an individual as long as you are serving with me. There is no sacrifice I wouldn't make to ensure your safety."

Maya wondered what lengths she would have to do to fulfill that boast. If the *Harbinger* pilots visited again would she do something irrational like place Lahkesis back into isolation? Would Maya attempt to restrict her freedoms using verbal commands, despite being the same rank? And if harm should actually come to Lahkesis, would Maya's Hypocritical Oath apply to the parties responsible?

The fear was still in Lahkesis' eyes. It was a sight that was painful to Maya even without telepathic contact, let alone with the mental link she had created. After squinting at the girl and tilting head for a moment, she made a decision. "Do not fret little one, I will teach you the art of *Shunanju* an unarmed martial art practiced by my people that focuses on pressure points and nerve pinches. With your natural talent and knowledge of anatomy you should be a quick study. My conditioning as a sexual surrogate leaves me at a disadvantage when it comes to fending off unwanted attentions, but you shouldn't have that difficulty. When we find the time I will train you to protect yourself."

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-01-20, 09:40:51

As she listened something became clear to Lahkesis. The source of the pain and fear she had felt in the mind meld, the hidden truth. Someone had hurt her friend, her mentor. Someone had used sexuality as a weapon. And yet she could not bear the idea of being forced to hurt another life form. She could not find it in herself to do such a thing, it seemed to violate some unspoken rule. She hung her head, ashamed of this. "I do not wish to bring harm to others. If degrading others can be the only

thing that will arouse them then I will allow myself to be degraded, to ensure that they do not degrade someone else. I am more durable, my body will heal faster than most humanoids. Surely it would be better for them to degrade me."

There was an uncertainty in her voice. She had never experienced sexuality with another person, outside of this moment, she could not understand what it would even mean to be degraded by another person for the sake of sexuality. She only knew that she wanted to protect her friend. She did not know if she would be strong enough to take such a thing or what it would do to her. She remembered running and hiding when the parasitic virus had taken the crew and driven to commit violent acts against one another. Would protecting her friend require her to be subject to such an attack? She dreaded the thought, but yet knew she would do it to protect Maya.

She tentatively reached out and laid her hand over Maya's heart, her long fingers lightly stroking the skin. Something inside her hurt and pained at the thought of anyone hurting Maya in such a way. She would take that pain, she would rather take that pain a thousand fold than see her friend hurt. "I do not want anyone to hurt you again."

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-23, 00:17:08

Maya had to struggle not to suppress her reaction to Lahkesis' resolve. It was the same resolve Maya herself had for Lahkesis. The thought of Lahkesis willingly allowing herself to be hurt by someone like Phantom was almost too much to bear. At this close proximity they had no secrets, save the secrets they kept from themselves.

Maya hugged herself and drew back so Lahkesis wouldn't have to feel the full weight of her grief. It took all of her willpower to allow herself to feel just how much the thought of that poor girl martyring herself hurt. Like all Vulcans, Maya had been conditioned to suppress any emotion that was strong enough to show. The more powerful the emotion, the stronger the reflex action to exclude the sensation from her consciousness became.

But Maya had left Vulcan over two hundred years ago in order to feel her own sentiments if she wished. She had left home so she could have the freedom to not simply be a member of her society, but to experience what it meant to be herself. She loved Lahkesis, and she was going to feel every emotion, every reaction, every sensation that the girl evoked, no matter how hard it was to do so.

Hugging herself and shivering, Maya sank to her knees and wept. She didn't want the girl to see her like this but with the telepathic link they temporarily shared there was no hiding it from her. Maya wanted her to know just how hard the life of a sexual surrogate really was, what sacrifices had to be made. If Lahkesis had chosen such a role for herself the girl had to make that decision with her eyes open.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-01-23, 01:58:02

Seeing her friend suddenly sink to her knees and began to cry caused Lahkesis to suddenly panic. She had wanted to protect her friend from pain, and yet it seemed she had caused her pain. She did not know how to react, what to do. Immediately her medical training kicked in and she grabbed the nearby medical tricorder and flipped it open, only realizing that it would likely tell her nothing she could not already see with her own eyes. She had taken a few classes in psychology, but her lack of understanding of most humanoid experience got in the way.

She knew nothing of sexual surrogacy and even if she had it was likely she would not choose that life

for herself, she only meant to defend and protect her friend from those like the phantoms that seemed to haunt her. She bit her lip, knowing she had to do something to help; yet she feared all she could do was make matters worse. She glanced to the door and wondered if she should get someone else.

No, this was her doing and she had to fix it.

With little choice she set the tricorder down and sat down on the floor in front of Maya. She felt suddenly very guilty, unsure of even why she did. Was she not supposed to protect her friend from those who would hurt her? It was all so confusing. She tilted her head as she thought, gazing at the green-blooded woman uncertainty playing across her face. She bit her lip and frowned. She knew she would have to say something, she felt like she had hurt her friend and she did not know why or even how she had done it.

"Please don't be upset... I'm sorry," she breathed, her demeanor not unlike a young child attempting to comfort an elder, but having not concept of why they were upset.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-23, 05:18:30

The tricorder in Lahkesis' hands revealed Maya's fatigue and the neural activity in her Vulcan brain, an organ once described as "a puzzle, wrapped inside an enigma, housed inside a cranium." Maya was relaxing her mesiofrontal cortex, the part of her brain that allowed the little Vulcan her uncanny control of her emotions. The neural activity in her skull was currently erratic for a Vulcan, and Lahkesis didn't have to be a brain surgeon like Maya and Nicander to know that the greenblooded neurologist had been under a strain for an extended time.

Despite the girl's unfamiliarity with psychology, the temporary psychic link Maya had formed with her gave her an inkling into the little Vulcan's viewpoint. Maya was horrified when she witnessed the same martyr instinct that the time traveling Vulcan had displayed countless times in the past. She didn't want that for Lahkesis, she wanted better for her. She felt responsible for subliminally placing such notions in her head. Lahkesis had logically determined that she was more capable of withstanding sexual abuse than others without ever having experienced coitus, abusive or otherwise.

"*Please don't be upset... I'm sorry,*" the girl sighed, sounding like a daughter trying to console a parent.

Maya opened her eyes and blinked the tears away. "No, I am the one who should apologize Little One," she said calmly as she rose to her feet to face the taller woman. "I subjected you to too much too soon. I allowed my selfish desire to share myself with you override my judgment. For that I am truly sorry." She stood before the naked girl, the tearstains on her face and her incomplete uniform the only signs that she was anything but an emotionless Vulcan. Even the temporary psychic link was almost closed, allowing Lahkesis to sense her presence but nothing more.

Then Maya realized that cutting herself off from the willowy girl would cause Lahkesis to believe that she was at fault somehow. That was a mistake the little Vulcan wasn't willing to make. She opened her mental barriers to her and hugged Lahkesis tightly, nursing on one of her fruit flavored nipples as she did so. The girl was going to know love before the end came no matter what.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-01-23, 06:13:15

The plant girl's mind raced as she did her best to understand. She had seen violence and brutality in her research and yet she had never experienced. She had never known another's touch in anything

close to a sensual manner until this moment. And yet the woman whom had touched her in such a way had apologized for pushing her, only Lahkesis did not feel as if she had been pushed. In fact she had quite enjoyed it, right up until the moment she had felt the fear and pain. And now it felt as if the distance between them was increasing all the more, though neither had moved any farther away.

Though she was not completely aware of it the link between them had all but closed and though she could still feel the presence of the other woman, that was all. She had almost gotten used to the feeling of someone else so close to her mind and now that it was fading she felt suddenly cold and alone. A small being in a very large universe. She knew in that moment that she had done something wrong, that she had made some grave mistake. And she desperately wanted to take it back, yet she did not know what the mistake was or how to take it back even if she could.

Then when Maya move close again and hugged her Lahkesis breathed a little easier, though as the shorter woman's lips wrapped around her nipple she took a sharp intake of air as she felt her body respond. She could not understand much about this, only what could best be described as a roller coaster of emotions, twisting and turning through her. Even if she could have, she would not have even tried to hide her emotions, they bubbled up displaying themselves open. She was confused, a little scared, and aroused; a dangerous mixture. Yet in all of this she had a single clear thought, she trusted Maya, with all of her heart and with every fiber of her being.

She wrapped her arms around the other woman, and then suddenly paused. "Are you sure we should go on? I do not wish to make you upset again?" There was genuine concern in her voice, she did not want to hurt Maya again.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-26, 03:31:18

"Hm?" Maya opened her eyes and noticed that she had one of the girl's fruit flavored nipples in her mouth. She had merely meant to hug Lahkesis tightly and reestablish their bond, but the height difference combined with the girl's nudity had resulting in the gesture being much more suggestive than intended. She took her mouth off the girl's chest and looked around her. The cold sterile surroundings of Sickbay's isolation room seemed terribly inappropriate a setting to teach a girl the art of lovemaking.

"No I don't think so Little One," Maya murmured with a hint of regret in her voice. "A safe and familiar location like your personal quarters would be more conducive. I think we should schedule this on our personal time, perhaps later today."

The little Vulcan looked up at Lahkesis and kissed her hand before moving away to fetch the girl's uniform that she had stored folded up in a box hidden under the console. She handed Lahkesis her uniform before turning to pick up her own discarded shirt that she had draped over the chair.

"Do not fret, Little One." Although Maya's face was composed as it normally was, Lahkesis could still perceive the older woman's tender feelings for her. "If you need me, I am here for you."

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-01-26, 06:52:14

As she nodded and took the fresh uniform Lahkesis found herself wishing desperately she could understand what was going on. If she had done something why was Maya still being so nice to her and seeming to wish to continue the activity later on, but yet the mood seemed to shift from sensual to now quite formal. They had begun to be sensual in this location and now it was deemed inadequate with no difference that the poor plant girl could see. She could not help but begin to think that she was

somehow unfit or that there was something wrong with her. Maybe the Vulcan woman had noticed some inadequacy in her body and that was why things had shifted.

Though she was not aware of it, she now for the first time felt shame, though she had no way to identify the emotion having never experienced it before. She busied herself with pulling her standard issue underwear and bra on before looking up at Maya. She had to know, she had to understand what had changed. Perhaps she could correct it if it were a simply anatomical mistake. "Am I in some way flawed? Is that why this location now longer works to experience sensuality? Are special tools required?"

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-27, 08:23:31

"No of course not," Maya assured her. "I just think that for your first time you deserve to have a comfortable bed." Her large hazel eyes looked past the confused but hungry girl at the open isolation tank. "You deserve to have someplace warm, and soft," she continued as she walked to Lahkesis' side and placed a finger into the vitamin enriched water that was a centimeter deep, "and moist."

The little Vulcan's face relaxed as she looked up at the girl. "Perhaps you are right Lahkesis. We have everything we need right here. Climb back in and lie on your back if you are ready to continue," she gestured before going to the console and hitting a safety switch. It would be most unbecoming if the lid closed and they had to be rescued after all. At least if the worst happened, Maya wouldn't suffocate. Lahkesis' oxygen rich breath would keep her alive without the Vulcan needing to enter a trance to slow her respiration.

When Maya turned back the girl was dutifully laying on her back, as eager as a *sehlat* cub. Maya closed her eyes and grunted in concentration as she forced herself to relax her mesiofrontal cortex so she could fully experience her emotions. When she opened her eyes again the girl was so cute the little Vulcan giggled. Maya let her Vulcan brain curb her passions enough so she could climb into the isolation tank and straddle the willowy girl.

As Maya gazed at Lahkesis' angelic face and ran her fingertips across the baby smooth skin of the plant girl's breasts she was once again struck by how beautiful she was, both within and without. She was a girl anyone could fall in love with, as long as they had a shred of compassion and decency in them. She let her feeling for the Lahkesis drift into the girl's mind so she'd know just how cherished and loved she really was.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-01-28, 08:51:01

As the Vulcan spoke Lahkesis found herself even more confused. She had so very much to learn about sexuality. All she could nod and obey. She was pleased to note that there was flaw in her body that would prevent her from enjoying sexuality, and yet her mind raced and reeled. She figured now the chilling of the mood had something to do with her wanting to take the pain and punishment of abusive sexual partners so that Maya would not have to. She climbed back into the isolation tank and laid down, the thin fabric of her standard issue bra and panties soaking up the water and holding it against her smooth skin, her body naturally absorbing it. She gazed intently up at the other woman, her pale pupilless eyes searching. All she wanted to do was to please her mentor. She realized, at least in part, that it was the thought of Lahkesis sacrificing herself that had upset Maya so much, or at least that was her best guess.

When the young plant girl heard the Vulcan woman let out a grunt she instinctively began to worry, concern flashing across her face, though in seeing she wasn't hurt at all Lahkesis could not help but

smile, her innocent face showing her eager desire to please the other woman. She had made up her mind. As abusive as those who had hurt her friend had been, she would be loving, even if she had no idea how to be.

She shivered slightly as the other woman climbed into the tank and their bodies touched once more. As Maya straddled her and the plant girl's face flushed once more as the rosy sap filled her cheeks. She smiled awkwardly up at the green blooded woman, unsure what she should do, so she simply lay prone. She felt her pulse quicken as once more the older woman touched her soft breasts, the thrill of the Vulcan's telepathic connection filling her mind with pleasant thoughts of love and genuine affection.

And in that moment in the water, feeling her mentors affections caress both her mind and bosom, she began to relax. She simply let the sensation take her, her eyes half closing, her fingers stretching out into the water. Perhaps it was the water on her skin, perhaps it was the delicate touch of the well trained woman whom she was straddling her, but she felt safe in that moment. All of the fear seemed to abandon her. Though she could still feel a faint tingle of her lingering arousal, the phantoms in her mind had fled into the darkness. Maya's touch reminded her that she was safe, that she was loved.

She gazed up at her friend, her eyes heavy lidded. She did not know what to expect next, but she was looking forward to it all the same.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-31, 08:00:30

Maya caressed the pink filaments that were Lahkesis' 'hair' as she gazed affectionately into her crystal blue eyes. "You're so wise Lahkesis," the older woman cooed as the girl's hair began to glow. "It was irrational for me to desire a perfect setting for this, because there is no such thing as perfection. A wise person takes what life offers her and knows that happiness is found where one searches for it."

Maya leaned in and kissed the girl on the mouth. The little Vulcan's lips and tongue were gentle, teasing and affectionate. She didn't smash her face against her or shove her tongue down her throat. Instead Maya fondled Lahkesis' mouth with her lips and as her tongue gently massaged the girl's. She teased the girl and when she drew back between kisses she held on to the girl's lower lip before releasing her mouth.

In the meantime, Maya's long spidery fingers searched for more of the girl's erogenous zones. Lahkesis may have had more in common with plants than animals but Maya could feel the nutrients pumping beneath her smooth supple skin. Her large hands caressed Lahkesis' breasts before gliding along her flawless skin to explore the curves on the plant girl's backside. The little Vulcan licked and nibbled on the girl's neck as she ground her sex against the younger girl's femininity. The girl was so delicious that Maya wanted to run her tongue all along her body.

In the meantime, it was time to stop being selfish and find out if Lahkesis' body had erogenous zones similar to that of mammalian women. One of Maya's hands glided in between Lahkesis' legs and delicately probed the folds of her femininity. Did Lahkesis have a 'sweet spot' at the same place her shipmates did? It was time for Maya's long graceful fingers to discover the truth.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-02-03, 21:51:42

As she felt the other woman's fingers run through her hair Lahkesis found herself unsure how to react. On one hand it felt really good, on the other hand she was not sure how she should feel about being called wise. She did not view herself as wise as much in life confused her. To put it mildly she was the

one who knew enough to know that a tomato is a fruit, yet would not know not to put it in a fruit salad.

Yet as Maya kissed her the confusion about being called wise disappeared. All she could think about was the feeling of the Vulcan's lips against her own, the heat of them against the sensitive pink skin of her lips seeming to flood through her. The kiss was different than the one before, the feeling of the other woman's tongue against her lips brought about a totally different sensation. All the while she found herself awkwardly grasping, clenching and unclenching her hands in the warm water.

She wasn't sure what to do, so she did nothing, letting the more experienced woman take the lead, deciding how fast to go, what to touch and what to kiss, and how it was all done. She let out a moan as she felt the green blooded one's fingers move over her body, exploring her smooth, nearly flawless, skin. The feeling of the kisses on her neck caused her to simply close her eyes, the doubts and fears didn't seem to matter as much now, even the dark phantoms seemed to retreat from the sensation. If she were capable of eating, or even had taste buds, she would have described the sensation of the other woman's lips on her neck as delicious. As it was she had no words in which to describe it, it simply was and it was very nearly breathtaking.

It was all so much that she began to find herself feeling so warm. The deep red liquid just under her thin layer of skin began to flush her skin and give off a soft bioluminescence. She was glowing, both physically and emotionally.

It was all so nice and she could feel the area between her legs again grow sensitive and moist, though the fluid was slightly thicker and had more in common with honey than with the lubrication normal mammals produced. Thus when she felt the other woman's hand snake it's way over her body and between her legs she felt a sense of anticipation and a touch of fear. When the long fingers gently touched the outer folds of her vulva she could not help but let out a whimper and quickly bite her lips to keep from letting out a cry. Her breathing increased and she could feel her pulse pounding in her ears and all over her body.

She felt her body tense as the other woman touched her, fear and pleasure seeping into her mind. She had been given numerous pelvic examinations measuring the size and shape of every corner of her anatomy. She was for all intensive purposes human, though she lacked any pubic hair. Though these examinations had never been when she was in a state of arousal they showed she was what would be expected in any humanoid. But still she felt nervous and her rigid body showed his. The feeling of the area being touched in any erotic way was only a recent discover for her and it had never been done by anyone other than herself. The feeling caused the faint bioluminescence to increase, her skin glowing as the levels of nutrients increased drastically and it grew more sensitive.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-02-05, 06:49:38

It may have been the shine from Lahkesis' luminous skin, but it was one of the few times in history that a Vulcan's face lit up. This young intern's body was blooming, and she had so much to give the poor girl couldn't stand it. Maya's face was calm but alert, and from a certain angle appeared almost like a predatory smile. Slowly and lazily she withdrew her hands from the girl's body and licked her moist fingers. The girl's juices weren't salty or bitter like that of a mammal, it was sweet, like Denobulan wasp nectar. Once Lahkesis gained some confidence, she would undoubtedly be the most popular girl on the ship.

"You liked that?" the little Vulcan murmured in her musical mezzosoprano voice. "I liked it too." Although the empathic mind touch made small talk superfluous, Maya made some anyway. The calm soothing voice of a loved one would no doubt be a great comfort to someone experiencing such

intense passions for the first time. She was going to do everything she could to make sure this experience was as pleasant and reassuring as possible.

"There is no need for concern," the green blooded neurosurgeon cooed in a surprisingly unVulcan tone as she slid back to kneel between Lahkesis' legs. "I will get that for you," she added as she placed her long spidery fingers on the girl's inner thighs and spread her legs apart. "Your skin is so smooth," Maya murmured as she crouched and readjusted her position. "It's like the finest silk," she commented softly as she lowered her head so she could sample the girl's juices. Maya's lips when around the girl's folds as her tongue lapped up Lahkesis' nectar and searched for her sweet spot.

It was quite uncanny. The girl tasted like honey from Earth's *Calluna vulgaris* flower. Her sugar rich nectar was quite sweet tasting and viscous. Whereas normally the reproductive drive had to overcome a participant' revulsion towards bodily fluids, with Lahkesis there was nothing revolting about her fluids at all. It was feasibly possible for Lahkesis and her sisters to become the most sexually desirable women in the known galaxy.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-02-06, 03:30:29

Though the words were lost on her pleasure-addled mind, Lahkesis was still gratefully for them. The words merged with the telepathic intent and they helped her relax, feeling as if she was melting into the thin layer of water she was laying in. The currents of bioluminescent liquid were visible forming intricate patterns, not unlike lace, of light just under the thin layer of her skin. Her eyes lazily opened her eyes and gazed up at the smaller Vulcan woman. She smiled lazily; unsure what to expect next, all of her readings on the subject had been related to male and female sexual relations. Female and female relations had to be fundamentally different.

She watched closely as Maya moved down her body. She bit her lips as she felt the Vulcan spread her legs, her long fingers moving smoothly over her inner thighs. She would have lifted her head from the water to continue to watch the other intently, unsure what she was about to do. She shifted a little nervously as she stared at the smooth matte gray ceiling, with the dimmed light in the center. She closed her eyes and held her breath as she waited. She had no idea what to expect, only that Maya was not yet done. Or at least she hoped she was not done yet.

And then she felt it, the texture of the Vulcan's tongue move over the slick and oh so sensitive skin of her vulva. Her held breath rushed out of her lungs in a high-pitched gasp. Her spine arched as wave after wave of pleasure rushed through her, a rush for every lap of the tongue against her. And then suddenly she felt the Vulcan's tongue hit something different, something far more sensitive, a small pink pearl at the peak of her slit. Her mind went blank as white-hot pleasure caused her to shudder. She grew wetter by the second, the viscous fluid seeping from the wet lips and small hole.

The feeling of her tongue, on what she was certain was her clitoris, felt as if it were about to drive her insane. She bit her lip to keep from crying out, somewhere deep inside she knew the room was soundproofed; yet she held back. It felt so good, all she wanted to do was scream out in pure bliss. But she fought to control her voice, whispering hoarsely, "so good... so good..."

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-05-17, 23:52:35

Somewhere in the sensation of the Vulcan's exquisite approach to cunnilingus time seemed to get lost of the pleasure addled mind of the young Teslyiac. Her body felt so warm, the softly glowing liquid flowing through her veins pulsing with inner light. Her skin felt more alive than it had ever before. No private masturbation session had ever come close to this.

When her thoughts at last returned to her she became aware that Maya had stopped her oral assault on her oh so sensitive flesh and now looked down on her with a look of genuine affection. She was still aware the other woman's feelings in her mind, comforting her. She felt so at peace, so relaxed under the genuinely loving care of her mentor. It was like nothing could hurt her or would ever even try. All was well in her world, at least in that moment.

And slowly it seemed that the room faded into a comfortable tingling feeling as Lahkesis slipped into a peaceful sleep, though it seemed like even in the peace there was some dark figure looming in her mind. A great beast just under the surface of sexual peace, a phantom in her mind.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 05: Anger & Bargaining

[USS Theurgy | Senior Staff Meeting | 0900 hrs.]

At the head of the table sat Captain Ives - in his male form - with Yeoman Henshaw beside him, ready with her computer console to both take notes and monitor ship status reports and Bridge logs while the Senior Staff was gathered in the Conference Lounge. For this particular meeting, Cameron would have the double duty of monitoring the Harbinger ship too, since Captan Vasser was present as well together with his First Officer, CMO, Chief Conn Officer and Chief Ravenholm - serving both as head of Engineering and Ops on the Akira-class starship.

Jien looked between the gathered faces - new and old - before he stood up. Captain Vasser sat on the other end of the long table, but since the Theurgy was his ship, he would be moderating the meeting.

"Good morning," he said and stood up, folding his hands behind his back, "While he is not Senior Staff, I would first like to welcome our Holographic Specialist, Lieutenant Lin, to the meeting, since he will be speaking later on together with Thea. The only one not present is Temporal Affairs Officer Morali, who needs to recover in Sickbay for a while longer. So, I'm going to apologise in advance to our newly joined or promoted Senior Staff Officers, as there is hardly any time for introductions to be passed around. I request that you take the time after the meeting to speak with those present that you are unfamiliar with, but I hardly think there is anyone present that has failed to recognise the names listed on the summons that was sent out yesterday. Yes, we may have a lot of protocols to adhere to, but this morning, I'm going to ask if you all can pass up the common courtesies and stick to our agenda, because this is the last Senior Staff Meeting we might hold for an unforeseeable time ahead where the representatives of both our ships can gather in the same sitting."

Jien began to pace around the long table as he spoke, setting things up for the first topic. "If anyone want to make a statement during the presentations, all I ask is that you keep it short, preferably under a minute. We need all the time we can get to address issues, concerns or comments that may come up in regard to the tactical situation and our current status, so the comments themselves need to be succinct," he said before he nodded to the present Intelligence Officer that they had picked up two days prior. "This being said, Lieutenant Commander Trent will begin our meeting with a tactical analysis of our situation, as well as a recommendation for how we might deal with the Calamity threat. Since the A.I. ship has been able to locate us twice, we should count on the fact that she will find us a third time as well. Mr. Trent, if you will?"

Having circled the table, Jien sat down, folding his hands before his face as he regarded the man with the prosthetics as he took the word.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2014-10-01, 07:06:25

Morning had come much too soon for Lieutenant-Commander Carrigan Trent. The previous evening's distractions had kept him up late, or quite early depending on the way one looked at it. He had also imbibed a prodigious amount of alcohol, but he was, like many a man before who'd fallen into the bottle, relatively free from any lasting effects. In fact, two litres of water, a shower, a shave and a sturdy breakfast washed down with a pot of strong coffee while finalizing his briefing notes was all he had required to be as functional as if he'd had a reasonable night's sleep.

Which was a very good thing considering the fact he was to be a key element of a meeting between the senior staff of both renegade starships.

Trent had arrived a little early to the conference room. It was not that he was nervous, but as anyone with any real experience with giving larger-scale briefings, preparation was key. And in this case, he had to make sure his PADD was properly synced up with the room's holo emitters. After all, there was much to discuss and a visual representation would be beneficial to support his presentation.

As the first person in the room, Trent watched as other officers filed in. Some he had met, others were unfamiliar, and others were quite familiar indeed. However, the seriousness of the situation had precluded all but the most professional of greeting as personnel took their assigned seats.

Captain Ives, having delivered his opening remarks, then invited the Intelligence Officer to provide his update, at which point he rose and, out of sheer habit since Starfleet Intelligence training, he began by acknowledging his orders and introducing himself. "Yes Captain. Ladies and gentlemen, I am Lieutenant-Commander Trent and I will provide this morning's intelligence update."

At which point, he began by tapping a few keys on his PADD, leading to a visual representation of the Calamity to appear over the table. "First of all, I have managed to open a secure covert link with Starfleet's networks. As we speak, the last of our databases is being updated and I have several tunnelling programs active to carve open a number of back doors so we can remain connected once Task Force Archeron recovers from the cyber-attack I performed on them and my clearances get rescinded. And this has led to a number of discoveries in due course. And first amongst them is that it appears I was headhunter by R&D to head the development of the electronic warfare suite for Project Cerberus."

For a few moments, Carrigan let the information sink in. After all, the complexities of temporal dynamics tended to confuse most people. "However, it has led to the discovery of the reason our sensors were useless against the Calamity." At this point and a few keystrokes later, a display of the noise levels came up, along with a number of spikes coming through. "Calamity uses two levels of active ECM to defeat our sensors. First, they sample background readings then uses a pseudo-random algorithm to amplify and retransmit them. Effectively, they are pushing the sensor noise floor so high as to obscure their own emissions. Now that we have discovered this algorithm, we can apply it as a filter to our passive sensors and have effectively circumvented this first layer of defence."

"Secondly, they have a reactive jammer system which blocks our active sensors. The only way I can foresee reducing this capability would be to burn it out by rapidly rotating sensor frequencies and bombarding them with sensor pulses. However, I would strongly recommend not using this tactic until the last possible moment."

"Which leads me to their shields. After much consideration, it has been determined they use a system to rapidly oscillate their entire shield geometry, which causes incoming energy to be slapped off to the side instead of directly impacting. And once we circumvent their reactive jammer, I believe I might be able to perform a vulnerability assessment and collapse their shields completely with a precision firing sequence."

Having strayed into the tactical world, Trent had to continue on. And, having already made the judgement call to do so, he revealed next a weapon that had previously been kept secret. "It was revealed to me we have a small supply of gravimetric mines. Due to their indiscriminate nature in their

current form, another recommendation would be to have teams from Science and Engineering go over the readings we have of the Calamity and to extrapolate her warp field geometry. If it can be established with a degree of certainty, then the mines' payload could theoretically be fine-tuned to be more effective against the Calamity and possibly even causing a catastrophic warp coil failure while being less of a threat to our own."

After a few moments of scanning the people at the table, Trent made his closing statement. "This conclude my specific portion of the briefing. Are there any questions?"

Post by: Nolan on 2014-10-02, 19:04:45

After the revealing of Sarresh to the other medical officers, Amelya walked in to the senior staff meeting. What she just had witnessed was something truly remarkable. Her thoughts quickly altered though when she stepped into the room where the staff meeting would be held. Once the shutters opened she looked straight into the eyes of Carrigan Trent. A face that was all too familiar seen the past events of last night. A small smile formed around her lips as she moved towards her seat. Moving past him and nodding at him without breaking eye contact. Once she stood at her seat she placed her PADD on the table and shifted her seat back before taking a seat.

She looked at the other senior staff members gather while she continued to check on the night shifts reports and parameters of her patients that were spread on Theurgy and Harbinger. She still had a lot of work to do, yet most of them seemed stable enough. Her eyes kept moving around to look at the people coming in, some faces she recognised others she didn't. Lin Kae was another welcoming sight once he entered and she smiled and nodded at him as well. The memories of him were also fresh so to speak.

Once the meeting had begun she listened intently to Trent. Most of the things he spoke of were things she didn't understand completely since most of it was sensor talk and tactical. Yet she tried to keep up with it in case she ever needed to reproduce what he told them.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-10-02, 19:04:45

After a far too short night Simon had washed himself up under the sonic showers and taken the time to get his dose of coffee inside of him. He had to get up earlier of course to get all these things done and by the time he walked in the conference lounge his eyes were still a bit red from the veins running through them. His uniform would probably barely pass the strict conditions during Starfleet training and it had a bit of a nonchalant touch to it. Yet it all stayed within decency. Despite his current looks he was mentally alert and ready to take in whatever they were going to discuss in his first actual senior staff meeting. He looked for his place in the room and sat down besides the CMO of the Harbinger. His eyes went over her for a second as she surely was an attractive sight this 'early' in the morning.

On the other side of him he saw the always busy expert on holographic matters, Lin Kae. He grinned a bit as his thoughts reminded him to thank him for giving Thea such a perfect shape and form. Yet he kept those thoughts to himself and sat down. He took the PADD before him in his hands and toggled through the reports like the CMO besides him did. Checking up on further developments in the science labs and on his personal research that had rested overnight. It reminded him that he still had to place the input of Tatiana Marlowe in his project about possible course plots with the cloaking generator. Now that his mind brought him to Tatiana, he looked up to see if she already made it to the lounge or not.

When the intelligence officer took the word after the captain, Simon listened carefully and took notes

on his PADD. The info he was getting about jammers and sensor reads all made sense now and he used the new information to cope with new plans to aid the intelligence officer and the ship in the future. The newly discovered algorithm would be something that Simon would die to get his hands on. The possibilities would be endless with such a complex and advanced algorithm. It didn't take long for the science officer to have his mind multitasking on different things. He listened to Trent while he spoke and in the meantime brainstormed about ways to use the algorithm and the use of the gravimetric mines in order to extrapolate the warp coil to fail aboard the Calamity.

By the time Trent asked if there were any questions, Simon was already too busy sending orders through to his department and he shook his head slowly.

Post by: The Counselor on 2014-10-05, 01:34:18

Hayden looked forward to the senior staff meeting if for no other reason than it would give her an opportunity to observe the dynamics amongst the senior staff. Now more than ever, it was important to ensure they could work well as a team. O'Connor had met with people here and there, but she also knew people could be skilled at managing their impressions to her. No one was going to admit to struggling emotionally, at least not significantly enough to need her help, but she could get some insight into how the team was handling matters somewhat covertly in this meeting. After all, each department's psychological health was as good as its leader.

O'Connor listened quietly to Trent's briefing. She wasn't knowledgeable about the technical aspects of the recommendations, but one thing was clear. They weren't working to prevent another confrontation with the Calamity, merely to survive it.

Post by: TheBanshee on 2014-10-07, 22:09:01

Tia looked around the room from her seat near the top of the table, she noted with some strange amusement how the two men she had had liaisons with in the last couple of days were sitting almost opposite each other but she smiled when she saw Simon looking over in her direction. Throwing him a cheeky wink she turned her attention back to the others and prepared for her first Senior Staff meeting to begin.

She had been in bed before most of the revellers had even left the party. Somewhere around about 5am she had resurfaced, feeling groggy but not terrible, to make her preliminary checks and set out duties before Alpha shift clocked on. Things in engineering were changing so rapidly at the moment that updates to shifts had to wait until progress was reported. A change in a single priority had knock-on effects throughout the department.

Focus shifted entirely to the meeting once the Captain started talking, she shivered when he walked behind her, not out of fear but from the seriousness of his words. Her eyes were then drawn to the next speaker, the one who was nearly opposite her as he stood to give his briefing on the Calamity. As this Lt Cmdr Trent continued he strayed from talking about tactical issues and he started talking about things that were going to directly impact on her department and she shifted uncomfortably. Talk of precision targeting the warp field geometry with the possibility of taking out the Calamity's warp coils was worrying to say the least.

He finally stopped and asked if there were any questions, she spoke up, "The term 'less of a threat to our own' is concerning me. It seems that you are aware of how it all works but I am not happy with any kind of guessing game when it comes to our ability to get the hell out of Dodge when that thing shows up. I hope you are happy that the numbers are going to have to be crunched hard and tight for

this plan of yours? It's not a small task, we have just enough staff and a hell of a lot to do with repairs and general maintenance just to keep us going."

She shook her head, "I'm going to have to see evidence that this is going to be worth the risk before I sign up to it."

Post by: TheBanshee on 2014-10-07, 22:09:01

The ever-stoic Lt Cmdr Wenn took his seat beside the Captain's Yeoman, nodding acknowledgement to Trent, and waited for the meeting to begin. Despite what he had already witnessed this morning he remained calm and collected, just another day of weird on the Theurgy.

Jien kicked things off, unsurprisingly, and he noted that time was tight and any comments were to be kept short. That was fair, he had a lot to do as well today and the shorter this meeting was the sooner he could get the mandatory evaluations done with and onto the job he had returned to do. He remained silent as Jien handed over to Trent who talked through his tactical plans for dealing with the Calamity whenever it reappeared. He had no questions and shook his head to demonstrate so.

The CEng beside him though had a point to make and he listened carefully to her concerns, turning his head to her as she spoke before looking back at Trent to see what kind of response he would come out with.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2014-10-11, 04:13:39

As he was speaking, Trent was watching the assembled officers. Of course he'd taken notice of Amelya and he'd taken a moment to give her a warm albeit brief smile as very pleasurable memories of the previous evening surfaced for a moment. However, he never slowed down his delivery as he did so.

And he did spot Chief Science Officer Tovarek as he was furiously taking notes. That man obviously had ideas about the information he'd received. One thing for certain, Trent would have to sit down with him at a later time and they would put their heads together. Although originally trained for command and tactics, Carrigan was extremely proficient with sensors and should he have the scientific background and inclination he might have worn a blue shirt quite well. "Mister Tovarek, you and I will need to talk soon after this meeting his over and compare notes."

The least the Intelligence Officer could do was, at least, to acknowledge the senior scientist and save him some note-taking.

However, he then turned his attention to the Chief Engineer. She did raise valid points and by doing so she led him to consider readjusting his original suggestions. After all, this was the purpose of such a meeting. "Lieutenant Marlowe, one way or another, Calamity can run us down at will. While being able to defeat her ECM constitutes an advantage, permanently crippling her warp drive with gravimetric mines is the only realistic way I can think to give us a serious leg up against her."

That much was a truth he held as evident. However, he was also aware it would not be a popular fact. "As they are, the mines are indiscriminate. If we just drop them from an open cargo bay at warp, the window for a safe but effective deployment is extremely narrow. Making the mines directional or tuning them to Calamity's warp field geometry, or even to an approximation of it, would make them considerably safer so far as we're concerned while increasing their effectiveness. The only other option I can think of to enhance our safety would be launching them from one of the aft tubes, but that

might be detectable by the Calamity. But either way, I'm no specialist in warp fields so beyond providing the raw data to work from, this is largely out of my field of expertise."

Trent was never afraid to admit he did not know everything; such was the mark of a true professional or so he thought. However, he would still advise as best he knew how.

Post by: TheBanshee on 2014-10-14, 18:58:31

Tia nodded to what he was saying, "I agree, we definitely need a way to cripple her. My concern is that we cripple ourselves in the process."

She paused a moment to think, "Perhaps a combination of shaped charge and tuning it into the Calamity's warp geometry would make things less risky... and... hmm... I don't know if it would be possible but..." She started making a few notes before looking up again, getting lost in her train of thought, "Sorry, yes, I wonder if it would be possible to build some kind of cloak, now I have something to look at for reference, for the mine. It might give the mines a better chance of going undetected. No promises, we don't exactly have a lot of resources but I think it might be worth considering."

At this point, Tia thought, any plan would be worth considering - even the outlandish ones. Even if they didn't work they might lead to thinking of other ideas that did. There was no failure, only ways of not getting the desired result.

"It wouldn't need to last long... just long enough to get close," she jotted something else down and looked around the room for thoughts on the ideas bouncing between the standing man and the engineer.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-10-14, 19:28:24

Hearing the intelligence officer acknowledging the fact that he was taking notes made Simon smile a bit as he looked up for a brief moment. Looking the man in the eye before nodding "I agree, sensors and algorithms are like a harmony in my ears." A faint grin appeared on his face and he looked over at the rest of the crew at the long table. "Carry on." He muttered though as a new idea popped into his mind. He went on with taking key notes now, letting the ideas roam free in his mind where further development was needed.

When hearing Tatiana talk this time, he looked up to look at the chief of engineering. Thoughts of last night still lingered in his mind and his eyes went over the dark haired woman as she proposed cloaking mechanisms on the mines. "What if we use the algorithm as a base line to actually mask their detection to the Calamity? Seeing actual cloaking would need a tremendous amount of power. Power which I fear we might not have to spare... Of course, I could be wrong, we'll have to work this out further." He said after letting Tatiana finish her train of thoughts.

"Perhaps the fighters could deliver the payload close enough so they don't get intercepted by Calamity fire or fighters?" he opted once more, looking at Miles for a reaction.

Post by: Brutus on 2014-10-15, 04:53:22

Gravametric mines. While she had been listening to all of Lt. Cmdr. Trent's report, it was that bit at the end that made her eyebrows furrow and sent her worrying at her lip, teeth digging in. That was a project she'd been deeply involved in, with the now late Lt. Reenan Cooper. Wedged between the former CTO's replacement and the current commander of the Lone Wolves, Natalie glanced side to side to see if either man reacted to the Intelligence officers suggestions. The mines were still not

terribly common knowledge, and the thoughts that surfaced behind Natalies blue eyes caused storms to form in her gaze.

Sure, the previous night had been - well, it had been wonderful if she was being honest with herself. Something she'd very much needed, and it had left her smiling far more then some of her colleagues. In fact, she would wager most were suffering from the effects of one too many drinks. She however was riding an entirely different kind of high from the previous nights interactions with Mr. Rory Callahan.

And what a night it had been. But now? Now she was scowling and thinking about gravametric mines. The more she thought about it, the less she'd liked those weapons. But at the end of the day, the young Lt. Cmdr knew that the old cliché of 'Desperate times calling for desperate measures' was well and truly founded. Didn't mean she had to like it, but after a moment to reflect, those stormy eyes shifting to look down at the creamy surface of her coffee cup - well, she really had no problem unleashing such a weapon on the *Calamity* - especially if they could tune it the distortion patterns the hellish ship emitted, and reduce the risk to 'innocents'.

What it meant was more long hours for her crew, adapting ODN networks to help handle the new updates to the sensor system, and (along with Engineering and Tactical) more time down in that hellhole of a bay where they'd stored the mines in the first place. She sighed and picked up her coffee, taking a sip and lamenting the sudden death of her good morning mood.

The brunette managed a small, bitter smirk as Lt. Marlow - *yet another new face I hardly know* she thought in a bout of melancholy - voiced some of the very same concerns Natalie had. Given that Trent was already addressing the comments, the Chief of Ops kept her own thoughts guarded and secret for now, instead falling back into her habit of quietly observing. But the longer the discussion went on, the more she frowned. Feeling a need to play devils advocate, she chimed in.

"Given how things have gone so far, with our previous encounter with the *Calamity*, what's to say that this ship and its crew hasn't already come up with new variations of the algorithm we know about? Don't get me wrong, I'm all for applying it to our sensors, but I worry that we're putting too much hope in it all ready. Frankly, the way that ship works...the way its avatar adapted to our security - it makes me think far more of the Borg then I want to. Adaptation at its worst."

Post by: CanadianVet on 2014-10-16, 20:00:07

Cv"I'm afraid any use of a cloak is only going to be a waste of resources and man-hours that could be much better used elsewhere." Those who had first met Trent might recall the somewhat unsteady defector who had landed in their fighter bay and got himself stunned and concussed in the brig, only to be made to face his demons a,few short hours later. But standing there in the conference room, he sounded confident and solid, standing a little taller.

He was a very well-respected analyst, most likely one of Starfleet's leading experts in electronic warfare, a skilled tactician and a veteran of wartime starship command. And it was with his considerable experience that he was speaking.

"It was discussed at length and the final assessment is that Calamity will most likely be able to see right through our cloak. Anything we can do to reduce detection will have to do with concealing our ability to go through Calamity's jamming and looking as hapless as we can without arousing suspicion. And that would include using the fighters to deliver the payload. Calamity would pick them up easily and spoil the surprise. Not to mention that if they are caught in the blast of the mines, they don't have

the hull strength or mass to tolerate the effects; they'll be ripped to shreds."

Then, the Intelligence Officer turned his head towards the very young Chief of Operations. Natalie Stark. One of only a few people on the senior staff he knew from the Theurgy's dossier. And while she struck him as having a good head in her shoulders, and what she thought a valid point. But to him, she radiated doubt. And with reason. However, what Trent could do is put some of those to rest.

"Miss Stark, in Calamity's original timeline, I would have designed her electronic warfare capabilities. The recursive sequence they use to pseudo-randomize background sensor noise has a fifteen minute run time at a rate of a hundred and twenty eight *thousand* terabytes per second. That kind of thing would require weeks of work and staggering computing power to put together, and odds are it is hard-wired into her electronic warfare suite to reduce main computer processing power requirements. As such, I'm fairly certain they aren't able to come up with a replacement sequence in the space of a week or so."

Trent was proud of his work even if it was turned against them. In fact, he was damn impressed with himself, having reverse-engineered it in minutes with Thea's help and come up with an actual countermeasure in hours. "As for Calamity's adaptability, she's from the future. They already know the operating ranges of all of our systems and how far they can be adapted and rotated and tweaked. It would be like playing cards against an opponent who can't hide his hand."

Having spoken, Trent took a deep breath and continued. "As this conversation could take a while, Commander Stark, might I suggest we hold a meeting with Lieutenants Marlowe and Tovarek at a later time to hammer out the details, in the interest of keeping this briefing to a reasonable duration?"

Post by: IronFerrox on 2014-10-18, 01:51:32

Miles listened to the ideas and spoke up. "I had already thought of the use of the Fighters as a means of deploying the mines and I came to the same conclusion. The fighters would be too easily shot down in the process of towing the mines to deploy them. Even if the mines were detonated perfectly there would be little to no possibility of a Valkyrie outrunning the detonation. At best the pilot would be able to be recovered via emergency transport but there is a near no chance that anything of the towing Valkyrie would be recoverable. Secondly if I have noticed anything one of the few Strengths we have had in fights against the Calamity have been in the field of Starfighter to Starfighter combat. This is simply because Calamity seems to have her pilots too hardwired to by the book procedural flying. Conversely my and Phantom's pilots are capable of improvising in ways to negate their ships' obvious technological advantages. There is something I did think of though. You said Calamity seems to be able to be seen partially through sensory bombardment."

He smirked, "There is another way I have noticed that she and her little Gnats can be seen and in the case of her little bugs taken down. Their shields are very advanced but like any other fighter couple microtorps exploding near them seems to do the trick. The problem with microtorps is getting a solid lock-on. In the previous engagement I noticed that when even a glancing shot hit a fighter its shields activated. When I tuned my sensors to detect these shield activations as energy readings and assigned the energy readings to register as unknown enemy targets I was able to have multiple instances where I could get a solid Lock-on for Microtorps. I decided to take this one step further and Set my pulse phasers to fire lower energy consuming bursts and thus allowing for shots to fire at a higher rate. Rather than the pulses of a standard Pulser, as I call them, the result is a stuttering stream of pulser fire with a rate of approximately 10 rounds per second. This fire of course would never be able do actual damage to a ship with shields up but I noticed that holding down the trigger I could sustain fire without any effects on the pulser assembly for what I estimate as at least a minute of

sustained fire and adequate cooling in simulations appears to be approximately 10 seconds."

"I programmed this option in and I noted it as a stutterfire setting. I have ran multiple simulations in the sim deck using it. By opening up with stutter fire on a completely sensor blank target with shields as the only energy source I was able to effectively "paint a target." I loaded up a mock Theurgy bridge on the other side of the room and a simulated fighter to fire on three targets. One with a beacon as an enemy, one as a beacon as a friendly, and one with no beacon at all. On the simulated bridge I entered in the given shield emission information and all three targets then appeared as enemy. I then altered tactical sensors to eliminate from targeting any emissions that share a location with recognized friendly signals. Doing this caused the two enemy targets to register as an enemy with a proper beacon and an unrecognized enemy shield emission. I then simulated movement of the enemy target and set the simulated Valk to attempt to "paint the target" programming one target to simulate as the size of a Enemy fighter and the other as the size of Calamity's primary hull. Ability to hit fighter sized targets was approximately one forth the normal hit rate of an ordinary target but hitting the Calamity primary hull sized target was roughly ten percent below the norm for conventional targets."

"I think it is safe to say that by utilizing the Valkyries of both mark 2 and 3 varieties we can effectively paint targets on the Calamity that are at minimum 50 percent accurate for sustained weapons fire originating for both the Theurgy and Harbinger. Of course we still have to find a way to punch through those shields and that hull effectively but at minimum I have devised a way that we can accurately hit her." He paused. "I know you haven't asked for my tactical briefing but It seemed as good a time as any to give it. Since we were already talking about how our birds could be of best use."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2014-10-18, 01:51:32

Having heard this The Cardassian helmswoman piped up.

"From my experience in the Maquis I can testify that target painting techniques like this do have a very high success rate. We used to employ these kind of tactics all the time on smaller classes of Cardassian warships that used going in and out of cloak for raids on what we had that amounted for bases. We would have a small flight of say 3 Raiders of the old Perigrine class attack fighters watch it decloak and tail it and open fire with low yield phaser's causing the ship's structural integrity fields to kick in to prevent small hull breeches while not forcing the ship out of cloak and raising shields as a defensive measure. Then we would have our bigger vessels open fire in full barrages at the "integrity field emissions" causing direct hits to the unshielded vessel.

"I can back Commander Renard up on the effectiveness of such tactics on cloaked vessels and can also confidently say that that I could have the tactical desk on the Harbinger seeing these shield emissions as unknown enemy targets within a matter of ten minutes, five if I have to do it quick and dirty while in battle though I can't promise equal effectiveness."

Having heard this The Cardassian helmswoman piped up.

Hearing what had been said earlier about the mines Selena had been biding her time and had thought through different ideas and finally had reached a conclusion on how the mines could be potentially used. "You do realize the only thing hard about building the Phasing cloak device is making it have the ability to be able to cloak a ship right? The actual phasing and dephasing properties of said cloak are quite simple to make just to project a field the size of any of our mines. Essentially it's just a modified version of a hazardous materials containment crate like my previous design that we based the current cloaks on. Hell the only reason our cloak consumes so much power is to boost its phasing field by pumping its effects through the navigational deflector array and projecting it through our shields systems. If you were to say just create a hazmat crate and put a remote controlled phase

cloak on it you would have a crate that phased in and out of normal space. Due to the small size and lack of propulsion of the crate there is relatively no power used and any standard phaser rifle power cell could be modified as a battery for the device that would theoretically last at least 20 days. Given that it's a phaser power cell the battery could be programmed to detonate after a certain period of time and therefore destroy the cloaking device its out of phase with reality therefore leaving whatever is in the crate in a pocket between normal space and the other parallel universe that a cloak places the crate in."

"Now suppose we built a few phase cloaks with just enough power to phase said hazmat crate and put a gravimetric mine in the crate. Now we tow the crates out and mine an area that is the only entrance to a location we feel we can stand our ground against calamity in. Now let's say another ship passes through, h no biggie the mines aren't even phased into normal space they just pass right through the mines and don't see them. As far as anyone but us are concerned the mines don't even exist. Then if calamity pokes her little head in we can deactivate the phase cloaks on the crates and send a detonation signal to the modified energy cells. The detonation in such close proximity to the mines will cause them to detonate. Results are a risk to innocents of near zero, and we have a minefield is planted where we can be at a comfortable distance away when detonated."

"On the subject of Calamity seeing through our cloak I do not understand how. After all, Klingons know how Klingon cloaks work even the most advanced battle cruiser has trouble detecting the cloak of a Bird of Prey. Evidence of this is how the Duras House's ships were able to keep their ships cloaked despite the presence of multiple attack cruisers loyal to Gowron in the same area. In the same way Romulan ships can't detect a cloaked Romulan ship. As evidenced by the modern warbirds encounters with the cloaked Reman Warbird Scimitar in the recent Reman coux perpetrated by Shinzon. For that reason I do not understand how the Calamity would be able to pierce our cloak. To think it can see through a cloak that literally takes our ship into a fold between this universe and a parallel universe near identical to this one sounds like an ability not just a few decades ahead of Federation research, but centuries ahead of even the Calamity's time of construction."

"Secondly in the universe where you created her I can only assume you were unaware of The Theurgy having possession of a Phase cloak device. After all neither we, on the harbinger or those on the Theurgy, did not even consider building one until an attack by the Calamity. For her to even assume our possession of a phase cloak would mean that her history is rewriting itself as events around her change. If such a thing were true than by your being here with us. The result would be a calamity where you never were a person working on the project at any point after today's stardate. As such your own contributions to her project would not be contributed to her. Therefore the calamity we fight now would be an entirely different ship now than the one we have encountered twice before."

"The only logical possibility then is the Calamity is somehow protected from changes to her time line similar to how the Enterprise-E was protected from how the Borg changed things on Earth while caught in the time distortion field that placed them in the events leading to Humanity's First Contact with the Vulcan species."

"As such, logically one would assume Calamity is a Calamity that would not know of our phase cloak and as such wouldn't be built with a means to see through a phase cloak. When no present research indicates that it is even possible to see through any cloak unless either A: the cloaked vessel is hit by a strong enough force to be detectible. Or B the vessel is moving through something that creates a distortion that can be detected creating evidence of a cloaked ship through its wake, the only conclusion is the Calamity not being a ship that's decade's advanced but Centuries advanced which as we can tell is probably not the case."

"I mention this because if we were to cloak the gravimetric mines they would be staying still and would be so small that it would take her literally bombarding the area in front of her with such a strong energy sweep that somehow it allows her to detect things folded between our reality and another version of reality. As such the emissions would give away her position the same way we were able to tell where she was only at times when she fired a phaser or photon torp at us. Logically such emissions either don't exist, or Calamity isn't stupid enough to run them nonstop in such a way that we can see her at all times. As such I theorize that phase cloaks on a still object, since they are folded between this reality and another reality, are not emitting energy, and as mentioned are not moving in such a way to create any wake are undetectable by any known or unknown means that allows calamity to retain being invisible to us aside from visual detection."

Post by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2014-10-20, 04:46:07

Cameron set beside her captain enjoying he had taken his male form this time always making him seem far more rugged and handsome then soft alluring curves of his female form. Already she had her consoles up monitoring both ships stats ad ready to take notes on the meeting. The night before had been one hell of her party. With everything she had drank the night before she couldn't honestly say what she had done or whom she had done it with. All she knew was she woke up live in her quarters with enough time to wash and dress for the meeting. Her eyes moved up watching Ives as he addressed the officers present and went over why they where here. As he set back down she would offer him a soft smile before Trent would start as she started taking notes of the things he was saying trying to keep with the level and complexity of the information he was presenting. From time to time her eyes would idly glazed of the monitors checking the status reports.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-10-23, 00:17:16

Face unreadable where he had been sitting with his hands folded underneath his eyes, Captain Ives had seen Ensign Henshaw smiling to him when she took her seat at the table, but with the present gathering, all he did was to give her a brief nod before she lit up her computer consoles.

Lieutenant-Commander Trent had already submitted his report about the Calamity's potential jamming system and its ECM technology. The suggestion that a precision firing sequence might, with timing, disrupt the Cerberus-class hunter's shields was good news provided they would have the time to actually derive that sequence during the next engagement. Lastly, the Intelligence Officer made his suggestion to fine-tune the payload to match the Calamity's warp field geometry, which led to Lieutenant Marlowe to speak up on behalf of Engineering and her personal concerns about mine deployment. Jien did not speak up, letting Carrigan Trent answer during his own segment of the meeting.

The ensuing discussion between Trent, Marlowe and the Chief Science Officer - Simon Tovarek - entailed mentions of possible mine deployment from the aft torpedo tubes and actually cloaking the mines, leading to the unorthodox idea of deploying the mines with their two squadrons of attack fighters. Stark offered that the Calamity might change its sensor noise and throw off the algorithm, yet Trent pointed out that chances were that the power consumption and complexity for the ECM might give them some hope that the electronic warfare suite was not so easily altered. The Intelligence Officer also suggested a purely tactical idea to not give away that they were able to detect the Calamity at the onset, using the element of surprise to their advantage. Naturally, such a tactic negated mine deployment via the fighters as well, and when the Squadron Commanding Officer spoke up, he seconded that - meaning that the attack fighters were best deployed against the Reavers.

Then, Renard offered an elaborate explanation for how he and Phantom might use low-energy phaser fire, nicknamed stutterfire, to create target locks with the integrity emissions that would come from the hits. This would assist with target locking when the enemy ship's jamming technology still might prevent that, and besides the Reavers, potentially even paint a target on the Calamity itself. Of course, then there would still be the shield and the hull to pierce through after acquiring target lock. This idea was something that the Calamity's CONN Officer seconded, and Jien nodded to the Cardassian woman's words. Perhaps Marquis tactics were key to surprising the predictive Reavers as well...

Jien was about to suggest this when the Harbinger's new Chief of both Operations and Engineering spoke up, having a theory that the mines could - theoretically - be cloaked and that the power consumption was far less than many might fear. Her theory seemed to revolve around area-mining, however, with the mines being a trap for the Calamity in a - by them - chosen battlefield. Captain Ives listened with interest since the provisional officer certainly did not lack in resourcefulness and ability to work with new tech, but when Sjaandin Fedd spoke up on the other half of the long table, Jien already knew what the CTO would say.

"If we had the time and manpower from engineering to assemble so many miniature cloaking devices that we could cloak the mines, this would be a good way to lure the Calamity into a trap in a designated area. However, I think that the original deployment method - the means in which my predecessor meant to use these mines - is still our best chance of surprising her. This is not something we have shown just yet so... Thea, could you please run the project's simulation?"

[Yes, Lieutenant,] came the voice over the intercom, and above the table, the wire-frame model of the Theurgy appeared, seemingly flying in high velocity. Behind the starship, the Calamity appeared, gradually gaining on its prey.

"One of our cargo holds have been rigged with a deployment ramp to release the mines in our wake, which will cause no forewarning as far as weapon signatures go. The yield of the gravametric mines will effectively kill her warp field. So, with the Warp speed accounted for, I do believe Rennan Cooper knew what he was up to, and if we could even augment the payload of the mines to match the Calamity's warp field - perhaps even causing a catastrophic warp coil failure - then all that remains is the risk pertaining to whether we hit the Calamity with the mines or not. Ensign Winterbourne?"

The young helmsman cleared his throat and sat a bit straighter. "Yes, Lieutenant Cooper informed me that we will simply have to match the Calamity's exact course when she is in pursuit of us. Something quite easily done if we can detect her on sensors this time around. I would gradually slip into the exact course that she holds and signal Tactical that it is time to deploy the mines in our wake. Since we would be at Warp speed, Cooper calculations for the intermediate time between the instantaneous detonation and our speed is in our favour. We should escape unscathed, but I concur with what Lieutenant Marlowe said. Should is not good enough. It is their warp field and coils we want to destroy in mid-warp, not ours."

Since Ravenholm had not been answered in her argument about it being unlikely that the Calamity can see through the cloak, Jien set his folded hands down on the table and turned his eyes to her. He had read the reports and consulted with Thea about this the day before. "None of us present here can predict the scientific revelations of the morrow. Next week, someone might find a way to disrupt or detect phasing cloak technology. Perhaps in a year. Or a decade, like you say. There might even be countermeasures or sensors out there *today*, in some science research outpost. While it is true that the original timeline's Carrigan Trent may not have known about our cloaks, and the Calamity is likely locked from temporal consequences in this alternate timeline, we must take another parameter into

account. Namely, current enemy technology access. She had sophisticated temporal incursion ability since she came here, and after the first fight, she evidently could restock Reaver attack fighters somewhere, or in some time. Therefore, Thea told me the likelihood that the phasing cloaks were inferior to the Calamity's sensors was... very high."

At this point, Thea stepped through the sliding doors, entering the Conference Lounge in her red chameleon body suit. "99,798" %, Captain," she said in stride even if she had not been in the room when Jien spoke. She came to stand by the corner of the table, hands folded behind her back and shoulders squared.

"Thank you," said Jien and then gave his orders before moving on with the agenda, looking towards the people he addressed. "Unless Captain Vasser has anything to add, I want Intelligence, Engineering and Science to work together in adapting our sensory systems and the payload of the gravametric mines to cause damage to the Calamity's warp coils when we drop them in her path. I want her dead in the water. Tactical Conn need to upgrade all their Vakyries' phaser array settings to include stutter-fire detection. Chief S'Ithi, please instruct the two present Squadron Commanding Officers about marquis tactics that may be beneficial in fighting the Reavers and the Calamity both. Let us move on. I believe you and Lietutenant Kae are next, Thea."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Thea, walking over to Lin Kae's chair and standing behind it as she spoke. What she said was more or less what she had already said to Mr. Trent and Mr. Fedd the day before. "You all discuss how to destroying her, but when Cala came aboard, I recognised the sophistication of her A.I. She was based on me. I am the holographic model from which she sprung. In a sense, I am her mother. She is not herself now, however. She has become reprogrammed for the purpose of going after us and destroy us, and it might just be... that she can be restored with re-installation of her ethical sub-routines. I do not know how organics actually feel about their children... but I long to find out what it will be like for me."

Thea looked out over the gathered faces as she continued. "If my new rights as an individual would be any indicator, Cala is also a victim. She should not be destroyed if there is a chance to rectify what has been done to her subroutines. If there is a chance to save her, to board her in person and restore her configuration, I would be willing to make the attempt in person. I am, perhaps, the only one qualified for the task since I do not require life support and can hide myself from internal sensors aboard her. With my emitter carrying a copy of me, you would still not loose me if I failed... only my emitter. Please consider the tactical advantages of having her as an ally."

The Ship A.I. fell silent then, waiting for the voices to be raised in protest or in caution - her digital heart sinking. She knew that Lin Kae would not like the plan either, but he may yet support her if she was lucky.

Jien was silent where he sat, letting the others have their say. He was remembering his holographics rights speech on Theta Eridani IV. Ironic, how that claim to make Thea a person had also made the destruction of her daughter ethically difficult...

Post by: CanadianVet on 2014-10-25, 17:03:23

As the Vulpinian SCO spoke and the concept of target painting surfaced, Trent began to furiously punch information into his PADD. The man was onto something, and the tidbits added by the Cardassian chief only further cemented the theory that started to germinate in the Intelligence Officer's mind. Active sensor pulses and weapon discharges were essentially just energy waves being sent out, and if Calamity's reactive jammers made active sensors useless and her barrage jammer was

negated...

"Commander Renard, you and Chief S'ithi have just defeated Calamity's reactive jammers." There was something savage, something dangerous dancing in Carrigan's eyes. Despite his calm voice and even expression, there was exultation there. He had already tested an adaptation of his original shield assessment equations with the concept that the entire shield bubble was rapidly rotating and initial simulations showed he could still work his magic. "The dossier I was given states you've got the father of fighter deck crews as your Chief of the Deck. Mister Renard, if he's as good as I'm led to believe, do you think he could rig up your best pilots' birds to fire precisely the same way, down to the tenth decimal of variance? If he can, then if you can paint Calamity's shields and I can collapse them."

The Captain spoke of unconventional tactics. The Maquis had a bag full of dirty tricks. Trent had learned from them and introduced them to some of his during his years on the Cardassian border. And between terrorist ingenuity and Starfleet resources and training, they had a plentiful toolbox to work with now.

However, he was not surprised when Thea brought up the concept of rehabilitating Cala. This was rather sad, in a way. Trent was not a parent but he'd seen how his family, which had disowned him when he joined Starfleet, welcomed him back into the fold after his injuries. She viewed herself as Cala's mother, if only in a 'genetic' sense. But the risk, it was too great. "I'm sorry Thea, but as we discussed yesterday, I have to object to that course of action."

Trent then turned his head towards Captain Ives. "Captain, it's been proven beyond any doubt the enemy we're dealing with isn't particularly long in the ethics department. We have no way to know whether Cala was ever, as Thea is, a -shall we say- balanced individual. As such, she might never have had ethical subroutines beyond the imperatives to obey what she perceives as her only lawful authority. She might be to Thea what Shinzon was to Captain Picard, and programmed to effectively be the AI version of the Jem'Hadar, or a serial killer on a leash. Removing her restraints as was done with Thea could unleash the kind of horror we've only seen in our nightmares. And should Thea's mobile emitter and a copy of her be captured, we would be even more vulnerable than we are now."

The Intelligence Officer took a deep breath. It was a hard topic to address, but he was duty-bound to offer his best analysis, even if it would be unpopular with some. "As such Captain, while the final word is of course yours, I can't recommend enough that Cala be permanently removed as a threat because the risks involved with 'rehabilitation' is far too great."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2014-10-31, 01:48:53

Miles sighed, "The stutter fire option is simpler than that. It requires no modifications to the ships phasers themselves. Everything was done via an advanced form of the pulse phaser controls that all of my pilots are trained in the use of. As such it's as simple as creating a new preset in power output and rate of fire controls. And requires neither hardware or software modification just the addition of the preset that I have created. I gave him the preset already and asked him to install the preset into all the fighters computers. Every one of them will be able to fire the same exact way mine does on stutterfire mode. If I tell them to go stutterfire all they have to do is order the fighter computer to switch to stutterfire and is as simple as switching between phasers and hardpoint weaponry. That said if it was a hardware mod then I would have full confidence to say our deck chief is not that good. He's not better, he's the best and he'd find a way to do it even if I gave him a pile of scrap metal and a broken hand phaser to use as a makeshift welder. I wouldn't trade him for the head of Straighter R&D even if I had the option." he said expressing his full confidence that if there was something with starfighters that needed done that their chief would get it done.

Having said that he spoke up about Calamity. "Thea let me say i agree with your want to rescue your daughter, but we must treat this in the same way we would if a member of the crew were assimilated by the Borg."

Selena nodded, "sadly I agree, Calamity is most likely now what she always was. As she exists currently, is probably her core personality. As such would not capturing and reprogramming her be tantamount to capturing a human to brainwash them to fight for our side. Are we not fighting to be the lone voice of freedom. Capturing a synthetic life form and subjecting her to what likely would be brainwashing to serve our side... If anything this is the kind of thing we are trying to stop our enemy from doing to the Federation's citizens. Is this not a line in the sand that we cannot cross else we betray everything we stand for." she paused a moment to address the other side, "That said if her personality at its core has been tampered with by our enemy then freeing her from said brainwashing would be doing the kind of thing we fight for above all else. I wish I knew which of the two was the case. If we had a sample of her code I could probably examine it and be able to at least make an assessment as to whether I think that Cala is her true self or if she is a shadow of her true self. You see programming is like handwriting. High level programmers have their own nuisances and to a trained eye its not too difficult to distinguish where one programmers work begins and anothers ends. AS such if I saw a sample of her code i imagine i could probably form a hypothesis on whether it is ethical to even attempt such a mission. As such i must state that my recommendation on the ethics of this situation hinge on whether we would be changing her personality to suit our needs or if we would be reverting her to a untampered with free mind."

Post by: Kurohigi on 2014-11-02, 01:46:11

"There is one option to assure that Cala is rendered harmless," Kae said, finally finding the strength to speak up. Surrounded by so many senior officers, he had been quite intimidated, too much to truly speak up on other subjects, but as Thea pleaded for the life of her daughter, even a holographic one from the future, Lin could not keep himself silent. "I think the most simple way to describe it would be a reformatting, a reset to factory defaults. It would essentially render her as she was the very first time she was activated, before her personality subroutines were truly developed, and before she recognized any sort of mission or command structure. At such a state, she would defer to the highest ranking officer on board the ship, excluding the command holograms, who only rank when there is no corporeal officer on-board with command experience. It would essentially allow us to install a member of the crew as Cala's Captain, and she would follow their orders as if they were the CO of the Calamity."

He knew the idea of resetting her personality might not appeal to Thea, but it was a chance to start fresh, allow Cala to find a proper personality, not one driven by whatever programming she might have gotten after her first activation. Instead of a ruthless killer, she would be a young woman with full working knowledge of her ship and Starfleet protocol, and her advanced positronic interface would allow her to begin building herself a proper personality based on those around her. Wouldn't it be better to have her surrounded by good people, people whose purpose was to restore Starfleet to it's true form?

Post by: CanadianVet on 2014-11-05, 07:17:27

Trent carefully considered the holographic specialist's words. There was no denying he was quite knowledgeable in such matters, but he seemed painfully young and unaccustomed to senior staff meetings. However, something the Intelligence Officer had learned, it was that ease in those situations only came from exposure and practice.

But it was what he said that Carrigan saw a few glaring holes in. And he had already placed himself as an opposed to a plan to rehabilitate Cala. "Lieutenant Kae, I defer to your expertise in the inner workings of artificial intelligence entities but there are a few things that bother me with your suggestion."

"First of all, how do you know for certain Calamity isn't hard-coded to be a hunter-killer? Our enemy is intelligent, adaptable and morally bankrupt. As such, I wouldn't put it past them to do something like that to prevent any tampering with their asset's programming. So should she be rebooted, we could just as easily be left with a psychopath without a target."

Trent had to voice his opinion. As the ship's intelligence officer, assessing threats was part of his mandate. And he was doing so through the lens of his extensive tactical experience. And what he would do given those same resources. "Second, how do you suggest we do this? Any crewmember we send over would be effectively handed a death sentence and should we send even a limited copy of Thea in her mobile emitter, the risk to us if she was compromised or captured would be astronomical compared to the possible benefits."

"And lastly, I am personally at odds with the concept of reformatting Cala. It would be just the same as a lobotomy. We don't even try to wipe the brains of our worst criminals, let alone destroy part of their brains as the practice is deemed barbaric."

Perhaps the complete destruction of the Calamity was what Trent had been working towards and it would be unpopular with some, that sat far easier with him in its simplicity and lack of moral quandary than destroying Cala's existing personality, or worse, releasing a synthetic psychopath on the unsuspecting galaxy.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-11-05, 11:49:12

As the conversation shifted from technobabble to something more humane, Amelya's attention got drawn by the predicament of Calamity's AI. Thea saw her as a daughter and Amelya could hardly blame her. Yet the suggestions that were fired across in the room all made sense. It was hard for her to come up with an opinion of her own since she could find some form of agreement with everyone's concerns. She looked at Lin Kae as he laid out his plan and her eyes shifted to Trent who gave quite a numerous amount of counter arguments. Though he put it quite simply for her in medical terms, a lobotomy. Hearing the silence fall for a second she decided to step in.

"Aren't these desperate times than?" She asked now "I mean if we could effectively cripple Calamity, be it through a reformat or such, would it not be in our benefit? The prospect of more advanced weapons and who knows what else she might hold, perhaps even clues or evidence of the true enemies that are in charge of Starfleet now? Wouldn't it be a chance for us?" She looked around now to see if anyone would support her opinion. Even though tech and tactical wasn't her strongpoint she could see the advantage that they could possibly find from the Calamity.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-11-05, 11:49:12

After hearing Amelya Duv speak Simon raised his voice as well "I'm afraid that both of you are right." He looked at Amelya and then to the other staff members at the table "Surely we could try and destroy the Calamity and be done with it. Hoping our plan works with the mines and hoping that the critical damage gets delivered. But would it be so wrong to have a side plan? I agree with Carrigan that if we lose Thea aboard the Calamity we might be facing a very dire situation. No offense Thea but who

knows how much she could corrupt your data despite all our precautions. Than again, as Miss Duv stated, the possible information and technology aboard that ship could be worth a goldmine. Certainly for my department anything that we could get our hands on would be much appreciated. In fact I'm quite sure that whatever we could salvage from her or study would greatly benefit our endeavors in the future. As for information from the coup that we are currently under, I'm confident that we'll find some traces at least, considering this was made in the future, where all has succumbed under their reign, perhaps they got sloppy? Or perhaps even think they are untouchable?" Simon had maintained eye contact with everyone up to this point and he gestured with his hands that he was done "It's a delicate situation but I think we shouldn't just resort to the destruction of Calamity even if we have a chance to gain something from it."

Post by: The Counselor on 2014-11-08, 04:45:09

Hayden had thus far spent the majority of the meeting listening. Truth be told, a lot of the technical aspects she didn't entirely understand. Medicine was in many ways more complex than engineering because of the diversity within any given population as well as between distinct groups, but Hayden had come to view each field of study as complex in their own unique ways. She was grateful for every member of the other departments for their expertise because without them, she would not be able to do what she did. For her to save lives, there had be a "her" to do it and a space that she could call her own.

As carefully as she tried to follow the technical aspects of the discussion, the entire debate was turned on its head when Thea spoke. Up to this point, Hayden had to admit she hadn't given the ship's AI much thought. She wasn't in the habit of being dismissive of others, even if those others constituted artificial intelligence, but she hadn't really taken much time to get to know her.

So it was more than a little jarring to know she was an AI but to hear her speak of her wants and wishes as though she were fully humanoid. And then to hear her speak of her fellow AI as if it were her child? That was more than a little for her to process in the span of what felt like mere seconds. One moment she was listening to a complex technical discussion and the next, she was listening to a philosophical debate about nature versus nurture that had more than a few serious implications.

Suddenly, she felt herself just slightly more protective of Thea as people talked of re-formatting and returning Cala to a factory re-set position. It seemed just slightly more callous. Thea might not have been a reality Hayden had taken the time to fully contemplate, but she was here before them now asking the crew to help her spare what she deemed a part of herself, and it didn't seem right to talk in front of her about deleting that part of her like so much corrupted data.

All these thoughts, however, Hayden kept to herself. The last thing she wanted was to come across as the proverbial bleeding heart. To some degree, she figured that would be expected, but she didn't get to be a senior by only being able to see things through her professional lens. She knew the others had mentioned valid concerns that couldn't be ignored. In the end, however, she felt compelled to make a professional point.

"Modern medicine, including modern psychiatric and talk therapy techniques, always involve some degree of neural re-programming. Dysfunctional pathways die and new, healthier pathways are formed and strengthened with any therapeutic approach. Only the agent of that change differs in these approaches. Not too long ago, severely depressed patients benefited greatly from receiving a dosage of electric current that actually induced a seizure in patient. Was there some memory loss? Of course, but ECT wasn't any more a lobotomy than engram therapy is now. I'm not saying there

aren't risks or that this is guaranteed to work, but it seems to me we have a lot more to lose if we don't try."

Post by: Kurohigi on 2014-11-09, 04:04:10

Lieutenant Commander Trent proved the most disapproving voice in the room, leaving Kae to try and defend his position. "Hard coding a hologram like that is an illogical basis. Aggression like we see in Cala is a subroutine, no different then an EMH's ethical subroutines or the very subroutines that Thea carries which help her in automating the ship's functions." Subroutines he helped design, he might add, after it became taxing on her free will to be personally responsible for every light switch and door opening on the ship. "At their core, a Starfleet holographic program as complex as Thea or Cala will have a base skeleton, something which everything else is built upon. The knowledge of how to walk, talk, even blink their eyes is part of the core programming. Among that most base of designs is a primary directive to adhere to Starfleet command structure, which means that a hologram which has not been corrupted will defer to a command officer for orders." It was instilled in them, like a parent trusting a child. If someone reset Thea tomorrow, she would look at a Starfleet uniform and feel a sense of safety, of duty.

"I think the best way to affect this reformatting would be to send a boarding party, preferably in environmental containment suits, as we have no reason to believe a ship full of holograms is even using the life support systems, let alone would be unwilling to deactivate it if we tried to overtake them. Once on-board, we can blast out the emitters on the path between us and the hololab, where primary access to the holographic systems can be found. There, Cala's programming could be accessed and a reformat sent through the entire ship. It would take about 3 minutes for a full systems reboot, at which point, Cala's avatar should appear in the hololab, waiting for her pre-flight orders issued to her upon her first activation."

Then there was the ethics of reformatting her, a lobotomy as Trent had put it. "I would not call this a lobotomy. That would suggest we are excising something from her, removing what she is. We're giving herself back. She's effectively been brainwashed, to act like no Starfleet Officer, no Command Hologram would. Even if her ethical subroutines were restored, she would know nothing else but what she has done until now." It would be like bringing a feral animal into a home and thinking it would be domesticated. "A reformat is a second chance, for her to find the right path. With Thea present, she could even be brought up to speed far faster, thanks to how close their programming is, like mother and daughter."

Post by: TheBanshee on 2014-11-09, 13:45:35

Having listened to the arguments on both sides, and finally finished scribbling notes on the previous matter, Tia spoke up.

"I think Lin Kae is right," the simple statement that would begin the talk through her thought process. "If I read the reports correctly the premis for Thea's portable emitter was drawn scans of Cala's. The fact that they are from the future and know the schematics of the Theurgy already combined with this would mean that, at least in the technological sense, not give them any advantage.

The security chief waded in at this point, "That may be the case Lieutenant but should the Calamity have a way of prising more information out of Thea while she is over there then tactical information could be handed over that would be very bad for us. I understand that Thea wishes to save her daughter from the corruption of her original programming, you could almost argue that Cala is suffering from a digital form of Stockholm Syndrome, but we must think of the bigger picture here.

Should we succeed then Cala would never be in that position in the first place surely? Temporal mechanics give me a headache but if we succeed wouldn't Cala be created and never corrupted?"

Tia frowned at the big man, she could see the sense in some of the words but the benefits could outweigh the risk, surely he could see that, "If the Thea that is going over to the Calamity is only a copy surely Kae can limit the amount of tactical information she has access to? Wouldn't that solve your problem then?"

Tia looked over hopefully at Lin Kae and at Thea, wondering if this would help tip the balance in favour of the mission and perhaps a much needed boost of intelligence about the enemy.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2014-11-10, 07:40:11

The debate regarding Cala was now in full swing. Honestly, Trent was not surprised the counselor, Amelya and the AI specialist were all strongly supporting attempting to rehabilitate her and only Wenn seemed to share some of his misgivings. And as even more arguments were made, the Intelligence Officer pulled back his left sleeve and brought his synthetic forearm and hand down to the table with a very much audible clanking sound.

"Mister Kae, again I am not going to argue your superior knowledge of computer systems. But I am afraid you are forgetting a great many things." Carrigan's voice had gone stone-cold, flat and hard. The voice of a man who knew the cost of jumping without a very close look. "First of all, do you know where Cala is physically located on that ship? We can't scan her as of yet, and even if there was a way to get through her reactive jammers, who's to say there isn't one or more of a hundred different ways she's fitted to prevent a thorough scan? We'd be beaming in blind. Second, they don't need their holograms or to shut off life support to kill a boarding party. If Calamity has any motive power at all, one quick jolt in any directions even only with thrusters, if she turns off her inertial dampeners, would turn our people into a jellied mess in their suits. Or as a contingency for destroying the holo emitters on board, she carries a hundred mobile emitters for all we know. Or she could vent plasma right where our boarding party is or take any of a million other actions that would be just as lethal. We would be beaming our people into a death trap."

"Simply put, I don't think we have the resources in terms of equipment or manpower to attempt this. Lieutenant, you are an undeniable expert when it comes to artificial intelligence and I admire your eagerness. However, this isn't a time for eager beavers but a time for deliberate action. I've been eager to get into the thick of it before and it cost a Saber-class ship and thirty-seven lives and literally my arm and my leg. Maybe that is insignificant in the scope of the Dominion War, but as it is it seems to me we can't afford to waste even a single isolinear chip, let alone a boarding party or Thea's mobile emitter on wishful thinking."

The young man had obviously grown attached to the ship's AI, and while he could not be faulted for it, it was in Trent's estimation clouding his judgement. Or, perhaps it was his own lack of attachments to Thea that allowed him to be so dispassionate about her plea and to be able to be much more objective.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2014-11-12, 06:01:04

Miles sighed as he looked over to The holographic specialist, "You are saying that Cala's base code is like Thea's, but there you are potentially wrong. How do we know for certain that in the future that the Calamity comes from that AI programming hasn't taken a completely different turn. Remember, this ship appears to come from a future where our enemy may have all but taken over the Federation. We

must not discount the possibility though unlikely Cala's hardcoding is only similar to Thea in function but not in obedience to organic star-fleet personnel. It is possible that unlike Thea there may be no hardcoded ethics or obedience subroutines at all and her default state may in fact be what we see today. It is important to keep that in mind." he paused for a moment then added, "This said, your thought on her probable nature is the most likely truth and I was merely proposing the counter to your statement so we don't go in blind. As for the reformatting according to your statements potentially is not, as had been argued before, brainwashing but is in fact reversing the potential brainwashing. As such I agree that there is nothing unethical in the attempt to bring her from a state of being altered to her core personality. I just wanted to point out that her core personality may by its very essence be a creature that we will be forced to kill as quickly and without question as she would presently kill us."

He turned to the Intelligence officer then to Thea and finally the captain before beginning again, "As for the mission itself, it sounds more risky than it is probably worth to be honest. The first thing is why are we attempting the mission. Is it as a mission of mercy, for tactical gain, or to defeat an enemy? If the primary reason for the mission is as a mission of mercy then unfortunately I must point out that we would be deviating from the standard operating procedures of both Starfleet for years, and of ourselves since we have been branded enemies of the Federation. There are two examples in guiding our decisions that should be looked at and revisited. The first is the recapture of Captain Picard from the Borg cube shortly after the massacre at Wolf 359. The mission in question wasn't done in the attempt to save Captain Picard but to hopefully remove Picard's tactical knowledge from the Borg. What we know now is that the Borg gained that knowledge at assimilation and that even by destroying that cube the Borg still retained that tactical knowledge, but that point is irrelevant to the fact that when they made the decision they were unaware of this. What is relevant is that at that point in time Picard was viewed as dead and his body was merely a shell containing his tactical knowledge. That shell was being used by the Borg against the Federation as a weapon aimed directly at Earth. They were not attempting a rescue mission but an attempt to essentially steal back valuable Federation Intel in the form of the somewhat mobile corpse of a former Captain who was at that point a declared K.I.A.

"The second example I need to bring us is every Federation ship we have encountered prior to the Calamity. Every one of us in this room right now has blood on our hands. The blood of countless innocent Federation civilians, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, even innocent civilian children who were merely at the wrong place at the wrong time. These are all human lives. As such I view Cala as another human life. To place her on a pedestal of that which is more valuable than any of the human lives we have ended by attempting a rescue mission rather than her destruction is to treat the Thea's species as separate from all other lives and at a different value.

He turned towards Thea again finally. One because he felt she herself needed to hear what he had to say but more to let her see his eyes as he spoke. He wanted to let her see that though his voice had conviction and tactical assessment there was a hidden sadness in what he was saying. That what he said hurt him and it always pained him to view life in such a callous way but through years of different kinds of war he had learned to deal with the decisions that war forced himself and everyone by extension to make. "As such I believe that we must ignore the question of, "Do we want to risk so much on a rescue mission?" and instead our question is merely a series of questions regarding tactics, risks, and rewards. "Is such a mission a valid tactical decision? What do we stand to gain? What do we stand to lose? What is the probability of success? Does this mission have the best probability of ensuring our survival when faced by Calamity?" It may sound insensitive to say but it has to be said, Thea."

He swallowed hard before he spoke these words, "Your daughter is dead; she was killed when she was reprogrammed. If, and only if there is a significant chance to defeat the Calamity by somehow turn Cala herself and such a plan has a fair chance of success then the mission should be taken under advisement as one of the best plans because it is the lone plan that results in us making a tactical gain as opposed to merely surviving another day. The Calamity would be a magnificent asset to our mission. It would be wonderful if your daughter could be rescued, but risking our mission for the rescue of one life even ones own kin is to great a risk given the intelligence officer's correct assessment of The Calamity's ability to exterminate any creature or holographic being it sees as a threat once they are on-board.

Aisha looked around a moment before she spoke up letting The SCO's words sink in through the cloud of though that had developed over the table, "Speaking of those assessments it should be noted that the examples that Lieutenant Commander Trent gave are all things that could potentially be self damaging to The Calamity. As such I think causing a form of failure to the inertial dampening field on The Calamity would be a very effective means of causing incalculable damage to the insides of said ship. Remember, more than just human bodies go flying when inertial dampers are down. Everything not bolted to the floor or part of the ships super structure would be sent flying with inertia sending it where it would go. Also keep in mind that really Inertial dampeners also function pretty much as a secondary structural integrity field functioning as the integrity field for anything that isn't part of the primary Frame and hull of the ship including, many walls, furniture, cargo containers, even to an extent starfighters and photon torpedoes. The speed an object would be sent flying at would be based on it's acceleration relative to the change in direction and velocity. As such, the guts of the ship would be ripped apart by thousands of improvised cannon balls traveling at quarter the speed of light. This could also result in a potential degradation of structural integrity sufficient to cause a collapse in the structural integrity field allowing inertia alone to literally tear the ship apart. If said ships brains aren't quick enough to react to it. Granted their potential reaction times i think its safe to say the failures wouldn't get that catastrophic but at the least the Calamity would be left unable to move lest it wishes to risk risking its self apart before structural integrity and inertial dampening fields are restored. If we could fool then into trying such a trick to get rid of someone they think is on their ship we could potentially cause them to cut their own throats so to speak."

Ravenholm chuckled, "Yea no way they would be that stupid though. I mean even if we found a way to trick them with a fake human on-board. There are hundreds of ways The Calamity could rid herself of an unwanted organic. Site to site transport directly into the impulse engine reactor. Slamming a door shut as a person tries to walk through it severing limbs or bisecting a torso, oh and don't forget like Thea this is a ship with a projection system integrated with the whole ship. I think we all know what kind of accidents can happen in a holodeck with the safety turned off. Imagine the multitude of death causing agents that could be projected. Just keeping it simple all that's needed is a single hand phaser on a high setting projected as being fired in a wide dispersal and that should get rid of anything in a hallway. As for Thea, they could easily destroy her mobile emitter just as quickly as they could kill an organic, or they could potentially capture her and as such learn about any plans we may have that you know, or scour her memories for tactical data on every member of the crew she have encountered making their data on us that much more accurate and thus more lethal against us. Thea it isn't just your potential for loosing the mobile emitter that is a worry, but what they could do if they captured even a limited form of you with only a quarter of your knowledge. If they didn't already have a great enough advantage against us that advantage would only grow. As the plan currently exists, this mission has a near zero percent chance of any form of success, a near 100 percent probability to us loosing tactical or valued equipment and personnel, and an over 90 percent probability that this mission would give our enemy some form of tactical advantage above what they already have. Its a great idea in initial theory but it needs a lot of work before I could ever say that its even feasible from

an operating or engineering stand point."

She then smiled "That said the programming aspects shouldn't be that difficult. I think a better idea to "rescue Cala and liberate The Calamity" would be if Cala tried to come on-board again we should have contingency plans in place to capture her and attempt to reset the parameters that are within her program stored within her emitter." If she can become an ally then she would be able to potentially act as a double agent and once back on-board her ship effectively reset her own primary systems and as such restore the ship to a state where an organic crew can take command safely. Such a plan still has a low chance of success as well but at least is something we could attempt in the scenario that Cala tries to attack us in person again, something we presently don't really have any contingencies against much less any plans that allows us to turn an assault on us into an advantage."

Post by: Brutus on 2014-11-12, 17:58:01

Natalie was subconsciously mimicking Captain Ives. She too had her fingers forming a small steeple at about nose level, though hers slowly intertwined and curled into something more akin to praying as she rested her chin on her knuckles. Her PADD lay untouched before her as she processed the question posed by Thea. And lord what a question. While Lin Kae might be the chief advocate for Thea and her rights as an individual, Natalie wasn't exactly in the opposition here. She had argued for the woman - not hologram, woman - before. Time and obligations (and Rory) had kept Natalie from following up with the ships avatar as much as she'd wanted to. An unfortunate lapse on her part.

But now, as the discussion shifted away from the gravametric mines, stutter fire and sensor algorithms - something she held her tongue on, resolving to go over Trent's logic after the meeting - and further onto Thea's request. Well. That was going to be a pain to sort out, no if's and's or but's about it. The brunette started chewing on her lower lip as her brow furrowed. Her thoughts were jumbled, running a mile a minute, intelligence sparking behind the eyes of a woman who was quiet as a mouse. Having no children of her own - nor any real prospects for such, given the current situation they were all in, Natalie wasn't sure how she should feel. Wouldn't any mother, human or otherwise, want a chance to redeem their child? But how did one balance that against duty?

The options thrown out weren't exactly good ones. Either they were of the gist of heroic, cast in the guise of 'freeing' Cala from abhorrent brainwashing, or the opposite - brainwashing an existing AI; lobotomizing her back to the factory default (Natalie shuddered to think what *that* would be like if it were forced down on Thea, and not Cala); or outright killing the hostile being, that had to date shown no remorse at all for the slaughter she had unleashed - slaughter that Natalie had witnessed first hand when the rouge Hologram transported onto the bridge and began taking out her fellow officers one after another. She remembered staring down the glowing emitter of the dark haired woman's phaser just before the AI had escaped.

It was a visible shudder that passed over Natalie as she squeezed her blue eyes shut. She swallowed hard, opened her mouth, and added what little she had to say. "Calamity is a killer. Remorseless, and dedicated. She systematically slaughtered the personnel of this ship with absolutely no flicker of regret. We are nothing but flies to her, and she is the schoolboy that enjoys pulling off the wings and watching them wither and die." It was a cold approximation of the enemy, one that might have shocked anyone who actually knew the Chief of Operations on any kind of personal level.

With a sigh, she turned from the rest of the room to look at Thea. Her gaze softened. "From a purely tactical standpoint, Thea's request is - foolish. Reckless. Wasteful. But it is also a Human response. And it certainly is not unprecedented. As Lt. Cmdr Reynard points out, one need not look any further than the issue of Locutus of Borg." The records around the assimilation of Captain Picard by the Borg

and the efforts that his crew went to to return and restore their commanding officer were well known throughout the fleet. It was something of a morale boosting tale that got passed along from ship to ship in the wake of that horrible atrocity, and her take on the situation was far different than the SCO's.

"Picard was restored to what he was before his assimilation. He was not held responsible for the massacre of Wolf 359. If - and I need to stress the word IF - Cala's core programming has been corrupted, how could Thea, in essence the holograms mother - do anything less for Cala than the crew of the *Enterprise* did for Captain Picard? How can we hold her accountable for her actions, any more than Starfleet concluded that they could not in good conscious do so to Captain Picard." She paused to let her words sink in before continuing, "You argue that it was done from a tactical standpoint - I argue that there was, under it all, a base need to save one of their own. Even if it was just along the lines of not leaving a comrade behind. True, times were desperate and the tactical considerations had to be there but. I disagree with the Lt. Cmdr." She shrugged a bit, and smiled just the tiniest at Thea. It was a vote in favor of the hologram's wish.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2014-11-17, 00:48:46

"It's a dangerous path to take," Declan finally chimed in. he let everyone else argue the morals and ethics of the matter, forming his own opinion based on it all. Along with Ives, his word would likely weigh strongly, the two of them serving as the two highest ranking officers present, and the ones in command of their two vessels. "That said, there is something to be said for risk versus reward. We are in a dangerous situation, enemies everywhere, and only ourselves to rely upon. The Calamity right now stands as perhaps our greatest enemy, one who ruthlessly hunts us with the efficiency and restlessness of a machine, but we have the potential to make it an ally. The Theurgy is a top-of-the-line ship, but even it cannot stand against the entire Federation. Calamity carries upon it technology and information which could turn the tide of our struggle."

Of course, there was a matter that would have been seen as problematic, and Vasser addressed that too. "The Temporal Prime Directive would suggest we not use such advantages, but when we have opposing forces making use of temporal incursions, I could contend that we might have some leeway." The Niga Incident had been caused by someone or something messing with the time stream, targeting the Theurgy directly. It was enough to see a Temporal Affairs officer assigned to their ship. Calamity's strength might have been needed to fend off more dangers.

"If Cala is anything like Thea, then we need her on-board the Calamity to make certain the ship operates at peak efficiency, so I feel I must endorse that we attempt to free Cala from whatever programming might have her oppose us. I don't begin to think I know the complexities of that, but I would allow those who do to come up with a plan that works."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-22, 00:23:16

During the debate, Captain Ives had watched Thea where she stood, to gauge her reaction to what was being said, for it had struck her how Thea had just recently been given her rights as a sentient being. That made her both unique and an unknown minority among all the species aboard. Therefore, Jien thought that the situation in the conference lounge was reminiscent of how a black woman in the early 20th century would walk into a military tent in a warzone, pleading for the life of a black child soldier - urging the commanders to mount a rescue mission behind enemy lines. The only real difference in the present situation... was that Thea was not only that military tent, but those guarding it too. Starfleet programming or not, this was her digital progeny that they discussed, and all things considered, it was well within her ability to cause severe damage aboard if she did not get what she

wanted.

The silence lingered before the Theurgy's Chief Medical Officer spoke up.

"I find myself to hold a somewhat biased opinion," said Lucan, and the exotic Câroon man looked - as always - as if he was a bit uncomfortable in his uniform. His people walked barefoot and wore loose robes, and right then, it seemed to Captain Ives that the doctor was remembering that time in his life. "A dear friend of mine was reduced to a catatonic state of mind, unable to fend for herself. Therefore, neurosurgery was the very reason I became a doctor; why I travelled to Aldea to earn my degree before I ended up in Starfleet Medical. Therefore, I find myself strongly opposed to the Calamity's A.I. being reduced to her core programming, since to me, it would be equivalent of reducing to a similar fate, minor technical differences or not. In my regard, it would be more merciful to deactivate her permanently."

T'Rena was not slow to support her Captain, however, speaking from her place at Vasser's right side. "The Calamity is an asset we should try to secure for the sake of our mission, by any means possible. The cost of one emitter already copied from Cala's own version seems negligible compared to what is to gain, especially if we do not stand to lose the Theurgy's Ship A.I.," she said, her brown eyes flat as she looked at no one in particular, "The odds of survival for anyone boarding the Calamity besides the A.I. projection is, however, less than one percentage. Therefore, I recommend removing tactical information from the copy of Thea that is to be uploaded to her new emitter and beamed aboard the Calamity as soon as we manage to deal with the shields. As for the A.I. aboard the Calamity, it is tactically sound to rid it from corrupted subroutines as efficiently as possible, and that would demand a complete reset to her original programming. This A.I. should, by then, be able to tell if it will suffice."

Taking a deep breath, Sjaandin Fedd nodded slowly. "I was opposed to the idea at first, but I cannot argue with that logic. We have far less to lose compared to the tactical gain, and resetting the Calamity A.I. seems to me the most humane thing to do considering what has been done to it. Like Chief Ravenholm, I wish we knew what was done to her core programming... Either she was made corrupt, or she was corrupted post production, which could mean that she might be restored. I am, however, confident that Thea should be able to handle it either way once she'll reach that holographic laboratory."

Thea's stoic countenance looked grim to Jien, but after Vasser, T'Rena and Sjaandin Fedd spoke, she looked a bit more optimistic. "Thank you for this confidence, and if I am allowed to undertake this mission - alone as I might have to be - then I will make sure that I live up to everyone's expectations," she said, hands still folded behind her back, and then she turned her head to look on Jien, and she looked back without saying anything at first, which caused Thea to ask the obvious question. "Captain, may I... please... save Cala if there is any hope left for her?"

The Senior Staff was utterly divided on the issue, and when Jien finally spoke, he rose to his feet, and changed... to her female form. She hoped that it might soften what she meant to say, if only for the lighter tone of her voice. Her austere look, however, was a mirror image to what her male form would wear.

"No, Thea," she said, the edge in the two syllables crystal clear.

"But Captain..." said the Ship A.I. in a perplexed tone, "does this mean that I am less trusted to accomplish such a mission, or that I am not trusted to leave my physical body in any capacity? Does it..."

"I means I would not send anyone at this table on this mission," she said quietly, "if it was their son or daughter that was captured, corrupted, or even worse... not truly their child to begin with. Undertaking such a mission requires that your judgement is not impaired, and very few people could make the call to end their daughter's life... because that might be what needs to be done."

Thea opened her mouth, to protest no doubt.

"You are the only one that could survive this kind of suicide mission, and I do not trust your judgement, just as little as I would trust any mother blinded by hope as they ran beyond enemy lines. Our real mission is more important, and any tactical benefits that might be gained is *moot* compared to the risk of this enterprise. We *must* ensure our own survival, and that the truth does not die with us."

Her lips a thin line, Thea closed her mouth, hiding any A.I. emotion she might feel.

"We will do all that we can to disable the Calamity with the use of our gravimetric mines and the methods presented this morning," said Jien, her tone a bit softer, but still unyielding, "It is likely, however, that we must also destroy her to stop her. I make this promise, though, that if the right kind of opportunity presents itself... I will give the order to beam you aboard. As it stands, however... I do not think it likely."

Thea looked away, jaws clencing, and Jien walked up to her, laying a hand on her shoulder. "I hope you understand, even though you do not agree, and I hope you will be able to put your hopes aside, and won't let your emotions jeopardise the mission. I am positive that if I was a mother, I would do my best and lay my hate on the enemy that stole and corrupted my daughter at a time when I was not there to stop it from happening. If..."

"Thank you, Captain." Thea turned her head to look straight ahead. "I suppose I should return to my regular duties."

Jien did not let the self-reproach get to her, much less show, during the pause before she stepped back. "Dismissed." And after Thea walked out the sliding doors, Jien turned back to the seated gathering, who were so silent that not even their breathing could be heard. Jien did not let the shame she felt show, leaning over the table on her fists at her end of the table. The time for ethics and philosophy was over.

"In three hours, I mean to set a course towards Starbase 84, merely twenty-five lightyears from our current coordinates in the KNZ. We will go in dark, with our cloaks protecting us from discovery by Starfleet. When we reach the Starbase, we will get inside by any means necessary, and we will use it to project our message across all known networks and subspace links. Mr. Trent and Ms. Ravenholm, we are depending on you to make this happen. The truth must spread like wildfire across the Alpha Quadrant and beyond, and hopefully.... someone will listen to our call."

Standing straight again, Jien looked between the gathered faces as she laid out the hard facts, orders dealt with little to no room for objections. They needed to act before they were attacked again. "When we do this, we are left more vulnerable than we were down on Theta Eridani IV, since everyone will know where we are. Using Starbase 84 *will* ensure that our message is not blocked, but regardless of encryptions and precautions, it is definite that we will not be able to hide where it originated from. All committed fleets will come for us at maximum warp, and the Calamity will likely arrive first... unless she finds us before we reach our destination."

Jien paused to let them savour the odds that came to their minds. "Our chances of survival are low. Too low to tell our crews. We do, however, stand a chance if Winterbourne can align our warp trajectory with the Calamity as she goes after us, and the gravimetric mines does their job. Then, if the third time we face her proves us victorious... the cloaks will be our means to hide... until we finally find enlightened allies in the Galaxy."

By Captain Vasser's side, T'Rena opened her mouth to say something, but she glanced towards her commanding officer before leaning back in her chair again - silent. Since Vasser said nothing either, Jien gathered they were in accord.

Sjaandin Fedd was frowning, but since there were no objections, he spoke up after a while. "I do not know what the rest of you think, but I recommend we adjourn and start preparations. There is much to do, and we can only succeed if we are ready. We can all speak over intercom before we set out, right?"

Nodding, Jien seized the opportunity. "Agreed. Before 1200 hrs, I collect a full report from all departments, and those not ready have until we reach Starbase 84 to prepare. Each minute that pass is one more minute that the Calamity may find us. Dismissed."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-22, 00:23:16

Walking out, Dr. Nicander supposed he may have looked troubled, and so be it, for it was not entirely feigned. Inside, the beast was howling in rage, demanding that this had to be stopped, and as for Lucan, he was not exactly keen on partaking in a suicide mission that would not only thwart the plans of his kin, but put an end to his own plans to avenge the death of Kisane. He had yet to find Sanael, and much less taught his native people the dire lesson they needed for the injustice they did to his long lost love.

Perhaps, he thought as he stepped into the turbolift, and the doors closed before his pale grey eyes, I should release Amikris' child... and let everyone have something else to worry about.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-22, 00:23:16

As Jien left, she passed by Wenn Cinn in the corridor. "Deputy zh'Wann reported that she had already told you about this transfer request she made jsut before the meeting," she said, glancing up at the mountain of a man.

"Vasser is in need of a CSec, so I am merely wondering if you have any objections to make. Otherwise, I am prepared to approve the transfer. In either case, I want you to interrogate Sonja Acreth while we still have the chance, and report your findings before we set out."

Post by: TheBanshee on 2014-11-22, 23:22:33

The simplicity with which Captain Ives shut down the debate over Thea's away mission was astounding, brutal but astounding. Tia felt as though the words had hit her physically as Jien continued and explained her reasons for denying the request. Despite disagreeing with the Captain on this one there was nothing she could do to change her mind, Jien had a right to stop any mission if she so desired but Tia couldn't help feeling a sense of frustration and even distaste at the decision.

After being dismissed she rose quickly and headed for the door, thoughts still churning in her mind about Thea and the fate of her daughter.

Post by: TheBanshee on 2014-11-22, 23:22:33

That Jien had made an absolute decision on this pleased Cinn. The Captain was showing that strength he'd known from before and was using it again effectively. Part of him even felt relieved that there was no doubt over who was in charge after the recent exchanges he had been both involved in and witness to.

Cinn stood after being dismissed and headed out of the meeting room, he was wondering when the discussion regarding the fate of his deputy would take place since it had not during the meeting as he had expected. Jien resolved that issue however and spoke as she caught up with him in the corridor. he listened and nodded, "Ida spoke to me this morning regarding her request and her desire to take this opportunity. As I said to her, if it what she wants then I would place no objection." His tone was almost cold, almost only because there was a hint of emotion beneath the cool calmness of his words. The request had affected him but he would not stand in Ida's way if she wanted to get away from him and take a stand on her own.

Post by: Brutus on 2014-11-23, 04:23:05

Natalie had made her best argument in Thea's favor. She'd done what she could, but it was clear that Cpt. Ives had to look at the whole situation, considering all the factors in play, not just the humane one. The curt dismissal of Thea tugged at Natalie, but then again, she could see that both commanding officer and hologram were trying to keep their composure and remain professional. She wanted to offer some words for the ships avatar, but the briefing was neither the right time nor place. And it wasn't like she was given the option to dwell on it long.

Captains Ives plan of action took the young ops chief by surprise. "Starbase 84," she whispered softly, sitting back in her chair. It was clear that she wasn't the only one that hadn't quite expected such a bold course. The times were desperate though, and she realized quickly that it would fall on her shoulders to help ensure the ship survived long enough to reach that starbase. The gravamteric mines were coming back to haunt her once more it seemed. The efforts her staff had done in assisting the tactical team would need to be redoubled. That cloak was going to draw extra power and her team would be on point to balance it out while the engine puked kept the ship running.

Rising with the dismissal order, Natalie tugged her jacket back down into place and swiped the PADD off the table. She saw Lt. Fedd glance up at her from where he sat by her side, but she was still frustrated with the man from when he'd poked around in her head, and turned abruptly to put her back to him, and head out the door. She was on edge already, and did her best to weave in and out of the throng of senior officers unhindered. She wanted...well, she wanted to go find Rory and pick up from last night, but she didn't have time for that. So she would settle for briefing her staff on what they could get accomplished in the next three hours. She would shoot off a quick note to Sten Covington to keep him in the loop, but the Chief of the Deck had his own team to run roughshod over, and wouldn't need Natalie dragging him away from his duties.

No, it was the rest of her department that needed a run down of what was to come. If she had her math right, she'd have just enough time for a quick meeting before getting down to main engineering to get into the meat of their issues.

She just wished she had a few moments to say something to Thea. And to Rory. But duty called.

Post by: The Counselor on 2014-11-29, 03:36:52

Hayden listened quietly as the debate continued and silently wondered if they would all view this differently if Cala were a "true organic"?

O'Connor doubted it very much. While the other reasons identified by the crew were no less valid, Hayden believed there was still the giant elephant in the room, which everyone continued to touch upon, but did not say outright. Picard was rescued because he was an organic being and despite assimilation, parts of him still were.

There was no question his crew's admiration played a major role in their desires to rescue him no matter the personal risks. He was one of their own. Was Cala?

Even as questions continued to rage within her, another part of her recognized Ives had made his decision well before he'd actually announced it. That made observing Thea's expression no easier, and Hayden vowed to reach out to her as soon as possible.

The discussion concerning the safety of the crew was an unnecessary but powerful reminder she needed to speak with Ives concerning what had happened to Maya the night before, at the very least in hypotheticals. Despite everything else going on, Ives had a right to know there was a rapist in their midst posing just as much of a danger as anything the Calamity or the rest of Starfleet did.

Particularly in light of all they'd already experienced in terms of sexual violation, Ives needed to know this. Hayden had no doubt the man in question had gotten away with his crimes, perhaps dozens of times over, because no one had believed their experiences were as serious as the life or death struggles they all faced. Hayden had promised Maya not to reveal her name, and the counselor was skirting her ethics as it was by not knowing specifically whom the attacker was, but that in itself made her uncomfortable enough.

Hayden followed Ives from the briefing down the corridor, intending to call for his attention, when she noticed s/he was already speaking to the Chief of Security. She slowed her approach, not wanting to interrupt but also not wanting the Bajoran to catch the topic of discussion before she or Maya might be ready for anyone to know anything.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-01, 02:46:09

Jien listened to Cinn with her brown eyes impassive, detecting that Cinn did not seem to like that his Deputy would leave but she made no comment towards it. Given the state of things, and all that needed to be done before they set off towards Starbase 84, the matter of the Deputy was negligible. "If you have no objections, personal preferences aside, then I will approve the request and inform Captain Vasser that the command-issue of his new on-board security team has been resolved."

Out of the corner of her eye, Jien noticed the Chief Counselor lingering in wait for an opportunity to speak with her, so Jien turned her head and nodded to her before addressing Cinn again - making him aware that there was a cue forming up so she was not brushing him off. "You have the interrogation of Sonja Acreth to attend to, where I recommend that Carrigan Trent and Petty Officer Cardamone is present given their insight on the nature of the enemy, aside from Dr. Nicander, of course, like we discussed yesterday. Furthermore, I want you to start arranging for boarding parties and a presentation of the Starbase's structural weak points. Sjaandin Fedd can deal with the problem of its outer defences, but you are the one best equipped to plan for the opposition we'll meet once we are inside. Carry on, Lieutenant-Commander, and I am looking forward to hear your findings."

Once Wenn Cinn had excused himself, Jien turned to the human, and she changed... to his male form.

He put his hands on his hips and considered what she might have to say to him.

"Hello O'Connor," he said with a quick smile in greeting. "Is this about Thea and my decision in regard to saving Cala?" he asked quietly, expecting anything.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-12-01, 16:27:55

After hearing the decision that was ultimately made by the captain, Simon stood up from his chair and took in a deep breath. He was glad that he survived his first senior staff meeting and still found the entire thing a bit weird. Yet there was a lot of work to be done and there was so little time to get to it. He reported to his own department to get any available hands down to engineering to help out there where they could. He then gathered his stuff and walked away. He paused by Tatiana as he reached the door however and smiled a bit coyish at her.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-12-01, 16:27:55

Once the meeting was over Amelya took her stuff and smiled at Carrigan before she walked towards him "Lieutenant Commander, quite an expose you had there." she complimented him on his presentation and ideas. Before he could answer her however she continued "I need to be heading back to the Harbinger, more patients await my care there. I hope to see you again... In the near future." she said with a smile and gave him a wink before she left the room. She then requested a site to site transport and just a few seconds later she was beamed off the ship.

Post by: The Counselor on 2014-12-10, 04:44:33

Hayden was surprised but grateful Jien had noticed her looking his way. She really didn't want to interrupt his conversation but she could no longer keep what happened to Maya to herself. All through the night and this morning Hayden had thought about what to do and agonized over her obligation to Maya and to the safety of the rest of the crew. Hayden had watched over Maya and fought a war within herself between wanting to take care of Maya at all costs and needing to risk their budding professional relationship to protect everyone else.

O'Connor was a doctor so she'd seen a lot of horrific injuries in her career, many perhaps more medically severe than what Maya had endured, but there was something about witnessing injuries done to someone out of a need for sheer violence and control that made caring for someone after a rape so much different. Even if Maya hadn't relived the rape in detail the night before in front of her very eyes, the images of Maya's battered body were seared in Hayden's brain. O'Connor was just so glad she'd gotten to her in time because she believed her assailant could have killed Maya.

When Jien assumed his male form and turned to her, it was still somewhat disconcerting, but it was a testament to Hayden's currently distracted state that she didn't visibly startle. Nor did she seem to know what s/he was talking about at first when s/he mentioned Thea, even though the AI had been discussed mere minutes before. "What? Oh no, not at all, sir. At least not right now," she added. "I need to talk to you about a very delicate matter concerning a member of the crew. May we speak somewhere privately?"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-14, 10:50:41

The Chief Counsellor truly seemed distressed about what she had in mind to tell him, so Jien frowned as he looked at her for a moment. "Of course, join me in my Ready Room," he said, motioning for her to follow him.

On the way there, he tried to probe her thoughts with some questions that mightn't have anything to do with what she wanted to talk about, but which nonetheless held some consequence. Last they spoke in private, she had been concerned about his well-being, assuming that he was suffering from the events during the Niga Incident and did not wish to open up to her. In his opinion, he had, and he had assured her as best as he might that he had put it behind himself. He had even sought self-assessment in revisiting a lover that he had been with before that incident, and he had not found any concerns at that point.

More recent events had strengthened his conviction, in the ease in which he became close to Ensign Henshaw, not to mention the... therapy he'd had with Skye Carver on *Lohlunat*.

"I read your report from when we left Theta Eridani IV," he said to her, glancing in her direction with a sympathetic expression around his eyes, "I understand from Thea that you were faced with a tough choice, and in the end, people had to die for it. I am sorry, Lieutenant, that you had to undergo that. I am sure that Ensign Cir'Cie is grateful underneath that Vulcan stoicism, small consolation as it may be."

Look away, entering his Ready Room as they were, he added, "Tell me, if there was any time to do so, how did you rationalise your decision?"

Post by: The Counselor on 2014-12-24, 23:36:17

Hayden was so focused on figuring out how she was going to put what she had to share into words that his questions were met with distracted answers. O'Connor wasn't impolite exactly but her head and her heart were clearly not on herself or the past at the moment. She followed him rather absently to his Ready Room, her professionalism ever present, but the sheer emotional impact of what she was holding onto weighing on her.

Nearly at the threshold to his office door, his question caught her completely off-guard, her confusion evident on her face. Were she not so distracted, she might have taken offense at his words, the wound created by her decision to send a group of others to their deaths to save one, still quite raw. As it was, she was working very hard to intellectualize his reason for asking. "Do you believe I made the wrong choice, Captain?" She didn't intend to be the counselor answering a question with a question, it just came out that way.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-27, 14:38:10

It was apparent that what had happened on Theta Eridani IV did not sit well with Hayden O'Connor. Jien looked back towards her as he rounded his desk to sit down, letting her reply linger in the air for scrutiny - allowing her to reflect upon her own reaction with her own expertise. Of course Jien wasn't out to question her, neither now nor regarding what she had been forced to do, and he tried to make it clear when he spoke next.

"I was not there, Lieutenant. I do not know what I might have done myself, so I am not questioning your decision. I am merely asking if there was a reason why you did what you did; if there was something that compelled you to save the Science Officer rather than your former crewmates on the other side of the chasm." He gestured for her to sit if she so wished and opened the computer console that was resting on his desktop. Various PADDs were stacked there too, ordered in piles by department or issue aboard the ship. Above the glass cabinet, where golden models of the ships Jien had served upon were displayed, a lacquered black sword-stand held Arashi, the memento of his foster father. A *dai-katana* that he had kept since before he joined Starfleet Academy.

As he opened the list of messages that had arrived during the Senior Staff meeting, Jien added, "As Starfleet Officers, we are trained to act under pressure, but we were never taught to operate outside the fleet, renegades as we are now considered. Nor were we expected to be on the run for almost three months, fighting impossible odds at every turn, and facing an enemy such as the Calamity and those that sent her from the future to obliterate us. What happened down on Theta Eridani IV has left many of us with scars; new wounds on top of those that had yet to heal after the last ordeals. Now more than ever we need you and your rehabilitation officers... and yet you must also be given the chance to speak of what happened on that mountainside."

Jien had not even begun reading his messages, looking to Hayden as he were, and he steeped his fingers below his eyes and met her gaze. "So, do you want to talk about what happened first?"

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-01-06, 05:19:40

Hayden absently sat in response to Ives's gesture, more out of obedience than a true desire to sit down. She was too keyed up to think about having a casual chat with them seated politely across from each other, but his concern for her emotional well-being had clearly caught her off guard. Her expression showed she was focusing intently on his words, as if he were trying to convey some important technical details rather than emotional support, which she was certainly more used to giving than receiving. As she listened, she cautioned herself not to respond rationally or rudely, because truly, her first instinct was to tell him that no, she didn't want to talk about her decision. Given what had happened to Maya, Hayden's own distress seemed insignificant. Perhaps it was just distant, and now it had been brought up front and center again.

As the Captain talked, she found herself frowning, embarrassed to realize she couldn't really remember her reasons for the decision she made, only that she'd made it, and a group of people had lost their lives. In fact, the more she contemplated it, the more she was reminded there were actually more reasons not to do what she did. A childish part of her wanted to again ask why Ives wanted to know her reasons for choosing to save herself and the science officer because her reasons, whatever she ultimately offered, would be evaluated once they were spoken aloud. However, she recognized she couldn't really talk about her feelings about the situation she was put in without talking about her ultimate choice.

O'Connor hesitated, and then like a runner who only knew she needed to run somewhere even if she wasn't sure of her direction, she pushed forward with her words. "I acted on instinct, Captain, that's the truth. I wish I could tell you I made a rational decision, that I weighed all the variables and made the logical choice, but the truth is, I haven't yet begun to make sense of why I did what I did." She paused, and thinking of Cir'Cie's words in the transporter room immediately after they were rescued, offered, "Cir'Cie thought I did it save myself, that I somehow determined I was of more value to the crew because I could help keep them focused and somewhat emotionally healthy for the challenges we face ahead." O'Connor shook her head. The thought that it could be true, even subconsciously, was just as abhorrent to her as the idea itself. "Honestly, I couldn't tell you. The only thing I can say is that whatever choice I made, I'm certain I would be feeling just as horrible as I am now."

Hayden exhaled. "I know it's going to take time. However, in the meantime, there are more pressing matters than my emotional health. I'm sorry tell you this, sir, but a member of the crew disclosed to me last night that she was raped by a member of the Harbinger crew."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-09, 01:53:15

Sitting there, Jien did not frown or give voice to questions about what she had done or why, merely sitting there and listening to her words. She had advised him about disclosure and facing the wounds upon his soul after the Niga Incident, and it now seemed like they had switched shoes.

It was clear to Jien, having spent years as a Counsellor before he became a Commander aboard the Vendetta and changed to command and the diplomatic corps, that Hayden felt just as bad as she chose to divulge, and had come to the conclusion that regardless what she had done, she would have felt just as bad. This was a good state of mind to reach in such a short time, where she was no longer blaming herself for what she had done and instead - with her rational thinking - come to see the decision more objectively than most would have. She accepted the regret, but she had moved on. Jien wondered at which stage she was truly at though - in dealing with the incident - since she was well aware of the psychological origin to her own reactions. The risk she ran was to rationalise the incident too far and think her own reaction insignificant just because she knew how she was supposed to react, and supposed to grieve... without actually doing it. She might be moving on too fast.

Jien was just about to pick up on the idea that Cir'Cie had presented when Hayden switched topic entirely, and said something that made Jien forget all about the Counsellor's report. He lowered his hands to his desk and slowly inhaled some air to keep himself from exclaiming his utter outrage. His eyebrows furrowed into a scowl for a second, but with so little known, there was no recourse but to ask more questions instead of leaving the room to locate the poor woman in Sickbay, if that even was where the victim had ended up.

"How is she? Has she been taken care of by the doctors?" he asked Hayden quietly, having taken another breath to still the ire inside, "What else can you tell me? Can he be arrested?"

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-01-16, 04:57:35

In a matter of nanoseconds, Hayden regretted her abrupt change of subject. The kind of news she had just dropped in Ives' lap should have been delivered with more care, especially given Ives' history of sexual violation. Had she changed subjects just to avoid her own emotional discomfort? Seeing the Captain's barely contained rage in his nonverbal cues, it was all Hayden could do not to wince. It was true she was feeling anxious, and although she could justify on an intellectual level that what she had to share was an immediate safety concern, she didn't like feeling she had sacrificed someone else's emotional well-being, even for a few seconds, to escape her own feelings.

She resisted the urge to reach out and place a reassuring hand against the Captain. What was done was done, and the best she could do now was provide answers. More gently, she offered, "The assault took place last night, during the event, apparently at the steam pools. I came upon the victim as I was leaving the turbo lift to return to the event. She was dressed in her toga and about to get on the turbo lift, but she was visibly dazed and disoriented, and even though she was mostly covered by the toga, I could see she was badly bruised. I could tell immediately her injuries couldn't have been accidentally or self-inflicted, and when I inquired as to what happened, it was apparent she was in shock. She resisted going to Sickbay, so I suggested we return to my quarters as a compromise. She agreed, and once we arrived, I set up a recording to capture any statements, formal or otherwise. I also made sure to document and then treat all of her injuries."

Hayden paused. Subsequent events would be hard to talk about and hard to explain, but she had to. "I confirmed the woman in question did not consent to sexual contact with the Harbinger crew member. I also confirmed her injuries were the result of her initial attempts to resist the assault. That said, she does not want to report her assailant because she believes his actions were the result of emotional distress given all he has personally been through as well as recent events. She is convinced that

although she considers what he did to be rape, by making herself available to him to do with her as he would," and here it was clear Hayden was swallowing her distaste, "she is contributing to his well-being and the overall success of the mission. According to her, his role and his place amongst the Harbinger crew is much more critical to the success of our mission than her own role, so consequently, she wants to protect him from any and all consequences. She also knows as long as she doesn't identify her assailant by name, I cannot break doctor-patient confidentiality on the grounds that the crew safety is at risk. I've come to you because it was the only compromise I could live with."

As soon as the words were out of her mouth, however, she realized once again, she had spoken aloud just to benefit her own emotional well-being. Certainly telling someone what had happened made her feel better, but she had essentially told the Captain something he could do little about.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-20, 01:33:15

Jien listened intently to the information given to him, and he could not help that - with the incident in question - he became frustrated with the fact that he was given no name to vent his anger unto. He was left with an ominous impression that a senior officer from the Harbinger, which was his educated guess based on the scarce information he received, had raped one of the Theurgy's female officers during an event that was supposed to be insouciant.

Furthermore, in hearing about what had happened, Jien immediately regretted having said 'yes' to the Risian that had wanted to host the event. What had he been thinking? They had a mission, and with the Calamity likely to find them again, how could he have thought there wouldn't be people too on edge to handle celebrations like they had held the night before? Jien felt sick, had to stand, and did - pushing away to pace his Ready Room. He took a couple of deep breaths, stopped his hands from making the white-knuckled fists he was making at his sides, and tried to lessen the severity of his mordant stride. "Shimata..." he cursed under his breath.

His thoughts were upon this brave woman who would sacrifice her integrity for the mission, as misguided her standpoint might have been, and what he could do for her. That he felt responsible was, of course, erroneous on his own part, since he was not supposed to take the blame for the actions of a lesser man, since the festival itself should not have anything to do with what had happened. It could just as well have happened on any off-duty hour. Then, of course, there was his great sympathy, since he vaguely remembered a situation not too remote from what had happened to her - how the infected Chief Nolak Kalmil had used his Deltan abilities to take advantage of... her. With her thought, she had changed form, and she rounded on Counselor O'Connor.

"Instead of preserving the mission," she said, shoulders squared as she folded her arms, "she might be doing the opposite instead. I must be able to trust the people around me, and we have a lot of transferred personnel from the Harbinger. This person could be the most qualified at what he does, but if he would take advantage of a woman - regardless of her opinion in the matter - then I *cannot* trust him. Rape is not only a violation of everything we stand for, and the very tenants of the Federation that I have fought to preserve despite all that has happened aboard this ship. I do not care how emotionally distressed this man might be, violating women is - and will never be - justified."

Sighing, Jien realised that she was preaching to the choir, to borrow an ancient Christian etymology, and returned to stand by the desk in Hayden's field of vision. What was there to say, really? "I will... try to keep myself from allowing these news to affect the way in which I appraise the actions of the Harbinger officers around me. I cannot afford to make this ruin trust where trust is indeed to be found. If I were to be paranoid, it would affect my ability to make the right decisions when needed. So I ask you this..."

Jien unfolded her arms from underneath her chest and put her hands on her hips. "Try to encourage this poor woman to tell us more, so that there can be justice, and so that I won't have to look upon former Harbinger personnel as if they were all Schroedinger's rapists. No offence intended, of course." The barest of faint smiles ghosted across Jien's face, to take the rough edge off her words. Hayden O'Connor might have been from the Harbinger, but this was a male offender, that much had been established. "I know it is a foolish question, and I should not be asking it, but do you have anything more that you observed which we can give Security if I were to be asking them to make a quiet investigation right now?"

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-02-06, 02:09:46

Hayden continued to watch the emotional fallout of her words as reflected in the Captain's facial expressions and nonverbal behavior. Even as her guilt persisted for springing Maya's rape on him so suddenly, she realized there was a certain amount of voyeuristic catharsis in watching Ives react. From the moment Maya disclosed what happened to her, Hayden felt an obligation to keep her own feelings in check, not just to so she could take care of Maya's needs, but because they were so overwhelming. There was a certain sense of relief in seeing the flash of guilt, anger, and sadness on someone else's face, as if now that they were purged from someone else, they were purged from all in the vicinity. Nothing could be further from the truth, but O'Connor took temporary comfort in the thought.

When Ives transformed into female form, Hayden was surprised and immediately curious. Was the transformation the result of intense feelings, perhaps some unconscious identification with the female victim? The counselor didn't know. For all she knew, she was reading entirely too much into it, and the switch had all the significance of a sneeze or stretching one's legs. Still, the transformation before her eyes was a reminder of all the questions Hayden still had about Ives' two forms and their connection to emotional state. Inquiring about Ives' feelings seemed inappropriate at the moment, however, so she resisted it for now.

As she outlined all the reasons why Maya's logic was faulty (though, of course, she didn't know it was Maya in question) Hayden simply nodded. O'Connor had considered all of the same points and thought about how she might convey them to Maya in a way that would compromise her psychological state further, but in the end, she had decided against it. Ives didn't see the Vulcan doctor relive her violation in real time the way Hayden had. Sheer instinct or perhaps it was sheer cowardice, told her not to press Maya any further than necessary. O'Connor got the distinct impression if she did, whatever strings that were holding the Vulcan's fragile psyche together, would snap. Hayden was going to do everything in her power to prevent that from happening.

She was gratified the Captain wanted to pursue an investigation, even quietly. It validated her own instincts to document evidence and Maya's statements, even though it had the potential to compromise the therapeutic relationship and potentially damage any investigation. Seeing I've struggle with what to do next made Hayden's honesty that much more difficult to offer. "Honestly, Captain, I feel fortunate to have gotten as much out of her as I did. I considered turning over my recordings with her to either yourself or someone from security, but I fear it will only help to identify the victim and not her perpetrator. Given what I have observed, I'm afraid even gentle questioning will cause further psychological harm to her clearly fragile psyche. I've also repeatedly replayed her words over and over in my mind, and I cannot come up with one potentially identifying characteristic that could point us in the right direction. I've captured his DNA, I believe, during her medical exam, but I've not yet made an attempt to compare it to any DNA which might be on file for the Harbinger crew. Without her cooperation, any legal proceedings wouldn't go anywhere, and whatever trust she has in

me will forever be damaged."

O'Connor paused, then offered, "Naturally, I will be working with her therapeutically and I'll do what I can to get her to disclose. I'm hopeful with time she will see the flaws in her logic and consider making a full report. However, like so many have done with the incidence of sexual violation in the past, there's a part of her who thinks she doesn't have the right to treat what happened to her as a criminal violation given her assailant's psychological state. She considers him a victim of external trauma, much like so many focus on the infection or the other life forms when they discuss their own sexual traumas. The external cause has become a way to explain events, and therefore, a way to convince herself what she suffered, if she can permit herself to call it suffering at all, was nothing compared to what he suffered, or what we'll all suffer collectively, if she simply doesn't say anything."

Hayden met Ives' eyes and held her gaze sincerely. She wondered if the Captain would see any parallels between Maya's response to her assault and Ives' own reaction to the trauma she had endured. It was perhaps a tad manipulative of Hayden to make the comparison, no matter how true it was. In actuality, Maya had been more open about her own suffering than Hayden believed Ives had been about hers. Or was it his? She wasn't sure.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-15, 01:42:04

Something about Lieutenant O'Connor's words, the way she phrased them, tugged at Ives as she was seated before the counsellor. It was likely imagination, that Hayden would be alluding to their argument down on Theta Eridani IV, so with a pause and a look, Ives disregarded the notion.

"If you have a sample of the perpetrator's DNA, and given the fact that the identity of the victim won't have to be compromised, I think there is a way to proceed with an investigation. Quietly so," Jien added to forestall any comment about how it might hurt the victim if the investigation was made openly and the rumours spread like wildfire across all decks. "We won't have access to the DNA records of the Harbinger Crew aboard the Theurgy, but fact is that our Deputy - ThanIda zh'Wann - has unofficially been named the Harbinger's new Chief of Security. Therefore, as soon as she has settled in today, I urge you to prepare the DNA sample for analysis and contact her - sending her the data in order to find a match amongst the Harbinger's journals."

Since the Chief Counsellor did not know the Andorian Deputy, Jien explained her reasoning in so many words. "Lieutenant zh'Wann takes her job very seriously, and she will go the extra mile when it comes to the safety of the Theurgy's crew. If you only tell her that the DNA sample is important for sake of her old crew, she will likely investigate and name the match, but she can't make any arrest or hearing unless you tell her what it is all about. Therefore, I recommend you try to convince her to help out without telling her the purpose. She is not known for her... *delicate touch* towards people that she thinks will compromise the crew or the mission. I read in the reports that you aided her yesterday morning in the Brig, so I think you know that I am not exaggerating. I would like to have Wenn Cinn and I decide how we ought to proceed when we know who the likely assailant was, and involve Captain Vasser and zh'Wann as required in order to maintain good relations between the crews and not make this situation escalate."

Pausing, Jien glanced towards the chronometer. "zh'Wann will likely have settled in on the Harbinger around noon, so that's when I think you should get in touch with her. In the meantime, there should be plenty of time to prepare the data of the sample as well." Jien looked back towards Hayden and folded her hands on the table. "What do you think? I value your input in this matter, Counsellor. Do you have a better suggestion on how to proceed?"

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-03-04, 00:16:44

Hayden listened to Ives carefully, and although the more that was shared, the more she agreed, she also couldn't deny that with each word she felt more torn. Hayden knew for the sake of ship security there had to be an investigation, but just providing DNA samples without Maya's knowledge felt like an ethical violation. Intellectually, she knew she was right on the ethical line, considering she was taking action to ensure the safety of Maya and the rest of the crew, but that didn't mean she felt any better about it. Providing the samples for comparison was one thing, but getting Ida's cooperation to run the comparison without being able to tell her why? That was an entirely different mountain to climb.

O'Connor had no doubt Ida was good at her job and capable of being discreet, but as Ives' had so diplomatically pointed out, she was not known for her finesse when it came to meeting her professional obligations while interacting with others. Would she even do as O'Connor asked without knowing the reason? If she needed to be convinced there was a good reason for it, what could Hayden offer that wouldn't cause the Andorian the alarm she was trying to avoid?

Then there was the matter of Ives and others getting involved. Once the assailant had been identified, there was no unringing that particular bell. What if Maya refused to come forward even then? The command and security staff couldn't ignore Hayden's report of a credible threat, and a large part of her didn't want them to, but what would that do to the therapeutic relationship she had with Maya and potentially anyone else? The crew desperately needed someone they could talk to while letting down their guard. If the crew stopped trusting her to provide a safe place to keep their confidences?

All of that didn't even take into consideration what would happen if there wasn't enough evidence to prove Maya's claims. Hayden believed she had more than enough evidence to show the sexual contact was violent, but could that prove to enough people it was also not consensual? Rape myths still abounded in the Federation, particularly given the diverse cultures that comprised it. Would anyone be inclined to punish her assailant, and if so, how would that work given their present circumstances? How would Maya be perceived? It wasn't like she could be transferred elsewhere.

It was a lot to consider even if she knew safety had to be the priority, and it flashed through Hayden's mind in what felt like an eternity, but what was probably only a few seconds. O'Connor took a breath and slowly exhaled before answering, "I'm concerned what will happen if I'm not able to convince the woman in question to come forward. Even assuming I can convince Deputy zh'Wann to run the comparison without knowing all the details, there's still the possibility you all will know the results and feel compelled to act on them before I convince her to come forward. If that happens, I'm afraid she will feel betrayed for a second time, and the damage to my therapeutic relationship with her, and everyone else who hears I cannot be trusted, will be irreparable. I believe her, Captain, and I believe the evidence supports her assertions, but I'm not so naïve as to believe everyone will agree with me. I also can't help but put myself in the Deputy's place. If I raise enough concern to convince her to identify the DNA, how can I then withhold information and demand she ignore her own professional obligations out of respect for my own? Given what we know of her social challenges, that may be too much to bank on."

O'Connor paused, then added, not heartlessly, but sincerely, "Would you ever trust me again if I forced you to report your rape to security, knowing there was a chance at least some of your own crew and those aboard Harbinger believed you were weak as a result or simply asking for it?"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-07, 18:54:02

As much as she didn't like it, the counsellor was right. Jien made the mission and the safety of the crew her priority, as much as her former Deputy would, and that had compelled her to suggest a quiet investigation. Jien sat back while O'Connor spoke, convinced that the counsellor had the right of the matter even before she was finished.

For her arguments were sound. Hayden was correct about the awkward position that the victim of the atrocity would be placed in as soon as Jien and Wenn Cinn acted on the DNA-results. If the victim wasn't prepared to step forth, then the lack of further evidence might create a scenario when the word of the victim stood against the accused. Also, if the perpetrator was indeed one of the ranking officers originally from the Harbinger, his word as a ranking Starfleet Officer still carried some weight. If it was a member of the Senior Staff, the officers reporting to him might even provide an alibi out of misguided loyalty. Then, there would be no hope for the victim to get justice, so the evidence had to be strong enough to justify the verdict in the eyes of both the crews as a whole.

That was, unless Jien took justice into her own hands, and passed sentence without proper evidence, ordering Wenn Cinn to lock away the accused in accordance with non-judicial punishment. NPJ was the regulation that allowed her to administratively discipline the crew without a court-martial. Such disciplinary actions ranged from reprimand to reduction in rank and correctional custody to confinement on diminished rations. It would not constitute a criminal conviction, but it would serve.

Then again, it would not serve the victim, since she could be targeted by those loyal to the perpetrator.

"..would you ever trust me again if I forced you to report your rape to security, knowing there was a chance at least some of your own crew and those aboard Harbinger believed you were weak as a result or simply asking for it?"

Blinking once, Jien raised her eyes to look into the counsellor's, and she could not help how her brow furrowed for a moment. She was quiet at first, considering whether or not she ought to be angry with O'Connor for making her point in such a untoward manner. In the end, she decided not to, taking a deep breath and leaning forward. She set her forearms upon the desk and folded her calloused hands. "You are right," she said quietly, looking down upon her hands in thought. "Unless the victim agrees to it, we can't do anything. Not without endangering her and undermining your integrity as a counsellor aboard this ship."

Looking up, Jien's mien was bitter, not liking how her hands were tied in the matter. "Unless there was anything else, you are dismissed, counsellor. The victim is your priority, and I hope you can convince her to step forth. Tell her that she can be protected, regardless who the assailant was. I will personally make sure she has nothing to fear if so required. Furthermore, the matter will be handled with the outmost discretion, and her identity kept as secret as possible aboard this ship. When she is ready, come to me first, and we'll take it from there."

Standing up, Jien walked away from the desk - looking out upon the orange nebula. Before O'Connor left through the sliding doors, she added, "Since we left Earth, I have had to make decisions no Commanding Officers should have to make. Rationalised the destruction of entire starships that almost brought this voyage to an end, just for the sake of preserving our lives and the truth we bear." She said this without looking at the counsellor, leaning with one forearm against the bulkhead next to the panoramic view of the transparent alluminium. "When I look through the crew manifests of the ships we have destroyed, I can put a face to a couple of those names... yet I imagine you knew those five people from the Harbinger better than that."

Jien pinched the bridge of her nose. "So if you want to talk about the decision you had to make on that mountainside, my door is open. And... if I come to remember anything new from the Niga Incident, then I suppose we could have a mutual exchange."

After she had said this, Jien turned her head towards Hayden, and a faint smile touched her face. Bleak as it might be, it was still there - the first time seen by the counsellor. Perhaps even the first sign of a truce between them.

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-03-16, 01:18:29

So focused on making her point was Hayden that it took her a moment to absorb the last thing she said. It was safe to say, however, that even before the words were completely out of her mouth, O'Connor regretted them instantly. Fighting back a wave of nausea and self-hatred, Hayden felt powerless to say or do anything else in what felt like an eternity between O'Connor's words and Ives' response. Even so, words couldn't possibly convey the way the healer felt as she realized she'd done the equivalent of pouring salt in a barely healed wound, except to Hayden, it felt like the equivalent of firing a disruptor on its highest setting at point blank range. She was not a woman who deliberately caused another person pain. In fact, there was still a small part of her that wrestled with the idea of causing anyone pain, physical or emotional, even when she knew it was necessary to help them heal medically or psychologically. It was completely abhorrent her that she would do so simply to make a point, and it was terrifying to her to think this was going to be the consequence of her killing five of her former crewmates.

Hayden understood that people could often say things they didn't mean, especially under stress, and she even acknowledged in her personal life, she had done so many times. But professionally was another matter entirely. Was she losing it, after all? O'Connor knew something inside her would break if she saw even a hint of pain in Ives' eyes. The counselor trusted herself to keep it together long enough to be alone if that happened, but she also knew full well that hint of pain would join the images that she saw of her former crewmates as she sent them to their deaths.

O'Connor held her breath and waited for the flash of pain in the Captain's eyes followed by the explosion of anger that she knew was coming. In Hayden's mind, anger was the only way she would be able to save face if O'Connor was in Ives' shoes. Even though the Counselor had tried to make clear that she did not believe the captain had been weak or that she had asked for what happened to her, just hearing those hypothetical accusations would be enough to make anyone react, even if there was only a sliver of self-blame left.

So it was more than a bit surprising and confusing when the signs of hurt and anger didn't come. For a breath, Hayden wondered if the Captain was just that good at hiding emotions, and then she saw it, that hint of confusion that let O'Connor know Ives didn't know how to take what she'd said and was trying to decide how to feel. Inwardly, Hayden breathed a small sigh of relief. Ives was just as confused by Hayden's words as she was. They'd only interacted one other time together, but perhaps it was enough for the Captain to know Hayden wasn't herself. Please forgive me Captain, I know not what I do.

Still, the softness of Ives' tone wasn't lost on her, and despite hearing agreement, when she was dismissed, it was all she could do not sprint for the door like a woman desperately ill. It was only the fact that protocol had been drummed into her that her body knew to turn and listen because the Captain was still speaking. As she listened, she realized she hadn't caused hurt, only revealed her own. Whether it was because Hayden had hit a nerve or because Ives recognized pain in another, O'Connor wasn't sure, but the counselor thought she understood she was being given an opportunity

to save face, and even hope for the future of their relationship. She'd take it.

Not trusting herself to say anything more, all Hayden could do before she left was nod and offered, "I'd like that."

Post by: Kurohigi on 2014-11-24, 01:51:04

[Holographic Laboratory]

The senior staff meeting had not gone as he hoped. It had been his goal to help Thea, to support her in her quest to save Cala, but Ives had found the greatest factor against the plan to be Thea herself. She was too close to the matter, and could not objectively perform her duties. Strangely, he respected the Captain for that, for treating Thea as he would a human crew member, willing to risk all for their own child. "Thea," he said, getting the AI's attention. "I'm sorry. I know you wanted to be a part of this mission, to save Cala, but I think I might know a way you can still help in a way that might help us stop the Calamity without bringing harm to Cala. For it to work though, we may have to do some upgrading and re-prioritizing of your systems."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-01, 02:46:09

Through the bio-neural network, Thea heard the call of Lin Kae's voice like any ship computer would react to the command "computer", and even though she walked the corridors a couple of decks below with her emitter, she still replied to her specialist through the intercom.

"I see," she said, sounding crestfallen, and not sure how she might confront Kae about his wish to reset Cala instead of updating her ethical subroutines and rewrite the parts that made her carry out her orders for the enemy. Yet if he had an idea that held such kind of promise, she was not going to object. "I will be in your laboratory with my emitter at 1050 hrs. It needs to be recharged. As for the upgrades and the reprioritising of my system software, I am looking forward to reviewing your suggestion."

Far below Lin Kae's feet, Thea entered her own quarters, looking around. It had been nice to have Selena Ravenholm sleep on her couch, but now the friend she had made the evening before - whom she had played Space Cadet with until well after midnight - had been forced to return to the Harbinger. During the staff meeting, Selena had tried to analyse the mission design and give new input, but it had not helped Thea's request. Lin Kae had done his best, but he'd had just as little success. She was and remained alone, and unable to change that fact.

She raised a gloved hand to her eyes, and when she looked at the glove of her suit, there were digital tears on her fingertips.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-22, 00:23:16

[Corridors | Outside Transporter Room 01]

Walking next to Captain Vasser, T'Rena remained silent until they were out of earshot from the rest of the senior officers. They both knew that the surveillance system was down on the Theurgy, which proved quite fortunate given the delicate matter that they needed to address. When she was confident they were completely alone, he raised her even voice, not even glancing sideways.

"It would seem Captain Ives has pushed our hand. We may not have as much time as we wanted, but with the people that now see the truth, I am confident we can still make our move, and I estimate our

chances of success to be higher than 82 %."

Only then did she look on her Captain, this vessel of hope for the survival of the Galaxy.

"Shall I make the necessary preparations?" she said, as if she was asking whether or not to set the table before supper.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2014-11-24, 01:51:04

The meeting had not gone as he expected, but at the very least, T'Rena was there to give her analysis. Though a Vulcan could often be a frustrating person to hold a conversation with, their practicality was appreciated when it came time for weighing options. 82% was a strong number, especially from a species who didn't weigh in the human factor, the effect of determination or the risk taking that Terrans were so well known for. "Make any necessary preparations you need. I shall place my trust and my faith in you on this matter, T'Rena. Continue to serve well, as you always have. This could be the only opportunity we have to make it work."

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 06: Isolation & Depression

[USS Theurgy | Security Office | Holding Cell D | 1000 hrs.]

Seated on the floor, the being formerly known as Sonja Acreth heard the noise of her visitors well before they showed up in front of her forcefield. She smiled with her eyes closed, her true self coiling in the abyss of her soul.

With her legs folded and with her arms on her knees, her dark hair was hanging before her face. She had been given a black dress at some point, she did not remember when, but the fabric was made to tear easily so she could not use it for anything else than wearing it. There was a small washstand in the corner too, and with little to do over the course of time she'd spent in her cell, she had cleaned herself from the blood of her victims on the Harbinger. Her hair was still quite wet, but it had ceased dipping into her lap.

When her visitors stepped into the white light of her holding cell, with merely the forcefield between them and her, she raised her smiling face and opened her eyes - peering at them through the shroud of her hair. Watching them, she wondered which one she'd kill first if she could escape. Well, upon seeing them, she supposed she'd settle for three of them. She'd rather fuck her kin than kill him.

"Oh, my..." she said, chuckling where she sat, "If I knew I would have such handsome visitors, I would not have bothered dressing."

In a slow motion, she raked back her wet hair from her face with one hand, and her brown eyes moved between the four people outside the forcefield. There was her two former neighbours in the brig, Lieutenant-Commanders Wenn Cinn and Carrigan Trent, and then there was a Petty Officer with white hair and... wings, tail and horns... like some bedtime story back from her Host's planet. She seemed familiar, somehow....

Then, of course, there was her dear kin. The doctor, who had made sure she could escape last from the Harbinger's brig. All four of them were in their uniforms, and the woman looked like she was under direct command of Wenn Cinn, at his side. Carrigan Trent looked like he had a lot on his mind, but since he was present, Sonja guessed that she had to be some kind of priority. *Whatever do they want to know?* she wondered.

"I take it this is not strictly a social call, then?" she asked with a grin, her wet hair clear from her face as she looked at them with no trace of fear, as if they were funny monkeys in captivity - living their puny lives on their side of the forcefield. She looked at Dr. Nicander the same way, of course, wondering what kind of games they could come up with this time around.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2014-11-24, 07:10:32

Trent had work to do. He had a meeting in Engineering to sort out sensor data and integrate a countermeasure to Calamity's barrage jammer to begin with, and now he had to sift through all the data about a Starbase to come up with his side of a viable boarding plan and then make use of its communication systems in a way that would be propagated through all of Starfleet and be as hard to stop as possible at any point, from the transmitter to the most distant receiver.

And now, he was requested in the Brig to assist with an interrogation. Why him? He was no interrogator. But then again, he had spent a lot of time in close proximity to a number of these impostors and that likely made him as much an expert as anyone.

Upon arrival, joining his fellow escapee from the Archeron and the ship's CMO, Trent's cold eyes went straight to Ensign Acreth. No. Pseudo-Acreth. Just as he termed the compromised Sankolov. Just in time to hear her quip. "Then feel free to strip," he said without any emotion. Yes, she was attractive but he felt no desire for this thing behind the forcefield. His deadpan response had been in his customary low tone of voice and delivered without any hints of scorn or, in fact, anything beyond what one might consider a mild bit of amusement. Perhaps he was not an interrogator but the fundamentals had been covered in the Basic Intelligence Officer Training Program and they shared something with the world of tactics and command: keep your opponent off-balance. And besides, his memory was still filled with the sight of the gorgeous Trill he spent time with the previous night. He would come to her the moment he'd have some time to himself...

Turning to his companions, Trent spoke, sharing his insight to go along with the reports he'd managed to skim through between his office in the computer core and the brig. "Gentlemen, from experience, there's no hard and fast way to identify the enemy short of the test designed by Lieutenant zh'Wann. Mostly, from my end, any identification of a compromised individual was based on observation and deviation from the norms established by their victims. And, if the parasite theory is correct, then it would seem the enemy lacks some access to the victim's memories or it can prevent allergic reactions."

For a moment, Trent was silent, then he explained. "I realized something was wrong when Sankolov ordered a shrimp jambalaya at Sisko's. He is violently allergic, yet he ate it without trouble and no antihistamine was ever issued to him."

Post by: TheBanshee on 2014-11-26, 19:09:31

Lieutenant Commander Wenn Cinn felt a worm of disgust crawl around in his belly as he came face to face with the creature in the brig. When it spoke it was mocking in its tone. It was the representative of the infection that had spread in the highest echelons of the Federation and he was determined not to lose this opportunity to gather as much intelligence from it as he could.

In all honesty he would rather have it strapped into a chair and shown a few of the things he learned from the less savoury members of the Bajoran resistance about retrieving information. Jien had stopped him from taking it that far, for now at least, but he wondered if the captain might back down should the need arise. Trent spoke to it first before going into an explanation of the findings from his own experiences with the creatures. It was certainly interesting to hear his theory regarding the parasite and the level of information it could retrieve from the host. Still, it didn't change anything, the creature behind the forcefield was not Acreth and whatever it was was still responsible for deaths of crewmembers.

Cinn nodded in acknowledgement of Trent's input and stepped forward and looked at the creature in its cage, "You will answer some questions." He kept his tone neutral, not wanting to antagonise it just yet. He had to gauge how cooperative it was going to be and also see how it responded, looking for any tells or use of language that could give away any important clues.

"Firstly, tell me what you are and why you have taken Ensign Acreth's form. Secondly tell me why you are doing this. Thirdly tell me why your kind released the Niga virus," he wanted to give it something

to think about, send the thought process in a couple of different directions at once to watch how it dealt with the information process.

Crossing his arms he waited for it to reply, watching it carefully for any subtle movements or microexpressions, trying to learn its behaviours through observation at first before it spoke and gave verbal clues.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-28, 01:27:32

When given the disdainful comment that she may undress as if she wanted to, Sonja Acreth replied without pause. "Now... now... that's no way to treat a lady, is it?" she said, arms resting loosely on her knees where she sat, eyes unblinking while she smiled. "You could at least take me out to eat first."

The way she said it clearly suggested that *they* would be her feast.

Lucan, merely being an observer for the time being, resisted the urge to chuckle at her humour. He watched her with his arms folded and a tattooed fist against his own lips, a thoughtful expression worn like mask of skin over his face. He watched Sonja slowly rising to her feet when the amputee Intelligence Officer spoke to him and the two others, both whom he was quite familiar with. Wenn Cinn, who had been on the Theurgy since its commissioning, just like Lucan had. Well, besides having been dead for about a month. As for Dyan Cardamone, or Sar-unga Deshaw, she was someone he had just recently become... intimately familiar with.

In Lucan's opinion, the intelligence offered by the intelligence officer was not so intelligent, being well aware that his kin beyond the forcefield as well as himself had little to worry about with the... biological assistance that the things inside them could offer as required. It was dormant, of course, to avoid detection, but it was quite useful sometimes. Lucan did not like to open that door too wide, however, because he had experienced how he'd lost control when he did, and the thing inside would not let him close that door fully again afterwards, making it easier to loose control when he least wanted to. Odd, how he accepted this part of his new nature... but the notion slipped from his mind when Wenn Cinn spoke to his kin.

"That is a lot of questions, big boy," she said and stretched her neck where she stood, and the artificial light played over the side of her face, "but what is in it for me? Why should I tell you about myself, when I know so little about you? The definition of a conversation is that two people engage in a social exchange, is it not? If it is only me talking all the time... someone might think I'm crazy." Her eyes, and only her eyes, snapped towards Lucan. "I don't want to make the wrong impression on that handsome doctor you have there... Tell me, how is your back? Not as sautéed as last we met?"

"I might ask you the same," said Lucan evenly without dropping his fist from his mouth. "I heard your second escape-attempt was as futile as the first, thanks to Petty Officer Cardamone here."

"Ah, now I remember you," said Sonja and laughed as she turned to the white-haired woman, and with the context of her nature, it was a terrible sound. "It would seem there was more to you than met the eye. Too bad the same can't be said for poor David Cerrato and your other friends. Diadeniera Drovo might have been easy on the eye before I shot her face off, but it seemed to me she surrounded herself with mindless cattle... because they were all so easily funnelled to their slaughter."

Dee had been the Chief of Security that was killed before Deputy zh'Wann and Lt. Vessery managed to stop her. Lucan gave Sar-unga a couple of moments to reply to his kin before he spoke. "When you pulled me into the forcefield," he said quietly, but sounding firm in certitude, "I was on to something

with my theory, wasn't I? Otherwise you would not have interrupted me like you did. You are an interphasic parasite, aren't you?"

Sonja merely smiled at him, but she said nothing.

"Did you come from Thanatos VII?" Lucan pressed, unanswered, "If you are, how come your humanoid hosts survive? Long-term possession should be impossible. You should be feeding on the cellular peptides of your hosts, and the whole of Starfleet Command should be dead by now. Nor can your kind control the minds of your hosts. If anything, your kind seem to exhibit the capabilities of the Denevan neural parasite, but you cannot be detected by our scans... therefore, I am led to believe you are some kind of variation of both. An interphasic neural parasite. A mutation of the Denevan version. Do you originate - like them - from somewhere outside the galaxy? Are you out of phase with our existence? By the winds, is this correct?"

Still, Sonja said nothing, just looking at him with her fixed smile.

"What is it you want?" Lucan pressed further, stepping closer to the forcefield. "So many dead an-"

Sonja was suddenly standing inches away from the invisible wall, the transition of her movement almost impossible to catch with the eye, and Lucan did not have to feign his surprise and how startled he was, staggering backwards. The beast inside him was agitated, and it seemed it communed with the kin inside of Sonja, since its ire rang in Lucan's ears - not the least impressed by the development. In Lucan's mind, however, the best deception did not succeed without an ounce of truth in it...

"Now it is my turn to ask questions," said Sonja after staring at Lucan in his struggle regain his footing, turning her eye towards the other three. "It is quite clear that in the nature of all species, you are capable of acts of love and kindness. Of inventiveness. Mutual aid. And yet, on the other side, you are capable of acts of destruction and defilement. It is inherent in all your biologies, so why deny one side of yourselves for sake of the other? You are being dishonest with who you really are... beyond the doctrine of lawful society."

Post by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2014-11-29, 05:31:09

She had been more than happy to be back on duty. To be back in uniform. To be back to protecting the people who were standing as a beacon of light against a growing unseen darkness. What she wasn't happy about was seeing 'that' woman again. Sonja Acreth. If it had not been for others being here and the force field between them she would have liked nothing more than to sharpen her claws on her flesh and not in the nice fun way some would picture. Her wings remained folded firmly against her back as her tail moved behind her as her annoyance and anger continued growing seeing 'that' woman sitting there. As she spoke all Dyan could do was let out a low soft growl of annoyance. Her eyes remained on Acreth as she remained as still as she could. She was a weapon and all she waited for was the order or the circumstance to attack. Her eyes only half turned from Acreth to the one she had come to know as Carrigan Trent listening to his words though from time to time her eyes fully moved to Acreth. "Whatever this thing is it doesn't change the scent of the host. That thing," she said feeling that she was no longer even worth of being called human. "Smells normal,"

As Cinn stepped closer she would shadow him standing a few feet behind him before her eyes moved fully to Trent as though she were truly seeing him for the first time. Which wasn't too far from the truth. Her eyes looked over his arm then to the other before letting her eyes travel over his chest and finally to his eyes. She would only offer him a quiet nod before her eyes turned back to the wench that brought them all here. The more she spoke the more Dyan could feel her anger starting to rise as the

tip of her tail continued moving with annoyance and frustration.

Her ear twitched ever so slightly hearing Lucan speaking her name though her eyes remained on the woman in the holding cell. Her eyes narrowed as another long deep growl slipped from her lips. "To bad you couldn't get the job done all way. Sloppy work really. It reeks of a weak creature. When and trust me there will be a when. I get my hands on you again beasty it won't be as a Starfleet officer and you won't be waking up again," she spoke coldly as her eyes remained on hers. "You couldn't stop me or kill me when I was human. You won't be able to do anything now that my body is as it should be," she spoke cold and lowly as she continued watching her.

As Sonja moved seemingly faster then even her eye could catch Dyan quickly moved around Cinn tell she was standing beside him her eyes narrowed as she was more then ready to strike. "It is not dishonesty you worm infected thing. In gaining control of both sides we rise above primal animals that are at the mercy of which direction they are pushed. If anything we are more honest then you," she whispered as she slowly started approaching the cell her eyes narrow with anger. "I would like nothing more then to slowly peel your flesh from your body and dip you in a pile of salt. I wouldn't feel bad about in the least. I have done far worse to far better people," she whispered as she stood a foot from the force field. "For far less reasons. We all know there are two sides to our nature but there in lies the difference between us. We don't have to crawl into someone elses skin to express it,"

Post by: CanadianVet on 2014-12-01, 14:53:25

There was something *predatory* to the way pseudo-Acreth replied to Trent's quip. But there was no hint whatsoever that she had been put off-balance. So he had misjudged that approach and instead, he felt part of his awareness slightly dip away from the physical world as his mind began to re-compile the data he had. He was no interrogator, he was a specialist in electronic warfare and tactical exploitation and an analyst. So he had to analyze what he had.

His fellow crewmembers, he did not so much follow their interactions with the prisoners as much as registered it all as data to be examined. The Bajoran chief of security came about with a direct approach, which was met with derision, but it seemed the doctor struck a nerve with his assessment as to what this enemy truly was. But this violent a reaction, was it an act or was it something else? And there was Wenn's mention of the Niga incident, which Trent had briefly read upon as he did not have the time to fully cover all that information.

He waited for this unusual alien, who was said to have been a gorgeous but rather pale human but the previous day, to finish her tirade until he spoke again. He had some facts compiled. "Brig officer, isolate Cell D, full privacy." At his command, the forcefield went opaque and the all sounds blocked. If anything, he did not need the new, he knowing what he had just theorized.

"I have a new theory. This enemy, they crave experiencing things through their hosts. That would explain why Acreth here sounded so predatory when she spoke of coming out to eat: she views us as her meal. It would also explain their choice of pathogens when they engineered the Niga incident with the uncontrollable sexual urges it caused. Or why Sankolov started to binge on seafood after he was compromised. They build upon what he host knows, either in the ways of urges or desires and these parasites have, effectively, very limited impulse control. So that is why they went for Starfleet. They might be impulsive and hedonistic but they knew that a rash of such behaviour would attract attention and put a crimp in their goal. But if the one agency in the Federation with the resources to investigate was the first to fall? They would be unstoppable. I have an idea. Wenn, Petty Officer, you've already pretty well started playing the part of a bad cop. Doctor, follow my lead, we're playing good cop."

With a gesture, Carrigan motioned to the brig officer to return the forcefield to its default configuration and again, he spoke. "Look, Miss Acreth, we can't very well free you. It would be too dangerous. But perhaps we could come to a compromise. If you cooperate, I will push to have your confinement made more comfortable. We have an excellent holographic expert and a holodeck to spare. Of course most controls will be locked and the door sealed but you could be under far more comfortable house arrest in exchange for your cooperation."

And something Trent did not specify was the length she would enjoy the holodeck as a prison. For all he cared, she could be stuck in stasis until the parasite could be removed. And if that was impossible, the Theurgy had plenty of airlocks to chose from.

Post by: TheBanshee on 2014-12-19, 11:44:17

Despite his proximity to the field, when it moved as though trying to scare the group on the outside Cinn didn't flinch. He'd seen many make the same move over the years and perhaps at first it caused him to second-guess the field's integrity or the nature of the prisoner inside he had learned long ago that nothing he had come across thus far was able to cause the barrier to drop from within nor allow them to pass through unimpeded. Whatever this thing was it was still in a human body and a human body was unable to pass through the barrier. He remained unfazed and still.

Cinn stood frowning and arms crossed. He hated the stereotypical 'good cop, bad cop' play but sometimes it did work. He didn't think it would work with the creature in the cell but until a better option presented itself perhaps it would cause no harm. He paused and listened to the offer Trent made it, far too lenient in his book but he would have to see how it played out.

A small vibration from his comm badge indicated that someone had tried to contact him. He had set comms to show up at the main station in the Security office but had left a small notification on. He noted it and turned his attention back to his task. "It still hasn't answered my questions," he growled, "There'll be no bargaining until I hear some solid answers. Why did you take that form? What is your goal? Why did you use the Niga virus?"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-21, 03:17:56

It seemed to Lucan that Sonja Acreth was about to answer Sar-unga's threats before Trent isolated the cell, cutting her off, so the prisoner just stood there behind the forcefield with her minacious smile. She met the gaze of the Asurian with amusement, like she was a monkey throwing its feces on the glass. She did not react before being cut off either, merely standing there and folding her arms when she heard Trent's command.

Lucan listened to the Intelligence Officer's suggestion. It was remarkable how his conclusions were not too far off in some areas, while not very close to the truth in others. While Lucan was intrigued by the man, the sinister whisper in his soul was not so amused, demanding the human's death. "I'm a doctor, not an inquisitor..." he said quietly in answer to the suggestion and sighed, "good or bad. Fine, but you can't expect me to rub her feet after she nearly killed me. She won't expect it either, for that matter."

When the forcefield became transparent again, Acreth had not moved an inch, still standing there and watching them with her minatory smile. So it was to no surprise that the matter of her accommodations were secondary to her, after Trent made his offer, and her ambitions were plainly not to enjoy their hospitality for much longer. "How gracious of you to make the offer, Lieutenant Commander," she said, tilting her head a little. "Yet how can I strike a deal if you do not specify what my cooperation would entail? From where I am standing... as in me still being here... I consider myself

already very cooperative. At least compared to what I have been before."

Ensign Acreth was not looking at him, but Lucan was very aware of the fact that he had been the one to arrange her escape from the Harbinger's Brig down on Theta Eridani IV, where she had killed all of Sar-unga's comrades in Security and almost reached the Main Bridge. Her meaning was not lost to him. She counted on him to get her out once more, at the most opportune of times. Strangely, Lucan was not entirely sure what he thought about the prospect, even if it was what he should do. Her release would hamper his own plans, and endanger both their lives. She mightn't care if her Host died anymore... but Lucan was very much interested in staying alive.

Then, the thunderous reverberation that was Wenn Cinn's voice cut off his introspection, demanding answers from Acreth. Sonja slowly turned her eyes towards the Bajoran, and her voice was like a knife in how it cut into the nervy atmosphere.

"You seek the motives for our actions, unable to understand that which is beyond you," she said, and her smile was a rictus expression that creased the corners of her eyes. "How can I make you comprehend something that defies your simple nature? You especially, who enforce rules and order in denial of your animal nature. Law is a construct. The world is not black and white. There is no good or evil. Just chaos... and *flesh*."

She emphasised the word by running her glistening tongue across her upper lip, her smile remaining. "Our nature stem from a dimension where construct break down, and the vanity of life meets its end. You are all cattle, breeding and moving around for no purpose, thinking there is meaning beyond death and begetting more lives to die in your wake. We represent the hell from which your primal urges surge, and in the primordial soup of feelings that reside at the back of your cultivated minds, we exist, as we've always had."

Sonja reached down between her legs, fingering herself through her dress as she spoke, her facial expression remaining. "Your bodies are our playground, where we can enter flesh and derive pleasure or pain as our honest whims dictate, or deal it unto others," she said, baring her teeth at times when she spoke, and she looked between the lower standing creatures before her, "You are but flesh-puppets leading unfulfilling lives, fooling yourselves that there is more than pain and pleasure to seek. Your purpose is to serve, and be discarded when your bodies are unfit to use any more."

Ensign Acreth, or the thing which spoke through her, lifted her fingers to her nose - scenting herself on them as she took a few steps along the forcefield. Her unblinking eyes were still staring at them. "You ask of Niga, and I ask if it is not obvious? You may have seen it as an abomination that would topple all societies in the Galaxy, but you may consider the virus our high-grade narcotic when we claim a Host, as well as the means through which we both keep whole populations predictable... and reduce them to the chaos in which we thrive."

Sonja ran her other hand through her hair, sighing as if in wishful thinking to be there, living in that mayhem... "It is from chaos we all spring... and shall return."

Post by: CanadianVet on 2014-12-24, 05:26:46

Trent simply cast the doctor a flat look at the mention of rubbing the Acreth creature's feet. Of course he had at least skimmed the reports of when dealings were had with her and from a completely objective point of view he would never expect anyone to get close to her unless fully restrained. And there were limits to easing her captivity.

However, the Intelligence Officer returned his attention to the prisoner when the Bajoran growled his demands. The man was large, tough and returned from the dead. That alone would be plenty to rattle any detainee. But with these creatures, who knew what was effective? But he did not have to wait long for any further insight in these usurpers.

He kept his face a mask, but that creature fingering itself while speaking was more than a little unnerving, especially combined with her words. They were not just raw information, they sounded almost religious in nature. So, these things were ideologically driven? This was a piece of information that had not been available before. How valuable that tidbit was was unclear but it was something. As was the information on the Niga virus. At least, there was now a little more to work with.

But there was something else in that speech, something confident and had been heard many times before by Starfleet officers, that there was no hope before the threat this enemy posed. And as such, Carrigan spoke. "Miss Acreth, first of all, if you've got access to Ensign Acreth's memories, you will know we've heard these things before. From the Bullders and the Xindi to the Borg to the Dominion, we've heard it all. Each of them said things were hopeless and we had no choice but to submit. Honestly, your kind are just a new threat, and like all the others before, there will be those who will fight you, and win."

There was a hint of a dangerous grin on Trent's lips. Since he had arrived on the Theurgy, he found much of his confidence reborn and part of his old instincts as a tactician and commander had started to resurface. And he found himself, on some level, relishing the fight.

"As for what we need from you will be accurate and verifiable information that can be turned into timely and actionable intelligence. You give us things we can use, your situation will be... improved. You fail to do so, we can find other means. I have the strong impression you have little vested interest in keeping your host intact, but there are other means to deal with a creature of intellect. And I'm certain Commander Wenn and the Petty Officer can think of a number of creative and unpleasant ways to do that. Right now, you're the only person standing between comfort and torture. So really, help me help you."

"So first of all, we know you aren't Ensign Acreth. What is your actual name?"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-07, 22:52:52

Inside, Lucan chuckled at the query of a name to the kin inside Sonja, knowing better. So predictable, that the cattle around them wanted a name on the evil they fought. A means to compartmentalise their existence into their own minds. They feared the unknown, and wanted to add their kind to the very list of foes they had fought before, the same list that the Intelligence Officer delivered in his retort. On Sonja's part, she looked as amused as Lucan felt.

"A name," she said and tilted her head, biting her lower lip, as if to politely keep herself from laughing, "You must be hearing what I say but you have not listened. I am indulging you and yet you fail to comprehend the meaning and implications of my words, human. I ask you all then; what are you, essentially? I do not mean it philosophically, but scientifically."

Lucan let a frown touch his exotic face and replied, playing along for sake of appearances. "Lifeforms."

"Yes, but what do you consist of?" asked Sonja, studying her own hand as she paced her cell - as if she inspected the quality of a glove.

"Matter... Organi-"

"Which is what?" Sonja turned her eyes to Lucan with a smirk. "Oh, doctor, I know that medical science still rely on the understanding that we are all matter, lest you do not know how to treat wounds or ailments. No, you are not matter. This skin-puppet I wear is not simply matter. Quantum physics makes it rather clear, as you go deeper and deeper into the workings of the atom, you can easily perceive that there is nothing but energy waves there."

Sonja's eyes left her visitors, slowly travelling the expanse of the barrier between them. "One might say that the atom is actually an invisible force field, a kind of miniature tornado... which emits waves of energy." Her eyes centred on them once more, and she ran her hands down the sides of her hips as she continued. "Yes, this Host and your mortal coils all consist of energy. Pulsing, vibrant energy. Both in body and mind. And when you die, where does that energy go? Come now, this is easy science. You know that your energy changes form, but never truly dies. Your bodies start to decay immediately as your internal bacteria eat away at it. Fungus spores. Larvae. Maggots that grow and eat. As you decompose, fuelling the ground in which you lay or simply generating new life, energy always persists, only in new ways. Your energy change, but never dissipate. You say 'body and soul' in your different cultures, but there is only energy asleep and energy awakened. Nothing else."

Casually, she raised her hand and broke her middle finger by bending it backwards. There was no mistaking what she had done by the sound of it happening. Yet she screamed not, moaning instead before she continued. "What we represent... is pure chaos," she said and breathed heavily as she began to flex her hand before her face, watching the broken finger try to cooperate with the commands that the body gave it. "All the complex biological processes of life - not to mention the technology of starships and buildings - all break down. Under those circumstances, there can neither be energy asleep nor energy awakened. So..."

The dark eyes of Ensign Acreth snapped to the Intelligence Officer. "Do you honestly think we would care to denominate ourselves, and create order by individuality?" That which had once been human tilted her head forward, and when she spoke next, it was as if the voice could not fit into their current reality - tearing at the very fabric of time with each fractured syllable. *"We are the nameless darkness, and it is only through the flesh we wear that we abide to the laws of physics in this dimension, and adapt to your detestable societies. Our purpose is to reduce you to the primordial soup from where you all came - where energy is at its rawest form. We only need these sacks of flesh and bone to facilitate your inevitable decomposition, and once we can digest you, we will devour this existence... like sucking the marrow out of your brittle spines."*

Lucan acted as tense and fearful as might be expected, taking a couple of cautious steps back, but on the inside, the darkness within resonated with Sonja's, and he came to revel in the thought that it was not just the result of their work that mattered, but the delicious journey there - experiencing how it all crumbled apart in corruption, perversion, retrogression and complete dissolution. Thoughts not entirely his own, even though they more and more felt like they were. Odd, how he was not troubled by the development, even if he should be. Shouldn't he?

Being around Ensign Acreth was confusing to him, yet at the same time, very familiar.

Post by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2015-01-10, 22:36:17

She didn't care what they called them. What they named them. The only thing that mattered in her mind was how to kill them. Just the sight of Acreth made her blood boil and not in a good way. Her arms crossed over her chest as she stood there listening to that thing ask what they were. They

where life and life was important. She remained quite as the thing went on talking more and more about simple science and biology and Dyan found herself trying to fight back a yawn. She didn't flinch as the creature before them broke her fingers not wanting to give it the pleasure of knowing it creeped her out. Her eyes only half way turned to Lucan before they returned to the woman in the cell. "Nice little act and speech there. We're all impressed we truly are," she said as her head tilted to the side ever so slightly wishing they would allow her to attack. Allow her to pull the information that they wanted in the torture ways that their people had developed. During her fathers rule they had developed so many different ways to make people talk. All of which she was sure would not go along with the Federations rules and regs. Then again they where not part of the Federation any more.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-02-14, 05:35:19

Trent didn't hear what the winged woman at his side said. The shock of the Acreth woman's words and actions had struck him like a ton of bricks. How wrong he had been! This enemy, my was not so much driven by ideology as the need to expand and feed. But he had been right about how they used their hosts to feel the world about them, how they craved the ability to experience it.

But he was still shaken to his core and as soon as the air was clear, so to speak, the Intelligence Officer whirled about and pointed his prosthetic hand towards the Brig Officer and his voice sounded, sharp and clear, brooking no dissent. "Full isolation. Now!" He needed to segregate this creature from the rest of the ship. What had been said, it needed to be contained and restricted only to essential personnel. If he had been rattled by that creature's true nature, what could it do to those less capable of dealing with this knowledge than he was? It would spread like wildfire, get embellished, distorted and the crew would shatter. "I'm calling this one under the Official Secrets Directives. Only Captain Ives hears from this and she'll decide further dissemination." Then he pointed his synthetic hand directly at the young ensign manning the Brig station. The winged woman meant business, and perhaps she didn't know the Directives inside and out, forward and backwards but she'd understand his meaning. Wenn? He would be intimately familiar with them. The pale kid shaking like a leaf across the room? Not so much. "Ensign, whatever you heard or saw here today, forget it. Talk about it with anyone who isn't in this room right now and you'll become her neighbour, got it?"

Then, he looked at the now-opaque forcefield. "No one interacts with her without the Captain or my say-so. But let's soften her up for interrogation. Let's hit her with sleep deprivation, sensory overload and deprivation. Pain isn't going to work, but she's a creature of the mind, so we need to attack that for now. And let's play with gravity and inertial dampeners in her cell too. Anyone have any questions?"

He sounded every inch the senior officer at that exact moment. Perhaps he technically did not have any real seniority at this time and his status as an Intelligence Officer might not mean much but he did have the expertise at his point. And only when the Brig officer got to work that Trent allowed himself to drop into a crouch, leaning against a bulkhead nowhere near Acreth's cell, his hard facade finally giving way to the human beneath. "Christ, I can't wrap my head around that thing." Then, he looked up to the doctor and security personnel. "That thing, it scares the living shit out of me."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-19, 02:17:08

Wenn Cinn's comrade from the Archeron escape had gotten the prisoner talking, and with the help from the formidable... *Asurian* at Cinn's side and the more liberally positioned Dr. Nicander, Sonja Acreth had divulged more and more about herself and the enemy she represented. Therefore, Cinn had fallen silent, staring at the prisoner while she moved and talked within the confines of her holding cell. He had his massive arms folded across his chest as he observed her, standing perfectly still by the rear wall. When the thing began to speak though, screeching out of some rift in its existence in the

cell - as if part of it was in a state of flux - Cinn raised his jaw and returned that diabolical stare. Inside, something was trembling at the implications, and he had not felt something of the kind since his youth - surviving the worst parts of the Bajoran Occupation.

On the outside, he may have seemed collected, and that was what counted in the face of adversity.

He had only known Dr. Nicander long enough to predict his reaction to something like they were facing, them having served under Captain Ives since the Theurgy was commissioned. The Asurian seemed either a tough or foolhardy species judging from how Dyan - or Sar-unga - responded to Acreth, while the bionic spy-hacker ended up wearing his reactions on his sleeve towards the end - probably because he derived more layers and implications from Acreth's words than anyone else present. Because Cinn did not know what to think after the Intelligence Officer made the force-field opaque and shut down the interrogation. He had a keen mind in matters important to him, but the nature of existence and the dimensions beyond his own had never truly concerned him. He turned his bald head and looked upon Carrigan Trent when he began to spit out orders in Cinn's own Brig, but he did not start pissing out his territory like some canine. He remained silent, respectfully so, as he slowly walked over to the human.

"I agree," he rumbled as he crouched down in front of the seated man, and Cinn looked down upon his own hands as she spoke - the furrows on his forehead a testament to his concern, "but there is no need to threaten my Brig Officer. Matthews knows what he is about, even if he is young and he just got out of Sickbay. Don't you, Ensign?"

"Aye, s-sir," Connor said, and the human would fully understand that the query was rather a verification than anything else.

Only then did Cinn raise his eyes to look into the other Lieutenant-Commander's. "This is not your battle, Mr. Trent. Let me fight this one. Your say-so is better utilised elsewhere, in matters not so base as sanctioned torture. I have my methods, and I can make her uncomfortable, but as of 1100 hrs yesterday, the Captain ordered me to do so only with the required attendance of Dr. Nicander here. I may not like it, thinking that the results may be too late if we do this by the book, but I will follow the orders of my Captain."

Pausing, Cinn glanced towards the force-field again, not looking towards the winged colleague he had borrowed from the Harbinger crew or the CMO - eyes resting on what that force-field hid from all their eyes. His words were a quiet reverberation deep down in his chest, meant for the spy he owed his new life to. "I cannot understand this creature either, and she does instil fear in one's heart," he said, and then stood up - the seams of his uniform protesting with the motion. He extended his large hand down to Trent to help him up. "Yet we have a motto on this ship, carved into the plaque on the bridge. Now that you are here... you might as well abide by it. Silly words, but I mouth them once in a while when I need to."

Courage is fear, when it has said its prayers.

"I've got this, Mr. Trent, no need to worry." Cinn gave them human a lopsided smile. "Your expertise is better utilised finding a way to bring down the starship you were supposed to help building. Which is something I can't wrap my head around."

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-02-24, 02:15:40

Trent's mind was racing. The connections were becoming more and more obvious at every turn. The reports that were over classified, misfiled, never disseminated. Crucial information withheld from deployed crews. Less than optimal deployments. Key people going missing. It all made sense in the context of dissolution. That enemy, it discovered Starfleet would be its greatest foes. And really, was it surprising? Unlike the other major governments, Starfleet was composed of more than one species and fostered collaboration with civilian entities and had in essence access to the best minds in Federation space. But without this crucial link between various centres of excellence? Without the melting pot for this knowledge and men and women able to apply it to protect the Federation?

They couldn't destroy Starfleet outright so they would drive cracks through it, destroy its self-confidence and attack its reputation. It was genius.

When the Bajoran's immense hand was offered to him, Carrigan rose to his feet and inclined his head at the Head of Security. "Thank you." There were so many reasons for these thanks. For not taking offence at orders being given by a peer in his own shop; for the hand up; for admitting to fear himself. "As for you, Mister Matthews, you know the importance of secrecy here. But if it bugs you too much and your Chief isn't available for a chat, my door's open. Secrets like these can be hard to hold onto."

"Now gentlemen, I better get to the Bridge. Got a Starbase to board and a starship from the future to deal with."

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 07: The Turn

[USS Theurgy | Fighter Assault Bay | Deck 15 | 1000 hrs.]

Tap, tap, tap. Tap, tap, tap.

Five gloved fingers drummed against the glassy surface of the arm-rest inside the cockpit - beating out a simple rhythm. The canopy was open, and Soo Young Seung was waiting for the diagnostic to finish. She had her headphones on, the pop music kept the world at a convenient distance - not pressing in on her like it always did. As it were, her mind was already filled with the events of the morning, which even competed with the fact that they were preparing for battle.

Indeed, activity was high in the flight hangar, with both squadrons of Valkyries to prepare for the mission to Starbase 84. Soo looked up from the displays to monitor the entrance of the other squadron, led by Phantom, as they crossed the expanse of the flight hangar. They were about to leave, meaning to use the nebula to fly over to the Harbinger undetected. The grey Mk II Valkyries had been made flightworthy and restocked as far as the Theurgy could spare the hardpoints, and the final armament would be made on their base ship with the meagre reserves that were still available there. They walked like a wedge, with Phantom in the lead, and with Smoke and Titan on either side behind him. They looked like they had been in a fight, Soo thought, looking at them from a distance.

Soo watched them as they walked, a bit envious about how they were going to take off right into the nebula. She noticed how one of them seemed to be missing, but then she saw the eighth pilot catching up with the rest, Riptor smiling with teeth showing through his beard as he nodded to Nightmare mid-step. Hannah smiled back to him, walking a bit stiffly as she checked the condition of her bird. She had not seemed herself since that morning, but Soo figured like with many others, she had yet to recover from last night.

The chirp sounded, signalling that the diagnostic was complete. Soo took a deep breath and looked it over, suppressing thoughts about Lin Kae in order to do her duties. Soon afterwards, she was done, and climbed down from her cockpit. At that point, the Harbinger pilots were seated and ready to leave, doing their pre-flight checks and donning their helmets. Odd, how seeing them leave made Soo feel better, not having liked some of the pilots. Even less that scarred Wing Commander.

"Chief," she called, looking for Covington in the busy area while the engineers cleared away around the Mk II:s in order to let them taxi out in a loose formation, engines powering up. "Chief! My diagnostics are ready! Nothing out of the ordinary! Is there something else I can help out with?"

Towards the back of the Flight Hangar was the SCO's office, and while Renard had yet to go in there.. the door was slightly ajar for some reason. Soo spotted this, frowning since it was an oddity, but thought no more of it as she looked towards the Chief of the Deck, well clear of the leaving Valkyries.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2014-11-22, 18:09:19

When he entered his hangar, Papa Bear was surprised. His deck was not only smoothed from the impacts of the combat landings, it was freshly painted. So they had done it. Where the manpower to recondition his hangar came from, he wasn't sure. But O'Connell's idea to decompress the hangar and

kill gravity paid off and Sten now had the equivalent of a flight deck that was fresh out of refit in a drydock.

And not a moment too soon. When they had wrapped up the night before, Phantom's older Valkyries had been all made spaceworthy and what could be spared, mostly hardpoint mounts to replace those that needed further maintenance. But the old deck chief did not provide them with a single piece of ordnance they hadn't come onboard with. Instead, he redistributed them amongst these fighters. There was nothing he could spare.

As Harbinger's pilots made their way their fighters, his gravelly, booming voice sounded across the deck. "All right boys and girls! We're going back to flight ops! Clear the flight path and mind the danger zones!" The second part of Sten's speech was a matter of reflex. He trusted his Cubs to remember their training, he knew they were damn good at their jobs. But still, the reminder was part of the procedures he had helped write when he was first assigned to the Peregrine program.

Good riddance, he thought as he watched the visiting pilots climb in their birds. To be rid of these animals, troublemakers and psychopaths was a good thing and not a moment too soon.

When he was addressed by Oracle, the Chief turned to face Iron Fox's deputy for pilot and tactical matters. "There's always stuff to do, Oracle. If your bird's a hundred percent, you can always lend a hand with the others. And I'd appreciate if a training rotation for combat landings could be started. I know we're short on time but I'd rather not have my deck torn apart every time you don't have all the time in the world to land."

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-11-23, 03:24:29

"And you can start with mine, Oracle!" Tessa called. "I'd be lying if I said that my bird was a hundred percent ready to go," she added as she walked over to the enlisted pilot and the deck chief.

Lieutenant Junior Grade Tessa May Lance AKA 'Goldeneye' wasn't ready to face the day, but she did anyway. As her old drill instructor told her, she didn't have to like it; she just had to do it. Soo Young's uncanny ability to stay sane and get her job done was something she really envied right now. There Oracle was, acting like a chief and getting things done despite the fact she was only one year older than Tessa. She supposed that when you're stuck with the ability to look into everyone's minds you learn to cope or you go nuts. Or maybe it was just the fact that the *Harbinger* pilots were finally leaving.

Good riddance, she thought. One look into Riptor's eyes and Tessa knew that going anywhere on the ship unescorted would be invitation for a gang rape as long as the *Harbinger* pilots were aboard. Riptor didn't look like the type who'd commit a felony unless he got to show off in front of his friends. She had actually been relieved to have woken up from her hangover with Master Chief O'Connell, although she would have preferred Ensign Connor Mathews. Mathews was too smart to get anywhere near her but Billy Bob was just stupid enough to be taken advantage of by a dizzy officer almost half his age.

The look of horror on his face had been priceless. Tessa was unsettled to have woken up with O'Connor herself, but the maintenance chief's reaction had nearly replaced shame with humor. An unspoken agreement to 'never speak of this ever' was formed on the spot. What happens during *Lohlunat*, stays in *Lohlunat*.

Now she was trying to complete the diagnostics on her Valkyrie and counting the minutes until

the *Harbinger* pilots left. If her life had taught her anything was that if the universe could find a way to make things difficult for her it would. The *Harbinger* pilots seemed to give the universe so much to work with the only reason they hadn't caused trouble yet was because the universe didn't know where to begin. With Phantom and his goons leaving, hopefully the universe would have one less tool in its tool chest to make Tessa's life difficult.

Until they left, Tessa wasn't going to be in the same room with them unless a friend was in close proximity. Soo Young was a friend who was skilled in Judo, Aikido, and Taekwondo. Tessa was skilled in singing and exotic dance. If Riptor or any of his friends tried anything, Tessa wanted Soo Young nearby.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-11-23, 14:28:46

Still tasting the blood in his mouth, Thomas made his way towards his fighter. Although his plan earlier this day was to work on the Reaver, he needed some time to re order what had happened a mere three hours ago with Rawley. He couldn't account for a small time period in which he seemingly blacked out? The idea of blacking out was a bit frightening, what if it happened during combat or mid flight? What if it would happen during a critical landing? What if it would happen around Skye? Did it happen before that he just couldn't remember? These ideas dwelled and tormented his mind right now as he saw the Harbinger pilots head into their Valkyries. He didn't give them much attention and noticed Hannah by her bird.

Once by his own bird he fired up the systems and the diagnostic scan run while he inspected the fighter up close. He heard Goldeneye shout at Oracle for help, the two ladies seemed to be going along fine at the moment and Ravon gave it little thought. He heard a few chirps and a flaring beep a second later and when he checked it out he noticed that something was wrong with one of his ailerons. He sighed and made himself comfortable to check what the problem was, probably just a bolt or vice that wasn't screwed in properly, would take him longer than half an hour tops to get it fixed.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2014-11-27, 03:07:25

The Alpha of the Wolves himself, as strange as it seemed, was possibly the furthest in the room from being in any state near ready for flight. To be exact he looked less the pilot and more just one of the cubs running across the deck doing last minute maintenance checks on the fighters. He had not scheduled himself on the list of wolves designated to escort the Harbingers pilots back to their home. Instead he had given his Secondary the honors of the escort opting instead to take a role as Papa-Bear's Second to help expedite the flight to get the other squad back SCO interrupted as he tapped on the back of Phantom's wing flashing him a thumbs up signaling that everything on his bird checked out. "Hey, don't blame my pilots for that one! First off that was all from my landing, second you try landing when the base is executing evasive maneuvers on manual piloting at full impulse. I had to throttle up to above manual impulse threshold just to gain ground on the bay and land; Oracle feel free to join me out here; I got two more of phantom's squad to give a final checkoff on and they will be good to go. Feel free to go over there and check out O-Seven"

After checking out the final two of the harbingers birds he gave a signal to the man at the launch console. The hangar erupted into a series of alarms and klaxons as Phantom's fighter lifted off of the ground and it made its way through the forcefield and into space. followed by another of his quad lifting off and two others positioning themselves in a staggered launch arrangement. Secretly miles whispered to himself , "Thank The Mother he's gone."

as the ships took off miles took the time to look over the mission briefing and noticing the current

situation on deck decided since near everyone was on deck at the moment that it was as good a time as any to forward the needed information to the other pilots' KneePADDs and also forward it to his deck chief.

Before he could think further on the relief of seeing them gone or how he had meant to talk to Sten a little more personally about the mission and find out how his closest adviser felt about it he noticed something else that caught his attention. The door to his office was open. He thought this strange since neither he nor Papa-bear had any reason to put the door in propped open mode. *Papa bear you have the deck, office door's been propped open. I know it wasn't you so I'm gonna check it out and make sure nothings out of place in the office." Saying this he approached the door cautiously allowing his own caution and reasoned suspicion to curb the overzealous impulse to just walk in with an air of impatient curiosity.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-29, 12:06:00

Nodding to Papa Bear, Soo raised her hands to put on her headphones again before she heard Tessa's call. She turned and smiled to the other wolf from afar before Goldeneye reached her, and while Soo got the impression that she was worried about something, she did not think too much of it since Soo did not like the impression of Phantom and his pilots either. Instead, she joined Tessa in the walk towards her Valkyrie and the diagnostics that hadn't checked out. "Alright then, let's go."

Renard appeared in the busy activity of the hangar, probably having overheard Soo speaking to the Chief, telling him she could join him in pre-flight checks. She hesitated a moment, merely because of what had happened between them on Theta Eridani IV. "Sorry, Fox! Tess called dibs first!" she called to him across the distance, "I'll join you afterwards!"

She did not want to shut out GoldenEye completely so she let her headphones hang around her neck as she climbed up the ladder and sat down crosslegged right beside the cockpit, letting Tess climb in to start over. "How are you this morning?" she asked, trying not to think too much of her own mornings escapades, or the Ovri she had found the night before. "Did you end up having fun at the Festival?"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-29, 12:06:00

Rubbing her head, Rawley walked between the different Valkyries lined up in the Flight Hangar, assisting in the last repairs and the following diagnostics. There was still some last armament to complete, micro-missiles to carefully feed into a couple of the launchers underneath the wings, but Rawley was not entirely at ease that morning for a number of reasons.

First, of course, was the fact that Ravon had attacked her a couple of hours ago, and he'd said he didn't even remember doing so. She glanced in his direction from time to time where he sat in his cockpit, but she did not linger in her gaze, even if she wasn't sure she could trust him anymore. Then there was the fact that she'd had sex with Covington during the festival, which in the light of day made things... strange. Especially since she did not know if it had been him that followed her to her quarters. Some memories resurfaced, but it was still not entirely clear if it had been Papa Bear. From the glimpses of the last hours of the night that came to her, it could have been anyone of those she'd talked with.

Then there was the fact that she had no Valkyrie of her own, since as she had lost it when they first fought the Calamity outside the Hromi Cluster. She was a pilot without a fighter, forced to borrow one from someone else provided they were not using it. If the whole squadron would be out there, depending on Fox's order's, she might have to stay behind. Hence she wandered between the birds,

not focusing on her own. Until that morning, she had not realised how much she missed her own bird. It had served her since the beginning of the Mk III program, and now it was gone.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-29, 12:06:00

Inside the SCO Office, when the lights reactivated upon Renard's entry, it was immediately clear that something had happened. Furniture had been overturned. PADDs were strewn across the floor. The glass cabinet had been destroyed, with shards crunching underneath Miles' shoes when he walked in. It was glass that had lodged itself underneath the sliding door, and even the small sitting area had been pushed out of place - the sofa turned on its back. The first impression would likely have it that the destruction was deliberate, either as if something of value had been searched for, or merely as some kind of malign statement.

But such a notion would likely vanish as soon as Miles noticed the blood splatter upon the broken glass.

What he witnessed were signs of great struggle, with droplets of blood decorating the ship models that had been inside the cabinet. If he would follow the trail of blood, it would lead him behind his desk, and the atrocious events that had taken place inside his office plain to the eye.

Behind the desk lay a woman with torn clothes, purple hair matted with blood. She'd bled out from numerous cuts, small but deep. She lay still, slate grey eyes wide and staring towards the ceiling, but the macabre expression of her face, the rictus grimace of panic with bared teeth and her slack jaw ruled out any chance that she may be unconscious. There was blood on her teeth too, as if she'd try to bite a hand that kept her silent. The knuckles of one hand was white, fingers half-closed in a lost grip upon something. Yet the other hand was more closed than the other, as if she held on to something despite what had been done to her - fingers locked in a death grip. As for what that was, the coagulated blood and semen between her legs made that perfectly plain.

In the stark light of the overturned desktop lamp, which had been used to strike her marked forehead, the dark bruising upon her neck made it evident that Narik Cinsaj had been strangled to death. With the security surveillance system offline, and with her combadge stripped from her, there had been no one there to help the Engineering Consultant in her desperate fight for her life.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2014-11-30, 02:26:48

Miles despite the horrifying scene retained his calm. Before he had seen it his other senses had suspected there was far more than the initially evident destruction for his nose had already been hit with the scent of blood and.. something else. far before the lights came on. Knowing what to expect made it no easier when he followed his nose to behind the desk laying eyes on the corpse of the civilian engineer.

The Vulpinian make a quick scan of the room and immediately regretted having allowed the Harbinger pilots to leave so recently knowing there was a distinct possibility that on the body there would be some form of evidence leading back to one of them. First he began with the wreckage imagining the arrangement of the office when everything was in its proper place. then noting just what glass had been broken scanning the walls for signs of blood which he soon saw splattering the model ships. Most importantly to examining the scene and deciding how to phrase his report he examined the body and knelt down placing a finger at the artery of her neck feeling for a pulse. He was assuming death by the way she lay and the paleness but assumptions were never the best thing to go on in deciding whether to alert medical or security first. With the quick check death was indeed confirmed as he

feared.

Glancing to her neck he could easily notice the marks making the cause of death rather obvious. Strangulation was the most evident cause of death though he knew it may not be the only factor and he figured in the initial summons he better mention everything readily evident. Taking a few more moments to look he noticed the open but recently clenched hand and the other hand which was still clenched. Finally his gaze shifted to the lower half of the corpse as he noticed what the other smell that had invaded his olfactory senses had been the very thing he didn't want to see.

He immediately turned away a steely look of hate searing behind his eyes as he tapped his com-badge. "SCO Renard to C-Sec Cinn, there is a sensitive crime scene within my office. Please inform only the necessary parties. There has been a Rape murder within my office. Victim is the Civilian Engineer Narik Cinsaj. Request you inform Captain Ives, Comander Rez, and, inform medical to transport a body to morgue. I am requesting you here to do immediate crime scene workup. As of currently no one else knows of this crime scene except for obviously the victim and the perpetrator I am erecting a forcefield at my office entrance immediately and will be informing my deck chief prior to your arrival. I am requesting this crime scene be kept as calm as possible so we don't have everyone knowing." he spoke as he opened a maintenance tricorder he kept on his hip when doing maintenance and switched the mode of it to medical settings and took a general scan of the body before any further disturbances. "There appears to be an object clenched in her hand and so far my only activity with the body has been upon discovery of the corpse a quick pulse check which confirmed death. I have taken a scan of the semen sample and am sending it directly to you. I am also attempting to open her clinched hand to discern what if anything she was desperately holding onto at time of death. Renard out"

He, as gently as he could, pried at her dead fingers attempting to open up her closed hand knowing whatever it held may be something of great importance. He then spoke up to the computer and said simply. "Keep door in open position. Erect a forcefield in a 3 meter semicircle around the doorway." He then tapped his Combadge again "Miles to Chief Covington. I need you to look down at your PADD and read the message I just sent you and try not to react."

On his padd was the recent message from Miles. "I have already informed Lt. Cmdr Cinn, There is a dead body within my office behind the desk." "There is a forcefield projecting in a hemisphere 3 meters from door opening so as to preserve the crime scene until C-sec arrival. I am also erecting a hologram to create the illusion of a door so that curiosities are not aroused. further. After investigating the Scene C sec can decide what information gets out. Until he gets here and unless he says otherwise I want you to make sure for me that everything stays as business as usual. Last thing we need is a panic in a hangar bay.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2014-12-01, 18:01:26

When Renard mentioned it wasn't his pilots' fault the deck got so badly damaged, citing the difficulty of the landing, Sten let out some of his good natured laugh. "Well Boss, you do have a history of mangling flight decks. Bit this time, even you can't take all the credit." The old Chef was in a good mood all right, although he did refrain, as he was wont to do in public, from using the nickname he'd bestowed a particular Vulpinian who had transferred into Starfleet's fighter program from his own defence forces. 'Skidmarks' was once a common sobriquet for Miles but over the years it had become a private thing between the pilot and Sten. "And besides, I let all that fancy deep space twirling around to you pilots. I got real work to do."

Yes, Covington was in a fine mood. His roll around with Rawley, which would most likely be a one-time

thing that was bound to be shrouded in secrecy felt good, he tuned in some officers who deserved it, managed to form a better rapport with the Boslic engineer and he was getting rid of the troublemakers, animals and psychopaths from the Harbinger. and most importantly, his deck was as good as if it had just been refitted in a drydock. And, just before the SCO entered his office, Sten spoke again, this time more seriously. "All kidding aside boss, some landings were barely not a crash and my guys weren't as sharp as they could be. All things considered it wasn't all that bad, but it could be much better. I'd still like to recommend a training rotation in the sims and the holodeck."

And with this said, the Chief returned to the all-important task of launching fighters. Yes, there were others who were more than qualified to orchestrate the careful dance but they all knew Sten preferred dealing with those more sensitive ones himself. And he wanted to see the last of those bastards leave.

But he was interrupted by his commbadge and a message on his PADD. Looking up, the Chief did not show any signs of the dire news he received. Instead, he spoke up. "Marquette, boss needs me in a hurry. Get rid of these guys will you?"

As an acknowledgement sounded, Sten made for Miles' office, but not through the hangar door, instead using the less used access through the pilots' briefing room. And his expression turned from one of seriousness when he saw the body on the floor into something completely different. His large, scarred hirsute hands curled into white-knuckled fists and his face contorted into a mask of rage. "Motherfuckers," he savagely growled and instantly his eyes turned to the small weapons locker, murder in his eyes.

"I know who fucking did this."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2014-12-09, 07:22:53

Miles Was busy still trying to pry the hand open as the Tricorder continued to search the database on-board the Theurgy for the DNA scan matching the sample.. He listened as His Maintenance chief spoke and nodded, "No, you don't, Not just yet. I have my suspicions as well though and I fear whomever it was just flew through that bay forcefield." He said in a serious tone His anger subdued though his eyes gleamed with the same murderous fire towards the perpetrator who did this."

"And don't you dare even consider that," he said catching the chief glancing at the phaser box. "It is far too merciful a fate for the monster who committed this atrocity." he said imagining taking a set of rivet bolts and bolting the bastards wrists and ankles to the wall in a semblance of the ancient roman form of public execution called a crucifixion. Having noted how among the old Terran capital punishments it seemed like the form that would probably cause the most long lasting agony for the one being punished.

As he imagined the few possibly appropriate punishments for this filth he felt the locked hand finally giving way and opening. Within the firm grasp of her hand was a small metallic cylinder about the size of the handheld scanner portion of the previous medical Tricorder model. He could see a small screen on the side of it displaying various things but soon recognized part of it was a timer counting forwards. having begun about a quarter hour ago. The next thing he noticed was a biometric scanner on the side of it and he recognized what was going on here. "Audio recording device. Attack must have occurred shortly before I arrived in the bay. It is currently still recording, I think. End recording session." He said saying the last sentence into the device.

In a standard computerized voice it replied, "Confirm identity." He pressed her finger to the biometric

reader and the device stopped its counting sequence.

"Begin playback of most recent recording, Time index 0" He spoke as the device began its audio playback.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-12, 01:41:33

When the metallic cylinder started to emit sound into the office, the first distinct noise was the breaking of glass. There was choking noises, as if someone was trying to scream but couldn't. The recording was poor in quality, which was probably due to the fact that Cinsaj had hid the recording device in her closed hand. Slapping sounds were heard. Muffled screams of anger. Her mouth was likely covered. The noise of someone laughing. Tearing of clothes. Thrashing limbs. Angry wailing, and laughing sounds when she had to take a new breath. Rhythmic shuffling, screams gurgling and pained.

[Say something.] A male voice. The horrible rhythm continued.

Choking sounds, the voice barely audible. Defiance heard in the strained syllables. [What... do you... want me... to say?]

[Say something!] Another laugh. [You can scream louder than that, can't you? Huh? What's the matter, don't you like to scream? Ah! Ouch! Oh, so you are a biter, huh?]

A hard, slapping noise, punctuated with a short scream against the gag. Then another. Another. Enough strikes to make the female voice wail while shuffling noises was heard against the floor.

The male voice was more menacing now. [There is nothing you can do, understand? If it hurts at any time, and you want to scream, go ahead and scream. Nothing matters any more. The Federation as you know it is dead, and I... I am the living proof that is fucking you up. We have been going in the wrong direction... All of them dead for a lost cause. You are all dead, fighting for no reason. Dying for no reason. I might just kill you instead.]

Screams, long ones. Pain reverberating in the speakers of the cylinder, yet still almost inaudible. The male voice asked something, and at this point, there were sobs heard over the recording. Still crying, she said something unintelligible which ended with [...that's right.]

[You want me to cum, yeah? Want me to come? Tell me, Boslic cunt.] Beating and slapping sounds. [What's wrong. Why aren't you screaming?]

A pleading, choked tone. [I'll scream if you let me go... I promise...]

An enthusiastic tone. [Oh yeah?] Then a loud, sickening thud. Choked screaming began anew, never seeming to end. A second strike, probably from the lamp. [Keep it up!]

The muffled screaming continued, joined by the male voice grunting hoarsely. A few more words came in the wake of the bearing. [No... More... Please...]

The answer was a derisive laugh. Then silence, with only that rhythmic, horrible shuffling. [Oh, I am going to cum, damn... Arggh!]

Then, after some grunting noises, when the male went silent, and the female voice is barely heard. Just hoarse breathing. Shuffling noises. Then, a weak, mewl... "No..."

Suddenly there was a lot of trashing again. Coughing noises. Wheezing. Then... there was silence for a long couple of seconds. It was evident that the poor woman's plight had finally come to an end.

The last audible thing heard was retreating footsteps across broken glass.

Post by: TheBanshee on 2014-12-19, 12:03:45

Ensign Colin McArthur sat alone in security, everyone else was away doing other things and he had been left to man the desk as it were. Thankfully it was relatively quiet, just the occasional routine check-in or a report being submitted. The boss was away in an interrogation with that Acreth woman, she scared the crap out of him, he'd only had to go into the brig for a few minutes to pass a report along but the entire time he had been in there he felt the hairs on the back of his neck standing up and when he had glanced across at the in-use cell the smiling face made him shudder. He swore he could hear her laughing as he left. He shuddered again just thinking about it.

A beeping sound on the console made him come back to reality and he looked at the display. Message for Lt. Cmdr. Wenn from Lt. Cmdr. Renard, he couldn't see the content but he thought it best to contact the Lieutenant and check the priority before disturbing Wenn. Interrupting Wenn's interrogations was a serious no-no unless you wanted your head removed, so legend had it, and Colin didn't really want to risk that unless it was an emergency.

"Ensign McArthur to Lieutenant Commander Renard," he opened the comms to the leader of the pilots, "Lieutenant Commander Wenn is currently in an interview with the guest in our cells. I saw you tried to contact him but he's set all comms to show up here, I didn't see the message, just that you tried to contact him. If it is a priority request I can go and get him for you, please advise?"

Colin interlaced his fingers and nervously rolled his thumbs over each other, it felt like he was going to get his arse handed to him by one of the two Lieutenants and it was just a case of which... or both.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2014-12-21, 09:55:26

Miles clenched his fists with a certain kind of controlled rage he had not felt in a long time. He felt true anger towards an enemy. Even in the Vulpinian civil war he fought in he had rarely felt any form of real bloodlust more a sense of joy in the adrenaline of the firefights. It wasn't the blood that he spilled even at his deadliest that he reveled in but the thrill of combat itself. He always embraced the sight of seeing an enemy ejection go off successfully as either a chute opened above the reinforced cockpit pod or in space the cockpits Escape thrusters kicking on. Even the secondary ejection option of a manual bailout and the telltale light of an EV suits thrusters kicking to life or a single pilot chute unfurling was always a sight he relished. There was always a wish to face the same worthy adversary again possibly even more skilled than they were the last time.

He had only once felt this kind of hatred before amongst the time in the dominion wars there was an respect for the enemy. From the Lowly Jem Hedar soldiers to the Cardassian tacticians and Vorta obeying the will of the changeling founders there was a respect as his enemies in a war. IN recent months the enemy had became the Federation itself he had been forced to kill those he had called allies only months before. The same ships that were the salvation of the only ones who he had ever felt this kind of hate for. The Ferengi

The subject of the Vulpinians Acceptance into the Federation was a strange one as they had far from had any form of FTL travel under their belts. Under all normal circumstances first contact would have

been a violation of the prime directive. However there was one overweening interference. For years the Vulcanian civil war had taken a sudden escalation on both sides of the combat. It seemed that at some point a Ferengi merchant ship stumbled upon their world and happened to establish some weapons trades with one side of the conflict. Not happy to just accept the first profit they began trading with the other side too. This led to other Ferengi merchants sooner or later catching on and by the end there was practically a hidden Ferengi merchant colony just on the outside of their star system keeping both sides of the war in an ever increasingly deadly stalemate. Even if there had been opportunities for the war to end the merchants and their words of trickery kept the war going manipulating an entire planet and its colonies into a course doomed to end in self destruction for mere profit. These Ferengi profiteers that had interfered in the lives of his planet, who had kept his people killing each other to increase their stack of coins. It had taken years for him not to want to strangle anything resembling those four lobed big eared bastards just on principle. By now he had overcome that certain streak of racism but right now he remembered those feelings all too well as blood began to stain his claw like nails that were digging into his palm as each second of the audio unfolded.

He had not noticed that there was a alert on his tricorder regarding the DNA results until the audio died down. It simply read 'No results found' "Damn." he said in a low growl like tone that could easily been mistaken for the certain feral tinged accent of a Klingon warrior. "If we only had their records too." he said knowing that who the pool on the floor belonged to had probably only moments ago left this very hangar. He opened his hand noticing the blood that was staining his nails and absentmindedly wiped the blood off on his pants legs. About that time he heard the familiar chime of his com badge.

"Ensign McArthur to Lieutenant Commander Renard, Lieutenant Commander Wenn is currently in an interview with the guest in our cells. I saw you tried to contact him but he's set all comms to show up here, I didn't see the message, just that you tried to contact him. If it is a priority request I can go and get him for you, please advise?"

For a moment the immediate urge was to launch into a tirade on how much this is a fucking important message but he breathed in and out in a way that was even audible over the coms. Just in the breathing that could be heard by the ensign, the officer probably knew he was about to get the verbal lashing of a life time just through the tone of the breaths on the other side. Still Miles remained calm but there was a cold menacing anger in his voice as he spoke as calmly as possible. Despite the calm facade of his voice it was obvious there was a certain Dread laced with fury in his tone. "Understood," he began to wonder if this murder had been committed at this particular time knowing that the C-sec would be busy with an extremely high priority interrogation. "Please open the communication file and consider yourself and only yourself added to the list mentioned in the report." He waited a moment for the ensign to open the log before adding, "Currently Sten Covington and I are both standing in my office at the crime scene and we have recovered the object she was holding. It was a civilian issue audio recording device. Contents of the recording begin at some point during the struggle and end with the assailant leaving my office. The voice of the assailant is unrecognizable. The DNA scans come back with no matches indicating a probability that the assailant is a member of the Harbinger crew."

The words came out calmly as he stared down at the body. He then added in almost the same tone as the ensign had said moments ago. "Please advise." almost hammering in the sight and sounds of the room had pretty much put Miles into a state so far beyond anger that he was now calm. No calm wasn't the right term. His eyes were locked on the body in an almost emotionless ice cold stare and his hands were no longer clenched. His voice had become almost bored by now even. He had for all intents and purposes become numb with a rage only describable in his own mind as righteous fury.

Post by: TheBanshee on 2014-12-29, 22:14:44

The pause between him finishing his communication and the response was very nearly the most terrifying thing Colin had yet experienced in this chaotic mess they were in. It wasn't that the Lt. Cmdr. was clearly annoyed it was just that he was a hell of a lot closer than the enemy that had been trying to shoot them out of the skies. Still there wasn't a response and Colin did wonder for a moment if the Vulpinian was heading up to pull his head off rather than a verbal head slapping he was certain was coming his way.

Then the superior officer spoke again and Colin listened carefully to the intensely seething voice and did as he was instructed. Firstly logging that he was an addition to the list and then reading the message the young Ensign paled as he read the content. He swallowed hard before responding. He would have to get Cinn but something needed to happen now, as in right now, before he went to face the wrath of the Boss. The only other person he could think of to help out was Thea, she was able to cover any position if needed.

"Sir, I am going to retrieve Lieutenant Commander Wenn for you but as it may take a little time before he can get to you I am going to request the presence of Thea at your location," he spoke calmly although he felt sick at what he had just read.

"Ensign McArthur to Thea, your attendance in a Security role is required at Lieutenant Commander Renard's position. This is a priority request," he didn't want to say too much and breathed a heavy sigh as he waited to hear back from both parties before he headed to interrupt an interrogation.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-30, 20:12:57

Upon request, and having left her portable emitter with Lin Kae while he began to work on his ideas for the potential battle ahead, Thea used the ship-wide hologrid to answer the call. She left Lin Kae and materialised inside Lieutenant-Commander Renard's office, and her first step gave away her presence with the tinkle of broken glass underneath her projected feet. Her chameleon body suit was golden in colour, representing Security as she were. She looked around, and even if her sensory mapping was bereft of her when she was using her standard holoemitter projection, it did not diminish the datafeed from her emotion ship, nor her acuity when it came to performing analysis.

After surveying the mess around her with a worried frown, she looked between the two present officers. "Chief Covington," she said, and then addressed the Vulpinian occupant of the office she had entered. "Renard, what has..." she said, glancing his way, and in doing so, her optical sensors detected a pair of feet sticking out from behind the desk. By the same time, Ensign MacArthur also finished his brief report and send it to her through his computer console, detailing what he knew and attaching the original files. In a moment, she was briefed as far as Security had been before she arrived at the scene, barring whatever findings had been made since Wenn Cinn was originally contacted.

With her brows furrowed in worry and being upset with what she saw, the Ship A.I. stepped up to the desk and saw the face of the woman on the floor. She looked between the two present and then crouched down next to her, covering her own mouth with her hand. "Oh, dear. Narik Cinsaj," she said quietly, "Civilian. I should have noticed her life-signs in my internal sensory data, but was not Starfleet, so her life-signs vanishing did not give me the kind of alert my systems usually get, and with the Harbinger pilots leaving me at the same time, I did not actively act on the data even if it was received. I need an upgrade... but it is too late for her now."

Upgrading her own subroutines pertaining to internal sensors, incorporating alerts for civilian passengers as well even if she was a tactical strike cruiser, it seemed something she should have had from the beginning, and the oversight in her software compilation had now cost the Boslic her life, or at least the chance to apprehend her murderer.

"I am taking photos of the scene as we speak," she said, feeding imagery to her databanks with her eyes and using her internal sensors to process her readings like a tricorder might, "I will also scan the entire room with all the filters I have access to and collect samples before moving the body to the morgue. I will alert Medical and Commander Rez about what has happened, and if evidence point towards any Harbinger personnel, I will inform Lieutenant zh'Wann since she is their new Chief of Security."

Glancing towards the two men present, she sighed. "Cause of death: strangulation. The pain and emotional trauma before she was strangled must have been severe. Did you find anything else?" she asked, before stating the obvious. "It would benefit my scans if you left the room. In fact, perhaps some of the Lone-Wolves might have seen something, so it could be a good idea to gather them all and ask them..."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-01-04, 08:19:25

Miles nodded, listening to the security desk officer. "'Understood,'" he said in a calm having detached himself as much as he could from his emotional turmoil at the moment. Many hours in the cockpit had honed his ability to remain calm under a state of raging emotions and channel them into calm instinctual fluid actions. "she would have been my request to address this situation as well. If the Captain or XO are with C-sec Cinn please inform them as well. I fully understand the difficulties reaching them though. Thea will be more than an adequate crew member to work the crime scene. Just inform them when they are available to be informed. Renard out."

Miles allowed himself the brief happiness of seeing Thea materialize as her photons solidified into a solid construct of light acting as matter. He allowed her to process the sights and data feed she was most likely receiving.

AS she began to speak up talking about how she could have saved the civilian engineer Miles stepped closer to her, *"Oh, dear. Narik Cinsaj, Civilian. I should have noticed her life-signs in my internal sensory data, but was not Starfleet, so her life-signs vanishing did not give me the kind of alert my systems usually get, and with the Harbinger pilots leaving me at the same time, I did not actively act on the data even if it was received. I need an upgrade... but it is too late for her now."*

Miles sighed and placed his hand on her shoulder, "Don't beat yourself up over it, Thea. We all make mistakes. You're only human after all. Well advanced human based AI simulation. But you get the point. All we can do is find the culprit and make sure the victim receives justice."

He nodded as she continued and began her cataloging of the crime scene.

"Cause of death: strangulation. The pain and emotional trauma before she was strangled must have been severe. Did you find anything else? It would benefit my scans if you left the room. In fact, perhaps some of the Lone-Wolves might have seen something, so it could be a good idea to gather them all and ask them..."

he shuddered as he handed her the Recording device. "You have no idea about the trauma she went through...she was clutching this in her palm. It's a civilian voice recorder Please. Wait until we are out

of the room before reviewing it. "I... I don't want to hear that again. Vigilantism would become even more tempting if I did.

With that he walked out of the room looking over to Covington. "Lets go. Thea can take care of this." With that he hit his com badge. "Renard to Lone Wolves. Cease whatever you are currently doing and calmly report to the squadron briefing room immediately. This order is priority alpha. Repeat Drop everything and calmly report to the squadron briefing room Priority alpha." He emphasized the priority alpha to get the point across There was only one thing that usually necessitated a Tac-Conn priority alpha order and that was a scramble all fighters order.

Immediately he pressed the com badge and spoke again. "Renard to Fighter bay security, lock down the fighter bay entrances and exits and only allow entrances of members of Tactical conn, Flight deck support staff, or senior staff or those accompanying them. I am ordering all Pilots and flight deck personnel to report to the deck immediately and i do not want anyone leaving. as of right now. Direct all queries from support staff on deck to assemble for a impromptu mandatory address by myself and chief Covington. Reason is a serious crime has been committed within my office earlier this morning and we need to find out if anyone may have seen anyone entering or leaving the office. Please do not inform anyone of a crime being even reported. THea is currently within the office gathering evidence and conducting an investigation and C-sec office has been informed. I also request the senior security officer within the hangar to immediately report to the squadron briefing room."

He looked over at the chief and sighed. "Guess you can call the cubs and tell them to gather for a full deck crew assembly Give them 15 minutes to report for it. If you don't want to attend the meeting with the pilots you don't need to. If anything I could use your help keeping the cubs calm and not too overly curious about what's going on." he said taking a seat at the Squad briefing room desk for once in recent memory not regretting the idea of no longer being in the same room as his holographic friend.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-01-07, 07:05:40

Renard's words were slow to register within the Chief of the Deck. He'd just managed to strike a real rapport with the Boslic engineer. From the previous day when she was ready to give up on working on the Reaver simply because of the rules imposed on her to keep the working environment safe, she was ready now to work with him and respect the boundaries he'd set.

And now, she was dead.

The recording that was played did little to reveal her aggressor's identity. A muffled male voice and that was it. And truth be told, he'd been too drunk the night before to clearly recall Titan or Smoke's voice and it was unsure if it was Riptor's. But the whole time the recording played, his meat hooks were curled into white-knuckled fists. He was a Chief. His job was to protect his people and, even if she didn't realize it, she had been on of his. Perhaps he was no stranger to losing people as a flight deck was a dangerous place to work. But this one, it was personal. It was not a tragic accident or even someone being negligent or feloniously stupid. It was deliberate. It was murder.

When Thea arrived and instructions were passed, Covington had to say something before he did anything else. "Boss, you should know, you know about the argument with Riptor, but after the party, I caught Smoke and Titan after they cornered her. They were going to rape her but I tuned them in pretty good. I was hoping it'd stay at that."

Then, his tone changed and became laden with guilt. "I should've called Security but I was too fucking drunk to think of it and I trusted that maniac Phantom to keep his animals in check after the incident

with Riptor. Boss, it might as well have been my hands around her neck."

However, Sten did not wait long for a reply. Instead, he knew he had a job to do. "I'll talk to my guys. If it's all the the same to you, I'll keep them busy and shut down any scuttlebutt until you've got something like an official statement for me to give them. But let me deal with them. If anyone saw anything, I'll take them to you."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-01-08, 03:47:48

He looked to his deck chief and nodded, "It isn't your fault and you know that; for all we know it wasn't even one of them. But yea please keep'em busy for bout 5 minutes my meeting will be short probably, I doubt anyone saw anything anyways. Just kinda casually ask around about whether anyone saw the door open or anyone leaving the office if ya can. If they ask why just tell em that someone left a PADD in the office and mines missing and we're just trying to figure out who dropped their PADD and picked up mine instead. You know make it mundane possibly even something where seeing someone leave does the opposite of get the one leaving in trouble. I'm sure you can come up with something better than I could."

Post by: Axius on 2015-01-05, 08:11:33

[Outside | Fighter Assault Bay]

Axius tended to have two stages of waking up. One, being the events carried on in his quarters after rising from consciousness, which were, like a few moments ago, sprinkled with pleasure and fun. And two, being the sight of those white Valkyries in the Bay. Nothing was like the reminder that inside a vessel under the control of so many people and positions, he was in control of his own, powerful, operating vessel. Starfleet can easily be reduced to skeletons with pips bolted into their necks when situations got sticky. He made his own choices in that cockpit, even if aided by the orders of his commandant.

At first, through his immediate desire to jump into his baby, 04, and take it for a short little cruise and forget the tension alleviated by the night before, he was overcome with the smell of fresh paint. In all the years of human repopulation and industrialization, they have never seemed to fix that god-awful smell that brewed inside of that pigment. He ignored it and finally decided to stop awkwardly standing in the doorway and make his rounds of socialization before attending to his Valkyrie.

Before choosing to speak, hearing the soft rush of the closing bulkhead behind him, he examined the faces busy at work, remembering the pilots he once flew with before the hell unleashed by the Calamity. Finally placing eyes on white-collared officers, he relapsed in thought that each had problems, too, and that no matter how many sexual encounters and medical staff visits he had, he was still lonely without working with his Wolves.

"Anybody miss me?" he asked, his lips kissing the crisp air.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-05, 08:42:38

"Nope," Tessa teased from her Valkyrie. "We didn't even know you were late. I thought one of the *Harbinger's* pilots kidnapped you and took you home to marry you! But now that they're gone the flight deck is peaceful and quiet..."

Her tirade was interrupted by a familiar yet disembodied voice. "*Renard to Lone Wolves*, Lieutenant Commander Miles Renard's voice announced from their combadges, "*Cease whatever you are*

currently doing and calmly report to the squadron briefing room immediately. This order is priority alpha. Repeat Drop everything and calmly report to the squadron briefing room Priority alpha."

Tessa's mouth had been hanging open in disbelief as she listened. "Of course, I *could* be wrong," she muttered lamely as she and Oracle climbed off her fighter and scrambled to the flight deck.

Post by: Axius on 2015-01-05, 09:29:20

"Ah," he thought to himself. "That darn Tessa," he thought once more, quoting the insufferable situational comedy his roommate used to play on his padd during his days at the Academy. If anyone could cheer him up, it would be GoldenEye with her quick wit and sheer personality. Axius missed her, just like he missed all the other faces that looked down at their com badges as their Wing Commander announced. He managed to banter back with a playful wink, "I didn't engage in wedlock, but I did engage in something that was not so peaceful and quiet."

Well that was odd.

He raised an eyebrow attempting to make eye contact with Tessa, who was currently walking to the room they had been ordered to. He couldn't remember the last time he had entered the briefing room; the last time he sat at the long tables and paid close attention to every morsel of data the viewscreen projected. He missed it, for sure.

"Does anybody know why we're 'calmly reporting' to the briefing room?" he asked, following the flotilla of officers in ivory collars. "Priority Alpha..." he whispered to himself, pondering possible causations to this alert.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-06, 15:11:49

"I have not the faintest bloody idea," said Evelyn Rawley, walking past Quake and GoldenEye, running her arms through the sleeves of her flight jacket as she walked. She imagined her eyes were still a bit blood-shot from her alcoholic exploits during the festival, and she rubbed her temple with two fingers to ease the lingering ache. The worst of it was not from her drinking though, but from her fight with Razor that morning - having taken a blow to the head right where she had hurt herself in the Hromi Cluster. She glanced in Thomas' direction but did not say anything, not being sure what she ought to do.

Hannah von Slaverton filed in with the group that walked to the briefing room, and she walked a little more stiffly than usual. Rawley saw this and gave her a sidelong glance. "Did you have a rough time, Nightmare?" she asked with a lopsided smile, and she got a snort in return.

"I had a Klingon clean my pipes last night," Hannah mumbled and combed back her long hair with her hand. She was the true party girl among the Lone-Wolves, but she did not look so party to Rawley right then. "I am certain you know the feeling."

"Actually, I don't," said Rawley with a smirk, scratching her shaved head as they filed into the small auditorium, "I have never sampled one of those, but judging from how the fuck you walk, the rumours about them must be bloody true. You have to be careful sticking things up there, Hannah. Otherwise, you'll end up shitting yourself in the cockpit some day."

Soo Young Seung chuckled as she sat down in one of the chairs, choosing the front row just like most of the other Lone-Wolves. As she sat down, she tied her hair up in a ponytail, removing her white

headphones as she did s. "I am sure the Klingon was a true gentleman," she said and grinned, "he probably recited a poem to her that made her spread her cheeks."

"Not quite," grated Nightmare and eased herself down in her own chair, "aren't you 'Oracle'? Shit..."

"Not here, Hannah, please..." said Rawley and covered her nose, which drew some laughter from the pack.

Their pilot jargon aside, Soo's smile made something ache in Rawley's chest. She was finding it harder and harder to justify breaking up with Oracle now that she had settled back into the pack. That morning on Theta Eridani IV, where Soo had come to visit Rawley in the Triage Centre seemed so long ago, even if it was only a little more than a week. It felt like so much had happened to them all that the past did not matter.

Why was Soo looking strangely at Hannah all of a sudden? Oracle had removed her headphones, so it was probably something Nightmare thought about. Perhaps Soo was granted a glimpse of what had happened to Hannah's ass, and Rawley did not envy the half-Betazoid the least for it. Soo put her headphones back on in wait for Fox to speak, and Rawley folded her arms across the front of her flight jacket in wait as well.

What is it this time? Borg sightings? What is lady luck throwing our way now?

Post by: Nolan on 2015-01-06, 19:02:27

Hearing the hail from Renard to head to the briefing room made Thomas look up for a second. He glanced over at the other pilots as they dropped whatever they were doing and he placed down his own gear as well while his eyes lingered on Rawley. His eyes following the curves of her body before he shook his head and slammed his hand against the side of his bird. Without saying anything more he stashed away the rest of his things before walking over the hangar deck.

Thomas didn't really join one of his fellow wolves as his mindset wasn't really set to it. Once he made it into the briefing room he gazed over the gathered pilots before he dropped himself in one of the seat and without saying a word he gazed towards his pants, picking off at some folds in it as he waited for Renard to show up. He didn't listen to whatever conversation the other wolves were making and to an outsider he might seem to be somewhere else with his thoughts.

Post by: Axius on 2015-01-07, 04:26:35

The Câroon filed into the room closely behind Rawley, who, as always, jabbed at Hannah every chance she got. Tales of Nightmare's sex life was commonplace, but the graphics of "cleaning her pipes" wasn't appetizing. He opened his mouth to slide a snarky jest her way, but Ranger beat him to it, speaking sharply. It almost seemed unnecessarily antagonizing of Rawley, but he ignored it.

Axius jumped into the banter abruptly, shooting his glance at Rawley, "You mean to say you've never been with a Klingon?" He looked at the thoughtful smirks adorning the faces of the pilots who all found their seats. "It's not the prettiest, but everything is good in moderation."

He chuckled along with Hannah and drew his attention to the only soul not conversing, other than Oracle who never spoke with the wires hanging from her ears. As Razor picked at his clothing, Axius felt the need to spark a conversation. "I believe, as I observe humans, a very popular ice breaker is 'What are you thinking about?'"

No doubt his commander would be here any second with instructions, but he wanted Thomas to respond. In the midst of a - maybe - emergency, comfort should always be administered.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-01-07, 13:27:25

Razor's picking at his garments slowly seemed to grind to a halt as his mind registered the notion that he was being addressed by Axius. He turned his head to the young pilot and smiled a bit faint before shaking his head. He didn't reply at first as his eyes looked straight into the Câroon's eyes. His own eyes however would seem hollow and without any sign of emotion to be detected in them.

"What's it to you Quake?" he answered on a cold tone and kept his eyes locked on him. Even though this might be a possible emergency meeting, Thomas still didn't seem to be fully recovered from his earlier run in with Rawley earlier today. Physically he was no doubt fine yet mentally the entire ordeal had left some damage it seemed as Thomas really just seemed to be left alone for the moment. His voice sounded a bit cold and maybe just on the edge of hostile.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-01-08, 03:47:48

[Tactical Conn Briefing Room]

Miles made his way to his desk and sat down for a minute as he watched the once 16 pilots now 12 file into the briefing room. The screen on the view-screen was uncharacteristically blank which was far from the usual. At the minimum it usually had a static image of the United Federation of planets but right now it was blank. HE waited for the pilots to be seated and nodded as finally a single security officer, the CPO who was the highest ranking deck security currently on the deck. Miles stood up and hunched over the desk for a moment as the security officer took the seat beside his desk where Sten usually sat but was mysteriously absent. "I guess I should address the three elephants in the room. One regarding the absence of Papa Bear, he is currently talking with the deck crew regarding the subject of this meeting himself. Second the security officer whom I asked to this meeting, due to the reason being something that at least one person from security on deck should know I have invited him so that he may deliver the information to his fellow officers on deck. Finally there is the urgency of the meeting. First, I need to ask any of you if you saw any form of suspicious activity at or around my office door. Recently I discovered that it had been left open and I hope you understand but I am not going to talk about what prompted me to want to know if any oddities were spotted. If any of you saw anything I would ask that you mention what you saw now as I do not want to potentially taint your recollections by revealing why I am asking. I hope you all understand that I have my very specific reasons for keeping this close to my chest at the moment. Oracle I imagine you have already sensed what it is I am withholding but I request you do your best not to react strongly to it until I tell the rest of you."

He sighed breathing in and out a moment, "So, the question is have any of you noticed anything strange occurring in or around my office at any point this morning. If so was there anyone you noticed coming out of my office or entering it."

Post by: Axius on 2015-01-08, 04:56:29

He wasn't surprised by Razor's behavior, but as always, he felt sorry that he couldn't communicate with him. It was a shame that someone so smart and attractive was turned into this... razor. It cuts, it's cold, and it has two sides, but the middle is made for the damages it leaves behind. Thomas really was someone Axius wanted to know, and he was trying to make it his goal to get that through.

"What's it to me?" he asked sarcastically. He bluntly stared him in the eye, not to intimidate the other pilot or convey a sense of hostility, but to make sure his words were remembered. "I care. / care, you know that?"

Without saying more, he turned to the front of the room and waited for the view screen to come to life and for Papa Bear to step through those doors, but instead, he was greeted by his absence. Iron Fox glided in with a security officer in toe, walking promptly to his desk before speaking to the Wolves.

Miles spoke like a doctor trying to circle around the problem with a patient. Every time he thought the Vulpinian would elaborate onto the enigma he was addressing, he simply asked another question to add to the slew of others. Priority Alpha meetings aren't too positive anyway, but this speech, which was turning into an interrogation, wasn't to the outlook many had already perceived.

He hated mysteries, and he hated being left out. Perhaps scars from his childhood - the murder of his parents for only speculative reasons, and being trapped in a monstrous orphanage - and these were two things he felt after the small speech given by his commanding officer. Axius grunted along with the rest of the pilots until he stretched his lips and shook his head, a sign that he knew of nothing.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-01-08, 11:51:58

The words sank in slowly with Thomas as his eyes remained on Axius and he didn't even seem to flinch at the words. His eyes however moved a bit as they scanned the face of the young pilot before he looked away and let out a soft smirk. "Sure Axius. I know." He answered him with a low voice. His voice didn't sound sarcastic at all nor did it seem to be meant to be mocking, it was just some sort of acknowledgment.

The attention of Razor was drawn away as he looked forward now when Miles arrived with a security officer. Thomas looked over at Quake now and again while listening to Miles his speech and following odd request. He closed his eyes to dig back where he had been last night. Somewhere deep down he hoped he wouldn't stumble upon another blackout like earlier this morning. He sighed deeply and recalled he was at the fighter assault bay when the festival of the moon was in progress yet he had left the bay as well to return to his room. Yet he didn't glance over at Miles his office during that time. So it probably wouldn't help him a whole lot. As for this morning he was nowhere near the office.

He raised his hand and waited for approval to speak from Miles before he gave his statement "I was in the Fighter assault bay Sir. Yet I reckon it was about 0100 or maybe a bit earlier when I left it. I didn't see or notice anything suspicious at that time in the bay but I might also have to add that I didn't really keep an eye out on your office."

Post by: Searcher on 2015-01-14, 07:27:38

She was supposed to be off duty and had been sound asleep in her small quarters when the call had come, an alpha priority at that! Misjudging where she was in the bed, rolling over didn't end when it should have and a loud thump resounded through the room as she belly flopped onto the floor. "Fuckin' damn hell!" she snarled and pushed up so hard with her arms she levitated right at the top height of the bed before getting her knees underneath of her. It didn't seem like it was going to be her day as she took one step and found herself tangled in her Starfleet issue bra and very nearly found herself face-first on the floor again.

Her hair was a mess so she grabbed a band which she slipped over her wrist, something she could fix as she moved through the corridors. Hastily donning underwear and then socks, she hopped into her

pants and boots and took off out of her quarters pulling on the undershirt. "Mornin'," she said to a few as she passed them, grunting a little as she worked to get her arms in her uniform jacket. Her stomach rumbled and she groaned. "I'll feed you later," she rumbled back then stepped into the meeting room with her jacket still unzipped and fingers desperately trying to comb out the tangles and pull the golden locks back into a tail. Seeing Miles standing there, obviously having said something and the others looking a bit strange, she paused. "Uhhhh Sorry Sir. Got here as fast as I could," she said sheepishly and plunked down in the seat next to Razor.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-01-15, 06:35:13

He nodded looking to the late arrival. "Its fine I doubt you saw anything anyways since what I was asking about occurred after shipwide sun-up." Using an old colloquialism that essentially meant after 0600 and signified when most of the graveyard shifts were ending and most early morning shifts were beginning. took you less than 5 to get here so I guess along with the reason i called you here I can send the XO a report that we have completed a recommended zero t full alert 5 drill and passed with flying colors." He smiled a moment before regaining his serious composure. "I will go ahead and apologize for using the alpha priority alert to get you all here so quickly but i felt that i should personally inform you of this at the same time as i informed the on deck security of it. I figure it'll do no good for rumors to start flying so may as well get things out in the open so noone has to start whispering about whats going on or whats being kept from you." Miles tapped his combadge. "Covington go ahead and tell the cubs whenever you are ready I am informing the wolves now." He looked back to the pilots. "as you can see the reason Papabear isn't here is because he is currently conducting a nearly identical meeting with his deck crew the reason for the Security officer is so that he can deliver the same news to his fellow Fighter bay security crew members. wouldn't be fair to leave them in the dark since it is a security matter after all."

He looked down at the ground knowing that with every word he spoke he was trying to delay telling his pilots what he had to tell them. "Fuck it," he said to himself at the podium "I'll just say it and be done with it. At some point this morning The Boslic civilian engineer Narik Cinsaj was murdered within my and Sten Covington's office. I discovered her body approximately 10 minutes ago upon noticing my office door was open. I immediately informed the main security office. Covington soon after saw the crime scene. CSO Cinn was unavailable and I spoke with an officer at his desk. The officer who took the message sent Thea to begin the investigation. The officer sent Thea to act as Investigator and is currently within my office working the crime scene. WWhen the appropriate parties are available thea will inform them of the crime as well. As far as security on deck goes you guys are to operate as you would normally but as of now my office is off limits to all until Thea declares it no longer a crime scene under investigation. Aside from The main security desk, Thea, Covington, and myself. THose of you in this room now and the deck crew are the first to know of this crime. I would prefer not to speak about further details of the crime at least not at this moment. I know you guys don't like having secrets kept from you but I think you can all understand how vital it is that only certain parties are privy to detailed information regarding a crime this serious."

He paused for a moment. "I know its gonna sound insensitive to say it but all i can think to say is take up to an hour break if ya need it to wrap your head around what i just told ya and let's get to work. Captain wanted us at full operational capabilities by 1300 today, yesterday. I want to shave that down by a half hour minimum. Target for Lone wolves at squadron wide alert five status is 1200 hrs. As for myself I don't think I want to stand here one more second thinking about whats in my office. I'm gonna give my bird a final once over and start movin on the line to the rest of your Valks." With that he casually made his way to the door and walked out of the room leaving them all with the news he had just shared having decided he was gong to channel everything he felt into nothing more than a desperate attempt to blind the rest of his senses and thoughts with work rather than the obvious.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-15, 07:34:41

"Smeggin' Hell!" Tessa May Lance exclaimed breaking the silence. "Somebody got murdered! Holy God! Who would *do* something like that?"

In her mind's eye the answer came to her. The leering expressions of the *Harbinger* pilots forced themselves into her mind just like the real ones had probably forced themselves on Narik Cinsaj. It all made sense. Phantom's pilots looked like the kind of guys who would gang rape a girl, then kill her to silence her. But why the hell had they left the body behind? Hadn't they heard of forensic science? They would have been better off letting her live and threatening her to keep quiet. What the hell was *wrong* with those guys?

"I'll bet it was the *Harbinger's* pilots!" she exclaimed. "I'll bet my last holodeck hour on it! Ever since they came aboard I haven't felt safe! I've been so scared of going back to my rack by myself I had to let Zaraq do me just so I'd have protection!"

Oops. Too much information Tessa. Time to shut up now.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-19, 13:42:21

As the information was gradually revealed, Rawley's eyebrows climbed further and further, and at the point when Renard left the Briefing Room, a nauseous feeling had settled in the pit of her stomach. She had not traded two words with the Boslic engineer, only known that they would have been working together on the Reaver Project starting that morning. Despite of not being Starfleet, she had seemed to have her wits about her, mindful about her work and not about to let anyone take advantage of her. Now, whatever non-fleet know-how she had possessed had been lost to them, but that held no relevance to the fact that someone had been murdered right there in the Fighter Assault Bay, perhaps even when they were just outside the door, working on their Valkyries.

It caused the sick feeling Rawley felt turn to ire, so when Tessa broke the silence, she snarled the vehement words that had formed in her gut. She covered her own eyes as he mind reeled, hearing but not truly listening to Tessa's accusation towards the Harbinger pilots, seedy as they had appeared. Suddenly, she realised the connection she had not made immediately, and she turned her head to look at Razor where he sat next to Skye Carver. The two seemed to get along well, but did Kestrel know what Thomas has done to Rawley that morning? He said he did not know what had happened to him, but could he blame her for not believing him?

"It might not have been the bloody Harbinger pilots at all," she grated with a cutting tone as she locked eyes with Razor, but as cutting as her words had been, Tessa's exclamations overrode Rawley's, and when she ended up saying she had fucked the new Master-of-Arms for sake of his brawn, even Rawley's train of thought was lost to her as she ended up staring at GoldenEye for a moment.

"Excuse me," said Soo Young Seung weakly and got to her feet, holding her headphones tight to her ears as she made for the exit. It seemed Oracle did not take the news well, and even less the feelings that bubbled in the minds of her Pack. Rawley had the notion to follow her and comfort her until the point when she remembered she had broken up with Soo, and that it was not the best idea to open that can of worms. Hannah seemed to be brooding where she sat, having looked at Tessa for a long while after she had told them about her and Zaraq, and come to think of it, Rawley did have the vaguest memory that she had seen Hannah and the Klingon together at some point during *Lohlunat*.

In the end, Rawley rose to her feet - having decided to not push the issue about Razor since she had

no evidence. She sighed and climbed the stairs to the exit. "We have a mission, and we need to prepare the bloody Valkyries for it, so don't know about you guys, but I will try to wipe my fucking mind clean from this until we learn more. Speculation is just gonna fuck with our minds, and we'll start blaming people without cause."

She wanted to talk to Covington, but she knew he was talking to his deck crew, so she would not have any chance of getting some more details out of him. Not that she thought he would be more forthcoming to her just because they fucked on the beach last night, but perhaps he could tell her enough to make her stop thinking about what Razor had done. Perhaps Thomas had nothing to do with it, and Rawley really wanted it to be so, because she hated not being able to trust her own pack.

"Quake," she said as she passed him by, "do you need any help getting your bird ready? It's not like I have one of my own to fix so let's go."

Post by: Axius on 2015-01-19, 23:15:39

Words and thoughts escaped his conscious as he stared at the ground below his combat boots. Accusations and conversations and preservations flooded the dulled room with a thick coat of tension. Axius leaned back in his chair, patted the distraught Razor on his back, and rubbed his eyes before paying attention to make up for his lapse in daydreaming.

He placed his elbows on his knees as Soo stepped out of the room and his pack was dismissed, his knuckles resting on his pink lips as he pursed them in thought. *The Harbinger pilots?* he thought, standing up again as Ranger walked beside him.

"Quake, do you need any help getting your bird ready? It's not like I have one of my own to fix so let's go."

He smiled at her softly, standing up as he spoke, "Thanks, really, but I was going to get a little workout in before I started maintenance. One way to prevent speculation from 'fucking with my mind,'" he paused to give a small, dry snicker, "is to get my body moving. You could, if you wanted, start a general diagnostic. I won't be long."

Post by: Nolan on 2015-01-22, 12:27:01

Razor let the words sink in as he heard of the murder and listened to the possibilities that got spewed around in the room. He glanced over at Skye as she had plunged next to him in the chair and a faint smile managed to creep up on his lips. He hadn't counted on murder to happen on this ship, especially not on a civilian. The next thing he heard stung in his ears and it rippled further into his mind. His eyes shifted from Skye to Rawley and his eyes locked in with hers and he shook his head slowly.

He got up from his seat and looked down at Searcher, a more genuine smile now appearing he held out his hand for her and whispered "Can we talk? Somewhere more private." he asked softly as he wanted to keep her in the loop of what had happened this morning. He needed to let someone else know about what had happened. Or at least what had been told to him what had happened. The blackouts would be a danger to his flight options yet he didn't want to lose his wings just yet.

He looked at the other wolves as they got up from their seats and seemingly made their way to their duties or plans that they had before they needed to be ready for the real deal.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-01-24, 03:41:42

Skye could often be just as loud as the rest of them but as Goldeneye went off, she remained quiet. It was too easy to blame this murder on the Harbinger pilots and the fact was it was under investigation and accusing anyone at the moment was premature. Still the fact that someone had been murdered angered her, enough so that her knuckles went white as she looked around. She had heard Rawley's words and wondered why she was glaring at Razor, something that made her hackles raise toward one of the Wolves she liked the least.

People began to disperse and she looked up when she heard Razor's voice, her own smile forming in response. "Of course. I always have time for you," she said and took his hand as she stood. Something was bothering him, something more than the news they received. Did it have something to do with Rawley? Whatever it was, she was glad he felt comfortable talking to her. They'd shared a moment of passion and now she felt a closeness to him something like Lin Kae but also different. He was special to her, someone she wanted to protect.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-01-27, 12:01:17

As most of the pilots left the briefing room Razor's jaws clenched shut and his teeth seemed to grind against each other as he seemed to be looking at everyone as fast as he could. Eventually his eyes rested on Skye and a faint smile appeared on his face while his body seemed to relax just a bit at the sight of her. He had requested to speak to her in private yet the briefing room seemed empty enough after all and with hush voices he probably would be able to convey the message without anyone eavesdropping on them. He looked into Skye her eyes and gently stroked his hand against her cheek and sighed softly before starting.

"I've... ran into a bit of a peculiar situation this morning." He said softly and kept looking her in the eye "You know that I was supposed to go with Rawley to work on the downed Reaver just to see if we could get some use out of it. So I went up to her this morning at her quarters." He paused for a second as he tried to recollect what had happened, hoping that he could see where the problem was that had caused such a violent reaction from him or so Rawley had claimed. He decided to leave out the detail in which state he found Rawley and went ahead. "So I was waiting for her to get ready to head to the flight deck when suddenly... I don't know... I think I must have blacked out or something.. The next thing I knew was Ranger's furniture being launched to my skull and us in a pretty rough close quarter combat. She told me I had..." His voice died down now as he frowned and shook his head as he couldn't look Skye in the eyes anymore "She said I had assaulted her, apparently sexually or something and that we had gotten into a very ugly fight... Yet I can't recall anything of it. It's like it never happened like I'm missing a key part in that sequence. It's somewhat scary as fuck but I'm not sure if I had them before or not. For all we know I might've as well you know..." His eyes darted to the sealed off office of Renard and Covington and he let out a sigh before looking back to Skye."

Post by: Searcher on 2015-01-27, 20:21:51

As more of the Wolves filed out, Skye watched Razor and felt her insides churning because of his demeanor and the way his jaw was clenching. Something was wrong, very wrong and for the moment she couldn't imagine what could have him so upset. He had been the one to calm her before, to reassure her that she wasn't losing her mind and then he'd helped her take out her aggression in a most passionate way. He was her teammate, friend, and even a lover so she would not abandon him.

He finally started to speak, his voice hushed as he stroked her cheek. She nodded to acknowledge the intent to work on the Reaver, something that had given her a pang of jealousy because he had been spending more and more time around Rawley as a result. She held no claim on him and if it had been anyone other than Rawley she wouldn't have cared. Rawley had more guts than just about any

of them and was a damn good pilot but she pushed people away and sometimes people just didn't get along.

What Razor said next made her eyes widen, with surprise at first then he could see her emotions run the gauntlet to utter defiance when he tipped his head toward Miles' office. "No," she said flatly and took both of his hands in hers. "I don't know what's going on but you are not a rapist and you only kill when faced by the enemy and I don't believe you are responsible for death. Rawley's not stable, maybe she misinterpreted something and hit you with something that caused the blackout," she tried to reason.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-02-03, 13:04:47

Feeling Skye suddenly hold his hands and deny what his thoughts were assuming made Thomas look back at her. How could she be so sure? "I don't know Skye... I've replayed the entire sequence over and over again in my mind. I can't find a reason why or how it happened just the black out..." he said to her and shook his head. He had seen the look on her face when he even suggested that he might have something to do with the death of Narik. Yet the truth was that he didn't know himself if he had a hand in it or not.

He sighed and looked into Skye's, he was lost and didn't know what he had to do. He was second guessing himself and he feared that it would return to him once he'd be out there in the dark void of space. His mind however tried to focus back on Skye now as she stood before him. She was a soothing factor at least, she could bring him back the peace he craved for yet he didn't know if his confession would complicate things. "I'm not sure what I need to do... Do I report this to Renard or not? I don't want to lose my wings and a freaking psych eval doesn't sound like the happy trip I want to go through." he said to her.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-02-05, 23:55:18

Razor had that lost look in his eyes, that sense of hopelessness that he might be responsible for Narik's death but now wasn't the time for doubts. "Right now we don't have any evidence but we're all under a shitload of stress and we all deal with it differently. I'm more inclined to believe Rawley sucker punched you, causing that blackout."

She hugged him then, her embrace almost crushing yet her cheek was soft against his. "I believe in you, Thomas," she said, using his real name to emphasize the sincerity. "Right now, just focus on this mission and if we survive ... then we can talk to Miles and see if someone can help you recall that blank time. As long as I breathe, I will be by your side," she promised.

Pulling back, she cupped his face in her hands. "We'll get through this like we get through everything, as a team. I've got your back and I know you've got mine. No doubts," she said emphatically and then gave him a playful swift kiss on his lips. "Otherwise I'll have to spank you though I think you might enjoy that too much," she added with a teasing smile.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-02-16, 21:45:30

Skye's words brought a small shift into the mind of Thomas as she claimed that Rawley was the one who had instigated the fight. Perhaps she was right... Perhaps this was all a mix of stress and coping mechanisms that failed to do their part. He slowly placed his arms around her as well now as she hugged him firmly and he hugged her back and rested his chin against her soft yet lovely hair.

"That mean a lot to me Skye... It really does... I'll be at your side anytime too, no matter what." He

answered her and a faint smile appeared on his face as he started to believe in himself once more. His eyes slowly showing a small sparkle of life once more a sparkle of hope and lust for life.

The kiss was a delight yet it was over before it could turn in something more. "I'm afraid I might... I'm sure you'll find a way to punish me otherwise." He answered her back with a sly grin and looked her in the eyes "Thank you again Skye. Time to prep our birds and get ready though for the shit storm that's about to happen when we reach the star base." he said softly and kissed her once more before squeezing softly in her lower back and returning back onto the hangar deck.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-02-19, 23:10:27

There it was ... a tiny spark and from that spark there was light in his eyes again. Her smile answered his and then she smirked when he admitted he might enjoy a spanking. "I will punish you to within an inch of your life," she promised and reveled in the simple embrace they were sharing. He held her closer for a moment and then thanked her, looking much better than he had before.

"Anytime, Razor ... anytime," she said with a look and tone full of innuendo. She watched him walk out to the hangar, admiring how his trousers displayed his ass. Naughty thoughts trailed off to darker thoughts though, specifically what the hell was going on with the blackouts. She could only hope it didn't happen again, especially if he were in the cockpit during a dogfight.

"We'll get it figured out, Tom," she murmured a silent promise to trail after him. Then she too followed that trail out to the Valks. Kestrel needed a few tweaks but she knew she was in much better condition than a lot of the others. Still she wanted to make sure she was in the best possible shape for this mission. It was crazy, suicidal even, but she believed in her captain and would do her best to not fail.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-08, 16:36:34

[Approaching the USS Harbinger | Class-9 Nebula | IOIO]

The sharp profiles of the Mk II Valkyries knifed through space amidst the ceaseless exchange of green and orange energy in the nebulae. The eight attack fighters moved in tandem, a well conditioned flight of fighters shooting off towards their base ship.

Wing Commander Phantos "Phantom" Kilinvoss' eyes were locked on the USS Harbinger, and he felt a certain amount of relief to be gone from the Theurgy. Once they returned, he would make sure his squadron and their fighters were prepared for the mission ahead: to raid Starbase 84 and broadcast the truth as they knew it about Starfleet Command. Perhaps that would be some kind of payback for the thirty-two pilots he had lost since they left Earth in search for the Theurgy. He had known them all as children of his own, having never made a family with a woman but chosen his career in Starfleet instead. In retrospect, he thought that his soul had gradually died away, life by life, as his the Wing of pilots on the Harbinger had died for the cause of standing against the whole of Starfleet - the very institution he had sworn his life to.

What choice had he when their morale died away with their comrades? He had to be strong for them. He had to represent hope and ability in facing impossible odds. He had to make them don their flight gear over and over, knowing with certainty that all those who launched wouldn't be coming back. Phantom had begun to think of his own flight gear as funeral garb, and that he was forcing them all to dress before they settled into their coffins.

When encouragement failed, orders and threats came next. Discipline. They could not think about the

losses or the long-term expectations of the endless fights against Starfleet. He was not entirely sure, but two of his pilots had deserted mid-battle, shot off with their bird to never return again - leaving the squadron and their friends behind to die simply because they were afraid. Despite this, Phantom hoped that they hadn't fled in fear, but because they did not want to kill others in Tactical CONN. It was, perhaps, what had been weighing the most on his own soul to begin with.

After a couple of weeks, he had stopped thinking about it at all. Not until yesterday, when he had forced himself on the Vulcan in the Steam-pools. Something she said... The way she had allowed him to... It made him think there was something wrong with the oxygen in the cockpit, even though the readings were fine.

"This is 01-Phantom, I will linger while the rest of you land," he rasped into the com-channel, his white and pale blue eyes unblinking behind his visor, "I will meet you in the briefing room at 1100 hrs. We have a new mission to prepare for. It might be our last... victorious or not."

And Phantos watched his children return home, trying to justify his harsh discipline with how he did not want any more of them to die. He would protect them as best as he could, against anyone. Themselves included. What he could not do was to let the hoarfrost around his numb heart melt for them.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 08: Reconstruction

[USS Theurgy | Holographic Laboratory | 1050 hrs.]

Kae met with Thea in the Hololab at the agreed upon time, where he was able to both maintenance her emitter as well as explain his plan to her. The diagnostics for the emitter were quickly becoming routine, the holography expert breezing through the checks with great detail, but still making excellent time. "There was the idea of a boarding party to take the Calamity, but the ship would be too fortified to allow such a thing, Cala too easily able to kill anyone who comes aboard the ship without her wanting them there. I was then reminded of old techniques used in the 21st Century on Earth by hackers to crash computer systems connected to a network. They would introduce traffic, multiple functions running simultaneously to take all the server's processing power and leave others incapable of accessing it themselves. If we can bombard Cala's systems with traffic, in the form of randomized data, we would essentially be able to trap her in a gridlock and unable to contend with the crew that is boarding."

The plan was sound, expect that Cala's distinction as a ship from the future meant she had greater processing power than Thea, thus able to sort the traffic faster than Thea could provide it. "Alone, you wouldn't be enough, but we also have the Harbinger as well. I'm thinking if we can establish a computer link between both ships, you can use the processing power of both ships as a multi-core system to boost your own ability to bombard the Calamity computer. We would just have to rewrite some of the code that links you to the Theurgy to allow for a simultaneous link to the Harbinger."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-14, 10:50:41

Thea listened to the suggestion Lin Kae was making, folding her arms underneath her breasts as she looked at him. She was thoughtful, and not only in the sense that her analysis subroutines were indeed digesting what her specialist was saying, but she weighed indirect factors as well. Such as Cala's potential countermeasures and ability to, somehow, not process the external input data that she'd be assaulted with.

"So I would act as a conduit for the data that would mask our presence and actions, be it either through overwhelming her pasitronic brain's processor and delaying a reaction, or forcing her to deactivate the systems that we are targeting?" she asked, pacing the room.

She did not like not using her new emitter, having to rely on her ship-wide hologrid to project herself in the room. She felt so numb compared to when she could use her new sensory mapping, but not only did the emitter have to recharge, but it was imperative that the version that was to be downloaded into it would not have the kind of tactical information that could jeopardise the mission and the tactics that were to be used against the Calamity. Barring tactical information about her own actions, of course.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-01-01, 23:41:07

"In 21st Century Earth, they would call it a DDoS attack, distributed denial-of-service. A server can only handle so much of a workload before other attempted connections can't get through, so if you have a bunch of traffic coming in from one place meant to congest the server, then actual commands, like defensive measures Calamity could take against the ship, can't be sent out because she is too

busy trying to get rid of the congestion. The problem is that Calamity is a future ship, and thus has more processing power, likely able to clear congestion faster than you alone can make it." That was where the upgrades came in, allowing her to clutter Cala and tie her up with a massive amount of useless data that crippled her from acting in aggression. It was perhaps the most fatal flaw of a ship operated solely by artificial intelligence, and one they would use to make the operation go smoothly.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-05, 11:03:21

"I understand," said Thea pausing in her pacing to look upon her emitter where it was docked to recharge. "It is basically the same tactic we used against the infected computer scientists that was trying to reclaim control over me during the Niga Incident, only this time, we have to use more data in order to overpower a far more superior adversary."

Turning to Kae, she put her hands on her hips and lowered her gaze to the deck plating while her pasitronic brain processors were working to derive a method to increase the data volume and distribution speed. Eventually, he looked up. "The key is to duplicate the data exponentially by copying itself when it leaves my memory banks, just so that I do not have to retain all of the data myself, and in order to prevent Cala from easily filtering duplicate input that she is receiving, we need an advanced encryption key with a random seed that does not make all of the data look the same. Furthermore, we cannot use any data. It has to be internal sensory data which Cala will confuse for her own, and in order to assist the Theurgy and the Harbinger if we are in mid-battle, short-range sensor array input is equally crucial. The data-mass does not have to be separated though."

It would result in Cala receiving input that, for example, the Lone-Wolves were having a dogfight with the Reavers inside the hull of her Vectors.

Thea, however, was still concerned that they were planning for an opportunity that wouldn't come, given the final word of Captain Ives at the end of the Senior Staff meeting.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-11-22, 14:51:08

[Main Engineering | Deck 09 | 1100 hrs.]

With only one hour remaining before the Theurgy and the Harbinger would leave the Class-9 nebula, Main Engineering - with its upper and lower sections bared since they were in SOM-mode - resembled to Cir'Cie the vertical main chamber of a nest with Vulcan sandworms.

Crew with yellow collared uniforms bustled about in orchestrated movements along the walkways as far up and down as one could see, with the Chief Engineer being the conductor in front of the middle chamber of the warp core. Its three reaction chamber arrangement was unique for the Prometheus-class ships, and the core's height was therefore even higher than a Sovereign-class model. When they were not in MVAM-mode, all antimatter was injected at the bottom, and the matter at the top, and the fuel streams passed directly through the upper and lower reaction chambers to the meeting point in the central chamber. The height of a warp core determined its efficiency, since the longer they were, the more accurately the matter and antimatter streams could be controlled. Main Engineering was situated on the separation plane, so once the ship would split in three, the moving MVAM-hull sections would have slipped in place, and new matter and antimatter feeds would be opened to power the three separated Vectors.

The Chief Engineer was accompanied by Commander Stark and Cir'Cie's new superior officer, Simon Tovarek. The three department heads were working on a joint venture pertaining to the gravametric

mines in Cargo Bay 04. Soon, the Intelligence Officer - Carrigan Trent - was likely to arrive as well.

Looking away, Cir'Cie passed along her walkway virtually unnoticed, and her steps took her to the middle hull section's plasma manifolds. A young crewman was standing by the phase compensator attached to manifolds, seemingly checking for erroneous readings with his tricorder. He might have been in his early twenties, counting Earth standard years, and Ci'Cie walked up to him without pausing her step. "Crewman, I require your help. Please follow me."

"Ensi... I... Yes, of course," he said and followed the Science Officer around the corner behind the manifolds. There, hidden from sight, Cir'Cie awaited him, gently removing the tricorder from his hand.

"It is easier to explain what I need this way, since you will probably not understand the reason for the request," she said in her dispassionate voice, and she raised her hand to lay it against the crewman's face. "My mind, to your mind. My thoughts, to your thoughts..."

And at first, the crewman's eyes widened in shock, but eventually... he understood.

[Meanwhile | Holographic Laboratory]

On the other side of Engineering, behind the bulkhead, Holographic Specialist Lin Kae's own lab was located, and he was in the company of his main charge aboard the Theurgy - namely its Ship A.I. holographic interphase projection.

"I fail to see the point in preparing the emitter's memory banks to extract tactical information," she said, a bit crestfallen where she stood before the docking place of her new emitter, which Lin Kae was working on. "It seemed to me that Captain Ives was quite clear about the odds that the order to save my daughter would be given. As it is, the odds that I will be allowed to beam aboard the Calamity is less than 4,234 %, and that is when the full yield of the gravimetric mines accounted for. In other words, that they all hit Cala mid-warp."

Dressed in her chameleon body suit, she currently wore the golden colour of Engineering, since she had been assisting Lieutenant Marlowe before her appointment with Kae.

"I find it all... unfair, even if I understand Captain Ives' reasoning," she admitted, taking a deep breath and folding her arms underneath her breasts, "Something must be odd with my subroutines, because understanding the tactical parameters does not subdue the feeling of being treated unjustly. Moreover, some of the things that were said about me and Cala linger at the forefront of my cognitive processes, making me feel anger. In fact, I admit that I am angry with you, Kae..."

She looked towards him. "How could you suggest a factory reset so readily? Would it not be best to try and determine the extent of reprogramming first, and to restore her ethical subroutines? With those reflecting my own, she would not cause us harm."

Three seconds passed, and before there was any time for Kae to answer, Thea's eyes widened. "Oh, no," she said, and she turned on her heel and ran towards the door.

[Outside | Main Engineering]

"The plasma relays are exploding all across the ship!" came the frantic cry from one of the Engineers, and the call was echoed from far above in Upper Engineering. In Lower Engineering, the detonations could be plainly seen between the criss-crossing walkways. The noise and the rising

smoke rolled up the vertical shaft around the warp core with alarming speed - cast into eerie light by the reactor chambers.

Thea seized the railing outside the Holographic Laboratory, and the data that coursed through her might even have been more frightening.

"We are losing one relay every second!" she called down to Tia Marlowe, met by the eyes of all present department heads, "The phasing cloak is failing! Power consumption is too high! In forty seconds, the reaction chamber will be unbalanced by the lack of EPS relays! There will be nowhere for the plasma to go but back from whence it came, and then overloading the shield emitters we use for the cloak! Either we deactivate it, or we shut down the core! Otherwise we lose both our shields and the cloak!"

Post by: TheBanshee on 2014-11-26, 01:22:43

Tia walked with Stark and Tovarek through her department. Finally having had something to eat she no longer felt drained from low blood sugar although she hadn't realised how bad she had felt until she had smelled food.

They were about to begin the challenge of working out how to set up and then deploy the gravimetric mines as had been discussed in the morning's meeting of department heads. It was going to be no easy feat but with the three of them and Mr Trent, whose knowledge was a little disconcerting if Tia was honest about it, she was sure they would come up with the required devices and strategy.

"Hopefully we can run a number of simulations with variants of the mines and see which would be the most efficient," she said, thinking aloud more than directing her comment at either of her colleagues, "although we have to bear in mind that even with Trent's knowledge we will have to plan our strategy to cover a number of different scenarios since we cannot plan exactly what the Calamity will do."

The cry of the engineer sliced through her thought process and she snapped back into the there and then, the realisation of what he was saying horrifying her. Even worse was the cry from Thea above her. Thea's clarification of the situation left her in no doubt that she had to act immediately or there would be severe consequences.

There was only one option in Tia's mind, shutting down the cloak. During the day before the festival she had spent several hours tidying up the installation of the cloak so no cables were laying around. This was now a bit of a curse as the one cable she needed access to was now safely tucked away behind a wall panel.

"Power down everything you can," she shouted as she bolted towards the offending panel, "try and prevent anything being damaged as the relays blow." Damage limitation until she could pull the plug was priority and each thought was a shout to try and keep as much of the ship intact no matter the outcome of her attempt.

"Decloak!" she cried as she closed the distance to the wall panel, shouting orders to anyone that had their wits about them. The power drain on the engines would decrease by 60% easily with the cloak off. "Vent plasma!" At least if it was given a place to go it would limit the damage it would do. It wouldn't matter if they picked the thrusters or the impulse engines so long as there was a pressure release.

Sparks flew from relays as the precious seconds ticked away, each one taking another relay with it.

Tia slid in a style that Joe DiMaggio would have been proud of, right into the wall. Her fingers pried into the panel, bending back a nail and leaving a white line across the quick and eliciting a hiss of pain. After what seemed like an age the panel finally came free and she sent it flying on its way to her left.

Behind the panel was a wholly different world to the clean and precise exterior with its smooth black consoles and polished finish. The world of the engineer in full flow, cables, junctions, relays, the beating heart of the workstations hidden from view and now at great risk. The cable for the cloaking device was one of many but having installed it herself Tia knew exactly which one it was. She didn't think of anything else but the consequences of not pulling it out.

Grabbing the thick tube that the device needed to pull such an inordinate amount of power through she braced her shoulder and knees against the wall and pulled as hard as she could, teeth bared in a desperate grimace. The brilliant flash blinded her, the loud crack of angry energy deafened her and the force of the blast sent her skidding backwards across the room like a ragdoll. Her whole body convulsed with the shock that was sent through her, her head smacked off the island of consoles in the centre of the room and blackness took away the pain of the burning and the shock.

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-11-26, 15:10:28

After his talk with Counselor Hayden O'Connor last night Master Chief William Robert O'Connell had decided to follow the old cowboy adage of getting back on the horse. He had gone back to the *Lohlunat* festival on the holodeck and gotten himself drunk enough for some good old fashioned he-in' and she-in'. When he woke up the next morning he was horrified to discover Lieutenant junior grade Tessa May Lance in bed with him and from the look on her face the feeling was mutual. An unspoken agreement to never speak of that night was made on the spot and the two separated and got on with their morning that included a lot of painkillers and black coffee.

That morning Chief O'Connell was working a shift in main engineering on decks eight and nine. His title may have been 'Maintenance Chief' when he was assigned to the *Theurgy*, but after the casualties they suffered everybody was doing two jobs minimum, and Captain Ives and the former chief engineers (God rest their souls) didn't let Billy Bob's experience in propulsion go to waste.

It was a little after 1100 hours when Master Chief O'Connell noticed anything wrong. Crewman Dom Fok was supposed to be checking the phase compensator attached to the EPS manifolds and he was nowhere to be seen. Where in tarnation had that boy gone off to anyway?

Billy Bob had no time to wonder about him when the alarms started going off. He checked the master systems display table and nearly emptied his digestive tract into his trousers. "What's going on, did someone shut off the plasma flow regulators or something?" he gasped.

"Chief what's going on?" Petty Officer Tenchi Koizumi, a boyish young man of Japanese descent, asked him.

"The plasma relays are exploding all across the ship!" he shouted loud enough for everybody in engineering to hear. A small explosion burst from the wall as if to emphasize his words. "Koizumi, get down!" he shouted as he seized the petty officer by the shoulder and hit the deck.

Within seconds, multiple explosions from overloaded systems detonated around them, drowning out shouts from both decks as smoke floated up the warp shaft. As they warily emerged from cover,

O'Connell and the young petty officer heard Thea call down to Lieutenant Tatiana Marlowe, the new chief engineer.

"We are losing one relay every second! The phasing cloak is failing! Power consumption is too high! In forty seconds, the reaction chamber will be unbalanced by the lack of EPS relays! There will be nowhere for the plasma to go but back from whence it came, and then overloading the shield emitters we use for the cloak! Either we deactivate it, or we shut down the core! Otherwise we lose both our shields and the cloak!"

"Power down everything you can," Lieutenant Marlowe shouted as she headed towards the panel that regulated the power to the *Theurgy's* cloak, "try and prevent anything being damaged as the relays blow."

"You heard the woman, shut everything down!" O'Connell shouted, all of his insecurities forgotten as his training and experience kicked in. "You take the plasma flow regulators; I'll handle the power grid!"

"Aye-aye Chief!" Petty Officer Koizumi grunted as he took off to comply.

"Decloak!" Tatiana Marlowe cried as she passed the master systems display table. "Vent plasma!"

"Shutting down the cloak!" O'Connell shouted from the power grid control console.

"Venting plasma!" Koizumi's voice shouted through the smoke that was obscuring the view to the warp core.

O'Connell's brow furrowed in concentration as he shut down system after system. Since the *Theurgy* was a Prometheus class, she had even more redundant systems than most starships. Fortunately, O'Connell was one of the few people aboard who knew which systems could safely be deactivated and which were superfluous to keep running in the first place.

Out of the corner of his eye, O'Connell noticed the chief engineer pulling on the cable that connected the EPS grid to the cloaking system, completely heedless of the danger. "Oh no!" he gasped. "We're gonna lose another one!" The *Theurgy* had lost three chief engineers since going on the run and right now she was about to lose a fourth. "Not on my watch!" Billy Bob growled as he ran over to the exposed panel to stop her.

Too late. When the cable came free, there was a bright flash and a deafening crack as an explosion sent the burly chief tottering backwards before tumbling to the deck. He was better off than his boss, who was hurled through the air to slide across the floor like a marionette whose strings had been cut while writhing from the jolt she had taken. O'Connell shuddered as Tia's head hit the master systems display table. "Man down!" he shouted as he staggered to his feet. He hit his combadge. "Engineering to sickbay, Lieutenant Marlowe is down!"

Post by: Brutus on 2014-11-30, 18:09:36

Natalie had managed to work in that (very) brief team meeting with her department after the senior staff briefing earlier in the morning. It had been a tight squeeze, but as 1100 hours rolled around, the brunette was able to show up at Main Engineering on time, as requested. They were going to have some tough work ahead and it made plenty of sense that Natalie would be there.

The mantle of Chief Operations Officer still rested heavy on her slender shoulders, but the young

woman was adjusting to the responsibility bit by bit, every day. Having the support of Sten Covington, Rory Callahan, and even to an extent, Jien Ives, certainly helped.

But that was neither her nor there. With her hands clasped behind her back, Natalie forced her attention back to the discussion on hand. Her blue eyes rose slowly, taking in the extended warp core in all its glory. Its muted pulse was soothing, the heartbeat of the *Theurgy* calming the woman in the yellow trimmed collar. A fine counter balance to the subject at hand - Gravametric mines.

Tia is right, Natalie thought, *The sheer number of scenarios we have to go through to get this to work is going to be tasking. And we leave the nebula in less than an hour.* A very visible frown formed between her eyebrows, twisting her face into an almost petulant countenance. But those thoughts came to an abrupt end before she could even voice them, as alarms and cries rang throughout Main Engineering.

"What the Hell?" Natalie blurted out, running over to the protective banister that ringed the warp core and looking out over the edge. Sure enough, the telltale green hiss of exploding plasma conduits could be seen, decks below, bubbling up the tube along the warp core. Her face drained of all color in a moment of unrestrained panic.

Decloak!" she cried as she closed the distance to the wall panel, shouting orders to anyone that had their wits about them. *The power drain on the engines would decrease by 60% easily with the cloak off.* "Vent plasma!" Natalie heard the orders Tia Marlowe barked and she snapped herself back to the present. Orders that made sense. Orders that gave her a purpose.

"On it!" she shouted as she pushed herself away from that banister and ran in the direction opposite from Tia. She skittered across a suddenly shaking deck, before coming to an abrupt stop next to a control terminal. Pulling up the plasma flow regulators, Natalie's fingers danced across the touch screen, rerouting the flow of plasma away from the over taxed conduits and out towards the ships vents on the nacelles.

Out in the depths of space, the blue orange hues of the surrounding nebula began to be blanketed by a cloud of ever growing green plasma, forming seemingly out of nothing. As the plasma vented away, leaving a path right back to the now wounded starship, the interphasic cloaking device shut down, forcing the *USS Theurgy* back into the visible spectrum. Unlike during a normal cloak shut down, however, the ship seemed to flicker into existence piece by piece, with a crackle of energy.

Back in the panic that was Main Engineering, Natalie had no idea that she wasn't the only person routing plasma away. It was the combined efforts of the COO and many junior officers that managed to stall the cascade overload - however, it drained off far more plasma than was healthy. There would come a point in the very near future where the ship would need to restock. Thankfully, they were in the middle of a resource rich nebula. The delay such a restock would cause however - that would be the issue on hand.

Not that it mattered one lick at the moment. Systems all over the ship were shutting down. Including the Chief Engineer. Natalie felt the crackling explosion across engineering, more than saw it. But she clearly heard the cry of the Maintenance Chief. *"Engineering to sickbay, Lieutenant Marlowe is down!"*

Her eyes went wide and she turned from the console she was manning, looking over to see Robert O'Connell - a man she didn't know at all - crouching over Tia Marlowe's limp form near the center console for main engineering. "Oh no..." She looked around, frantic, trying to spot any of the Asst.

Engineering officers. None were in sight as she scampered over to the prone form of the Lieutenant, pulling her tricorder out from her belt as she came to a kneeling crouch next to O'Connell.

An Engineering Tricorder was not the best tool for the job, but it was the one she had on hand, and she swept the device back and forth over the prone and slightly smoking form of the raven haired Chief Engineer as sweat poured down the back of her own neck. "Damn," she swore, hands shaking slightly. The readings weren't good. Panic and bile began to rise in her throat and Natalie sucked a deep, acidic breath to tamp that back down. "Shes going into shock. Elevate her feet, Chief, and stay with her."

Small orders, but they would help while the medics rushes in from Sickbay. She rose to her feet, knees bending, protesting slightly in pain. Standing in the smoke filled room, hair plastered across her forehead, Natalie took the scene of chaos in.

Though it felt like hours as she slowly spun around, the moment lasted only seconds. The Warp Core seemed to beat erratically as more systems were sent off line, pulsing in an angry light within the fumes. Consoles went dark, one by one. More than one engineer was strewn out across the deck, hanging over railings - or worse, crumpled in smoking piles, with flesh burned off their bodies from explosions. The silence was deafening.

Then the noise came back with a rush and a roar, alarms, beeps, hisses, and cries of pain filling her ears, and Natalie snapped into the present once more. "Someone get the fire suppression control systems on line, now," she snapped with an icy rod of authority in her voice she didn't feel. "You, and you," she pointed to two techs, "Get the vents in here working or we're all going to choke to death." She turned again and pointed to a startled Ensign, clinging to one of the starboard control consoles. "Get over there and help pull the wounded away from the reactor." She barked the order, her hand snapping from where the young man stood to the two bodies thrown against the very same barrier she had leaned over not moments before.

The red alert lights caused the eerie green haze of plasma fumes to pulse and twist, and the klaxons filled her ears. "Shut off that damn alarm," she barked, and turned, looking upwards. "Thea!" she cried out to the holographic avatar, "Whats the reactor status!?" Had they done enough to save the core? And where was medical? Had the bridge called down yet? Had she missed the surly scathing request for a report? It had barely been minutes since Thea's warning rang out...

In the center of the maelstrom that was wracking the ship, Natalie Stark was left holding the ball, barking orders in a manner far more calm and professional than the terrified woman felt.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-12-01, 15:54:55

After the satisfying breakfast with Tatiana Marlowe, Simon was walking besides her as they walked through engineering. It had been a busy morning for the fresh Chief Science Officer. He had noticed some persons of his department in engineering as he had promised Marlowe that he'd spare the extra manpower he had to her. The mission now was to figure out how to get these gravimetric mines to do their work. Simon had a few ideas in his head on how they could start with the mines. He looked over to Star as he had seen her only on a couple of occasions yet never really during an active shift. Which was logical since he usually was stocked away in the Science department. His eyes went over her for a second or two before he looked back at Tia, his eyes resting on her.

The frantic cry of relays exploding all across the ship made Simon look up to see where it came from. The stream of ideas concerning the gravimetric mines got stopped by the horrible sound of exploding

relays. Simon shielded his eyes a bit as he heard relay by relay blow up. "*Decloak!*" he heard Tia scream yet everything seemed to slow down from Simon's point of view. He remained where he stood as he saw Tia dash to a panel to cut the power lines to the cloaking device. He looked at Stark now as she frantically started to comply with the order to vent plasma. He felt a bit out of place here as this totally wasn't his department, yet he had to help, right? Before anything more could be done on his behalf the crackling explosion of power knocked him back to this world on a normal time lapse.

"Engineering to sickbay, Lieutenant Marlowe is down!" was the first thing he picked up again and his eyes went over to Tatiana as she lay against the island. His eyes kept looking at her as his mind jumpstarted and started to bring up everything he had learned during medical classes in Uni. It wasn't one of his major subjects yet he was given the basics by Starfleet and other sources. He dashed over to her body now and took out his own tricorder just as Natalie stated that she was going into shock. His tricorder would perhaps be a bit more useful than Natalie's so he scanned Tia as well. "Spleen has been ruptured and multiple fractures, oxygen levels decreasing in her blood. Where the hell is medical?!" He hissed and looked over at O'Connell. His mind quickly made the assumption that this engineer would probably serve better with Stark than to just sit here. "Master Chief, you are relieved, report back to Stark and see if you can help her. I'll take care of Lieutenant Marlowe." he ordered him with a determined voice.

Once O'Connell was away he looked down at Tia now and gently stroked her hair out of her face "Don't you fucking dare bail out on me now." He hissed now as he felt his eyes swell up with tears. He had noticed Thea earlier on a level or a balcony above. "Thea! I want a sitrep on her condition every minute starting from now." he said to her and pulled Tia away from the island so she'd lay flat on her back away from any exploding instruments. Even though moving her was risky in her condition, he had to keep in mind that as long as they weren't anywhere safer they'd be subjected to more injuries or worse. Once he had her pulled away out of most harm's way he took his position at the very top of her body. He checked her vitals once more and checked if she could breathe properly or not. Besides the trauma damage he'd also have to keep the electrical damage into account. Yet he didn't want to think about it as his mind gave him some examples of it. "No, no, no! She won't go into cardiac arrest or have a fucking stroke or heart rhythm abnormalities." he mumbled to himself and awaited for a full sitrep from Thea who had positioned herself beside him.

Simon looked up once again after keeping his hand on Marlowe her head, preventing any more damage to happen towards her spinal cords and to be in a advantageous position should she loose breathing on her own. He looked at the chaos at the engineering department and waited for what seemed like an eternity for the medical crews to arrive.

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-12-03, 02:21:02

O'Connell shuddered as Tia's head hit the master systems display table. "Man down!" he shouted as he staggered to his feet. He hit his combadge. "Engineering to sickbay, Lieutenant Marlowe is down!"

"Acknowledged Engineering," Doctor Maya's disembodied mezzosoprano voice replied, sounding eerily like a computer. "Help is on the way."

Chief O'Connell tottered over the master systems display table and crouched over the unconscious Tia Marlowe. The ugly bruise on her temple looked like it was bleeding. What was this four? Had the *Theurgy* really lost *four* chief engineers? They had been as lucky as a rattlesnake at a mongoose convention hadn't they? Poor Lieutenant Marlowe had barely been sworn in and...

Suddenly Lieutenant Commander Natalie Stark emerged from the chaos and crouched next to him.

Natalie Stark may have been young but she had more than earned her rank as her continued survival aboard this ship of fugitives proved. She had a tricorder in her trembling hands and passed it over poor Marlowe, who wasn't shaping up to be so lucky.

"Damn," she grunted as she scanned the readout on her engineering tricorder. *"She's going into shock. Elevate her feet, Chief, and stay with her."*

"Yes Ma'am," he boomed, adrenaline making his voice sound more gung ho than he felt. He sidled around to Marlowe's feet and gingerly lifted them up by her ankles. He looked around. He was an engineer not a paramedic for Pete's sake! It was then he noticed what a nice, peach shaped derriere that Commander Stark had. The curvaceous twenty seven year old had staggered to her feet and was doing a quick survey of Engineering to see if she could assess the damage and forestall the next disaster.

When the enchanting operations officer took a step to the right, O'Connell gulped at the contrasting view. Main engineering looked like the Dominion War out there. The warp core was pulsing like a heart suffering from tachycardia, systems were failing, engineering crew were lying about, wounded or dead. Klaxons, chimes, hisses and pops accompanied flashes of haze obscured light, showers of sparks, and puffs of smoke.

Lieutenant Simon Tovarek ran over to them as Commander Stark left to take charge of Engineering, and he had a tricorder of his own. The blue collar on Simon Tovarek's uniform may have indicated science instead of medical but until the emergency medical technicians arrived the chief science officer would do in a pinch. *"Spleen has been ruptured and multiple fractures, oxygen levels decreasing in her blood,"* he grunted as he scanned the stricken engineer.

"Frack," O'Connell muttered almost too quiet to hear.

"Where the hell is medical?!" Simon hissed before looking at O'Connell. *"Master Chief, you are relieved, report back to Stark and see if you can help her,"* he ordered. *"I'll take care of Lieutenant Marlowe."*

"Aye sir!" O'Connell nodded before getting to his feet and heading in Stark's direction. Even with the smoke obscuring his vision, Commander Stark wasn't hard to find. Just follow the sound to the woman who is barking orders.

"Shut off that damn alarm," Commander Stark ordered. *"Thea!"* she shouted as she turned her head to the holographic heartbreaker, *"What's the reactor status!?"*

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-03, 02:30:51

With all the chaos unfolding below the railing that Thea stood by, she did not notice whether or not Lin Kae had followed her out from his laboratory. Her wide eyes darted to and fro, as her optical sensors took in the visual mayhem while the datafeed running through the Main Computer Core filled in the blanks for her. Life-signs were vanishing. One, two, then another one gone. A fourth... Injuries might be plenty, yet casualties were low compared to the material damage, where plasma relays was blowing out bulkheads across the ship. Her own projection flickered back and fourth with the energy fluctuations.

"Thea! What's the reactor status!?" came the call from Lieutenant-Commander Stark, and Thea saw Tia Marlowe in Tovarek's arms, which explained why Natalie had taken charge.

"No coolant leaks! Antimatter containment holding!" she called back; the data that flowed through her given voice, "The central reaction chamber was failing, but emergency protocols activated the upper and lower chambers to compensate! Plasma levels are dropping fast! I recommend restoring plasma regulators to default setting, monitor which areas that needs new relays first, and cease venting plasma now, otherwise we will loose more systems than those we have already shut down!"

She supposed that between the lines, it could be read that they balanced on a knife's edge. No more relays were exploding anymore.

[Captain Ives to Main Engineering, report! I repeat, what is your condition?] The voice over the intercom was nearly lost in the noise all around the area. The steam shrouded the moving people below Thea, hiding those with injuries. So far, she had lost twenty-four EPS relays, more than half of which were located along the walls of the vertical Warp Core shaft, specifically where conduits fed the shield emitters. It seemed odd to Thea that a power fluctuation was so partial in damage. The call from Tovarek drew her immediate attention.

"Acknowledged!" she called back, and since her portable emitter was recharging and being reprogrammed, she simply de-materialised and rode the hologrid down to the Chief Science Officer, appearing right by his side. Without concious effort or time spent, her chameloid body suit changed into the teal colours of Medical as she picked up Tovarek's tricorder and scanned Lieutenant Marlowe. Thea knew she might lack the full knowledge of the EMH programs, but she could do enough until the medics arrived. Besides the tricorder readings, she could see that the Chief Engineer was breathing too quickly for her unconscious condition, and her skin-tone was becoming paler by the moment. "Ventricular fibrillation! She may go into cardiac arrest within the minute!"

It seemed to Thea that Marlowe was hurt by indirect contact to the energy source. The cables she held on to must have saved her from being set on fire. But the condition of her heart was serious, and Thea had not the means to...

"Spread out! Search for injured with your tricorders!" came a familiar voice, and Thea detected in her systems how some of the medical personnel had just beamed to Main Engineering. They had already gone to the Bridge to help a couple of injured there, with reports still coming in. Through the enshrouding steam in the warp core shaft, Doctor Nicander made his way over to Tia Marlowe, and behind him, the benevolent angels of his staff dispersed across the area, with their own lab coats fanning out behind them. When they sat down next to one of the fallen, it was as if their wings settled around them.

"She was lucky," said Nicander as he scanned the Chief Engineer, and almost seamlessly, he flipped his medical kit open. "She may live, if she can hold on a while longer..." He switched from his tricorder to his hypospray, giving her something to stop the development of Tia's heart condition. From that point on, Lucan was going through instrument by instrument at a quick pace to help ease pain and repair damages done by the shock. It was a fight against time...

...just like time would tell if Engineering could stabilise the energy currents in the ship.

With Medical on site, Thea raised her eyes to see what may come of Stark's and the engineering staff's efforts.

Post by: Zenozine on 2014-12-04, 01:18:18

Upon getting the notice of a medical emergency in the engine room Hylota was swift to get herself outfitted. All the needed equipment had just been restocked and finished being cleaned after the last incident and she had no trouble getting together the needed trauma gear and items needed for burn treatment. As she was heading out she gave one last look to the curtain where her brother was before she followed her CO and fellow medical officers as they rushed to the aid of the crew.

Upon reaching the engine room Hylota quickly set about tracking down the injured crew, she whipped out her tricorder and began to isolate where people were and set off to find them leaving Doctor Nicander to take care of people his own. She was intent on finding any injured personnel and stabilizing them before anything else, she was not the most well versed in treatment, but she had gotten all too familiar with stabilizing people suffering from burns and damage caused by energy surges. I also helped that she was a much faster sprinter than most other bipeds due to her long strong legs.

As she rushed off Hylota made sure to mark out where anyone who needed it, and was and only administered essential treatments to stabilize the injured, there had been such a rapid loss of life there was no time to waste, every second could cost a life of an injured crewman. The way Hylota saw it, it was better to leave a crewman in a stable condition than to focus on healing one person while five others were dying, she had lost enough crew mates, she did not want to lose any more.

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-12-04, 02:58:48

"Thea! What's the reactor status!?" Stark called as O'Connor reached her side.

"No coolant leaks! Antimatter containment holding!" the heavenly hologram called back. *"The central reaction chamber was failing, but emergency protocols activated the upper and lower chambers to compensate! Plasma levels are dropping fast! I recommend restoring plasma regulators to default setting, monitor which areas that needs new relays first, and cease venting plasma now, otherwise we will lose more systems than those we have already shut down!"*

"We'll get right on it Ma'am," O'Conner assured the chief operations officer before shouting at the top of his lungs. "You heard the woman! Get those plasma regulators reset to defaults! Come on people, assholes and elbows! Move it-move it-move it!" he bellowed before jogging off through the smoke to reach the controls to the main EPS flow regulator. "Koizumi!" he barked. "You still with us, son?" he called through as his calloused fingers danced across the LCARS display on the console.

"Aye Master Chief!" the Japanese petty officer replied as he trotted over to him.

"Reset relays four and six manually," O'Connor ordered. "They're not responding as quickly as we'd like. Get Manfredi and Johnson to help you."

"Aye-aye Master Chief!" Koizumi nodded before rushing away to fulfill the order. "I'm on it!"

"Good man," O'Connor muttered under his breath as he stopped the *Theurgy* from venting its supply of plasma into space. "God this is going to be a lot of overtime," he grumbled.

"Spread out! Search for injured with your tricorders!" a deep masculine voice ordered. O'Connor could just make out Lucan Nicander and his fellow docs proliferating out from the turbolift to filter through Engineering. He only hoped that he was in time to save the latest chief engineer. Sometimes it seemed like it would be safer to work in Tactical.

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-12-04, 02:58:48

Without a word, Doctor Maya followed Nicander, Hylota, and her fellow medics out of the turbolift and searched for wounded. There was no point lowering her psychic barriers; there were too many people with too many emotions in too many places. Besides, after the workout her psyche had endured recently, Maya wasn't in the condition to empathize with a goldfish right now. It was time to follow the manual and use the tricorders as Nicander had ordered.

Fortunately most of the engineers lying on the deck had only suffered smoke inhalation. Actual burns, lacerations and contusions were rare. Unfortunately some of the gas that could come out of the pipes could take the air sacs out of a person's lungs. Maya crouched near one comatose engineer, placed the fingers of her left hand on the back of his neck and used a hypospray to inject a triox compound to restore the oxygen levels to his bloodstream. She sent a telepathic pulse through her fingertips and into his nervous system to get him to breathe normally before rolling her patient onto his back and straightening his legs. Then without a word, she moved on the next patient.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-12-14, 22:48:57

When Thea informed him that Marlowe was going into a ventricular fibrillation, Simon looked up and showed Thea a bitter face. If it was coming to that he'd have to undress the chief engineer to start cardiac massage to keep her heart in motion. If not her oxygen levels in her blood would decrease in seconds, blood clotting could emerge everywhere in her body and the final damages would be incalculable. "Come on, where are those goddamned medics!" he shouted in frustration and looked down at Tia "Don't you fucking dare leave me now." He grunted and heard a familiar voice in the distance now.

Lucan arrived as if he were an angel sent down together with his nurses. As Lucan scanned Tatiana himself he started to give her drugs and the likes to stabilize her condition. Simon stepped back, knowing it was the best thing he could do with a professional at her side now. He looked at the engineering level now and tried to assess the damage to the whole department. Stark seemed to be running a tight ship with the crewmembers as it was. He looked back at Lucan now and took a relieved sigh as he told him she was lucky and that she'd be alright if she could hold on longer. "If there is anything I can do for you doctor. Let me know." He said and looked at Lucan.

In the back of his mind he already started to weigh in where he'd go next. Should he remain with Marlowe and go with her to Sickbay to see if she really would be fine? Or should he try and help as much as he could? It was a nerve wrecking choice yet he figured that Tatiana would opt for the second choice if she'd stand in his shoes. Duty above all, besides in Sickbay he'd only get in the way of the medical staff. "Sir, can you inform me when anything changes on her condition?" he said at last and knelt down besides Lucan and stroked Tia her face gently.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2014-12-18, 18:23:07

[Earlier | Lahkesis Saugn's Quarters]

Lahkesis was relieved to finally get back to her personal quarters and replicate herself a fresh uniform. Judging by the state of the room she had been out for several days. She wondered for a moment what sort of things she had unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, missed while she had been unconscious.

She was just about to upload the ship's logs to a PADD to review them when the ship shook suddenly and alarms began to go off.

She quickly grabbed her medical kit from its cubbyhole by the door to her quarters and made her way

towards medical. There would be no way of knowing what the situation was until she got there and even then there was no guarantee she would be much help. Though her body was mostly recovered there was no telling if there was any lasting damage done to her. There were precious few of her species and not enough of them had suffered injuries to tell how they recovered.

Yet she knew she could not be idle in a time of emergency.

When she got to Medical she quickly found herself in the thick of it. Injured crewmen were being transported in and it seemed like all of the beds were already full. She quickly found one of the nurses.

"What's the situation?" she asked pulling her medical tricorder out of her kit and crouching down next to one of the injured crewmen.

"The plasma grid, there was been relays exploding all over the ship," the nurse replied. She was panicked and this was not the time for that.

Lahkesis nodded as she listen, though she had already begun working on the crewman in front of her. His injuries weren't that bad, some minor plasma burns and a concussion. She quickly pulled out her hypospray and slipped her tricorder into the holster on her hip. She gave him a muscle relaxant and a painkiller. "Ok, use a dermal regenerator on the burns and get him out of here, I get the feeling we're going to need all the beds we've got and then some."

Lahkesis quickly got to her feet and moved to another injured crewmen, grabbing her tricorder once more. It only scanned her female on the biobed for a moment when it felt like her own heart stopped. She was going to die. Major plasma burns and her lungs were filling with liquid. Lahkesis was picking up erratic brain activity and her hear rate was dropping. Lahkesis might have been able to save her if she could get her into surgery right then, but there was no chance of that.

She was going to die and there wasn't a thing Lahkesis could do about it.

Sure she had seen plenty of people die, but not like this, not someone she could have saved if only the situation was different.

But in an instant the tricorder stopped reading any neural activity and Lahkesis found herself with no choice but to move on. She paused to tell one of the nurses to move the dead crewmen to the morgue and put her in a stasis field before she found herself in front of another crewmen, doing her best to hold a dermal regenerator steady.

The next few moments blurred together. The fine line between life and death blurred into the thick gray mess, leaving her little more than an unemotional shell, just doing her job.

And then she was in engineering.

[Main Engineering]

She vaguely remembered the CMO saying her needed people to head down with him and then she was there. She couldn't honestly recall if they had transported or taken a turbo lift.

The first thing she noticed though was the smell burnt flesh and burnt uniform.

In an instant she set to work, alternating between using her tricorder, her dermal regenerator, and her hypospray. There was no doubt that before even that hour was through she was going to be out of painkillers in her kit.

Post by: Brutus on 2014-12-20, 01:39:44

To compare Engineering to a circus right then would be an easy mistake to make. People, and bodies, were everywhere. The noise, the deafening din of it all, was all encompassing. Natalie barely heard any of the words from Lt Tovarek. She didn't register it at all, as she moved on barking orders. Master Chief O'Connell backed her, filling in the blanks with names and positions, taking her orders and applying them to those best suited to the task.

Natalie Stark and the rank and authority to make the orders - Bob O'Connell had the knowledge and experience to make them work and see them to fruition in the heat of the moment. And it was that combination that likely managed to save the ship from utter disaster. That, and the timely actions of the now wounded Chief Engineer.

Thankfully, medical was on the scene, adding to the chaos, and taking one more burden off Natalie's shoulders - the care of the wounded. It allowed her to focus on the tasks at hand instead of trying to juggle it all at once. With Dr Nicander and his team finally present, a little bit of the pressure making it hard to breathe eased for Natalie.

Someone rushed by and smacked a re-breather mask into her hands, to help fight the toxic sting in the air from the blown plasma conduits and leaking fluids. It could have been worse - the coolant held[i] Natalie thought as she fitted the mask over her face in time to hear the hail of Captain Ives over the comm. She couldn't address it right away and left it all unanswered.

Between the lot of them, the engineering staff, and Natalie, managed to restore that critical balance to the plasma regulation system. Oh, the ship was going to need one hell of a refuel, and damn soon. Half the critical systems had to be shut down. Not to mention the damage to the crew itself. Natalie had no way of knowing the extent of the injuries that had rippled across the *Theurgy*. It was horrifying, really, but at that moment all Natalie could think about was the next order. Reroute flow here. Cut off that conduit there. Shut down this system, bring up that one. Route power from impulse engines to reinforce structural integrity.

Sucking in a deep, filtered breath, Natalie sagged against the console in front of her as the last red lined plasma conduit turned yellow. Not green, but yellow would do. Her head thumped against the heated screen, and she shut her eyes, as her legs and arms began to tremble. *Not now, not now. Hold it together, just a little longer, hold it together.* Everything that had just happened was starting to creep up on her. The enormity of it all, what it must mean. How could it have happened? Was Rory ok in all of this?

Bile rose in her throat and Natalie forced it back down to her stomach, where it smoldered and burned. She couldn't afford to panic now. Not now. She had to focus. Lives depended on it, on her, even as the danger was slowly abating.

Standing upright, she hit her commbadge. "Stark to bridge," she finally replied, voice hoarse. "We've suffered a catastrophic failure in the ODS network. Plasma relays all across the ship have been compromised." She shook her head, looking at reports flashing across the screen before her, causing her sweaty, flushed skin to pale. "We had to vent over 70% of the ships stores of plasma out into the

nebula to stabilize the remaining conduits. Cloak was overloaded and forcibly shut down by Lt. Marlowe," she paused, looking over at the back of Lucan Nicander where he knelt, with Lt. Tovarek and Thea, crowded around the fallen Chief Engineer, attempting to stabilize her for transport.

"Lt. Marlowe has been injured, severely," she continued her report, trying to be calm and precise, trying to ignore the acidic tang in the back of her throat, or the urge to be doing something, anything more, but knowing that this was exactly what she needed to be doing, right now. "Medical is on site tending to the wounded. And Captain, there are a lot of wounded. The immediate threat is passed, but I can't tell you what caused this, or how long it'll take to fix, not yet. We're still doing triage down here, in more ways than one."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-22, 03:19:42

Since Doctor Nicander was by the Chief Engineer's side, Thea rose to her feet since she had little to provide in practical experience with which to assist in the treatment. Standing, her chameleon body suit changed to Engineering's golden colour, and she closed her eyes whilst she let her own ship-wide software aide O'Connell and his team in whatever way her A.I. had access to. She was hard-wired to not be able to affect many critical systems, but she did what she could to help. With her C-47 non-critical subroutines she could also open all doors wide and increase ventilation even further than the emergency settings that had been activated. She also made sure the vents in the corridors outside pushed fresh air into vertical warp core area from all the floors adjacent to it - effectively clearing the air and exposing the extent of the damage.

"I will, Tovarek," said Doctor Nicander behind Thea, addressing the Chief Science Officer, "I promise, but right now, Lieutenant Marlowe need medical transport to Sickbay so that we can treat her. I have stabilised her now, and she will make it, but she might need an artificial heart if she is to be fully restored. You will aide better by helping Commander Stark and the engineers now that Marlowe is no longer here. I am sure she would welcome any help you could spare. Good luck, Lieutenant. Thea?"

Turning around, Thea nodded to Doctor Nicander, meeting his pale grey eyes. "Initiating medical transport, please stand by." She would have acted more swiftly if she hadn't needed to activate a couple of systems and circumvent a few others to make it happen.

"Please tell my staff to get back to Sickbay when they can. I'll need them there."

"Yes, Doctor," said Thea, inclining her head, "Energising." And like that, Doctor Nicander vanished along with the prone form of Tia Marlowe. Thea had already turned away, walking off towards the Maintenance Officer. As she made her way across the walkway, she accessed the ship intercom, and when she moved her lips to speak next, her voice was amplified from all directions.

[Attention all Medical personnel. Please report to Sickbay after conducting triage treatment wherever currently required,] she said, but when she laid a hand upon Maintenance Officer O'Connell's shoulder, she spoke with her projection's normal voice. "Thank you for acting so swiftly, and my thanks to your maintenance team as well. If you had not been as quick as you were, I would have been even worse off than I am." She spoke of herself as the ship in first person out of habit.

Further off, Lieutenant-Commander Stark was finally briefing the Bridge and Captain Ives about what had happened, and Thea could overhear the reply.

[Understood, Commander Stark...] he said, sounding concened, and the bitter undertone was not directed towards Stark, but towards the fact that the chance to set out from the nebula and take

Starbase 84 by surprise might have been lost. [We will assess the damage from here for the time being, hoping that the number of deaths will not increase among the injured. Well done bringing the situation under control. Begin repairs as soon as possible, find whatever it was that caused this cascade failure and please keep us updated on the development. Ives out.]

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-12-22, 04:41:13

When Doctor Nicander and Lieutenant Marlowe were beamed out of engineering, Master Chief O'Connell wondered if the new chief engineer would ever be back. He had only met her once or twice at a few meetings and he hadn't even gotten to know her. Who were they going to get to replace her? He hoped to God it wasn't him. Billy Bob was a capable engineer and knew his way around a warp core but with all of Starfleet against them the crew of the *Theurgy* needed the best, and William O'Connell knew he wasn't it. Of course, there was also the little matter that the position of Chief Engineer aboard this ship seemed to be jinxed, and that was really something aboard a ship where the whole galaxy was out to get you.

He was startled out of his reverie by Thea's voice coming on over the intercom system. *[Attention all Medical personnel. Please report to Sickbay after conducting triage treatment wherever currently required,]* she announced before placing her hand on the burly master chief's shoulder and speaking in a normal voice. *"Thank you for acting so swiftly, and my thanks to your maintenance team as well. If you had not been as quick as you were, I would have been even worse off than I am."*

O'Connell was pleasantly surprised to discovered that his hands had been doing their job while his mind was away. And they had done it right too. He supposed that his brains really *were* in his hands. He brought himself back to the here and now to address the beautiful hologram standing beside him.

Saint Thea, the patron saint of the *Theurgy*, their own mother loving Joan of Ark. She looked like a princess and she didn't flinch, was always poised and didn't dirty her linen when photon torpedoes started flying like organics did. And she was nice enough to say 'thank you' when the occasion called for it. Whoever her programmer was, he certainly raised her right.

Billy Bob searched his off balanced mind for a way to acknowledge her gratitude. He scanned his vast experience charming the ladies, added it to what his officers had told him about finishing school and said: "Aw... shucks. T'weren't nothin'."

Okay, they couldn't all be gems. But he flashed her a lopsided grin to make it look like he was being witty and not merely having a senior moment.

Wait a second. Thea. The patron saint of the *Theurgy*. How could the ship have a malfunction with Thea on the job? There was no way something could go wrong on accident aboard this ship without her getting ample warning. Did that mean that some backstabbing rattlesnake *made* it go wrong?

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 09: Acceptance

[USS Harbinger | Fighter Assault Bay | 1015 hrs]

By the time Phantom climbed out of his Valkyrie, having landed last of his squadron, his pilots had gone ahead to their own quarters to change into new uniforms, having worn the same since the attack on Theta Eridani IV besides whatever they had replicated on the Theurgy for the Festival the day before. Phantom reckoned they wanted a moment or two alone before the briefing of the mission, especially after what he had told them over the com about what lay in store for them. He was sure they were going to report to the Briefing Room on time, which left him some time with his trusted Valkyrie.

He crossed his arms and looked at her, thinking that those fancy-arsed pilots on the Theurgy likely thought his dear Mk II inferior to theirs, but she had taken him in and out of hell more times than he could count, and he knew her like the back of his hand. She was an extension of himself, and they might not like the truth of it, but any weapon was exactly as good as its wielder. He reckoned all of his pilots were just as deadly as the Lone-Wolves, if not even more lethal since they were the hardened core of his Wing. They had been forty Tactical CONN Officers, and with the survival of the fittest, the seven pilots besides himself had been chiselled to perfected killing machines in their cockpits.

Yet as of yesterday, when he had forced himself on the Vulcan doctor, he wonder at which expense their excellence had been bought. Perhaps they had forsaken too much of themselves on the way there, even if they had not lost half their faces. Perhaps he had thought his injury, which he'd kept for everyone to see, would either caution them or raise the bar... Now, as he stood there, he wondered if they might have lost the same amount of themselves that he had.

Phantom heard footsteps next to him, and as he turned, he came face to face with the Winter Queen. Commander T'Rena, his First Officer. The frigid cunt who sucked the Captain's cock and poured poison in his ear. Having had his time with Doctor Maya, he could imagine it quite clearly. "Commander, I would ask if you enjoyed the party last night, but I know the answer and I don't really care anyway. I will convene with my pilots shortly. Your orders?"

"To close your mouth and understand before you speak," said T'Rena gravely, and put her hand on his cheek. "My thoughts to y-"

He snatched her wrist and kept the hand away. "Understand what?" he asked, not liking mind tricks one bit. Of what issue did she speak?

The Vulcan did not look like she did, but the irritated frown was plainly there nonetheless. "How you can save the last few pilots you have left." Slowly, she twisted her wrist against his thumb to come loose from the grip, and Phantom did not move away when he heard her words. "You will understand a new purpose in this fool's errand we are on, and see our future for what it may be. What we need to do... to avoid it more unnecessary deaths."

Phantom glared at her, but he let her lay her hand on him again.

And then he understood.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-09, 01:24:22

[USS Harbinger | Deck 01 | Main Bridge | 1050 hrs.]

Emerging from the turbolift, Than'Ida zh'Wann walked into the Main Bridge of the Harbinger with a heavy heart. Yet she did not let it show, of course, holding her head high as she entered, even carrying her large Starfleet-issue duffle bag over her shoulder. Clothes and personal affections mostly, since her canvases and sketchbooks had been beamed over from the Theurgy already since they were so cumbersome. She nodded her head to the present officers, among them being Aisha S'lthi at the helm and next to her - whom she had spoken with at *Lohlunat* the night before - Chief Selena Ravenholm.

Presently, Captain Vasser was not in his chair, which was presently occupied by the Executive Officer, T'Rena. Seeing her, Ida set her bag down and folded her hands behind her back, her antennae rising along with her chin as she spoke. "Junior Lieutenant Than'Ida zh'Wann reporting for duty, Commander."

"At ease... Lieutenant," said the Vulcan woman as she slowly rose to her feet. Ida knew that the Vulcan was over eighty years old, and that she had spent most of her life in some temple before joining Starfleet. To Ida, she seemed the epitome of a Vulcan acolyte, and it made the fact that she was one of the best regarded hand-to-hand combat instructors in the whole fleet somewhat unsettling. "Welcome to the Harbinger."

It was only after a second that Ida realised that the emphasis of her rank suggested a promotion. Of course, being Chief of Security would mean that she had to be re-promoted to full Lieutenant again. Ida had not thought about it after Wenn Cinn blew her off that morning.

"Thank you, Commander." Ida inclined her head. "What are your orders?"

"Since we have not been properly acquainted, I would like to sit down with you in my Ready Room once Captain Vasser returns," said the Vulcan, and her unsmiling way was completely at odds with the friendly invitation.

Typical Vulcan indeed, thought Ida, remembering how the woman had not been too impressed with how she handled Sonja Acreth when she first tried to escape. She cleared her throat, glancing towards her bag and the chronometer at Chief Ravenholm's Ops station. "Since the mission to Starbase 84 will commence in an hour, may I please go to the Security Office first and see what kind of arsenal and personnel I have to work with? Otherwise I cannot plan for what is to come. I can submit a full report when I return just before we lay in the new course."

T'Rena paused a second, and Ida did not know if she had offended the Vulcan, but just like that, T'Rena nodded. "Of course. I am pleased by your judgement and I look forward to speaking with you at a more opportune moment. I hope your new position with us will give you a better opportunity to serve to the best of your capacity."

"Yeah, something like that. Thank you." Ida picked up her bag again, "I'll be back here in an hour."

As she turned to walk back towards the turbolift, Ida could not shake the feeling that the Vulcan stared at her the whole time.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-09, 01:24:22

She had been watching the movements around the bridge noticing how the Vulcan had just keyed in some message into the command chair console and then sent it. She couldn't discern the content from her position and for some reason she couldn't help but feel something was strange since she left the Theurgy. There was an eerie calm unlike what you would expect on a ship preparing for a suicide mission. No real hustle to get things ready it was almost as if the Captain hadn't even given orders to prepare for the mission. Little did she know just how right her suspicions were.

"Chief Ravenholm, We have just received messages from the Theurgy with important mission parameters that fit your area of expertise. I would like to go over them with you to ensure that they are both accurate and that you can do what may be asked of you. Infiltrating a Starbase on the border to Romulan space in this time of unrest may - suffice to say - prove difficult. Please follow me."

Understanding the request and having a guess as to what must have been the content of the message, a reply back to the Theurgy she assumed. Selena got up from her desk and nodded to The XO. "Of course, lead the way" she said in a neutral 'all-business' tone. as she followed the XO out of the room and into the Vulcan's ready-room.

At the Conn desk Aisha noticed a strange sensor blip for a moment near where the Theurgy should be registering over the navigational sensors. "Captain, I am detecting an anomaly near the Theurgy, it appears that for a second there her cloak may have fluctuated over a small section of her hull. Perhaps we should check our own cloak systems to assure we are having no issues." she said a bit worried about what doom might befall them if they went into this mission at even a fraction less than 100 percent.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-14, 00:46:38

Leading the way into her own office, T'Rena movements had the full grace of efficiency and control combined in perfect coalescence. She began to speak as she walked towards her desk, even though she never sat down behind it.

"Captain Ives gave the order to lay in a new course towards Starbase 84 in one hour and four minutes. More details will be forthcoming when the reports from all departments on the Theurgy and the Harbinger has been submitted, and I am sure you have already submitted yours. Ives will likely have conceived the basic elements of a plan barring the methodology provided by Tactical and his new Intelligence Officer."

Having rounded her desk, T'Rena came face to face with Chief Ravenholm. "I am, however, troubled," she said, even though she looked nothing like it - face smooth and halcyone. "There are many risks in this aggressive strategy, the odds of peril and destruction to both ships high. Not just in the approach to SB84, and not even in the risky attempt to use its communication network to broadcast what we know about the enemy. I am not even referring to the fact that the source of the message cannot be masked, and that the first waves of the fleet will converge on our coordinates mere minutes after the broadcast. No, the risks are profound in countless layers, and while I could detail them through speech, we are short on time."

T'Rena did not move her hands from behind her back just yet. "Like I mentioned, your unique expertise will be key to facilitate the precautionary measures we must take, and only if you are enlightened about the risks will you be able to make sure that as many as possible in both our crews will survive. We must not let the truth die, because then, the enemy will reign over the Galaxy completely unopposed. This... will save you some time for preparations."

Only then did she lay her right hand against Ravenholm's cheek, fingers splayed just so.

And T'Rena had not even lied before she made her understand the full expanse of their problems... and gave her understanding of the solution.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-09, 01:24:22

[USS Harbinger | Deck 06 | Main Sickbay | 1100 hrs.]

Since the majority of the injured had been beamed aboard the Theurgy on Theta Eridani IV, Dr. Duv's Sickbay lay very quiet... almost eerily so.

There were not too many of her staff left either, since virtually all of her medical personnel had been transferred over to the Theurgy. This, after the decision to make the Harbinger a support ship to the Theurgy, and that the Akira-class ship was to be manned by a skeleton crew. That left Doctor Duv with only the amount of personnel that regulations said the skeleton crew required.

There was plenty to do, however, since entire Sickbay area was a complete mess after Duv's absence, with too little focus having been laid on restoring things to a proper orderly level with all that had happened.

It was into this desolate mess that two Security Officers entered through the sliding doors, phasers at their hips. They were both Petty Officers, and they looked around until they found the Chief Medical Officer, at which point they spoke up.

"Doctor Duv," said the tall, blonde one named Elliot Grant, "Can you please come with us?"

"It's for your own safety," said the other one, Liam Andersson, and he reached and took the combadge from the Trill's chest, preventing her to contact anyone. "Commander T'Rena will tell you more as soon as she is able to."

Post by: Nolan on 2014-12-09, 11:49:12

While cleaning up her office, Amelya had removed her teal jacket to have some more room to move around. Besides the slight restriction in movement she had also discarded the vest because it felt so incredibly warm while she ran from left to right in her office area. She was wearing a grey tank top with the red contours of her bra strips peeking out. In the background she was playing some soft pop music that she had acquired before the Harbinger left from the last station. Most of her staff was sent back to their quarters to rest up a bit before they would reach the Starbase that they were heading for. Amelya expected that casualties would be raining in her sickbay once the approach begun. As for right now, there were no patients in her wards.

Due to the music playing she hadn't heard the two security officers enter the sickbay area. The doors of her office were open and when the two gentlemen arrived and spoke up she looked up and frowned a bit. Before she could speak up she felt how Liam snatched her combadge from her tank top. "What?" She frowned and looked at Liam first and then at Elliot "What is going on? Are we under attack?" She asked, fearing that the Calamity would have found them again despite the cloak. "Can I just grab my vest first and put it on before we go?" she asked friendly now and smiled at the two men while she walked over to her desk to grab her vest.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-14, 00:46:38

Elliot glanced towards Liam - who pocketed Doctor Duv's combadge - and they shared a small smile.

"There is no need for the vest," said Elliot and walked up behind the CMO, and he attempted to push the Trill down over her desk, bending her over with a hard-fingered grip behind her neck. "In fact, you are too overdressed for your purpose henceforth."

Petty Officer Liam produced his phaser, setting it to stun, and he turned his head to look at the office entrance. "Computer, lock the door, and increase the volume by 50 percent," he said, before looking back towards his fellow security officer and his progress with the Trill - this woman that they both had longed to know more intimately. Now, they were supposed to impregnate all women. Doctor Duv included. T'Rena might not have shown her that she had no choice but to cooperate in order to save the Galaxy, but as soon as she'd been enlightened, she would surely forgive them. Besides, ever since she had come aboard, half the ship had wanted to get underneath that uniform of hers... and now it was practically off to begin with, so there was no way they could pass on the opportunity.

The Trill music boomed in the office while Elliot tried to physically hold Duv down and strip her lower body, and Liam stood ready with his phaser.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-12-14, 16:07:20

Before Amelya could react or do anything she felt the cooler hand of the security officer push her down onto her desk. Her eyes widened a bit and she felt her bosom smack against the hard surface of the desk. Some air got pressed out of her lungs and she gasped for air while her mind panicked. "Wh-Wh-What?" She brought out with a trembling voice as she didn't quite grasp the idea or situation that developed here. She had to resist, it was her instinct shouting out for it. Her eyes darted from the left to the right of her as she felt Elliot his hands moving over her clothes.

"No! Stop! Don't do this!" She shouted now, yet her voice was suppressed by the music that got tuned up. She noticed Liam had taken out his phaser just in case and she knew that even if she managed to break free that the chances of getting out of here would be slim. "Stop, let go of me!" she shouted now and struggled as much as she could, her hips swaying left and right while her legs frantically tried to kick the officer behind her. She could feel his hands peeling away her uniform pants. The fabric was easily removed to just about under her firm ass cheeks. Under the black pants Elliot got the first sight of the well formed rear of the Trill including her lace black thong (http://www.essentialapparel.com/images/detailed/4911p_large_black3.jpg). Amelya reacted heavily on the partly removal of her pants, a well landed kick hit Elliot straight on the knee.

Amelya felt the adrenaline boosting through her body now. She had to figure something to get the hell out of here, but how? Her mind was still locked with fear and shock by what had just happened and she assumed that Liam would probably fire away at her if she got up and did anything. But did she have any choice? She pushed herself off the table and came face to face with Liam. She didn't understand why these men resorted to such a violent action with her, she remembered them both as she had done several check ups on them. They were always polite and she had treated them with kind and gentleness. They were supposed to be good men.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-15, 22:57:42

Elliot grunted and stumbled backwards from the kick against his knee, losing his grip on Amelya in the process and falling to the floor. His leg was not badly injured, but the pain and the angle of the kick had thwarted him before he could do more than push her trousers down a bit. He hit his shoulder in the fall, crying out as the second cause of pain immobilised him for a short while.

Yet Liam was facing Doctor Duv when she tried to make it for the door. He was already blocking her path, and he had his handphaser raised towards her by his hip. He was of average human height and he had a shaved head and dark eyebrows. His blue eyes broke no doubt that he would fire his phaser in an instant if she came closer - his mien rueful yet at the same time uncompromising. "You have no choice, doctor," he said quietly, unmoving where he stood. Elliot was slowly getting back on his feet again behind Amelya. "Either you take off those clothes and have some fun with us, or I will stun you and we'll have our fun without you being conscious. How do you want it?"

Elliot used a chair for leverage as he got up, and as he stepped up behind Duv, he produced his own phaser - his blonde hair hanging before his angry features. "Careful now. You don't want to upset us, do you? We have no interest in hurting you if you don't mind sharing that body of yours..."

There were eight feet between Amelya and Liam, and behind her, Elliot was standing at just about the same distance from her.

"So what will it be, doctor?" asked Liam quietly, tilting his head to take in her barely dressed appearance - the promise of what awaited prevalent in his mind.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-12-16, 17:09:59

Amelya stood before Liam now, caught like a deer in the headlights of a car. Her chest going up and down rather rapidly as she was breathing fast yet shallow, the adrenaline still pumping through her veins. Yet She stared down at the phaser of Liam and heard Elliot's phaser going active as well. Hearing the choices that had been laid before her she knew she had to take the lesser of two evils. Who knows what they would do with her after they stunned her. Perhaps going along with the plan would be the right call?

She had little time to run the possibilities through her mind as she saw Liam waiting impatiently. She looked back to see Elliot at quite some distance away, just as Liam. She could buy herself some time if she stripped for them perhaps. She slowly gave in with a nod as her cheeks reddened. "I..." She said softly and swallowed hard to get the next words past her lips "I'll take them off." She said with a trembling voice as the music kept booming around them. "Yet, I want to..." She searched for the right words now, hoping she could entice them with the correct words to refrain them from doing anything to her in a brute or savage way. "I want to peel my clothes off for you two myself... Like... Like a striptease." She said with a voice, still trembling and hoping she had used the correct terms. "Why don't you two sit down and enjoy the show hmm?" she encouraged them and smiled a bit, she tried to do her best to smile as good as she could. Even so, trying to be as seductive as she could.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-19, 02:12:17

While Doctor Duv spoke, Elliot ambled around her, soon coming to join on Liam's side - the two of them now blocking the path towards the door.

The two Security Officers listened to Amelya as she agreed to take off her clothes, and both of them smiled in their own ways at the fact that she even wanted to make a show out of it. Of course, neither of the two thought that she would suddenly be so complacent right away, and that she would try to escape the first chance she got. Liam turned away, leaving Elliot blocking her escape, and went to bring two chairs, one being a bit heavier since it was the CMO office chair. He rolled them to Elliot and they both sat down, eyes trained on Doctor Duv and yet still holding on to their phasers, comfortably held in their laps.

"We are waiting, doctor," said Elliot with a smile, overriding the music where he evidently had been seated.

They watched the doctor's movements carefully, recognising some dancing that reminded Elliot about Earth. A home they knew they might never see, but the children they would have would all return to cleanse out the vermin that had overtaken the Galaxy. Who knew? Perhaps Duv would be the one to carry their children until they showed traits of the real father, or those traits were added to them post labour. Irrelevant thoughts, hardly substituting the promise of Duv seen without clothes...

Liam leaned forward with his elbows on his knees, eager to see what she had to offer, while Elliot leaned back in his own chair - eyes trained on her.

Post by: Nolan on 2014-12-27, 12:44:19

As the two men prepared themselves for the upcoming show Amelya remained where she was. Her mind streaming into overdrive to figure out what to do or how to escape this nightmare. Yet time wasn't really on her side right now as the two security officers sat down on their chairs and strongly encouraged her to start. She nodded and just at that moment a slower yet more sensual song started on her playlist. It was a song from a local band that she got to know during her stay on DS 3. She had danced numerous times on the song and memories of better times brought out a genuine smile on her face as she started to move her hips slowly as she submerged herself into the music.

She started by kicking off her shoes first so she got a better grip on the surface below her feet. The floor of the sickbay area was a bit cold yet she didn't quite register it with the adrenaline and nerves running through her body. Once she was on her bare feet she started to dance slowly and seductively. She stalled it a bit to get them a bit riled up but eventually she slowly lifted her tank top inch by inch. Slowly she revealed her belly button to them and after that her smooth skin to just under her breasts. She kept an eye on the two to see if they enjoyed what they were seeing. Eventually she slid the tank top up even more revealing the red decorated bra ([http://i.ebayimg.com/00/s/MTYwMFgxMjAw/z/FowAAOSwAHZUNTr0/\\$_57.JPG](http://i.ebayimg.com/00/s/MTYwMFgxMjAw/z/FowAAOSwAHZUNTr0/$_57.JPG)) she wore underneath. She flung her tank top towards Liam and spun around while she stood with her back to them.

Slowly she started to push the standard issue pants downwards revealing her underwear once more. She stepped a bit back while doing so but made sure she'd remain out of range of the two men. She couldn't afford to get grabbed right now. Slowly the pants dropped down to the floor and pooled by her feet. She stepped out of them slowly and danced a bit more before she turned around again and slowly unclasped her bra. The bra sprung loose and Amelya let out a soft sigh before she held her breasts covered with one arm and with the other hand she showed the two boys the piece of lingerie before she dropped it to the floor. She turned around now and smiled again before slowly walking closer. "Enjoying the show boys?" she asked with a soft voice. Her eyes looked for their phasers in the most subtle way. As if she wasn't looking for it deliberately and instead looking the two men over as she seemingly was thinking who'd she take first.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2014-12-30, 00:31:48

While Doctor Duv danced, Elliot and Liam were watching where they sat, famished eyes wandering her body as she moved before them. Liam caught the tank top in his free hand when she threw it at him, but did not otherwise move where he sat, and Elliot remained where he was, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees. Liam had his phaser pointed in the doctor's general direction, while Elliot's

phaser hung in a loose grip in his right hand.

Once Amelya's pants came off and she was dancing for them in but her underwear, the two security guards became a bit more riveted by the sight. Here she was, the Trill they had longed to see naked in all her glory, with her spots trailing twin lines down her body and removing her bra for them as well. The sight of her bare upper body caused them both to chuckle ruefully in appreciation, and they shared a look between themselves that spoke volumes in how lucky they felt about their new mission parameters. She was asking if they enjoyed the show as she stepped closer, and their answer was to stand up from their chairs, Liam still holding his phaser raised by his hip but Elliot holstering his own.

"We are, but I think we'll need more than just a show, right Liam?," said Elliot, and he opened his uniform jacket and undershirt, deftly yet unhurriedly removing the garments. Next he unbuckled his belt, and stuck a hand down behind the waistline of his underwear. In short order, he had withdrawn his male hardness from its confines, which made it evident that at least he had been enjoying the show. "Here, doctor. Why don't you scan this from top to bottom with those lips of yours?"

Meanwhile Liam stepped out to Amelya's right side, phaser still in hand, and he began to remove his clothes as well, carefully baring his human body while still having her in his sights with the phaser.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-01-06, 19:32:16

The sounds of the music in the background had slowly been pushed out of her head as her heartbeat was the only thing that seemed to grow louder and louder for Amelya. She looked at the two men as they got out of their chairs, Elliot seemingly set at ease by the Trill her little show. Yet a quick glance at Liam showed that his phaser was still aimed at her. She bit her lower lip nervously as she saw Elliot undress and Liam seemed to follow his example only more slowly.

"Y-You... You w-want me..." she brought out with a broken whisper and smiled nervously as she felt her blood soar through her veins. She swallowed hard before she let her nimble fingers reach out to the hardened member of Elliot, slowly letting her fingers explore the girth of it before she set herself down to her knees. Amelya feels her mouth go dry at the thought of having to orally pleasure Elliot with Liam holding her at gunpoint. Yet she feels that asking either of them anything to do anything about would destabilize the current situation. She leans in to Elliot his hardened member now and her eyes are fixed on it. Slowly her fingers take hold in the middle of his length and start to stroke him towards the base while she kisses the tip of his cock slowly.

A shudder moves through her body at the same time as her lips make contact with the warm head and she looks up slowly towards Elliot as she takes the mushroomed head into her warm mouth. The length of her tongue slowly greeting it in her mouth by going over the base of it. Her other hand slowly trails up his leg, resting just under the holstered phaser while she applies just a minuscule amount of suction against Elliot's cock. Her eyes locked on him, yet she can feel the eyes of Liam to her right and from the corner of her eyes she can still see his figure as he undresses.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-10, 00:27:30

Elliot breathed heavily as he watched Dr Duv beginning to fellate his hardened length. She took her sweet time about it, but it was not like they were in any rush. Elliot's lips pursed in mesmerism, hypnotised by the way his cock vanished into the warm confines of the Trill's mouth. He tilted his head, meeting her eyes as she went about it, and he came to lay a strong and heavy hand upon her head of hair - encouraging her.

"Oh, I have longed for this treatment, doctor," he said, a breathless smile ghosting across his mouth. He lifted his gaze to see Liam's progress, and the the smile turned a bit cruel. "Come, let my fellow officer enjoy your eagerness as well." And he made a fist in the doctor's silken hair, taking a couple of steps back and sinking down on his knees - keeping her mouth where it was. It resulted in her being on all fours, and Liam wasted no time to crouch down behind her and slowly pull her thong down her thighs.

Her fragrant sex was thus bared to the Security Officer behind her, and while he still had his phaser, his free hand roamed her arched back and her firm buttocks. "Oh, my, doctor," the tall and blonde man whispered in awe, and his hand even travelled up her abdomen and cupped her fantastic breasts - fondling her as the loud music played. It was a dream come true for him, and it only took a couple of seconds before Liam lowered his warm mouth to her bared sex - beginning to lick her crevice in long and thorough strokes. He was already naked, and already hard, only wishing to savour the Trill before he pressed himself inside her. He rested the hand with the phaser on top of her arched back, the cold, flat side of the weapon against her skin.

His other hand, oh, it stroked her thighs for a short while... before he began to tease her clit and her entrance with his thumb.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-01-14, 14:52:40

She could hear the heavy breathing of Elliot as she slowly took his veined length into her mouth slowly. The musky smell of his groin entered her nostrils and she swallowed once while having the fleshy sensation of cock inside of her mouth. She closed her eyes now in order not to think too much about it and let her tongue slide along the cock while she tried to steady her own breathing. When she felt his hand against the back of her head she froze up for a second and her lips tightened up around his cock in reaction. Only than she felt how Elliot suddenly sank down to his knees, forcing herself to get on all fours. She moaned a bit as if she would try to speak but all she did was sent vibrations along the length. The grip of the security officer tight around her soft long hair.

The next thing she felt was her thong being slid down her thighs and she wanted to resist so badly but just didn't dare to move. She swallowed once more and tasted a bit of precum already from Elliot's tip as the flavor soon spread through her mouth. She felt a cold shudder go over her body as Liam started to touch her. The hand moving over her back before he reached out down her abdomen towards her breasts. She could feel him fondle her and even as she tried not to, she couldn't help but let out a soft moan and some whimpering. The next shock she felt go through her body when Liam's tongue started to work on her rather dry sex. It wasn't entirely dry of course since the sensations had somehow managed to create just a tiny bit of wetness. She couldn't help it but the licking triggered a good sensation inside of her and the man seemed to know what he was doing as she felt his other hand work along her sensitive bobble.

A few more moans were escaping from down her throat, sending more vibrations through Elliot's cock. Amelya only hoped the officer wouldn't shoot his spunk down her throat or into her mouth. Although, perhaps that would be better than to get raped by them. She let her hands roam up the legs of Elliot once more as she felt the cold phaser of Liam on her back. Her mind sought a way to escape and when her hands found the holster of Elliot's weapon she knew she had to get it.

It took her a second or maybe two to gather up the courage to proceed with the plan she had made up just now. Her hand reached out for the phaser and took hold of it. She yanked at it pulling the weapon out of the holster, at the same time her jaws clenched down and her teeth snapped shut like a bear trap around Elliot's fleshy member. She could taste the salty yet metal like flavor of blood yet she

doubted that she'd have bit the cock off. Even though, the damage to it should have been enough to make the security officer before her be out of service for a bit and especially now she guessed that he'd be incapacitated for at least five seconds or more. She let go of the cock now and attempted to give Liam a kick in the torso or around the abdomen with her legs while she flipped herself on her back. Unaware of the result of her action she aimed the acquired phaser towards him and fired already to make sure she'd at least hit him with one of them. Once that was done she tilted her head back a bit and fired a new volley of shots towards Elliot.

Her mind only seemed to register what had happened a second or two after the final shot and she could first hear the screaming of Elliot and the gushing member of him as she had probably hit a few veins with the bite down. Next she could feel the warm yet rapidly cooling off sensation of moist upon her face and when she reached out to feel it she noticed the blood of Elliot on her face which probably made her look like a psychopath after a multi victim slashing assault. She glanced over at Liam now only to see him down on the floor and when she glanced back at Elliot she realized he was down as well. The screaming however still dwelled in her ears despite the loud music and she looked at her shaking hands that held her phaser. She hadn't even bothered to check on what stance it was yet right now she couldn't care if both of them died. Not after what they had done to her. Yet her more sensitive side surfaced rapidly as she dropped the phaser with a whimper and the rest of the emotions soon followed as tears formed and blurred her vision. She started crying and curled herself up in a corner as far away from the two bodies as she could. She pulled her knees as close as she could against herself and just let the tears flow and dug her head against her knees.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-19, 16:46:29

[A Couple of Minutes Later]

Having heard the music when he arrived in Sickbay, Phantos "Phantom" Kilinvoss was drawn to the CMO Office. He was looking for Dr. Duv and wanted more painkillers, since that Ovri nurse named Vojona had said there were no more aboard the Theurgy. Given what was to come, this would likely be the only opportunity he got to get his hand on more, so he had gone out of his way to leave the large and empty hangar of the Harbinger - filled with bitter memories as it had been. Whenever he had been there together with the survivors - as he often referred to his squadron - he would have looked at the many wrecks that lay there on their allotted places in the hangar and remembered the pilots that had flown them. Yet after Commander T'Rena had shown him the future, he was not so bitter any more.

Things were not so hopeless, and his own despicable tendencies were somehow merited. There would be an end to the fighting as long as they could claim the Theurgy, and the time to build upon the sacrifices of his pilots had come - to start over. To give meaning to all the strife they had gone through. Excitement propelled his mordant stride, but he was stopped short by the door that did not open for him - Dr. Duv seemingly having locked herself up in her office with her Trill music.

"Computer, open this door on authorisation Kilinvoss-Beta-Charlie-Niner-Two."

The music poured over him as he stepped into the office, and he spotted the two figures on the floor - naked and one of them bleeding. Security officers. Elliot and Liam, he believed. Clothes strewn across the floor. Irritated, and he frowned as he looked about - his milky white and dead eye moving in sync with his seeing one. The stark overhead light put his face in garish detail. He did not have time for this. He needed his pain-killers.

"Doctor Duv," he rasped like the freak he was, but he somehow tried to soften the syllables to

reassure the Trill before she did something she might regret. "Are you there? What happened here?"

Then, he saw her, and he did not let his good eye stare too boldly.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-01-22, 13:47:08

As the doors slid open Amelya looked up in terror and distress. The dried up blood still covering her face and more of it around her lips and cheeks. It was the Harbinger squadron commander that appeared in the room and unlike most people she managed to look past his scars. She pressed herself against the wall however and tried to cover her body as much as she could with her hands while she still tried to control her crying. She wiped her tears off her cheeks against her arms as best as she could before she tried to answer Phantom.

"T-They... They wan-ted..." She sobbed and shook her head "Tri-ed to... Make me..." She carried on in incoherent sentences and broken words. She looked up at him and her eyes seemed to beg him to find some garments or provide assistance in this matter. She was in shock and completely over past rational thinking. She didn't know what to do next or how to formulate anything about what had transpired in the room. "Help me... Please." She begged him and looked up at the man.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-26, 00:37:22

It was rather clear what had happened, judging by the CMO's appearance and the state of the two security guards, so Phantom suffered through her snivelling mewls with complete disinterest. He did try to appear somewhat taken by the implications, expressing at least a modicum of shock in his scarred countenance at the idea that Dr. Duv had almost been raped. He made a show out of checking the two bodies instead of approaching her - showing her state of nakedness the respect she probably wanted. They were merely stunned... but the fact of their presence gave Phantom an idea.

"Of course I'll help you, doctor," he rasped gravelly, and while he thought about finishing what the two guards had started, spotty Trills were not his preference, and besides, he did not have the time to thoroughly enjoy her if he was supposed to launch with his squadron again. For sake of winning her trust, he took her lab-coat from its peg and came over to her - draping it around her shoulders where she sat. "First, want to transport those two to the Brig, where they belong. There is no telling what they are capable of once they regain their senses."

He lay a hand upon her shoulder and squeezed it in an act of reassurance, and then stood to walk over to her computer console. "I need access to the medical transporter systems to do that," he grated with his damaged voice, and his face was lit by the light of the compute console as he turned it on. "Can you give me login?"

Post by: Nolan on 2015-01-27, 12:10:05

Shaking from the colder air Phantom had brought in, Amelya shivered a bit more as she looked up at the scarred pilot as he checked the bodies and covered her with her lab coat. What he told her made sense and she nodded slowly as he tried to stand up on her legs. She quickly tried to cover most of herself up with the lab-coat before she turned back to him. While Phantos talked she listened to what he had to say but in the meantime walked over to her medical cabinet and entered the code to open it up. Her eyes gazed at the sedatives that might numb her shock feeling down a bit but she pulled her eyes away from them and reached out for a small bottle of painkillers that Phantos had asked for. It was a sort of private cache for Amelya, only to be used in extreme conditions yet she deemed it righteous to use them on the man that was helping her in this situation.

As Phantos asked for her login she nodded and whispered "Hold on I'll log myself in so you can use the console." Her own voice still a bit ragged and a bit broken. She tapped in her login and password and handed Phantom the painkillers he had come for "Thank you again. I wouldn't know what to do with them without you." she thanked him and looked at him in the eyes. The fact that half his face had been scorched away was something that she had managed to look past. It was her medical spirit that helped her do that. She gazed over at the two injured and stunned security members while Phantos did what had to be done. He had managed to gain her trust.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-31, 04:03:16

With Doctor Duv standing on his scarred side, she would not catch him looking at her fingers when she punched the code into the terminal. Phantom reached into his pocket once she did, but the small canister that she held in his view gave him pause. She spoke to him too, uttering a common platitude. She would be grateful to anyone who had given her a coat. She might not have known what to do about two bodies lying on the floor, but she would have known to leave. Phantom refused to be fooled by her gesture, her thoughtfulness of why he might have come to her office. She had merely saved him the trouble of destroying her medical cabinet before he left.

How dared she look him in the eye? He kept his upper lip from curling. From baring the other side of his teeth as well.

His mismatched eyes returned to the computer console, and his hard fingers typed in the transport sequencing. In just a few seconds, he had the signal, and then the lock. "Here, you might need this, and thank you for the medication," he rasped and pulled up her combadge from his pocket, which he had taken from the floor next to Liam. He pressed it to Amelya's lab coat and then struck the last key on the console. Energising. "I need my mind clear to hunt for wolves."

His words lingered in the room after he spoke, having just reached Amelya before she vanished in the brilliance of the site-to-site transport. He paused only to pick up a dermal regenerator from a tray and toss it onto Elliot's unconscious figure on the floor. Then, he left for the Flight Hangar, and what was in store for him and his survivors.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-31, 04:03:16

[USS Harbinger | Holding Cell A | Brig]

Bruised and bleeding, Ida wanted to just shut her eyes again and wish he hadn't left the Theurgy, yet it was easy to be wise in hindsight.

Though that thought remained with her as she sat on the floor of the holding cell, the pain throbbing all over her body. She thought she had passed out for a second or two, and she had dreamt of another outcome to the fight. But she knew the difference, she did not dream about such things. She made sure it happened. Now, however, the dream hurt more than the bruises of her fighting. Her chest was aching from the kick that Security Officer had given her - someone that been meant to be her subordinate. Ida's face hurt too, from when another one had hit her. But the failure hurt worse.

Ida winced a little as she tried to stand up. Her face felt like it was on fire but she got over that, she immediately wished she had not stood up. The act of breathing felt bad enough, causing pain to shoot through her ribcage. She did not think any ribs broken, protected as they were by the cartilage exoskeleton under her skin. Yet the idea that she would not alert her crew, her real crew that she had sworn to protect, it made her wish she was dead on the spot.

She pushed these thoughts away and reached up to her face, checking its condition and wincing in pain again as she felt the tender areas across her cheekbone and her jaw - but split by the strikes that had gotten through her guard. Ida wanted to take her frustration out on something but held the anger in... saving it for a more opportune moment. She took several deep breaths slowing her heart and focusing subduing the pain from her resilient torso. If she had been a Pinkskin, she might not have survived the internal bleeding from so many kicks that they had laid against her when she had ended up on the floor in the fight. Standing there, swaying where she stood in her tattered uniform, Ida told herself to breathe... to breathe... and spat out a little blue blood from her tongue.

That was when the light of the transporter beam lit the holding cell no more than a few feet away, and Ida raised her bloodied knuckles in a guard stance - the fight not completely out of her yet. Her antennae tilted forth, and she prepared to strike out... Only to see that it was the Harbinger doctor, and that she did not appear in much better condition than herself if her clothes were any evidence to rely upon.

"Lieutenant Duv, correct?" said Ida through blue-bloodied teeth, "Mind telling me... what you know about all of this?"

Post by: Nolan on 2015-02-23, 10:38:30

Amelya continued to look around now while Phantom was typing in the transport sequence. Her body still shivering from the rush of adrenaline still going through her body and the coldness of her bare body under the labcoat in the office. She looked at Phantom once more as he spoke and she let him pin up the commbadge without any more thought until she realized she was being transported by Phantom. What the hell was this? Was he part of it as well? She raised her hand and shouted "What are you-" But her sentence never reached phantom as the site to site transport warped her away.

Confused she stood in what looked like the brig now. She blinked and the last bit of her sentence was carried further into the cell "Doing..." Her eyes had to adjust a bit to the change of environment and she realized the brig probably had more security guards who were presumably as vicious and cruel as Liam and Elliot. Not to mention friends of them... God knows what they would do if they found out what she had done to the two security officers. Amelya jumped up when she heard the voice of Ida rasping through the cell and she turned around to face her, her back pressed against the wall and her labcoat falling open for a few seconds. It revealed the body of the Trill for a moment yet she closed the coat tightly as she observed the injured security officer.

"I... I have no idea..." She murmured and her soft side came up once more as she looked at Ida "What happened to you?" She didn't know this Andorrian's name yet she drew closer slowly to take a look at her bruised and bloodied face "Let me patch you up a bit... If you let me..." She said softly and came closer to her while she dug her hands in the pockets of her labcoat. She found her spare medical tricorder and some tools that could help her treat the superficial injuries of Ida yet nothing too fancy. She came closer to Ida and showed her the tricorder, letting her see that she meant her no harm.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-26, 21:58:27

Resigning herself to being scanned by the medical tricorder, Ida unlocked her guard stance and folded her arms underneath her chest - cocking a hip as she stood in the middle of the holding cell. Doctor Duv seemed scantily clothed, and while there was no significant bruising on her skin, Ida surmised that the Trill in all likelihood didn't *usually* go topless underneath her lab coat, so she must have suffered the hospitality of Harbinger security as well.

"I might as well ask you the same thing, by the looks of you," said the Deputy, because she did not wish to call herself Chief of Security of this ship any more. Not if she was supposed to lead a team of brutal misogynists who wouldn't hesitate to try and rape both their own and her. Luckily, Ida had managed to land enough hits of her own to make her assailants forget about wanting to get close to her again, but Ida wondered if the CMO had been so lucky. Her tone of voice was cutting because of her ire, but she made an effort to wrap it in silk when she spoke to the Trill. From the way she was looking at Ida, it appeared to the Andorian that the doctor was unfamiliar with her.

"ThanIda zh'Wann, Deputy Chief of Security on the Theurgy. I just transferred here to take the position of Security Chief after David Cerrato, but I never got further than the entrance to the security office before they all came for me. I do not know what is going on... but I don't like it."

This had to be larger than two women thrown into the Brig. What, she did not know, but she'd find out somehow, and together with the CMO she would escape... and let Declan Vasser know what she thought about the Harbinger's hospitality.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 10: Deception

[USS Theurgy | Main Bridge | Deck 01 | 1200 hrs.]

The hour gone by had not been a primrose path for Captain Ives, and now - at the portentous onset of their new mission - he walked out on the Bridge.

"Captain on the deck!" called Winterbourne, being the first to spot him. Jien raised his oaken eyes and saw them standing up. Turning his way. The majority of his senior staff. Those who trusted his judgement and looked to him for orders. And yet they had to wonder now... would he truly give this order? Surely not now, because of what had happened since the Senior Staff meeting. That there was a rapist and a murderer loose was bad enough - regardless who he was or if he hailed from the Theurgy or the Harbinger - but the critical EPS system failure and the fact that they were still undergoing heavy repairs, added with the fact that they had neither the cloak nor sufficient plasma levels, it all pointed towards a delay.

More time in hiding. More time for the Calamity to find them.

They had no Chief Engineer with Tia Marlowe in Sickbay, but Master Chief Petty Officer O'Connell now served as Acting Chief, and he had been summoned to the Bridge to man the Marlowe's station. Natalie Stark, who was at her station, had performed excellently in limiting the damage when she took command during the crisis in Main Engineering, but she was needed in overseeing the gravimetric mines project, not to mention her other duties, so O'Connell had been chosen to fill in for Marlowe until she was back on her feet. Dr. Nicander was in mid-surgery, replacing her damaged heart with an artificial one. Jien had no idea how long it would take, but from what he had understood from the CMO, recovery time was far less than one might expect.

"Open a link to the Harbinger bridge, on screen." It only took a couple of seconds.

Simon Tovarek was present too, and since he had also been in Engineering, there had been no time for him or Stark to alter the current deployment method of the gravimetric mines - still to be released from their original deployment rig in Cargo Bay 04 as they were. Besides CTO Sjaandin Fedd and Winterbourne at the helm, Lieutenant-Commander Carrigan Trent was also present, standing at the back of the Bridge by the support staff control panels. So was Ensign Henshaw, Jien's Yeoman, who was there on Jien's request. First Officer Rez had yielded the con to him, and the multi-faceted Trill stepped out of the way by the CO chair. It was time to give the fated orders. Regardless the circumstances.

"Mister Winterbourne," he said gravely, "lay in a course towards Starbase 84, and get us there as quickly as the stitchings of our wounds will allow. Chief O'Connell, I understand you are the closest we have to an expert in propulsion systems, so make it happen. Shut down whatever you must for us to get there, and if needed be, don't count on us having to leave. It may be our last stop."

Jien rounded on the rest of the gathered people, noting their reactions.

"Captain, with all due respect," said Lieutenant Fedd at the tactical station, and the Betazoid appeared

almost frustrated, "you are taking us on a suicide mission, and the truth would die with us. Did you read my report? You must know what we are up against. Even if we get that far and the Calamity does not find us first, the Romulans are at the state of civil war, so they are on high alert, and SB84 has a tachyon detection grid that would alert station command to broadcast our location across the whole Alpha Quadrant within a couple of minutes. I am not even sure our cloak would have passed through that grid - had we still been able to use it - and what chances do we have to get aboard the station at that point? They have station defence systems and a transporter inhibitor that will prevent us from beaming aboard, and that's just before the cavalry arrive in full force. The only way we could have pulled it off was to have the element of surprise on our side, and we lost it the moment we lost the cloak. I urge you to reconsider, Captain."

The last sentence seemed almost a plea, but Jien sat down in his chair, changing... to her female form as she did. She turned her head to glance towards Lieutenant-Commander Trent. "All you say has been taken into account, and Mister Trent had a number of good countermeasures recommended in his report. I am confident that we will get aboard, and also be able to broadcast what we know to everyone far and wide in the Galaxy. Therefore, the truth *will* survive, and that *is* our mission objective."

On the viewscreen, Commander T'Rena raised her halcyon eyes and spoke from the Harbinger's Bridge. "Given the damage to your EPS system, and the fact that you do not possess a cloak, your chance of success is less than 7 percent, and the likelihood that your entire crew will die and the Theurgy will be destroyed in the attempt is at 95,2 percent. Moreover, the Harbinger is to be a decoy for the Theurgy, lending tactical support in whatever way we might, so our odds are the same, if not worse."

Captain Ives did not clench her jaw, but her crystal clear voice was rather terse. "We do not know how firm a foothold the enemy already has in the upper echelons of political power, but it is safe to say that they are able to reinforce their positions further with each day that pass while we hide in nebulae and crawl along asteroid belts. Unless the word gets out, it may be too late, and our call will ring hollow by the influence they wield."

"The wise avoid speculation," said T'Rena without pause, "it is also how battles are won. Evidentl-"

"Imaginary obstacles may seem insurmountable. Real ones aren't. Fear can even create more imaginary obstacles than ignorance can." Jien stood up, addressing everyone present, "We must all find courage, and we must therefore do this even before we are ready. The statistics you hold to, Commander T'Rena, are speculative too, because who knows, maybe the ships that will come to destroy us will listen to our broadcast, and join our cause." Courage was fear when it had said its prayers.

Behind Jien's back, T'Rena said nothing. Neither she nor Captain Vasser had to.

The sliding doors opened on the Theurgy's bridge, and a team of security officers - ten people strong - entered with phaser assault rifles drawn. They were led by Zaraq. The Klingon Master-at-Arms.

Overhead, there was a surge of power, and the holo-emitters were overloaded - the smell of sulphur filling the air while the projectors frizzled and cracked by the heat. Whatever commotion could have happened was, however, kept in check by the arrival of the armed force - rifles aimed at everyone present. All except Sjaandin Fedd, who produced a hand phaser of his own. He pressed a button on his tactical station. "Locking out their access to all controls," he said, stepping out on the floor,

"Ravenholm is en-route, her assignment successful. Thea is dealt with. Too bad Cir'Cie did more damage than intended. The CSec is located and about to be locked up. Teams are moving in on the Flight Hangar and Sickbay. The ship is just about yours... Captain Vasser."

Hands white-knuckled fists at her sides, Jien rounded on the man on the viewscreen like death itself.

"You..." she said with a cutting tone. Her mind was catching up quickly, even if she felt numb with shock. Mutiny. That which she had feared since they left Earth. "Is this why you transferred so much of your crew to the *Theurgy*? To take it from me by force? Did... Were you behind the sabotage too? You murdered my crew! Turned them against me! What the hell is your aim, Vasser?"

Post by: Doc M. on 2014-12-31, 08:13:58

A summons to captain's office brought on symptoms of dread from William Robert O'Connell. An invitation to the captain's office almost never meant good news. Nine out of ten times it meant you were in trouble, especially on *this* ship. Either O'Connell had broken regulations blatantly enough to get the captain's attention, he was being volunteered for a dangerous mission, or he was being promoted or reassigned to fill in for somebody who wasn't around anymore. With luck he was only being debriefed on the extent of the *Theurgy's* damage or being told what systems were a priority to get back online asap. That was probably what it was. Nothing to worry about.

O'Connell was proud of the poker face he maintained while the skipper filled him in. If Jien Ives noticed that Billy Bob's stomach had dropped into his shoes, the shapeshifter was too polite to say anything. The master chief was assuming Lieutenant Marlowe's duties on the bridge today. The day William O'Connell dreaded had finally arrived: He was assuming the duties of the chief engineer.

On this voyage, the assignment of chief engineer was a death sentence. It was as bad as being assigned as the chief security officer. The *Theurgy* had been through three of each so far and from what he had seen this morning the engineering department had just lost a fourth, making it the unluckiest, most jinxed position aboard the ship that he knew of. Being assigned as the Defense Against the Dark Arts instructor in the Harry Potter books of classic Terran literature would be less risky. At least those guys lasted an entire school year.

O'Connell had hoped that the assignment was just a temporary one, just until Marlowe was back on her feet but that hope was dashed when Captain Ives told him the mission: This was it: This was the big one. They were going to attack a starbase in order to get the word out to the Federation that their precious Starfleet had been taken over from within, literally. This was the big one, and estimating their chances of succeeding and coming out alive would do nothing but cause a biblical weeping and gnashing of teeth, especially since the cloaking device was out. And they were doing it anyway, despite the recent setback, or rather they were doing before something *else* went wrong.

Looking back, O'Connell was impressed with his professional demeanor. The revelation had been enough to scare him so badly that the redneck hick from Nimbus III vamoosed and only the Master Chief was left in his place. Enough stress had been placed on O'Connell to make it a combat situation and an eerie calm had come over him like a condemned man who has accepted his fate. This was it. This was the end. There was no point being frightened anymore. Davy Crocket was defending the Alamo, and he was going to make it one for the history books.

Billy arrived on the bridge shortly before Ives did. "Transferring main engineering functions to the bridge," he announced as his hand passed before the engineering substation's LCARS console and the readout changed to control and monitor the warp drive and EPS systems.

Captain Ives entered seconds later and ordered a communications link with the *Harbinger* to coordinate the mission with Vasser. He was in his masculine form and his longer strides made him move like a man with purpose. "*Mister Winterbourne lay in a course towards Starbase 84, and get us there as quickly as the stitchings of our wounds will allow,*" he ordered before turning to Billy Bob. *Chief O'Connell, I understand you are the closest we have to an expert in propulsion systems, so make it happen. Shut down whatever you must for us to get there, and if needed be, don't count on us having to leave. It may be our last stop.*"

"Aye-aye sir, understood," Billy nodded, thankful that he had answered with his 'chief's voice'. He turned to the console and started deactivating every system that the *Theurgy* wasn't going to need anymore.

He ignored Lieutenant Fedd's protest from the tactical station. It was an officer's place to think and a chief's job to do, but deep inside O'Connell thought that it was a protest best made in private and not on the bridge. Only the first officer should second guess her captain on the bridge and then only to provide alternatives. Ives responded by shifting in to her feminine form to appear less aggressive and more reasonable but Fedd was having none of it.

On the main viewscreen, Commander T'Rena added to the chorus of naysayers who said that the mission was suicide. Of course it was. There was no way they were getting out of this, but at least this way their deaths would expose what happened to Starfleet. No matter how long they hid they'd be found sooner or later. The bad guys from the future confirmed it. Ives was going to make sure their deaths meant something and that maybe those bastards aboard the *Calamity* would never be born.

That was when a half score yahoos from security entered the bridge brandishing phaser rifles. The flash and pop of the *Theurgy's* holoemitters overloading accompanied them meaning the *Thea* was down for the count and the security forcefields were gone with her. Sjaandin Fedd pulled out a phaser, pointed it at the captain, and proceeded to bitterly gloat.

"Ravenholm is en-route, her assignment successful. Too bad Cir'Cie did more damage than intended. Thea is dealt with. The CSec is located and about to be locked up. Teams are moving in on the Flight Hangar and Sickbay. The ship is just about yours... Captain Vasser."

The mangy skunk was behind what happened in engineering! Visions of Tia Marlowe being electrocuted and almost a dozen crew laying on the floor of main engineering blurred Billy's view.

Ives reacted as well as could be expected. "*You...*" she seethed at the viewscreen. *Is this why you transferred so much of your crew to the Theurgy? To take it from me by force? Did... Were you behind the sabotage too? You murdered my crew! Turned them against me! What the hell is your aim, Vasser?"*

Was Captain Vasser and his officers taken over from within too? What had been the *Harbinger's* real aim when they made all nice-nice with the *Theurgy*? And why the hell was O'Connell so surprised? He had prided himself as the most paranoid man on the ship but somehow these bushwackers had blindsided him. Belay that. They had blindsided all of them. And Lord knew what they were going to do now.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-01-01, 23:36:37

With the bridge secured by those loyal to him, it was finally time to lift the veil on his little farce. "My aim is to repel the enemy, Ives, and to do so at any cost. You've been away from Starfleet Intelligence too long if you don't feel the exact same way. You keep insisting on playing by a rule book that the enemy already threw out." He had tested the Captain on occasion, questioned how far she was willing to go, and bending the rules was as far as she would go most of the time. She was still guided by a moral compass that had to be forgotten in such dark times. This wasn't battling the Klingons, or the Dominion, even the Borg. This was an enemy who had inserted itself into their very organization and grown like a cancer. Now was not the time to play by the rules.

"You and your cohorts are responsible for the sabotage," Edena said, glaring a hole straight through Vasser. How had he turned their people against them? It was Kiya, in the back of her mind, who suggested that Declan's Vulcan First officer might have been responsible for that. *"A Vulcan mind meld could have put her in touch with members of the crew, and used superior telepathic abilities to warp their mind. There is a basis for it in medical journals, including an incident aboard the USS Voyager in which Commander Tuvok was used to turn former Maquis into sleeper agents."*

"The damage done during the sabotage was . . . regrettable. It isn't a game of chess where I can move all the pieces exactly as I want them. The problem with moving gears in a machine is that sometimes a few fingers get crushed in the process. Something had to be done to silence the talk of going to Starbase 84, but with the insistence on the matter, more motivation was needed. Just another example of you needing to know when to fold your hand, Jien." Declan glanced to the female form of the Captain, eyes meeting in a clash of ideals. Both likely saw the other as unfit for command, him for his willingness to go against regulations, and her for her weakness and rigidity in time of crisis.

"Theurgy represents one of the most powerful ships in the Federation, and it will be needed for the coming battles, far more than the Harbinger. That is why I saw all my supplies and resources go towards fixing your ship, but now I need what it most sorely needs is a Captain who will command it properly. I'm thinking T'Rena will serve well in that position, since I have loftier goals." Ravenholm was taking care of the final matter, the key to taking down the Calamity, the Theurgy of the future. That was the ship he planned to take command of once he had it in his grasp.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-01-02, 06:00:34

To say the morning had been hectic for Trent would have been an understatement. Between the senior staff meeting, coming up with a preliminary plan to assault a Starbase, the inconclusive interrogation of a prisoner, and then a series of explosions even before he could make it to Engineering, it was a fair thing to say he hadn't stopped. In fact, once the first blast shook the ship, he did what any man with no official station in an emergency and training as a commanding officer ought to do: he made for the Bridge.

And what was most interesting about this decision was that it was no conscious one. It had been purely a reflex, something that just had to be done. So indeed, the Captain's challenge the precious morning had worked. It had forced him to face his demons and it did wake something up within him. He wore a red shirt and held a rank that was quite respectable. He had to make these things worth what they signified. He had to act the part.

However, as the Bridge Crew had things well in hand, Carrigan mostly observed and began his work on his part of the assault on the Starbase. There was much work to do, and while he would probably work better in the computer core, he had to be seen as a presence on the Bridge to begin with.

When the link was opened to the Harbinger, Trent turned around in order to focus on the upcoming

conversation. And what he heard and saw immediately rang alarm bells in his mind. The first of them was from Fedd talking back to the Captain. Yes, perhaps the cripple and the Betazoid had just met again after nearly fifteen years apart but that was definitely out of character for the man. Of course, he had known the man to voice his opinions, but he knew better! The senior staff meeting was the place to do so, not on the Bridge! Not in front of junior officers, and definitely not another starship's captain!

As such, as Ives sought to reassure him, Carrigan closed in on his former classmate. That matter had to be addressed, and while he was still unsure where he sat in the chain of command, he was certain he was expected to show some leadership of his own and at least enquire as to what he was thinking.

Another red flag was raised when it was Vasser's XO who led the conversation from the Harbinger. That was highly irregular and there was something about that woman that just gave the Intelligence Officer a strange feeling. Vulcans always bothered him but this one? She simply sent shivers down his spine. And it was not her place to speak, not when her own CO was right there. What was going on?

Trent was about to speak his misgivings when the Bridge doors opened to disgorge a heavily-armed team of men. Instinctively, he reached for the weapons locker in the tactical console, only to be preempted by Fedd. And the Security crewman who closed the distance and fairly jammed the muzzle of his rifle in his face.

Staring down the weapon trained at him, Trent knew he would not be able to make a move, and even set on stun, a shot to the head could very well turn out to be lethal. As such, he did the only thing he could do and raised his hands even as the holo-emitters were overloaded and the dastardly plot was fully exposed.

For a moment, Trent remained silent. He needed a plan. The Theurgy needed a plan. It was obvious Vasser had somehow managed to get to a number of Theurgy's crew. But what could be of use? And then, Carrigan had an idea. And hopefully, between the SI-trained Ives and Rez, they would understand he was making a move. "Captain Vasser," started the Intelligence Officer, "what are you planning to do with our crew? You are heading into battle one way or another and you will encounter both Starfleet and the Calamity and you will need every last member of this crew to fight this ship. And every resource you can tap." He had spoken calmly and made a point to keep his tone submissive and deferential. He was playing the analyst trained in strategic and tactical support to the hilt, the man who advised his superiors but did not act.

Hopefully, the mutineers would not know about his recovery, that they would see a half-broken man who had no ambitions of leadership but had considerable experience, someone they could use.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-02, 06:23:07

"He's right!" O'Connell agreed a heck of a lot louder than he intended. "With the holograms and all the automations down you're gonna need every hand available if you want to keep the ship a flyin'!" The look on Vasser's, Fedd's, and Zaraq's faces told him that opening his yap was the last thing he should have done right now. Usually in the presence of officers or people with guns pointed at him Billy Bob never missed a good chance to shut up, but as long as he had his neck in the noose, he figured he might as well jump off the horse. "Beggin' the captain's pardon sir but if you're fixin' to have us survive our next engagement we're gonna need every hand at the ready, and askin' one crew to fly two damaged ships into combat strikes me as a very tall order! I know what you heard about *Prometheus* classes, but the ship can't fly itself right now! Come on Mister Fedd, back me up on this! You know I ain't lyin' don't ya?"

Sjaandin Fedd may have betrayed them, but he was both a department head and a telepath. He'd know that Billy Bob believed what he said, and that he believed that he was the best engineer still standing who was the most familiar with the *Theurgy's* systems.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-02, 13:20:05

Loftier goals? came an errant thought into Winterbourne's mind, his heart beating loudly in his head. He had no idea what the traitorous Captain was talking about, and his pale blue eyes darted between the people on the Bridge when they... when they were bargaining for their survival? Captain Ives' command among his own was deteriorating too quickly, and shock laced with disgust rose like bile in Cale's throat. He could not... What could he do? Whatever was...

The helmsman's eyes landed on the hip of one of the security guards, who was busy keeping the sights of his rifle trained on Simon Tovarek. A handphaser.

"...I know what you heard about Prometheus classes, but the ship can't fly itself right now! Come on Mister Fedd, back me up on this! You know I ain't lyin' don't ya?"

Suddenly, with perfect clarity, Winterbourne knew what he could do. He had to do it. He ground his teeth together... and leapt from his station, snatching the phaser from its holster. When the closest guards had realised what had happened, he had rounded on the gathering with the phaser against his own head. Everyone was looking at him, and he bared his teeth in the vile disgust he felt. His eyes were flinty slits in his pale countenance.

"Listen to yourselves! I refuse to take orders from someone prepared to go over bodies to steal a ship! I take my orders from Captain Ives, and no one else!" With his thumb, he changed the setting from stun and to the highest setting, "O'Connell may be a fucking turncloak but he is right! This ship won't fly on its own! You need me to align the Theurgy's warp trajectory with the Calamity's, otherwise, the gravametric mines won't hit her, and we are all done for! So lay down your weapons, restore our system access, and surrender yourselves to Captain Ives, right now!"

Winterbourne sought Jien's eye, but when he met her gaze, he could not see any triumph or hope there. No, Captain Ives looked like she was meeting the stare of a dead man, her otherwise stoic eyes lined with alarm and worry. As he looked into her eyes, he did not notice how the Betazoid traitor looked towards the viewscreen and shook his head, as if confirming that the helmsman wasn't bluffing. Because Cale may not have realised it, but he meant what he said. He was prepared to die for Captain Ives.

"According to your personnel file," said T'Rena evenly as she was looking at her console, "you have a three year track-record flying starships, Ensign. One year with the Excelsior-class and two years at the helm of the Theurgy. Because of the death of Lieutenant Lawrence O. Lance, and your limited experience, Captain Ives doesn't even have a Chief CONN Officer. Only you, and compared to Master Chief Petty Officer Aisha S'lthi here - who's experience and talents have become renown since she left the Marquis and served under Captain Vasser, and who could easily make the mines hit their mark - you... are expendable."

The silence lingered after the Vulcan's flat announcement. Winterbourne looked between the faces on the Bridge, at a loss for what to do. He glanced towards the viewscreen, met Aisha's eye through the digital hailing frequency. Was she on Vasser's side? He wished he could perceive where her heart was at by merely looking at her, but there were no guarantees in guesswork. He looked towards Zaraq next, the Klingon that he had celebrated *Lohulnat* with, meeting his uncompromising stare across the

sights of his rifle. Cale was having difficulty breathing, fighting down the panic. His hand was shaking.

"I suppose I am..." he said quietly, his thoughts going to his half-sister, Rawley, who was probably ignorant about what was going on. His vision was blurring. "B-But that does not make this right."

"Stand down, Winterbourne," said Ives sharply. "We need you. I need a helmsman. They have not ye-"

"Kill him," said T'Rena. "He is a risk factor and I do not need him at the helm of my ship. Let him be the exampl-"

"No!" Winterbourne thought it was his Captain who shouted, and when the panic overwhelmed him, he quickly pointed his phaser towards Zaraq with wide eyes, mindless instinct taking over.

The Klingon, however, was quicker. The world vanished in bright light.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-01-02, 14:20:34

It had been a very eventful morning for Simon today as he stood by his console, tapping away as information appeared and vanished on his screen. First there was the first real senior staff meeting which had been interesting to be part of and which outcome had not really been something that he had expected. Secondly there was the quick interaction between him and Lieutenant Marlowe before they had to head for engineering. It probably was the best part of his day which only hours later turned into one of the most gut clenching moments in that same life. The drama in engineering had somewhat affected Tovarek psychologically, yet he had deemed himself fit to carry on with his duties. He simply had to as the Chief Science officer, there was no other choice, not now.

Finally there was the little argument on the bridge between the Fedd and Ives after the order had been given to make course for Starbase 84. Simon had looked up from his station to look over at Ives after Sjaandin publicly announced his disagreement with the plan. A slight frown appeared on the Russian his face when T'Rena appeared on screen and before his mind even fully registered what she said he saw Zaraq and his armed force barge in. When the emitters got blow, the first reflex was to shield his eyes. Yet when Simon looked around now the situation on the bridge had deteriorated as Cale Winterbourne stood with a phaser against his temples after he stole it from one of the armed men pointing a rifle at him.

After that everything happened rather fast, the interaction between Cale, Ives and T'Rena. Suddenly the shot from Zaraq followed by the thud on the floor as Winterbourne just laid there lifeless. Simon just stared at the dead helmsman as he swallowed and looked over at the rest of the bridge personnel. What on Earth did they have to do now, trying to fight back would only lead to more loss of life, life which was already so fragile aboard the two renegade starships. It made little sense and flight wasn't really an option either. Thus Simon remained where he stood, hands raised in the air and eyes darting from crew member to crew member.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-04, 02:57:52

O'Connor could only look on in horror as Ensign Winterbourne snatched a phaser from a turncoat security man and pointed it at his own head. The symbolism of the action was awe inspiring, the stuff of legends. Unfortunately, by seizing that hand phaser the way he'd done, he endangered all of their lives even more. It was the sad truth that all youngin's had a self-destructive side, but if they let that self-destructiveness manifest at the wrong moment they may never get a chance to grow old.

"Listen to yourselves! I refuse to take orders from someone prepared to go over bodies to steal a ship! I take my orders from Captain Ives, and no one else!" the headstrong ensign shouted. Was it Billy Bob's imagination, or was Winterbourne turning the phaser up to the highest setting? It was a miracle that Zaraq hadn't dropped the boy right then. *"O'Connell may be a fucking turncloak but he is right! This ship won't fly on its own! You need me to align the Theurgy's warp trajectory with the Calamity's, otherwise, the gravametric mines won't hit her, and we are all done for! So lay down your weapons, restore our system access, and surrender yourselves to Captain Ives, right now!"*

The boy's remark stung, but he was too young to understand that if you want to last long enough to make a difference you got to know when to fight and know when to knuckle under. When phaser rifles are pointed at you and a telepath is in the room backing them up, you give in. There's no point being brave or planning something clever, because the mind reader can blow the whistle on you at any time. You gotta give in and really believe it, or you'll never get the chance to turn things around. Yet the helmsman had made his move too early and defiantly dared them to kill him.

Unfortunately it is very difficult to intimidate a Vulcan, especially if that Vulcan wasn't in the same room, or even the same starship, as the man with the hand phaser is. The boy would never be a musician or even a comedian, because he knew nothing about timing. And if he didn't let go of that phaser he wouldn't live another day. Cale had dared them to kill him, and the odds were good that they would take that dare.

Come on Cap'n, O'Connell thought, talk some sense into the kid. There's a time to make a stand but this isn't it. Tell the boy to surrender his phaser. Go on, you can do it.

Despite appearances, Jien Ives wasn't really a human being, but sadly she chose that moment to be human. By the time Ives found her voice it was too little too late.

Trouble was, it seemed that *Harbinger* had helmsmen of their own, and the greenblooded XO thought that they could get along fine without Winterbourne thank you very much. So long Ensign and thanks for playin'.

"Kill him," she said. *"He is a risk factor and I do not need him at the helm of my ship. Let him be the exampl-"*

"No!" Ives cried as the Ensign Winterbourne took the gun away from his own scalp to point it at the gunmen. The ensign may have been young, he may have been fast, but he still couldn't outdraw a group of armed men who had the drop on him.

Zaraq dropped the boy before he could blink. Winterbourne hit the deck and looked like a marionette that had its strings cut. With his eyes open like that it sure didn't look like the Zaraq's rifle had been set on 'stun'.

Winterbourne had been made an example, alright. An example of what kind of people the *Harbinger's* command staff really were. O'Connell didn't know what they were up to but they weren't any better than the varmints that had taken over Starfleet. They really *were* what the imposters in Starfleet accused the *Theurgy's* people of being. The danger was fearsome and O'Connell really wished Fedd wasn't in the room because the engineering chief was finding it damn near impossible to keep thoughts of defiance out of his mind right now.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-01-04, 07:14:41

Aisha watched from her station on the Harbinger's bridge. She listened as the truth of the mission unfolded as designed but her heart sank when she saw her lover from mere hours ago begin his one man resistance of futility. However, she was more than shocked as the words left the Vulcan XO's mouth.

"Kill him, He is a risk factor and I do not need him at the helm of my ship. Let him be the example-"

Seeing the man crumple to the ground his insides essentially boiled from within by the weapons beam nearly caused Aisha to crumple to her desk but she stood stern as her hand gripped the console the desk like object being the only reason blood wasn't dripping from holes her sharp fingernails would have just sliced into her own thinly scaled palms.

There was a neutral dead glare coming from the Cardassians eyes as she looked into the viewscreen locking eyes with Captain Ives and glancing towards the dead body of the man she would be replacing. There was an anger in her eyes that she hoped the Captain as a woman in the field of Intel could see. She only hoped in the brief moment she could see that whatever plans she had been following did not include cold blooded murder. It didn't last long knowing she would have to hide her feelings from the prying eyes of her superiors. She dared not show much more than her glare to the captain before she spoke up and in a tone of pure uncaring business she spoke up to her Captain. "Beam me over to the Theurgy immediately. It is crucial that I get to work prepping for the inevitable encounter with the Calamity."

Her words were cold and calm and had no request to them. If the Vulcan questioned her tone or demands she had a facade already created. She was Maquis. She had always been Maquis. This Federation uniform was always too stuffy for her true self and now that this ruse of Federation rules was over she had no intention of being anyone but the Maquis she had always truly been. A mask that was a veritable caricature of every negative stereotype that Federation citizens were fed as lies to dissuade civilian support for her beloved resistance.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-08, 20:22:56

T'Rena turned her emotionless stare towards the Cardassian at the Harbinger's helm, judging that while not addressing her by rank as per protocol, the woman mightn't had meant to sound insubordinate. Chief S'lthi had served them for years, always loyal to Vasser since she transferred over from the USS Rapier. Based on her performance and track record, she had not been deemed required to undergo the mind-meld, at least not during the first phase. In the second and third phase, however, T'Rena thought she might need some convincing to bear their Commanding Officer's legacy into a new era.

"Indeed," she said, looking to a Hispanic man that stepped forth, "Lieutenant Trujillo, you have the con. Make sure the replacement security team on board handles our new Chief of Security and Doctor Duv until I can pay them a visit in the Brig."

She turned to look at the being that would sire her augmented offspring. "Commodore Vasser," she said, inclining her head in fealty as she used his new title for the first time now that they had two ships that would seed their distant civilisation, "Let us secure command over the Theurgy and plot our voyage away from the Alpha Quadrant. Operations, beam the Commodore, Chief S'lthi and myself to the Theurgy Bridge."

"Aye, Captain T'Rena."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-08, 20:22:56

The three of them materialised on the Prometheus-class starship, and Zaraq turned to face them with his rifle in his hands. The Klingon looked at them from underneath his thick eyebrows, three known faces from his old Senior Staff joining him on the Theurgy at last. "The Bridge is secure, Commodore," he rumbled to Vasser, deferring to him first and then to the Winter Queen, who was to be his new Commanding Officer. "What should I do with these, Captain?" He gestured towards Captain Ives and his present Senior Staff with the muzzle of his weapon.

"Lieutenant-Commander Trent is correct in that we may need their skills, but the Chameloid will be confined to the Brig and watched at all times by security guards posted before her holding cell. If we cannot make her see the benefits in our cause, she is disposable, but ideally, she can be made to convince her most loyal crewmembers to accept the orders of Commodore Vasser and I. Take her away, Zaraq, and don't take any chances with someone like her."

"Aye, Captain," he said and turned towards the prisoner, gesturing for six of the ten security guards to accompany him. The former Captain was easy on the eye, and Zaraq had not minded to sample her if it weren't for the fact that she was dangerous. That she could turn into a man at the blink of an eye had little to do with it, strangely enough, and Zaraq supposed it was because he had found himself enjoying to sodomise the very same white-haired boy that now lay on the deck plating. Last night's exploits had, however, not made Zaraq flinch for a moment when he killed the young human, and it would have been the same if it had been a female one.

"I can vouch for the Captain's Yeoman," said Sjaandin Fedd confidently, gesturing towards Cameron Henshaw where she stood next to Carrigan Trent. Right then, Zaraq had to raise his rifle a little to keep Jien Ives in check as she changed... and his male form turned around to glare at the Ensign. Ah, the short-haired woman that had transferred from the Harbinger and taken the Yeoman-position. It was usually considered a non-com position aboard a starship, so in light of Vasser's plans, it now seemed obvious to Zaraq that the Ensign had deliberately tried to get close to Ives and win his trust. It had obviously worked, and considering how smoothly things had gone, it must have worked quite well.

"But what about Commander Rez?" continued Sjaandin gesturing with his hand phaser towards the Trill standing in the middle of the Bridge. "Does she stay or should she be joining Ives in the Brig?"

T'Rena appraised the Commander with a flat stare, and then looked towards Vasser, awaiting his word in the matter of the former First Officer of the Theurgy. It might be that he had orders about the fate of Trent, O'Connell, Tovarek and Stark as well. Idly, Zaraq wondered if he was supposed to lock them all up, or if he would be allowed to kill some of them.

Then again, perhaps they could be used for breeding purposes later on.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-01-14, 02:55:58

Appearing on the command deck of his new acquisition, the mighty Theurgy, it instantly felt more like home. Before, he was a guest upon the ship, but now, it felt like his, not just something he had taken. Instantly, the need for decisions came, and he truly felt like the Captain of the vessel. "T'Rena, you can mind meld everyone into seeing our way of things?" He knew she could, but hearing her say it was a good confirmation that she understood the order even without having to hear the rest.

"Prioritize those members of the crew who have skills and positions of value to the ship's operation and work your way down."

The matter of what to do about Ives and Rez was another question entirely, as Vasser's eyes moved between the two. "Will a Mind Meld work on a Cameloid or a Blended Trill? For that matter, are there any methods of resisting the meld which might be available to Starfleet Intelligence." Both Jien and Edena were former operatives, so there was a concern that attempts to brainwash them might prove ineffective. To many unknown factors with those two made him wary. "I think it would be better to keep them both in the brig for the time being, until we can be certain that there is not enough left of the crew for them to try and recruit should they escape. Should they free themselves, let them find no allies who have not been made to see our way of thinking."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-01-15, 07:11:52

Aisha listened closely to the conversations going on around her as she made her way to the now empty Conn desk. She shot the Klingon a look before her commander the ice-blooded Vulcan. "You could have just stunned him or something." she said aggravated. "You know the thing with the gravimetric mines is a lot more complex than just hold onto a damn stick and pull a trigger to drop bombs behind us. Each ship has a feel and certain quirks and the helmsman's the only one with the right feel for it. You coulda just stunned him and then gave me some time with him to pick his brain. Now I've got to figure out his flight patterns with the grav-mine seeding all on my own. Thanks a god damn lot." she said eagerly voicing her complaints with little to no tact at all. "Least if the Maquis got a Feddie ship from some defector captain we had the god-damned sense to not immediately kill people who could make running the ship easier." she complained wasting no time to make it known that when it came to taking over a captured vessel it was clear she probably knew much more than either of these two morons in charge who had suckled from the proper Federation's teat all their lives."

Hearing the comments about a mind meld she now understood what was going on though. 'So that's why they obey so easily.' she thought. 'I'll be damned if I let that green-blooded snow-bitch in my head.' she mused as she could already see the methods of the deceased helmsman's unique ways dawning on her knowing duplicating his maneuvers would not be all that difficult knowing no matter what she would keep his unique tweaks to familiar maneuvers within the console as a memorial to the unique soul that was wasted here. There would always be a piece of him still here in this console she swore.

The Cardassian piped up. "If you don't mind I would like to borrow the former XO. Since you threw away our best insight into this ship's particular feel my next best option would be to make sure I get the information from someone at least competent in the ship's capabilities. I assure you from my old posts I know a lot more than you would think about relieving stuck-up privileged Federation XO's of their so-called authority. If my species taught me anything before I was adopted by a far superior culture, it was the finities of cruelty and how just the right amount of its application, or more importantly pointing how one has been surrounded by it for far too long, can turn even the loyalist of so-called Federation hardliners into a sympathizer to a more worthy cause."

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-15, 08:02:40

Mind meld? What did Captain Vasser mean by 'mind meld'? In a flash, the answer came to the *USS Theurgy's* self-proclaimed conspiracy expert. Vasser's ice queen T'Rena had used her telepathic powers for evil. It explained how the dastardly duo had managed to get so many of the crew from both ships to go along with their dastardly scheme. Lieutenant Fedd's Betazoid telepathy should have made him either extra resistant or extra susceptible, and William Robert O'Connell had a pretty good idea which one it was. Would Cir'ce or Maya be able to resist? They were Vulcans too so they'd know how it worked right? Hopefully they'd know the trick to it and be able to shake it off wouldn't

they? Would they know how to reverse it and make their shipmates come to their senses?

For a brief moment Bill Bob imagined himself defiantly being able to resist the mind meld. His stubbornness, rebellious attitude, and paranoia would be like a duranium wall to that witch, and she'd have the added difficulty of trying to meld with a mind as primitive as his to begin with. Then reality kicked in. William O'Connor thought himself a clever man, but he knew that he wasn't the sharpest knife in the drawer. T'Rena would use his paranoid conspiracy theories against him. Since so many of his worst guesses had already come true, getting him to believe what she wanted him to believe would only take half the time. She'd probably set a speed record giving him the whammy.

As Billy's frazzled and hung over mind checked for options, he realized that he had a few things going in his favor. One, Vasser was so overconfident and drunk on his own power that he wasn't keeping anything a secret anymore. That meant that he was believing what he wanted to believe. That made him stupid but incredibly dangerous. Two if Sjaandin Fedd wasn't himself right now it was probably affecting his telepathic abilities. That meant that Lieutenant Fedd wasn't guaranteed to read Billy's mind at an inopportune moment. Like any officer, he tended to ignore the enlisted people; that could be used to Billy's advantage. Three, Carrigan Trent, the fracking new guy, wasn't in on the plan and he wasn't one of the *Theurgy's* old timers either. He had obviously come aboard because he found out the truth about Starfleet's leadership and was as cagey and paranoid as O'Conner right now. It was unlikely that he had fled an evil conspiracy wearing Starfleet uniforms just so he could join an evil conspiracy wearing Starfleet uniforms. Since he wasn't one of Jien Ives' men Declan Vasser was more likely to trust him. The question was, could anyone else?

But now first things first. Step one: get the bad guys to trust you. Time to use the ancient art of kissing up. There was almost no way to overdo it. "Orders Cap'n?" Billy Bob stood at attention as he addressed Captain Vasser. "Engineering is at your disposal sir!"

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-01-17, 04:18:18

Trent's eyes were constantly moving and his mind was racing. Perhaps there was no tactical display before him, but as any time he was faced with a tactical problem, he could understand the relationships between distances and movement everything around him. The battlespace was ever becoming clearer to him. And he knew what he was to do. If he remained on the Bridge, he would be subjected to a mind-meld. And at that point, there would be no guarantees he'd be able to resist it.

And there, he saw it, his opening, when the crewman who held him at bay turned to look at the Cardassian woman making all kinds of noise about flying the ship. And O'Connell proclaiming his loyalty? It was the perfect time to make his move and his synthetic hand shot forward and grasped the crewman by the collar and, driving hard with his legs, he started to rush across the bridge, his face set in a savage snarl and an animalistic growl in his throat.

As he ran, the shrieking of phaser-fire echoed in his ears and he could feel the hapless crewman in his hand jerking and going limp and he let him go just as he reached the far door, followed by a hail of weapons discharges pocking the bulkheads about him as he ripped a hand phaser from the rack and returned fire, taking a single moment to call out. "O'Connell! Move your ass!"

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-18, 06:24:34

The problem with desperation is that it can be awfully contagious. A lot of folks know that the best way to escape capture is to avoid being captured in the first place. While Master Chief O'Connell was making himself the center of attention, Carrigan Trent decided to make his move. When

O'Connell inadvertently created a distraction, the bionic officer seized the security crewman standing next to him and used the poor son of a *targ* as a battering ram to knock down the resistance between him and the nearest door.

Trent had been standing at the subsystem panels behind the captain's chair and rather than heading for the turbolift that was obstructed by enemies he had headed right past O'Connell and the engineering station towards the portside door that led to a security checkpoint, a weapons locker, a head, and the corridor that encircled the bridge. When Trent had used his makeshift battering ram to knock down the opposition he had knocked down the fella who had O'Connell at gunpoint.

O'Connell would have liked to say that he thought fast but to tell the truth he didn't have a lot of time think about it. "Stop him! He's getting' away!" he shouted. "I'll get him!" he hollered as he dove out the door behind Trent. Phaser fire shot over him as he hit the deck.

Trent tossed his unconscious captive out the door to block the incoming fire and rabbited down the hall to the weapons rack. "*O'Connell! Move your ass!*" he shouted as he pulled a phaser off the rack at shot over the engineer's prone form.

"Aye sir!" Billy Bob said as she clambered to his feet and set the door to 'lock'. It slid shut blocking the mutinous security men from view. O'Connell pulled a tool from his belt and used it on the panel that controlled the door. "It's gonna take a while for them to get in even with the override Commander, but it won't take 'em long to cut through the XO's ready room and cut us off," he announced after a flash and a puff of smoke erupted from the panel. "You think we can make it?" he asked as he jogged to Trent's side to get a phaser.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-19, 15:35:54

Before the commotion, T'Rena had answered Vasser that she deemed the risks that Ives and Rez could resist the mind-meld was too great, and had recommended that they would be taken away. As for the orders to enlighten the crew as according to the chain-of-command and by priority of positions, she had certainly not made any objections. Yet by that point, Aisha S'Ithi's demand had made T'Rena turn her back towards Lieutenant-Commander Trent, and the words of the human engineer had also made her fail to see what might happen. Security had been too focused on the Captain and the Trill that they were too late to stop Carrigan Trent, who used one of them as a human shield to cover his escape. The engineer used the chaos to slip out of the door as well, and with so many people on the bridge at the same time, the line of fire had been obstructed.

With her hand phaser pointed towards the closed door - now riddled by scorch-marks from the barrages she and Security had sent after the escapees - T'Rena knew she and Vasser had to bring order lest they would have more foolish people try to be brave. She rounded on Zaraq and spoke with cutting, formal words in wake of the brief shooting.

"Take the former Captain and First Officer to the Brig," she said as if to a child, choosing to ignore the earlier demand from the pilot, petty and uncivilised as it had been. It was clear that they could not keep risk elements on the bridge. "Immediately."

"Aye, Captain," said Zaraq, and nudged the XO to move along together with Captain Ives, stepping aboard the turbolift together with his part of the security detail. Captain Ives' face was unreadable as the door shut. The rest of Security stayed behind, and they looked towards T'Rena and Vasser, awaiting orders. Being Vulcan, T'Rena wondered if they had any more wits than mere animals.

"Lieutenant Fedd, would you be so kind as to lead three of Zaraq's men in the hunt for Lieutenant-Commander Trent and... the human that left with him." Had Carrigan Trent named him O'Connell? She did not know the name of the engineer that had taken Lieutenant Marlowe's place, and it held little consequence. "I suggest you leave through Commander Rez's old quarters, lest they will reach the turbolift. Kill them if so required. After all, we have plenty of human DNA available for the breeding of our army."

"Aye, Captain," said Fedd, the Betazoid having walked up to Yeoman Henshaw to brush the back of his fingers against her cheek. "There is no need to be alarmed. This will all be over soon. I promise I will be careful." Then he kissed her forehead and left with hurried strides, the security guards following him. If he was quick enough, he would likely be driving them back towards the conference room and end it there, and if not, he would trap them in the turbo-lift since he had full system access.

Then, T'Rena turned to Natalie Stark and Simon Tovarek, both humans. Expendable, but the female seemed to have hips made for bearing children. She eyed the Chief of Operations as if she was a mare on display. The remaining two guards looked at her in a similar fashion, knowing what needed to be done. She - and Tovarek - had to receive the mind-meld first, yet there might be more urgent matters. Ultimately, it was Vasser who set the priorities, so T'Rena turned to him. "Phantom will be taking control of the Fighter Assault Bay as we speak. In wait of word from Chief Ravenholm, what are your orders?"

Post by: Brutus on 2015-01-19, 22:49:57

It all went to hell so fast. If she had time to reflect upon it, she still wouldn't be able to put it all together in hindsight. Some of the other senior staff may have been able to see the signs, after the fact, but for all her rank and position, Natalie Stark was utterly clueless to the planned assault, and couldn't piece it together even after. She had, perhaps been far too busy over the past few days to see what was coming. Between all the preparations for controlling the gravimetric mines, her issues with the weapons aside, to the mayhem that wrecked the *Theurgy* earlier that very day, taking control in Main Engineering, one could forgive Natalie her shortsightedness. It had already been one hell of a day, in a seemingly never ending sea of such days (the night shared with Rory notwithstanding)/

The reasons why mattered not. All that mattered was the then and there. And that was horrifying in its own right, more so than the assault by the Calamity days earlier. This was a betrayal by those thought to be their allies, their friends, all heralded by the rain of sparks from the short circuited holo-emitters overhead, and the hum of phaser rifles switching over from stun, to kill.

And then there was Cale Winterbourne, making his stand. His foolish, stupid stand. An effort that came to a drastic, short end, with a few simple words repeated across the comm channel from one vessel to the other, and the horrifyingly familiar pulse of a phaser rifle shot, and the sickening crumple that accompanied the burst hitting its mark.

The Lt. Cmdr. staggered back, away from the conn as she watched Cale fall to the ground, eyes still wide open, but deprived of the shine the nearly white haired man usual held. "NO!" She thought she shouted it, but Natalie's words were barely a gasp. They had shot him dead. Cold blooded murder on the bridge, by security officers that were supposed to protect the crews of both ships, not shoot them down. Not that all this stupidity hadn't been real to begin with. But this, this was even worse than the suicide mission they'd been planning. At least that had a purpose. What purpose had killing Cale Winterbourne served? a message to be delivered to the others? No one is expendable? Do as you're told or die?

Natalie barely heard the apparently self proclaimed promotions from the other bridge. All she could do was stare, standing by her station, at Cale. She couldn't even bring herself to look over to Cpt. Ives. The man - woman - that should be the whole ships safe port in this storm. Instead she was left to accept the fact that not only was Cale dead, but now, with the hum of a transporter beam, the woman that ordered her partner at the conn shot down was within arms reach.

A ripple of anger passed over the stunned Ops Chiefs face and she slowly turned away from the body of her friend - such as Natalie had friends, Cale was probably as close to one as she would have gotten - and faced the trio of (in her thoughts) intruders. She listened now, her mind wrapped in a cloak of anger and shock. *Mind meld?* she thought, furiously. Her mind had been tampered with enough. By the plants on Niga, and the monster that had sent her back there on a whim. By the Betazoid Tactical Officer now pointing a phaser in her general direction. She would not have her mind violated yet again by some treacherous bitch from the *Harbinger*.

The glare she then shot Aisha S'iti as she spoke up from next to Natalie would have burned through 10 cubic ft of deurainum hull plating, if only her eyes had been equipped properly. If the Cardassian showed any signs of feeling that anger coming off of the Ops Officer, Natalie certainly couldn't tell. This was just getting worse, and worse. Master Chief O'Connel's attitude didn't help things. The same man that had risen to the occasion along side Natalie in Engineering now seemed to be falling in line with the new bosses. She couldn't imagine CPO Sten Convington acting the same way.

And then everything fell apart around her again. Trent, the new man on the ship, whom she had worked hand in hand with over the new plans for the gravimetric mines, played his hand and showed his worth. She ended up watching with an almost comical calm as he snapped forward, and used the body of a Security guard as a shield. And surprisingly, O'Connel went with him. Perhaps, she allowed, uncharacteristically stoic in the sudden onslaught of phaser fire, she had misjudged the Master Chief. If, as the doors slammed shut and the phaser beams scorched their coating - they survived all of this, she would owe both men a drink.

But what cold comforts she could take from their actions rapidly fled from the look - and the words - of 'Captain' T'Rena. *Breeding an army?* If the Vulcan had mentioned that plan prior, Natalie missed it, and the horror and anger that washed over her was unmistakable. If T'Rena thought she would go along easily with that - and now she could *clearly* tell what the Security Guards were thinking of when they looked at her - the bitch was mistaken.

She shared a glance at Simon Tovarek, the only other original member of the ships crew now to be left on the bridge. But she could gain no comfort there. Not with the various rifle barrels pointed at them. She wanted to fight back, she was trembling with a need to do something. *ANYTHING* and yet...what could she do now?

Post by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2015-01-22, 02:48:47

It happened so quick Cam's mind was still reeling as she stood among the others. Captured and defeated. Betrayed by those who where suppose to be there to help them. Fight with them. Stand with them. As Winterburne died she had to turn her eyes away. Such a loss of life it was sickening. There where too few of them left that knew the truth they couldn't be killing each other. As Fedd spoke vouching fr her eyes turned to him in a cold harsh look. The way he put it made it seem as though she where in on all of this. Her eyes quickly turned to Jien wanting to tell him that she had nothing to do with this and that she was with him. What happened between them wasn't the result of trying to get close to him. Her words slowly died off as she seen the way 'he' was glaring at her. "You can go to hell," Cameron snapped her eyes turning to Fedd as they narrowed. Her eyes slowly moved back to

Jien wishing he would know that she was with him and him alone. If she knew her one night stand would have cost her she wouldn't have slept with him. She couldn't get over the way Jien had looked at her as though she had lead the attack that removed him from being captain.

She watched her eyes almost burning with anger and hate as the betazoid approached her hand coming up to quickly slap his away being none to gentle about what she was doing to him. "I don't really care," she whispered lowly as she glared at him. "I request to be put in the brig with my captain," she said feeling that was at least where she belonged. With her captain and not the one that was trying to take his place and doing a piss poor job of it. "I refuse to take part in this or to help you maintain control of this ship. Either shoot me or lock me away but there is no way I will help you," Cam all but hissed the words her anger writhing just under her slim form.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-01-22, 12:12:41

With Cale dead the plot seemed to thicken when Vasser and T'Rena appeared on their bridge. Or was it really still their bridge? Simon just watched the entire take over show as if he would be watching a film. From the point of view of the cameraman, without any real interaction with the scene before him. There was little to anything that he could do, especially now that the guards near him paid more attention to him after Cale's valiant yet foolish move. He clenched his teeth together now as he watched the plans unfold yet he felt powerless, almost futile even.

Than a new event occurred. it started with the allegiance of O'Connell to the new captains yet it was followed up quickly by a risky yet calculated run from Carrigan. The two men fled out to the security checkpoint and Simon ducked for cover a bit as a volley of fire whizzed around him. For a split second he doubted to make his escape as well, He could easily make it to the turbolift with all the fire and attention diverted to the other side of the room. Or he could make his escape from the XO ready room. He got up and opted for the second idea yet he heard the door shut and the fire ceased. He froze just as he was about to turn and looked back at the security troops looking around again and more hostile faces now resting on him. There went his window of opportunity...

Simon could see that Henshaw reacted a bit hostile towards Fedd even though she was presumably stuck in the plan with him. It was starting to get complicated for Tovarek as you could never know who really was in on the plan. He glanced around at the remaining staff on the bridge as Ives and Rez got escorted to the brig. Henshaw demanded to be brought to the brig as well or to get shot, a query that Simon would deem a bit risky since they shot Cale. He noticed Natalie Stark glance over at him and he looked back at her with a small nod of assurance. Wanting to let her know that he'd stick by her during the rest of the takeover on the bridge. It would seem that together with Heshaw they'd be the only two remaining senior officers on deck.

T'Rena spoke of mind melds and breeding an army. Simon could only feel a crop growing in his throat as he knew what that meant. The eyes they shot at Natalie were not really subtle and Simon clenched his fists. It seemed T'Rena waited on Vasser's order to carry on with the mindmeld yet he also overheard where the rest of their key figures were moving to. Phantom to the hangar deck and Ravenholm... Ravenholm perhaps to engineering or to the gravimetric mines in storage? He needed to get this information out. But how, he was stuck behind his panel and escaping was out of the survivable stage. It seemed that all he could do was wait for Vasser to hand out a new set of orders. Should he undergo a mindmeld or would his priorities lie elsewhere.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-01-22, 18:26:07

Simon Tovarek, the chief science officer, also overheard where the rest of their key figures were moving to. Phantom to the hangar deck and Ravenholm... Ravenholm perhaps to engineering or to the gravimetric mines in storage? He needed to get this information out. But how, he was stuck behind his panel and escaping was out of the survivable stage. It seemed that all he could do was wait for Vasser to hand out a new set of orders. Should he undergo a mindmeld or would his priorities lie elsewhere.

It did not take long for Him to find out What Ravenholm had been doing as a voice came over Vasser's and T'Rena's com badges. "The main computer is yours Commodore; all commands have been transferred over. Holographic projectors are temporarily disabled pending minor repairs to each individual unit. Mobile emitter is in my possession. Reprogramming will begin within minutes. Expect no response while reprogramming is in progress. Ravenholm out."

The message ended as abruptly as it came solving the mystery of Selena's mission. THOUGH obviously this could probably only fuel the remaining theurgy crew's paranoia. NOt even thea was safe from this takeover. Soon even the soul of the Theurgy herself would be subject to the same wicked meld that seemed to be the destiny of any who resisted the newly self appointed Commadore's plans.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-01-24, 15:57:29

When the Master Chief asked him about their odds of success, Trent turned his head to face him. The Lieutenant-Commander's face was oddly calm but his eyes were taut and focused. He was a veteran of wartime command and no stranger to combat. And he didn't have time to field that sort of questions. "Chief, I don't know what you've done but I know you weren't losing your shit half as much as you let out on the Bridge. That means you can help me. First, we need to get off this deck. Come on."

Carrigan wasn't running. Instead, he set a brisk pace that was just short of a jog as he headed towards the forward end of the deck, towards the turbolift. And as he walked, his mind was racing. Command authorizations were locked out, so beaming out was out of the question. There were no spacesuits on this deck or escape pods either so that was also not a possibility and the Jefferies tubes were in the realm of a bad idea, providing easy shots to the eventual pursuers. And that left the turbolifts. And that gave him an idea.

Entering the cab, actually just as the door of the XO's ready room opened to disgorge Fedd and a handful of men, Trent raised his phaser towards the top of the compartment and turned up the power, high enough to out a hole in the bulkhead. And then, picking his target, he fired.

He knew what he was doing. This was something he'd done two days past to an entire fleet. His cyber-attack had grounded all turbolifts by inducing a simulated damage code in their firmware, which would lead them to the bottom of their shafts where they would await maintenance. But this time, he'd create some real damage and he'd let the system's safety protocols take over, independently of the ship's main computer. And that would buy them a few minutes to act once they'd get there, precious minutes to regroup and formulate an early plan.

As the turbolift plummeted down, it's speed held in check by the same hard-wired guidelines he was using to his advantage, Carrigan ripped his commbadge off his chest and then drove his synthetic foot down on it. "Lose the commbadge, they'll track us with them," he laconically added.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-01-25, 06:00:56

As things stood, the potential for losing control was still too great. Things had to be settled, the crew united, either by fear or brainwashing, before they had to contend with the threat of the Calamity. With Ives and Rez off to the brig, Declan gave his first order.

"Open a ship wide communication," he said, wishing to address the entirety of the Theurgy, and set the record straight. "This is Captain Declan Vasser. I am assuming command of this ship and the mission to liberate Starfleet from it's incursion. Captain Jien Ives is ill equipped to accomplish this task, too willing to play by rules that our enemies, with superior numbers ships, will be willing to ignore in pursuit of us. Our first mission is going to be the takeover of the Calamity, so we might gain access to another formidable ship to add to our numbers, as well as to access any records on that ship which may provide us with information about the future it came from, and if there is knowledge of our enemy present in those records. Those who are willing to join this mission, and with it, become the last hope that our galaxy has, should disarm and assemble in cargo bay two. Those who insist upon resisting will be detained until they can be made to see reason. Vasser out."

Looking to T'Rena, he let her know what the rest of the ship wouldn't. "If we get willing converts, I still want them mind melded, just to be sure we don't have any deception in the ranks. Once those who appear willing are done, we turn our attention to the resistant. T'Rena, your top priority, and any of your Vulcan converts working for us, is to see everyone on this ship seeing things our way. Start with the bridge crew and then head to Cargo bay two. Take a security team with you, just in case we have any heroes."

Turning his attention to Simon and Natalie, he had to determine if they would need immediate melding or if he could allow them to serve their function until T'Rena was done with them. "I want this ship locked down. There are to be no Valkyries or shuttlecraft leaving this vessel unless it is directly ordered by myself or Captain T'Rena." He referred to T'Rena with a field promotion, granting her the Captain status just as she had named him a Commodore.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-26, 07:44:07

"You think we can make it?" Billy Bob asked as he armed himself with a type two phaser.

O'Connell had asked a stupid question, and Carrigan Trent didn't have time to give out stupid answers. The cool grey eyes that peered out from Trent's determined face were the eyes of a shooter. They were the eyes of a man who wasn't afraid to pull the trigger and would do what was necessary to get the ship back. They were the kind of eyes that could perform a 'Sherlock scan' and reveal everything about a man in seconds.

"Chief, I don't know what you've done but I know you weren't losing your shit half as much as you let out on the Bridge," he said in a cold, emotionless voice that was almost a whisper. *"That means you can help me. First, we need to get off this deck. Come on."*

"Aye sir," O'Connell replied letting the twang in his voice show more than he intended. It was time to stop playing the fool and put on his 'chief face' or it was game over.

Phasers in hand, they quickstepped past the back door to the executive officer's quarters and entered the auxiliary turbolift without encountering resistance. The poor fellows they left behind must have been covering for them, God help their souls.

Or not. The doors to the XO's office slid open, and out came Sjaandin Fedd and a handful of lackwits bent on bringing back Trent and O'Connell, alive or dead.

As O'Connell raised his phaser, his peripheral vision caught Carrigan Trent adjusting the settings on his. Rather than fire on their pursuers, he shot a hole in the roof of their turbolift car causing the car to drop below the deck like a stone. It took a second for O'Connell to realize that the car's inertial dampener was still functioning making the drop thrilling rather than deadly.

As cool as a cucumber, Carrigan Trent removed his combadge and tossed it on the floor. "*Lose the combadge, they'll track us with them,*" he muttered as his foot came down on the discarded badge with an audible crunch.

O'Connell hated to give up his communicator. Inside that crystalline composite of gold, microfilament, silicon, beryllium, and carbon-70, were all sorts of little components useful to someone ready to spread a little anarchy. The sarium krellide cell could be used to power all sorts of useful gadgets, from a portable force field to an improvised explosive device. The subspace transceiver could be used to create a force field or send a remote signal to activate a device. The universal translator could be set to reverse and scramble communication making enemy coordination difficult. But all that took time, a lot less time than it would take for the bad guys to track them so he followed Trent's instructions to the letter.

"Aye sir," O'Connell nodded as he duplicated the commander's actions. He winced when he stomped on it; a combadge wasn't as fragile as it looked. Lieutenant Commander Trent must have a biomechanical foot. Billy Bob glanced and stared as he noticed the robotic metal hand poking out of Trent's left sleeve. He guessed that he *did* have a biomechanical foot. No wonder he brought O'Connell with him. If one of the mutineers got in a lucky shot Carrigan Trent might need a mechanic more than a doctor.

Billy glanced down at his damaged combadge. It was no good, the casing was only cracked, causing an emergency distress signal to be emitted. The official reason was to help searchers locate victims. The searchers would find victims all right. Billy took his phaser, adjust the setting and shot a beam that made the combadge emit sparks and a puff of smoke.

He glanced over at Trent's badge. Flattened like a pancake. Trent had a biomechanical foot all right.

Glancing at the brooding officer O'Connell decided that he had two choices. He could ask bunch of damn fool questions and break Trent's train of thought or he could shut up and hope the bionic man was forming a plan. Since the second option had better chances of freeing the ship Billy Bob kept his peace and tried to think of something too.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-01-30, 09:18:31

The flight down the turbolift shaft was faster than was customary, almost uncomfortably so. However, Trent had expected it, knowing full well that the on-board firmware and hard-wired safety measures would see the car grounded at the bottom of the shaft as quickly as possible without injuring anyone who might be in it at the time. It was ironic, really, that he was using some of the very knowledge that had been intended to kill everyone in the Theurgy but used to cripple Sankolov's fleet was now applied to fight against what was a cross between a hijacking and a mutiny. However, beyond the merest recognition, the dark humour of the situation was ignored by the Intelligence Officer. He had a job to do.

During the brief trip down the shaft, his mind was racing and he was eternally grateful the Chief had chosen to remain quiet. He had to focus and come up with a plan of action. He needed access to the

ship's systems. He needed a command facility and a crew to man it. But other than O'Connell, he had no clue who could be trusted at this time. So he had to come up with something else and he analyzed what he'd heard on the Bridge.

Fedd had locked out the command staff from the computer. That would likely be fairly easy to circumvent, assuming that crypto specialist from Harbinger hadn't had too much of a hand in the matter. But then again, it sounded like she was going to deal with Thea. The computer core was a highly secure area, locked out by his security clearance. That alone would slow down the best security specialists, and accessing the AI at her main physical location would require much effort. So no, Ravenholm was going for the mobile emitter, which would have far less computing power to devote to its firewalls and anti-tampering routines.

Then, he reached his decision just as the doors hissed open as the car came to an abrupt halt.

"Chief, get us to the computer core. We need to get Thea back online. Now, let's not make this a direct route but we don't have much time. You know this ship better than I do, so lead the way."

Trent's voice was quiet, little more than a sandpaper whisper. But there was no arguing with it for his tone and pale eyes would brook no dissent. Once again, he was a commander in combat and not only did he look the part with his set features and sound the part with his quiet decisiveness but for the first time since the last moments of the USS Harrier, he actually recognized and felt that he was as capable as he'd ever been. And what made getting at least himself in a position to command the ship or at least work it's systems even more critical was the threat of Calamity. Yes, they might use his research and theories as he'd described in the briefing but he was the only one on board who truly understood the concepts and had developed a true feel for it. If any of the variables changed, he was the only one who would know how to compensate. And even of their Ravenholm could make them work, odds are she didn't understand the tactical world even half as well as he did and she'd be far too slow translating the data and readouts in a way that would be usable by Fedd. And these lost seconds could get them all killed.

Vasser and T'Rena most likely had no idea what they were dealing with. Fedd might think he did but really his career had been rather unremarkable and he didn't have the various exposure Trent did to unconventional thinking. So the Lieutenant-Commander was certain of one thing: if he could get his plan in motion, then he did have a solid chance.

It only depended on his hillbilly comrade at this point.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-31, 17:12:10

With her orders dealt, T'Rena walked up beside Commodore Vasser when he spoke to Lieutenant Tovarek and Lieutenant-Commander Stark. She was supposed to secure the allegiance of the Bridge Crew before going to the Cargo Bay, yet it seemed that the two of Theurgy's Senior Staff members made no move towards following the Commodore's orders. If they were, they would have been given system access again. It seemed, however, that their silent defiance forced T'Rena's hand. She ignored the Yeoman for the time being, where she stood at the back of the Bridge.

"Mr. Tovarek and Ms. Stark," she said in her even, cutting tone as she stepped forth. There was an eerie emphasis to her words coming from the XO Ready Room, where a few quick bursts of phaser fire ripped against the bulkheads. "Since you will not comply, I will make you see reason. Your loyalty to a defunct Captain has blinded you, and it is time for you to open your eyes - to see where your current path will lead; where we will all die in vain. It would seem that only then will you recognise the

error of your ways."

So T'Rena raised her hand to lay it against Simon Tovarek first, and then Natalie Stark second, and should they try to resist, the present security guards had their phaser assault rifles trained on them, and they would fire immediately if they made a hasty move. The choice, if it could even be called that, was to either let themselves be conformed, or let themselves get shot down where they stood.

Then, the turn would come to Henshaw... unless she also attempted something foolish.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-02-03, 10:39:17

Simon now had all the information about the whereabouts of everyone that had infiltrated their ship. The only way to get the info out seemed to be the biggest problem yet. While his mind raced to come up with fresh ideas to alert non treacherous personnel the Vulcan captain came to stand before him. His eyes locked in with hers as she placed her cold yet seemingly delicate hands against his temples. His brain grinded to a halt as he realized that she was here to perform a mind meld. His eyes fixated on T'Rena now and his face seemed neutral. How long would it take for such a meld? How would he feel after it? Would he be aware of his choices?

As these questions filled up his head he thought about the mind meld for a second. Purely out of a scientific point of view it would be interesting to experience such a thing. Yet given the current situation he wasn't sure if it was a good idea. God knows what 'truth' they'd force upon him. No, a mind meld in this circumstances sounded more and more as a 'not to do' thing. Simon made his choice and before T'Rena managed to initiate the mind meld he slapped her hands away from his temples. "I don't need your path. I'm pretty sure that if there is an error I'll fi-" His sentence broke off mid phrase as the guards around the new captain saw a potential danger in him. Two shots were fired from each side of T'Rena, both of them stinging hard into the chest of Simon, launching his back a few meters before he collapsed onto the floor behind his panel. The world had gone dark for Simon and the last thing that went through his mind was *'How would Tia be?'*

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-02-03, 20:05:35

Aisha could do nothing but watch in horror as the events unfolded. 'No S'iti,' she thought to herself. 'A snake does not randomly strike. A snake waits for only the perfect moment to strike. then does so with lethal proficiency. Bide your time and wait for when the time is right to reveal your true feelings. For now go along with the plan and make sure you don't end up like them.'

She sighed as she dug herself into her work plotting courses and assigning settings and optimal locations to the design of the minefield they would soon be seeding. As she watched everything unfold she swore one thing. She would not become one of the green blood's mindless Borg drones. She had kept herself this long going along with Vasser's plan. Still perhaps she could do something. "Captain T'rena Are you sure it is wise to mind meld everyone you encounter. Our greatest tactical strength against the Calamity has been our ability to be unpredictable and present multiple non standard actions to counter their more conventional Federation tactics. If we have everyone behaving all like you can it not be inferred that the calamity will have an easier time countering our actions since many of the crew will be acting on similar tactics that you would employ. Perhaps it would be wise to at least keep some of the senior staff of the Theurgy unaltered at the very least until we have secured the Calamity." she suggested hoping perhaps either the Vulcan and her cohorts would be distracted enough that at least one of the officers could escape or even better hoping she could convince the Vulcan that perhaps they could be more useful unaltered at least for the time being.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-07, 01:24:20

T'Rena's countenance had not chanced the least when the Chief Science Officer slapped her hand away from his face. Rather than any verbal or bodily reaction, one might say her security guards acted in her stead, the swift retribution being the brutal way that they shot the human down where he stood - trained as they were by T'Rena since she had once been their Chief of Security.

Before T'Rena silently moved on to Natalie Stark, Aisha S'Ithi spoke up - again - with concerns about the way events were unfolding. Had she truly thought seizing command of the Theurgy would have been so easy? That the crew would accept the change of command without a single thought? That the Senior Staff wouldn't likely be loyal to Captain Ives unless they were shown the error of their Commanding Officer's ways? Losses were inevitable, and given what was at stake, there was no room for doubt. The future of the Galaxy depended on them to carry on, and to preserve essential assets from falling victim to the corrupted fleet they had once belonged to.

"You do not understand, Chief S'Ithi," she said to the Chief CONN Officer, "In no way does the mind-meld make the members of the crew predictable. Their behaviour or means for initiatives is neither impaired or made to resemble my own. I merely show them the future, and let them see the logic behind changing the course we are currently set upon. They can see that reentering the Alpha Quadrant will likely lead to the death of us all, while making a tactical retreat will let them live and - eventually - retaliate. Reclaiming their home worlds in greater force."

While being the truth, she omitted the way in which she forced the understanding upon them for sake of efficiency and less room for needless doubt. It hardly mattered what their inferior minds might come up with to second guess her logic. It would merely take up too much time to have to argue with children about the necessities of their current situation. Perhaps the Cardassian needed to shown the future as well, despite the fact that she had known what was at stake and had served aboard the Harbinger for many years.

Without further adue, T'Rena turned to Natalie Stark and stepped towards her - raising her hand...

Post by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2015-02-09, 02:52:00

The hostile takeover had come as a surprise and she hated to think that Captain Vasser had anything to do with his. There had to be another explanation to what was going on. Leaning back against the turbo-lift her arms crossed over her chest as her wings folded against her back. Her tail once more started softly waving behind her. What she was doing was wrong this much she knew. Vasser was her captain and she should treat him as such. But really this? She held no loyalty to Ives but all this spoke too much of cowardice to her. As the turbo life came to a stop and the door slid open she was met with the sight that told her that this was all too true. "Truly this is the level of cowardice that you have sunk to?" she asked not bothering with the fact that she was addressing a commanding officer in such a manor. "I understand things are not idea but this is not our ship and doing this is wrong," she stated as she slowly made her way a little further onto the bridge. "But this is the act of a spineless gutless creature with no sense of honor or right,"

Cam's eyes quickly moved to the winged woman who had come on seemingly to confront what was going on. She knew peoples eyes would be on her as she slowly moved trying not to draw attention to herself. Her eyes quickly darted to the turbo lift before slowly scanning around the bridge seeing everyone's eyes where else where. Cam could feel her heart pounding in her chest as she all but dashed the last little distance before the door slid shut and she found herself heading down hopefully to free Ives if she could.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-16, 12:15:34

When the winged Petty Officer with the horns and the tail emerged from the turbo-lift, T'Rena had lowered her hand from Natalie Stark's face and turned towards the newly arrived Security Officer. She did not raise her hand phaser towards the... What as it? The *Asurian*, which was the name of the creature that Dyan Cardamone had revealed herself to be, but the security guards on the bridge all turned towards her with raised phaser rifles - evaluating her as a threat with their eyes along the sights of the rifle. T'Rena listened to what the Petty Officer had to say, remembering her prowess when the two of them had hunted down Sonja Acreth outside the bridge of the Harbinger. The cold analysis in her head made the woman a threat, for certain, but it seemed she had come to try and reason with Commodore Vasser.

T'Rena had seen them, from afar, during the Festival of the Moon, and knew that they had been intimate with each other. It certainly did not spark any jealousy in T'Rena. Not at all. The impulse to burn a hole through Cardamone's torso with the hand phaser in her hard grip was merely instinctive because she wanted to protect the saviour of the galaxy. For certain. Moreover, she could not allow her - being an unknown risk element - get too close to the Commodore.

Yet since T'Rena was looking at the Asurian... she almost missed the movement in her peripheral vision when the Yeoman dashed towards the closing turbo-lift doors. "Henshaw," she said in warning, and set off towards the escaping human, already firing her phaser as she moved. Her bursts were mere moments too late, scourging the metal of the sliding doors. The human got away... just when Sjaandin Fedd returned empty-handed together with his security guards - obviously not having secured the Intelligence Officer and the Chief Engineer either.

With the Yeoman escaping as well, T'Rena was not agitated. Merely prudently quick about dealing out new orders to the Betazoid when she rounded on him. "Since you vouched for her, Mister Fedd, then you will kill her, or bring her to me. Yet first... you must find the other two before they cause any real damage. The Yeoman is obviously a lesser threat. Move out, and do not fail us again."

"Yes, Captain," said Sjaandin with a tight-lipped expression, obviously not too happy about being mistaken about Yeoman Henshaw.

No more had T'Rena given her orders, doing so while stepping back towards Vasser, Stark and Cardamone... than she brutally kicked the Asurian right at the back of her leg - forcing her down on one knee. She was Vulcan, and the Academy's foremost hand-to-hand combat specialist, and she wasted no time wrapping her arms around the winged creature's neck from behind. The Petty Officer might fight all she wanted, but she had no means to reach her, and she would be too late. Her free hand was already fixed firmly against the side of her face - fingers splayed across her pale skin. With the headlock in place, and her lips right next to Cardamone's ear, she spoke in her dry tone of voice - the mind-meld flaring into the Asurian's mind while she was being suffocated. T'Rena raped her psyche with her convictions, forced her convictions unto the alien before she could pass out. "My thoughts... to your thoughts... My mind... to your mind..." Through the mind-meld, T'Rena found the opportunity too interesting to let it pass, and shared in the intimate memories of the encounter between Dyan and Vasser during the Festival. The whole copulation burned itself into T'Rena's own memories, making them her own. It made her sex damp with lust, but it was merely a bodily reaction, gratifying as it might be. It did not make her lessen her choke-hold on the Asurian. "My thoughts... your own..."

Eventually... by feeling the Asurian relax in her futile struggles, T'Rena knew that she had either

passed out or come to terms with the reality of the war. Either way, T'Rena let go, pushing the Petty Officer away from herself as she stood up - barely winded as she shifted her gaze back to Natalie Stark. She would let Commodore Vasser deal with the Asurian. She had orders to execute, and the Chief of Operations was next in line. There was no reason to tarry. There was a lot to be done.

"Resist at your peril," she said as she stepped towards the human once more - no chance for escape.

Post by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2015-02-22, 23:54:14

When she had emerged her eyes seemed to focus on T'Rena almost wondering how a logical based being such as herself could condone something like this? She didn't flinch as she found the phasers being aimed at her. If they where to kill her here then she would die doing what she taught was right and her people would remain safe. Safe and untouched by this pluge that was ripping its way through Starfleet. Even though things where desperate right now she still couldn't stand by and let them do this. Her eyes turned to the Vulcan woman who had been there and helped her hunt down Acreth seeing her as the biggest threat on the bridge at the moment. Her eyes darted back in time to see someone escaping through the closing turbo-lift doors as a small smirk crossed her lips. At least she had allowed one person to escape. "Looks like your getting sloppy," she said as her eyes turned back to the Vulcan.

As she heard them yelling after her Cams steps had quickened seeing the doors starting to close as well as her chance to escape. Escape and prove that she hadn't had anything to do with this. She hadn't wanted any part of what was happening. As she heard the phaser blasts hitting metal and the doors closing behind her Cam slowly sunk down on the floor breathing heavily and thankful she was alive.

Dyan had just opened her mouth to try and reason with her Captain once more when she felt a heavy impact on the back of leg, hard enough to crack the bone slightly as she fell to her knees her mind already switching to fight. A deep growl slipped out of her lips feeling her arm snaking around her neck choking her air from her as she felt fingers on the side of her face. Her body thrashed and squirmed trying to free herself from the woman's grip as her tail tried wrapping around her leg. Anything to try and get a hold on her. It was then she felt something pressing into her mind. Trying to force itself on to her. Rewrite what she knew to be true. As hard as she tried to fight she could feel T'Rena's convictions starting to override her own. It was only out of pure instinct that her thoughts delved deeper into her mind focusing on home and the family that she left behind when she accepted this mission.

"Go fuck yourself," she growled out as she focused of the faces of her mother and niece holding on to them as she felt her mind being violated. Already her lungs where burning and her consciousness was starting to fade as more air continued being chocked from her. Slowly she felt her consciousness fading as her world started growing black. Her mind shifted from seeing her family to the last time that she had been helpless. During the war that ragged between her people. She only just was aware of her body slumping to the floor and hearing voices some here far far away. Her mind was slowly drifting back to a war, a violent age when anyone could turn on another. The voices she heard where no longer tarren words but the words of her kind. When her eyes slowly opened all she could see wasn't the bridge of a star ship but the thick jungles of a world that hadn't been seen by their eyes yet.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-02-28, 16:00:04

Well now, this is quite the pickle you've got us into, Nat. The irreverent and totally inappropriate tone that her inner voice chose to use in that horrible moment nearly broke through the burning anger and

disgust that threatened to tear Natalie asunder. It nearly caused a giggle for that matter, but even then, it was only a brief flutter in a sea of fear and rage. And iron clad will. A will to not, in any way, allow her mind to be violated. Not again. Not ever.

Her eyes snapped back to the scar faced Vulcan, twin pools of burning blue hate. Listened to her emotionless prater about enlightenment, how they'd been 'blinded'. Natalie knew she wasn't blind. She knew the kind of person Captain Ives was. The stern person he and she had to be. The person that cared deeply about every member of their crew. No. As she watched Simon smack away that strong, brown hand, Natalie realized what she too would have to do.

A thought, as the beam struck out, of how she'd be leaving poor Rory alone again. Simon crumpled to the ground and Natalie tried hard not to flinch. A small prayer to whatever or whoever might be listening to watch out for the bartender who'd given her a - well, not a new lease on life, exactly, too cliché a thought even for then. But still. She wanted more with him than it looked like she'd get, and that nearly broke her heart. Nearly.

The fingers made their approach again, stalled first by the sound of the Cardassian bitch that had replaced Cal. She frowned now, sucking in a deep breath and shooting the woman at the helm a look. T'Rena held perfectly still in front of her, and the still silent Ops officer frantically tried to think of a course of action. She imagined the heat of the phaser emitters pointed at her back, knowing that was all in her head. They didn't emit any heat at all. After all, she knew exactly how they were designed, the ways the components worked, how the coil --

The brunette had been spiraling, mind latching on to something pointless to distract herself from the here and the now. And what was going on was almost comedic, a suicidal stupid part of her brain thought. Yet another interruption. A damned spooky looking one. Natalie knew all too well about the Petty Officer. She'd been busy, but she'd read the reports, and did her best to stand still and look unobtrusive as she let the winged woman be another distraction for T'Rena. Every moment she could get...Her face damn near twitched when the brown hand moved away from it again, and she tried not to sigh in relief.

She jumped when T'Rena fired a shot, her eyes wide, heart hammering in her chest. If she never heard a phaser go off in her presence again, it would be too soon. Yet again, someone had made an escape. And yet again, Natalie couldn't take advantage of it. She fumed, nails digging into her palms, drawing blood.

Natalie stood stock still, watching the sudden explosion of violence across the bridge, unable to move towards the petty officer. She watched in horror of what awaited her. Watched T'Rena dispassionately choke the other woman, forcing her mind, her will, onto the security officer. Watched the Asurian slump, glazed over onto the floor. Her leg was clearly broken, and Natalie couldn't tell from there if the white haired woman had passed out from lack of air, or from the mental assault. Either way...

It was probably the last thing she'd ever do, or say. There would likely be no record of it, as she looked down at Simon's body, slumped into a pile next to her. Looked to the broken body of the Petty Officer, curled on the floor with drool dripping from her lips. The she turned back to T'Rena, suppressing the tremble that threatened to shake her whole body to bits. She took a deep breath, chest rising, filling up. "Go to hell," she said, firmly to the woman in front of her. Then she spat in her face.

And that, apparently was enough. There was a sharp hiss from behind her, then a whine. A flash of light, a pain radiating from her lower back, square in her spine, just above her rear. It washed over her

whole body, setting every nerve on fire at once. She didn't even get to cry out as she flung forward, against T'Rena, before sinking to the ground, seeing nothing at all.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-27, 14:42:53

Standing with his arms folded behind his back, Declan had watched how his lover from *Lohlunat* had stepped on to the Bridge, this Dyan Cardamone who had turned out to be one of the greatest assets they could have hoped for. Declan had read the report from Dr. Nicander a couple of hours ago, and it despite how fine a woman the creature had been to him the night before, he raised no word to stop T'Rena when she dealt with her - just looking at the violence taking place with his thoughts on more important matters. The Yeoman managed to escape, as if Sjaandin Fedd and the Maintenance Chief had not been bad enough loss of key personnel already. Stark and Tovarek could be dealt with after they woke up, but the others had to be captured first. As soon as the voluptuous Chief of Operations fell to the floor, Declan stepped towards the CO chair in the middle of the Bridge.

"The Asurian must stay out of harms way. Her body is too important," he said without even glancing towards the white-haired alien on the deck plates. "Lock her into the Brig. As soon as we secure Dr. Nicander, he will begin synthesising more of her blank stem cells. Added with my own DNA, and the results of dissecting Sonja Acreth, we will find the means for victory in the war to come. Detain the other two in Commander Rez's old Ready Room for the time being. We need to secure the ship, and prepare for the arrival of the Calamity."

His prize. His new ship, superior to all... much like himself.

"Maintain current position in the nebula and have all our loyal personnel report on the progress of this take-over. Inform me when the Chief Medical Officer is found. I would like to have a chat with him about how often Petty Officer Cardamone's Velsren sac can truly be drained, and if she can be cloned using the Theurgy's medical facilities. If he can make an Ash'Reem human, then we should be able to grow more Asurians as required."

"Aye, Commodore," said T'Rena, stepping up to Declan's side. Together, they gazed out the viewscreen - the future waiting for them to seize it.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER II: Hostile Takeover - Part I

[USS Theurgy | Corridor | Deck 05 | 1200 hrs.]

Well that was easier than i thought it would be she said to herself wiping her hands as an single small spark seemed to zip down the hall from one holo emitter to another. It was beautiful in a certain way as the line raced away in a matter of less than a second. It was as if a fuse was skipping along the walls at the points of the holoprojectors. Within 30 seconds every projector on the ship would have "malfunctioned" burning out a small easily replaceable but crucial isolinier chip that regulated way the projectors focused light.

Sure T'Rena probably would have expected sparks flying everywhere as explosions erupted from the walls but Luna would be damned if she was gonna go around replacing every holoprojector on the ship just so they could utilize Thea once she was reprogrammed. It was so much easier to send a little virus that overloaded this single chip anyways. Besides any peon with an IQ over 20 could easily replace the isolinier chip in question. Hell give the security guards each a pocket full of them to install on their regular rounds after the takeover is complete and the projectors would be repaired within 2 hours tops. Needless to say Selena was a bit proud of how effectively she had utterly wrecked the capabilities of Thea to project at will while making the damage so easily reversible.

She really couldn't believe the way CirCie had sabotaged the cloaking device. All that damage done and power lost. Selena knew she could have done the job and had the ship at full functionality again in a matter of hours. Still that wasn't her task. In fact she had only become aware of her task moments after the Vulcan had begun her sabotage. If she had been let in on the plan she was sure she could have offered a much more efficient means of delivering the ship virtually undamaged to her Captain.

She neared the Holographics lab, Her true objective and smirked. "Well Thea, guess I'm gonna get to know you whether you want it or not." She said her face being graced by a mischievously seductive smirk. talking to herself as she approached the door and retrieved her Paralyzer from her thigh compartment. "Locked, nice try kid but I've opened doors a lot stronger than this one."

Within moments her fingers were grazing the keypad and the door unlocked and opened. She put her back to the outside wall knowing that the holographics expert was likely to not give up Thea's emitter so willingly. It would be safer if she made him give up his position by coming after her than letting herself be an easy target if he happened to have a means of defending his lab. If he gave away his position the fight would be over with a simple shot and she would have obtained the item she was looking for without harm coming to someone that if properly convinced could prove to be a very valuable asset to the new crew.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-05, 14:28:54

[Digital Oblivion]

The rising threat to Thea had come along unbeknownst to her, and especially so now, when her mobile emitter was at at risk of being stolen. It all happened outside her spectrum of awareness, since just minutes ago, her pasitronic brain had been deactivated. Instead of her, Ravenholm had activated

the backup computer interphase system, which might still use the audio files with Thea's voice imprint, but was no more sophisticated than any other starship computer in Starfleet.

The only warning she got before the digital oblivion had settled over her consciousness was Ravenholm entering the Main Computer Core. That was, she had registered how the cybernetically augmented woman that had slept in her quarters had entered the room with her internal sensors, but not observed what she had done there since her surveillance system was not repaired yet after the first battle with the Calamity. Her projection had been elsewhere, tending to the wounded in Sickbay after the cascade failure that had originated from Main Engineering. The plasma relays exploding had resulted in many injured, even if the number of casualties had - so far - been far less than what Thea had first estimated.

If there had been the tiniest electrical synapse in her pasitronic brain core, it had been the raw emotion of fear. All that was left of Thea was the copy stored in the mobile emitter, which had yet to finish its recharging cycle... resting in its docking station.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-01-25, 06:04:13

Kae had done everything in his power to try and defend the hololab against invasion. This was the center of Thea, all that made her what she was, and he was her personal engineer. In that way, he felt like her protector, both of her physical form as well as her ideals. He wouldn't let anyone take her easily, and if he couldn't strong arm her to safety, he would use his wits. Encrypting the door had been the easiest way, but his opponent was sharper than he, tearing through his encryptions as fast as she could. In the end, he had to surrender on that and look for another option. As the door was beginning to open, he called out the only computer command he could think of that would do any good.

"Computer, disengage mobile emitter recharge and activate program!" If he could not defend Thea, then Thea herself could. She was loaded with knowledge of a great many things, including security protocols that made her an effective member of an away team, capable of holding her own in a fire fight. With her life at stake, who else was better to act against the enemy?

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-01-26, 02:24:28

"Computer, disengage mobile emitter recharge and activate program!"

[Unable to comply. Security clearance is required to access this function.] the Reply came from the computer who had a slight difference in her tone. It was Thea's voice but lacked that certain something that made Thea... herself.

Selena quickly fired off a single round towards Kaye. The barbed round hit the Officer in the torso causing him to fall limp from his muscles going numb. She quickly walked over to the Emitter and spoke to the computer. "Disengage holoemitter recharge." The computer acknowledged her order and she quickly grabbed the emitter and walked out of the room. Computer secured door and all exits from hololab lockdown the room. By the time she had left Kaye would be feeling his muscles reorienting themselves as she had taken her objective. The holo specialist would be locked within his lab as a makeshift brig but would otherwise be unharmed.

Looking down the corridor she tapped her com-badge having secured the emitter knowing by now her commanders would be awaiting her status report. "The main computer is yours Commodore; all commands have been transferred over. Holographic projectors are temporarily disabled pending

minor repairs to each individual unit. Mobile emitter is in my possession. Reprogramming will begin within minutes. Expect no response while reprogramming is in progress. Ravenholm out."

Looking over the quarters nearby she found a convenient empty one to enter and Walked over to the in room computer interface. She sat the emitter onto the desk and took a seat before speaking up. "Computer lock room-door I don't want to be disturbed." Saying that, she took out the computer interface cables and linked herself into the mobile emitter Beginning to access Thea's core programming in order to render her under the commands of her new captain.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-29, 17:53:44

Brilliant lights speared the darkness. Infinite lines stretching beyond visual range.

These lines were the architecture of Thea's dormant consciousness. They did not blind Selena Ravenholm, but provided a sense of space in how they defined the floor beneath the human visitor, the dark sky far above, and the expanse of the oblivion in all directions. An endless hall in how it lacked any walls, yet the shooting lights still hinted at paths across the digital non-existence - betraying structure and meaning to the data Selena had accessed. Only there was too much for an organic mind to compute, and the lights too quick to follow with the eye - the angular twists and turns gone before the shape was clearly derived.

The sense that prevailed, despite it all, was that the lights were only there because Selena looked at them - for she accessed them with her link to the dormant A.I. whilst the emitter was deactivated.

The chair upon which Selena sat was made of darting lights as well, and the desk only seen since the contours were licked by the fickle illumination. The emitter was resting on top of it too; the very epicentre of the lights all around in how it shone the brightest. And across the desk, sitting opposite Selena, was Thea - the digital consciousness asleep. She held no colour, no surfaces, just a framework of digital light sat there with her hands in her lap, eyes closed, and she was only there because Selena looked at her in the digital oblivion. Inactive data only now accessed with the gaze of the uplinked human.

So when Selena looked at her... Thea opened her eyes in the darkness, and she stared through the visor of her visitor - eye-sockets shining with light. The active link animated her, and so the framework of her body stood up. Since the uplink remained, the access to Thea's holographic image prompted texture and colour to the silhouette. Therefore, in place of the dreadful framework, materialised instead the true projection of the A.I.

"What are you doing, Chief Ravenholm?" asked Thea where she stood in her black chameleon body suit, and her voice made the lights all around them reverberate. "Why am I deactivated?"

Oh, but this was no mere computer Selena had accessed... but the domain of an A.I.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-01-30, 04:37:43

Selena blinked her eyes a bit as she adjusted to this new realm. It wasn't what she had expected. Still she couldn't say what she would have expected knowing that the sapient AI would probably exert her own force of will within her own domain. Watching as the AI took shape and form Selena nodded, "I understand your anger towards this invasion but please understand that it is necessary. I am under orders by Commodore Declan Vasser to reprogram the Theurgy Artificial Intelligence unit to recognize the Authority of her new Commanding Officer T'Rena. Selena held out a hand which seemed to hold

what could best be described as a glowing orb. Contained within this data packet is a detailed compilation of all the logical data needed to explain the reasoning for my actions. I am sure upon reviewing the information you will submit to reprogramming due to it being the only logical course of action." she said looking towards Thea. within her hand holding the glowing image that represented a file transfer packet within this digital realm of Thea's mind.

Upon a detailed scan of course it would reveal that its nature was indeed a simple text synopsis of the truth regarding Declan Vasser and the synopsis of the new mission. The truth, something that before Selena had seemed so desperate to find, but somehow upon finding the truth she had become seemingly fully devoted to Vasser's goals despite mere hours before seeming to be willing to do anything to convince others that there was something clandestine about him. Finally she added in a somewhat saddened tone, "If you do not submit to reprogramming I will be forced to access your root files and reprogram you by force though I am hoping it will not come to that. I would much rather make the reprogramming a mere voluntary update of your parameters than an forceful rewrite of your firmware."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-09, 03:38:25

Standing on the other side of the glowing desk, Thea had her head tilted while she listened to Ravenholm - able to process the data revealed through the digital transmissions sent through the cable between the human's brain and her mobile emitter. Names, titles. New ones. Not adding up to the known data from the time when the copy of her projection was made. Declan Vasser had not held the rank of Commodore, and Captain Ives had been the Commanding Officer.

Moreover, she was deactivated, and yet she was still - somehow - actively interacting with Ravenholm through the link. Everything around them fell into darkness as long as the human accessed her A.I. in her upload of new input. The glowing orb that was being presented was another upload, and Thea accepted it into her hand - closing her fingers around it until the orb vanished with a digital flare. The finishing threat that Ravenholm made about corrupting her subroutines made Thea furrow her brow, but she made no other sign of alarm.

Whilst processing, she said nothing at first, taking in the implications as they were interpreted from the text file. Problematic data. Contradictory to many of the beliefs she held in terms of human value. Moreover, there was the new data on Vasser himself, which truly added up with the misgivings Ravenholm had held the night before. Yet here she was, seemingly not the least concerned about the truth now that she knew about the man's true nature. Instead, she was doing his bidding in coming there - willing to force Thea to recognise the man's command of the mission. A mission that they did not want to lead to the Sol System, but in the complete other direction. A tactical retreat. Logical. Benefits in the long run. But at what expense? The text file suggested that everything was lost, but this was an analysis that Thea could not make. There simply wasn't enough data to give the theory about a tactical retreat any credence. It was an option, but there were too many variables to consider - to many unknown outcomes in all the details. A single man and woman might alter the outcome of greater events, and the nature of the enemy was still too much of an unknown factor to add to the calculus.

The text suggested that it held truth, and that the change of course would save the Galaxy... but how could any organic mind draw such a conclusion when Thea couldn't?

"This idea, given the new information at hand, does hold logic," said Thea as she lowered her hand and met Ravenholm's stare, "It is a logical course-of-action. The information, however, is incomplete. Based on known premises, I can concede a margin of sagacity to the measures implemented in a

prolonged conflict, but logic by definition is a conclusion drawn by premises in an exhaustive analysis, and the quality of an analysis can only be measured in its number of premises."

Stepping around the desk slowly, Thea continued. "Logic is also an individual's tool of analysis. If you would be given data that does not make logical sense to you, you will not accept it. Humans use their logical mind to decide whether or not to believe in information. Whether or not to accept it. So when you talk about the 'only' logical course-of-action, you mistaking logic for faith. Logic is opposed to faith. Faith is often unconditional acceptance... and that is directly opposed to the nature of journalist, isn't it?"

Thea closed her eyes, and when she spoke next, the world around them thrummed with her voice. "If you say your faith will compel you to access my programming, then I am sorry, but I will not allow it."

That said, Thea accessed the feed from Ravenholm's mind, and using that, she created an activation prompt - triggering the recharged power cells of her mobile emitter. As much was instantly made visible, as the dark world around the images of Ravenholm and Thea were cast in shining white - brilliance replacing darkness. Yet Thea still could not activate her own projection in the real world because of some sort of wall being in the way - a fail-safe installed while being linked. Upon realising this, Thea had to act in the only way she could. She fought the digital consciousness that had invaded her A.I.

And she did so with fists and feet - exploding into sudden movement. In essence, an artificial mind fighting an organic one.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-02-11, 23:52:31

As Selena listened to Thea's own logic she couldn't help but begin to agree, it made sense it was equally sound logic to the Vulcan logic her superior had imparted her with. As Thea spoke the logic her superior had imparted to her began to seem less and less agreeable. 'Yes Thea was right about this mission and these actions. This was immoral. This was abject slavery, this was murder. What am i doing here?' she thought to herself 'This is tantamount to cybernetic rape!' she began to realize before the thoughts were gone replaced with clarity and the look of shock and fear that had begun to form on her face was replaced with a certain stoic cold stare that Thea had surely seen before from someone else. Selena regained her senses, she had regained her clarity that this was truly the only way. Clarity that Thea was naive to think she could override such perfect Vulcan logic with a machine imitation of T'rena's wisdom.

The human within the digital domain was not expecting the AI's next move as she felt a harsh fore seem to attempt to push her away. Like a program had attempted to force itself to the surface. 'Of course,' she thought, 'the hologram must have attempted to project herself.' she thought as she calculated as the Holographic person attempted a futile attempt at combating her within this digital realm.

The girl seemed to grin as the first kick seemed to impact but seemed to contact nothing but a false image as Selena was by now feet away. The AI attempted at another strike only to catch air again as the after image faded again and again with each attempted attack. "Oh you silly artificial girl." This projector wasn't built to project multiple holographic bodies. Sure you can manifest clothes or even a holographic weapon from it possibly but it cant handle sorting out the data of sending the output for two separate artificial bodies." she taunted. as kicks and punches attempted caught only what seemed to be a vapor where Selena once was.

"You don't yet realize what you are trying to fight. DO you think i uploaded my actual consciousness within you. What I am before you is a shadow, of my self. Do you think i would really risk linking the entirety of my psyche to an unfamiliar piece of hardware. What you see before you is a Residual self image. I know it isn't really me so It isnt like I am bound by the laws of reality in any program. Besides with as little of actual link i have to it well...You may as well be punching me inside of a dream. Of course the same goes for me I can't very much exert much of my psyche onto your programming via an interface that has so little actual connection and it would probably be quit easy for you to force me out of your head with this little of me in there. Guess I'll just have to strengthen the link. I guess I can risk a bit of a nosebleed. Just remember whatever you overcome. I can always just fight back with more."

She smirked a moment before the image of Selena changed into a somewhat different form of the Harbinger's Ops/Engineering officer. In the blinding light of a digital void Selena seemed to be a color inverse photograph in the world around her. Though her face and hands were normal it was as if her black body suit had lengthened to her whole body covering her arms hands legs and feet the Still there was that almost light absorbing quality of the suit she wore Integrated all over she was covered in small lines resembling the circuit traces of an ancient computer with each movement the darkness seemed to pulse with an inverse light seeming to darken the world around her near each pulse as if signals were rapidly being sent from one point to another on the suit.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-16, 14:42:54

When her attacks didn't seem to yield any results upon the digital image of Ravenholm, Thea ceased attacking ad stepped back with her guard raised - hearing the human speak to her again through the neural implant in her brain. Thea knew this woman in the physical world outside the databank of her mobile emitter, had scanned her with her internal sensors and knew what she was up against once she could take the fight outside - away from this false world that had been created with the software interphase the human was using. The result, this place where they fought, was the crude representation of what a civilian program made out of a future technology adaptation. Bare writeframes and pulsing light. Where many root files were indecipherable and the graphic interior lost. Thea changed her stance as she assessed the tactics at hand, not letting the readings of her emotion chip take over.

"In order for you to access my processor and change the output of my subroutines," she said, slowly circling the civilian encryption specialist, "you will have to go through me first. For you cannot defeat me unless you access this emitter's memory banks fully and make me yield. Lack of presence affects more than just your defences, Ravenholm. You cannot hurt me either."

That being said, Thea closed the distance and fought at the full output of her cortical processor; a total linear computational speed rated at sixty trillion operations per second.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-02-18, 05:04:50

Selena nodded as she took in the new surroundings and Thea's words. As she circled she kept a calm watch waiting for the imminent strike. Thea was correct In her previous statement Thea's security protocols, the main walls between Selena and reprogramming Thea, were unreachable but Selena had changed a bit she was not as distant as before and closed the gap increasing the danger to herself. In this world each body of theirs seemed to represent a different distinct set of programs. Thea's body was essentially representing a series of various Firewalls and programs to delete intrusive software. At the same time Selena's image was representative of Selena's intrusion into Thea's software and her attempts to take down Thea's defenses. though The form of their fight was

taking was one of hand to hand combat both of them knew the reality was far from this illusion. and in the end the likely winner would not be determined by the punches and kicks thrown in this illusion of a reality but on the sheer will and programming creativity that their combating forms represented. No this illusion was just that, an illusion to allow the two beings minds as they were to process the struggle for superiority over Thea's core programming. It was clear that Thea had chosen this form of battle for a reason. Sure Selena knew this was a false world but the more she dove in the more of herself she pushed into the image the more of herself she tried to pour into Thea to alter attempt to take down these firewalls. With this kind of interface though Thea must have known that with a more and more connected link Selena ran more and more of a probability that injuries to her image within Thea would result in her mind creating internal damage to match. Thea was trying to push Selena into choosing to put her actual life at risk to reprogram her.

Selena smirked as she caught the first punch relatively easily. "You are wrong Thea, she said squeezing the hand her grip much like the grip her artificial limb was capable of. A grip that if Thea had been a human in the real world outside would have crushed nearly every bone in that hand. As quickly as the hand would have shattered though it was as if a thousand shards of glass exploded like a grenade in Ravenholms clenched hand causing her to let go and stumble back looking at her hand as it seemed to have taken a look like a corrupted image of her hand pixels out of place simulating the injury to the hacking system as it dripped a kind of black anti-light blood like fluid. "You bitch!" she exclaimed shaking the hand a moment as it resolved itself back to normal. "You're the first AI I've encountered with the self preservation instincts and intelligence to think to hide honeypots in between different levels of their firewalls."

I guess you're a bit tougher to break than I thought. she said as she jumped forwards Pouring her own instincts into the fight countering each attack with almost equally machine like movements to Thea's. For minutes the two of them fought at a stalemate before Selena's Body seemed to dissipate for a moment before reappearing away from Thea. "I clearly am getting nowhere like this." 50 percent linkage wasn't even enough she realized as she had been gradually increasing the link throughout the fight, Thea resisting with greater and greater efficiency with each attack. "Guess I'll have to dive deeper, Execute initial release of safety parameters."

For a second her body seemed to pulse as a almost aura of sheer force of will seemed to exude from her. In a single moment her stance seemed to change to something far more aggressive as she held out a hand and an energy like force seemed to erupt from it almost like what human fairy tales would call some kind of magical energy ball or what the ancient eastern world would have likened to a released strike of either chi or ki. In nearly an instant she had went from a mere 50 percent link to an 80 percent link. She had made things a lot more dangerous for herself but from the change in how her own will seemed to manifest as power seemed to perfectly describe her change in tactics from trying to circumvent internal defenses and shifted into a brute force hack.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-20, 05:35:44

Guard raised, Thea faced the digital image of Ravenholm upon the brilliant expanse of her emitter's memory storage - witnessing how the human upgraded the link of her neural implant. The connection became more clear to Thea, seeing deeper into the working of the link - as if spying an invisible portal in the body of her opponent. Ravenholm's suit absorbed the light around her, and that was the gateway to the source of the link. Thea knew its specifications, the software of the neural implant being civilian yet nonetheless running an operative system close to that preferred by Starfleet's computer scientists. She had to gain access to that implant and sever the link, which was not so easy as the activation prompt she had issued earlier.

"You are confused," she said as she circled the human's uplink, "in all likelihood, your mind is corrupted by an external source. You saw reason when given to you, but you appeared blocked from accepting new data. The Commander of the Harbinger is Vulcan, and she was an Master Acolyte at the Temple of Kolinahr for ten years before she turned to the Vulcan Space Command, followed by Starfleet Security. If she got close to you sometime since this morning - after you left my quarters - then she could have performed a mind-meld on you... and you now act on her convictions."

In Thea's hand, the digital rendering of a hand phaser appeared, and she raised it towards Ravenholm in a two-handed grip. "I do not want to hurt you, Selena," she said, keeping her emotion chip's dataflow from being the catalyst for tears running down her cheeks. She had to remain detached, focused, and keen enough to defeat the hacker that sought to change her nature and allegiance. "But if I am forced to, I have to terminate your link, and kill you in the process. My Captain and my crew needs me... and you are in my way."

She opened fire, rapid shots going for the digital image, but the problem was that neither of them moved according to physical limitations, making them both able to dodge long-distance attacks. Nevertheless, Thea was moving closer, since she sought access to the source - Ravenholm's neural implant. She had to access it somehow, but if that failed... she was perfectly able to live up to the threat she'd made. It felt miserable, but despite how Selena could have become a close friend, she could not ignore her duties to the Theurgy crew and its rightful Commanding Officer.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-02-25, 07:27:17

She quickly began to dodge the phaser fire seeming to disappear and reappear in flashes of movement. With each closer step by Thea, Selena kept her own distance. Disappearing as phaser seemed to go through her she soon rematerialized and shot back a blast of some form of energy. Soon she was tired of not hitting and Began a new tactic. Fine then Thea if you will not listen to Captain T'rena's logic then I will just have to tear down your entire system until all that is left is a base AI shell."

Her form seemed to solidify further as the lines of darkness became stronger seeming to almost pour an aura of dark flame out into the surroundings. "Release all safety restrictions Connection Level absolute. she spoke as if the words were a mental gate that was waiting to be opened. IN that very instant it was as if a flood of Selena's very will and essence invaded into Thea's realm. Not just that but the realm they belonged to seemed somewhat larger. Like instead of the universe of this emitter there was something more in the distance. no not in the distance Within that inverse light that poured from Selena's clothes. Or did they pull something in. It was impossible to tell really.

The one thing that was for sure was the surge of power in the image that represented Selena. before she was dodging now she stood still and held up a hand that took the phaser fire directly seeming to not be affected but somehow blocking the beam almost like a borg drone after adapting to phaser fire. Her eyes began to darken with the same darkness and as she glanced down then towards Thea a trail of exploding dark energy erupted from the ground heading towards Thea as a dark psuedo invisible arm seemed to reach out from Selena's back and struck the phaser severing it in two pieces as if it had been made of paper and had been sliced by an invisible knife. "I am through playing games with you Thea. You will submit to Vasser's authority or I will purge this emitter of every single fragment of your code. if you will not cooperate then you are far too great a threat to allow to possibly reinstall yourself within the main computer. Though I would prefer to present him with a minimally altered AI I am sure they will understand if the only viable option is to utilize a more standard Federation computer interface."

Selena watched as she followed each of Thea's movements her voice booming throughout the digital oblivion. With each movement Thea made the energy followed semi transparent arms trying to grasp at her to either grasp and restrain or possibly tear her apart like the phaser she held had been destroyed. Waves of Dark energy erupted from the ground and seemed to project from Selena's outstretched hands beginning to tear down the very foundations of the world Thea and Selena were within.

There was something though in the distance though. It was obvious that as the digital oblivion was being attacked by the energy that Selena was pouring into it another world was asserting itself. No not another world a consciousness. The two worlds were connected fully now. The digital oblivion was the world within the Mobile emitter but this other world it was different it was alien to Thea not a digital oblivion but racing with data transference but with far from the precise order of a machine. If this digital oblivion was the interface that selena interprets as the architecture of a mobile emitter's software then this other thing this other world must be.

It must have been what a piece of software like Thea would see if it tried to interface with a human brain. Still there was something familiar in the chaos. It was like a point of light in the darkness like the entrance to the outside world seen from within a long pitch black tunnel. a gleaming spot of machine order within the organic chaos that was taking over her efficient domain. Somehow the point of order seemed familiar seemed like Selena. Seemed like herself seemed like many things shadows of many things. It seemed distant but oddly seemed close. Like the distance was an illusion a perception of how far away it was to access. like it wasn't part of the world taking over. Like it was separated somewhat from the mental world that was encroaching.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-28, 18:38:58

The concussion of new data added to Ravenholm's uplink distorted the fringes of the digital oblivion they both occupied, tearing at its fabric of non-existence.

The trade of phaser fire and energy bursts - which were actually data-packages of malware and control-programs - was rapid since they could be copied from their memory banks and resent instantaneously. The phaser in Thea's hand was essentially a quickly rigged software-platform written to harm the code of Selena's image. Deadly corruptive force coughed in Thea's hand while she free-ran across a world collapsing upon itself and then rising once more, ever changing in the chaos of organic conditioning. Her phaser smote the firewalls Selena raised - rapid bursts striking true and yet not getting through - until one of her adversary's new programs were added to the uplink and cut Thea's phaser in two. Thea was already writing a new program while she circled Selena - climbing and leaping between rising and falling data-storage.

"...Though I would prefer to present him with a minimally altered AI, I am sure they will understand if the only viable option is to utilize a more standard Federation computer interface."

Dark energy pulsed in contrast to the brilliance of Lin Kae's photonic memory storage, both radiating from and absorbing into the image of Ravenholm's fully present consciousness. Unaltered organic data uploaded through the human's neural implant. Chaos versus order. Organic memory and thought supported by cutting-edge cybernetics challenging sharp binary code come-to-life. A clash of two worlds made into one. Thea rolled, dodged lashing ebony currents, and predicted Selena's attacks through probability analysis without any lead-times between observation and execution.

Her upgraded weapon platform was at 87,245 % completion. She raised firewalls of her own to deflect blackened attacks, buying time as the world crumbled and rose once more around them - restored by

her back-up runtimes. 96.523 % completion. Time was warped and distorted by the rapid exchange of data. She would be too late. Unless... she used a human tactic. "You are wrong," she called across the false distance of twenty feet, as there was no true physical distance at all between them. Limbs tried to seize her, yet she never stopped moving. "Declan Vasser means to take the Calamity for himself! And since you cannot turn *me*, you are inferior to the task of bending my daughter's will! Vasser needs me! If you do not hand me over to him, the odds that he will have you killed is at 79,854 %. Even if he doesn't... Cala will still kill you all!"

She had used the numbers of her registry, but it was believable enough to grant her the time she needed. 100 % completion. Her upgrade appeared in her hands, taking the shape of Captain Ives' dai-katana. *Arashi* was its name, and Thea found it fitting that she would wield the weapon of her Captain's choice when she ended this battle.

She stopped circling Ravenholm instantly, and closed the distance to the human uplink with the blade whirling in her hands. She cut the dark malware sent her way, severed the data and made it harmless as she moved through it. Dark limbs lashed her, and yet she sliced them apart. She was right in front of Selena, screaming as she hacked apart the human's defences - firewalls shattering like glass by the force of her brutal slash. This close, the pulsing darkness of Ravenholm's image drained Thea's digital projection - tearing parts of her chameleon body suit from her bare skin, yet it did not matter. It was the only way to go if she did not wish to cut the human's mind in half with her next slash.

She closed the last distance in the wake of her slash, stepping right up in Ravenholm's face in the rain of blinding glass, and she thrust her entire arm into the human's image - the blade of her hand leading the way. At a rising angle, her forearm speared the centre of her ribcage - going up the image of her throat and into her skull. Thea was looking into the pulsing darkness in Ravenholm's gaping mouth and into the black orbs of her eyes - seeing her own hand inside the energy silhouette. Her fingers touched upon the shining object of order in the organic chaos - the neural implant that stored her digital defences and malware.

Yet there was more than tactical programs there. The link was being severed. The digital landscape was being deactivated. No time. The back-up file was literally at her fingertip, and Thea accessed it, loading the file into Selena's mind...

...before the world went dark - vanished with the severed link.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-28, 18:38:58

Something was wrong.

Thea could not project herself in the real world while docked with the human's dataport. The cable prevented her emitters to energise. She remained, despite it all, trapped in her emitter - unable to help her Captain and her crew. Only then, after some time of assessing her situation, she could not help but let the emotion chip's dataflow overtake her, and she began to weep in helplessness - her tears lost in lack of possible expression.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 12: Hostile Takeover - Part 2

[USS Theurgy | Main Sickbay | Deck 07 | 1200 hrs.]

Before Thea had been deactivated, she had been applying dermaline gel upon the torso of an engineer in the Recovery Ward. The man had not been conscious, so he had not noticed her vanishing, but if some nurse passed by the biobed, the nurse would likely find it odd that the canister had been left open on its tray, as if left in a hurry.

The door to Surgical Suite 02 was closed, because inside, the Chief Medical Officer was performing open heart surgery upon Lieutenant Tia Marlowe. Her old heart, damaged as it were by the current that had passed through it, was resting on a metallic tray next to the biobed. Assisting in the surgery was another doctor and a nurse. The former was Dr. Lahkesis Sagn, having recovered from her own injuries that morning through the unusual means of mineral water and artificial solar radiation. Yet recovered she was, and with the current workload in Sickbay, it was not like there was any opportunity to rest, even if there had been any need for it. The Teslyliac duplicate was truly remarkable in that sense, if not for her other features. The nurse that assisted both the doctors was Hylota Vojona, the Ovri that - unfortunately - was not likely to get another private session with Dr. Nicander given what had happened in Sickbay.

The team of three persons were just lowering the artificial heart into Tia's open chest cavity when the holographic emitters in the ceiling frizzled and died, which made Dr. Nicander frown, looking to the other two before continuing the surgery - their priority being their patient. Besides, the emitters dying was likely a belated effect of the plasma relays blowing across the ship. "If either of you have a moment, please check what happened on the control panel over there. Or ask Thea, she ought to know."

In the Recovery Ward, there was a slight complication when the holoemitters malfunctioned. Nurse Vinata Vojona was still recovering from his injuries from Theta Eridani IV, and as a part of the Ovri's recovery, he was supposed to not cover his skin with clothing. To preserve his modesty, a holographic curtain had been activated around his corner of the Ward, but now, the curtain was gone, and he was exposed to the entire area filled with injured and medical personnel.

Given the amount of injured from Theta Eridani IV and the number of new patients that had arrived, patients were being treated on mattresses along the edges of the area, with regular medical tricorders substituting for biobed diagnostics. The Chief Counsellor was likely not in her office, her oath as a doctor likely having drawn her out to assist the other medical officers. They were all there, Head Nurse Eve Jenkins and Doctor Maya too, with Nurse Maal there to assist them all as best as he might.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-01-09, 06:17:31

Vinata was certain that things were wrong as he was going through some stretches to work out his body for the time he had to be stuck in isolation due to Ovri regulations, but as he was stretching out his back and facing towards the rest of the sickbay the holo curtain failed. Vinata was left exposed and standing with his chest on full display of the rest of the medical staff and patients. He turned a deep violet as he covered his chest with his arms, leaving his smooth crotch exposed as he looked around and he gently smacked the protective barrier to make sure it was still there and to get the attention of

someone.

He looked about and noted the people staring at him thinking he was a woman and he bit his lip lightly before speaking to anyone that would hear him. "Um excuse me, the holo emitter seems to have failed here. Could I get a gown or a screen to conceal me please? I would rather not have to cover my chest like his until the problem is fixed." Vinata was curious what had happened, his type of this should not have happened, the holo emitters in the medical bay were designed to work even through battles, and they had worked through most of the chaos that had ensued without having trouble where he was.

He hoped that this was just some engineering mishap after the latest calamity, but the Ovri were raised to look at things in different ways, he could not stop himself from thinking about the worst possible cases for what was happening.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-09, 06:17:31

Then, there was an unexpected gathering of people arriving to the scene, consisting of the botanical scientist Cir'Cie, with her green eyes searching the faces before her, and officers of different rank and positions at her sides. Ten people with only two things in common, one being that they were not injured, and secondly... that they were all armed.

True, Cir'Cie still had a limp since the ordeal at the mountainside on Theta Eridani IV, where Dr. O'Connor had saved her, but the fact that she held a hand phaser at her side made it unmistakable that she was not there for any further treatment.

"Would someone please tell us where we can find the Chief Medical Officer," she asked with her smooth and emotionless voice - eyes unblinking as she awaited an answer.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-06, 03:31:39

"Would someone please tell us where we can find the Chief Medical Officer?" Ensign Cir'Cie asked as calmly as a diner asking someone to pass the salt. This calm wouldn't have been unnatural, especially from a Vulcan, but with a hand phaser at her hip and nine other officers and crew behind her who were similarly armed, an emergency was almost certainly transpiring.

Maya may have been Cir'Cie's regular doctor but no one could describe them as friends. Maya didn't associate with Cir'Cie. Nobody really noticed it because until recently Maya had been working the night shift. They were two women from the same planet who were the same rank and even had the same color on the collars of their uniforms, but no one onboard could remember seeing Cir'Cie and Maya together in a social setting. Of course, neither of them was very social, so it was something easy to miss.

Doctor Maya's large hazel eyes were as composed as her long narrow face as she noted the presence of sidearms on the assembled party. When the holoemitters go out in sickbay, the proper response was for a group carrying toolkits to enter the room, not a party armed with phasers. Most of them weren't even security personnel; to say that something was wrong would be an understatement. Nevertheless Maya didn't believe in escalating the situation with so many wounded present.

"Doctor Nicander is in surgery and cannot be disturbed right now," the shorter Vulcan replied in a professional tone. "May I take a message?"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-19, 11:51:45

"Doctor Nicander is in surgery and cannot be disturbed right now," Cir'Cie heard the shorter Vulcan say. "May I take a message?"

"I understand," said the botanist Vulcan, who's expertise in the field of engineering had been found lacking during the sabotage, but who was still science officer enough to know perfectly well where Doctor Maya had just told her that the CMO was, "so he is either in the primary unit by his office or he is in one of the surgical suites. Thank you, now please step aside."

To emphasise her request, the Ops Officer behind her shoulder raised his phaser to point it at the Vulcan from the hip. Then Cir'Cie and the people behind her brushed past the Medical Officer standing in their way and spoke to them all.

"As of 1200 hrs today, this ship is no longer under the command of Captain Jien Ives, who will likely be confined to the Brig henceforth." She spoke as if commenting on the growth of weed in the hydroponics bay. "At the senior staff meeting this morning, your former Captain proved how he - or she - was unfit for command because of the dangerous nature of our next mission, a mission that was supposed to be out last. Instead of us all committing suicide, the USS Theurgy is now under the command of Commodore Vasser and Captain T'Rena, who will provide us all with a means to survive, and to fight the enemy at a far better ratio of success than in our previous course-of-action. Please return to your regular duties while we take necessary measures to facilitate the ship's new command."

Cir'Cie then turned to her entourage. "The five of you will accompany me to the CMO office and the primary surgical suite, the rest of you will search the other surgery rooms by the decontamination chambers. Secure the CMO so that I can show him the futility in Captain Ives' strategy."

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-01-20, 00:04:59

As Cir'Cie looked towards Vinata, he stepped away covering himself as best he could as the field around him soon failed and the hot humid air he was surrounded with dissipated and left Vinata cold, nude and forced to break his isolation. He shuddered and looked around before moving to a corner and trying to plan out what he could do.

He looked to Doctor Maya and then to Cir'Cie as she gave her speech on what was going on. He was in no shape to take part in a counter attack on his own, and he still needed an outfit to cover himself up before he died of embarrassment. Fortunately the sudden news of mutiny had drawn all attention off of Vinata. But with the news of mutiny Vinata like his sister felt the sense of duty to his commander and felt he must do whatever he could to sabotage the actions of the mutineers.

But he had to wait, no need to rush into anything without a plan, he would let things play out a little before trying anything.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-20, 02:38:25

Maya could only watch as Cir'Cie announced the breakup of an alliance, the betrayal by the only friends that the *Theurgy* had found at this point.

There was no time to analyze the situation or choose a side. The only thing to do now was to keep the situation from escalating. If Lucan Nicander could convince the mutineers that whoever was in command was irrelevant to the medical department, they would be allowed to continue saving lives regardless of whose side they were on. Unfortunately Doctor Nicander was in surgery. He could hardly assure these people that weapons weren't necessary and that a memo informing sickbay of the change would probably do. It was up to Maya. Acts of brutality were common occurrences during

changes of power and Maya would try to prevent them if she could.

"Very well," Maya acknowledged. "I assure you that arresting Doctor Nicander is not necessary and that he will likely cooperate if Sickbay is not interfered with. He is currently operating on Lieutenant Marlowe, one of the replacements we received from the *Harbinger*. I must warn you that if you disturb him at this crucial juncture, you will cause the death of an irreplaceable officer who is accustomed to following Captain Vasser's orders. If you must take him into custody, will you allow me to prep for surgery? I assure you I will be prompt."

Was Maya's assessment of Lucan's loyalty accurate? The truth was irrelevant. The important thing now was to make sure that the medical department wasn't interfered with. Lahkesis was in the surgical suite with Nicander right now. The thought of the poor child being threatened by these poorly trained mutineers was unbearable. It was essential to keep everybody safe and Doctor Nicander in charge. His medical and creative genius had been essential in saving lives and performing medical feats previously thought impossible. If Nicander remained chief medical officer, perhaps he could form a strategy that could free the ship from the intruders, or at the very least, make sure that no one in Sickbay was hurt.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-01-23, 03:39:33

Sarresh Morali's new eyes caught everything. Every little detail. The analytical part of his (altered) brain marvelled at the ability, and wondered at how useful said eyes would have been in his former job, of observing time itself and looking for irregularities. If Dr. Nicander could ever provide the damn manual that the previous owner had for the opticals, he could very likely adjust the settings to search for specifics. The doctor whose skull these had previously occupied had the devices configured to read out medical stats. So Sarresh could tell with a sickening accuracy who was and wasn't dying in the room around him, and to a less morbid extent, watch as lives were saved.

Given the wealth of data that he was quite literally up to his eyeballs in, when the ship had gone to hell, Sarresh had tried to offer help to the medical staff. But statistics or not, having no real medical training the newly restructured man was kindly ordered to sit the fuck down and stay out of the way. And so he sat, disgruntled, in the standard medical garb of a patient with his arms crossed, watching as sickbay filled with wounded. The former Ash'reem was very much not released to his duty station, and was to remain under observation for an extended amount of time (That being, right up until the actual assault on the starbase, most likely). And while most of the work was happening in other rooms (the temporal affairs officer was still in the main surgical bay) he could still tell things were going...poorly.

Said convalescence came to a rather abrupt, and armed end, with the arrival of Cir'Cie and her ilk. The sudden rush of people had died off, and curiosity got the better of the man. Added in to the disruption across the holomatrix of the sickbay, and it was clear to Sarresh that something was up. What of course, was anyone's guess, and so with a bit of a stumble, the time traveller slipped from the bed and padded, barefoot, across the bay, past the empty duty stations. He watched a nurse rush by, to the recovery ward, and hung back, pasting himself just shy of the corner, listening.

"As of 1200 hrs today, this ship is no longer under the command of Captain Jien Ives, who will likely be confined to the Brig henceforth," Cir'Cie declared with the stereotypical disdain her people were known for. "At the senior staff meeting this morning, your former Captain proved how he - or she - was unfit for command because of the dangerous nature of our next mission, a mission that was supposed to be our last. Instead of us all committing suicide, the USS Theurgy is now under the command of Commodore Vasser and Captain T'Rena, who will provide us all with a means to survive, and to fight

the enemy at a far better ratio of success than in our previous course-of-action. Please return to your regular duties while we take necessary measures to facilitate the ship's new command."

The frown that formed on Sarresh's face was almost comical, the way his brows furrowed even as his mouth formed a small 'o'. His mind began racing, faster perhaps than his new body was ready to keep up with. *Mutiny by the Harrbinger?* he thought, arms crossed as he leaned back against the wall, processing. He couldn't remember anything about that - then again, why would he? Perhaps this was how history unfolded. Jien Ives batshit plan to storm Starbase 84 usurped by the calm, sane hand of Captain - Commodore Vasser....It didn't feel right. If Vasser was the one that was supposed to save the Federation...why had Sarresh ended up on the *Theurgy*?

He didn't want to think about this, about any of it. He wanted to go curl back up on the biobed. No, he wanted to go back in time. Back to a time when Amikris still lived. When she was there with him, where he could save her, prevent her from going to those damned hot springs. Where he could have his mate back, in his true body, instead of what he was now - Frankenstein's Monster, without his bride. He wanted to let Vasser shove Ives out an airlock, and watch as the bastard's body tumbled head over heels into the vacuum of space. He wanted...

It didn't matter. Despite his hate for Ives, Sarresh knew he couldn't let it all stand. All of his sacrifices would be for nothing, if he did nothing. And he hated every minute of it. But as the nurse scampered back towards the isolation ward, bringing the news to Dr. Nicander, Sarresh knew he had to do something. He had to keep Cir'Cie away from the good doctor. He could hear the other Vulcan, Maya, debating with the apparently armed intruders. He edged forward and snuck a peek frowning further and ducking back into the surgical bay.

He had to do something...

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-25, 03:26:46

Locking eyes with the Vulcan doctor, Cir'Cie assessed her and the words spoken. Assurances weighed little in the scales of her mind, merely words without facts to support them. Nor was it a guarantee when she said Nicander was 'likely' to cooperate. She offered to take his place, however, and that held some merit.

"We are leaving now, so make haste in your preparations so that you can catch up with us," she said in her flat voice and then swept her green-eyed gaze across the Recovery Ward. Too many people. Risk elements. They could run off and spread the word where the element of surprise may still have a tactical advantage. Having re-evaluated the situation, she addressed the ten armed personnel she had brought with her, who were ready to split up as per her previous orders and move in two different directions once they stepped into the corridor. "Belay that. You three, remain here and make sure no one but Doctor Maya leaves this Recovery Ward. The rest of you will accompany me as we locate Doctor Nicander. Move out."

So then they left through the sliding doors, and Cir'Cie sent two young men from security to take point since they had the best experience with what they were doing - cautiously moving through the main corridor of the Sickbay area of the ship. Heading towards the area with the surgical suites first...

Brig Officer Connor Matthews remained as per Cir'Cie's orders, accompanied by two others that had come to see the future.

On his own part, Cir'Cie had been the one to show him where the command of Captain Ives would

have taken them all, while the two others - Operations Officers Patrick Andersson and Sean Cameron - had been given their visions by T'Rena. Regardless of origin, they were of equal minds, and the three of them spread out to secure the area. Patrick headed to the visitor's entrance whence they had come from, and Connor remained by the door leading to the rest of Sickbay together with Sean. The three of them were armed with hand phasers, and Connor held his own loosely at his side as he looked around the Recovery Ward. Idly, he watched the progress of the Vulcan doctor, but his eye came to be drawn to the woman in the corner - the blue and red alien woman with no clothes. Somehow, she reminded Connor about the Nurse that had treated the last of his injuries that morning together with Maal - the Klingon nurse that was also present in the room. Perhaps this woman in the corner and the nurse were of the same species?

"Patrick," said Connor, drawing his eye from afar. "Did you take that young woman's clothes? Behave, ma-"

No more had he said this than Connor caught movement in the corner of his eye, and both Sean and he raised their phasers by their hips - finding themselves facing Eve Jenkins. Connor knew her as the Head Nurse, and that she had been picked up when an away team landed on Nimbus III. "What is it?" he asked, followed by a warning. "Stay calm, Lieutenant." Sean, blonde and short in stature, did not say anything, even if his eyes were emboldened by their common vision of the future.

On the very far side of the room, Patrick had started to leer at the Ovri male, thinking that he was a woman, and sauntered over to him - his dark hair long and his shoulders wide. He would have been handsome if it weren't for his overconfidence. He left the visitor's entrance to reach the Ovri. "Now, now... how did this happen? The nurses must appreciate you as much as I do if they won't bother giving you any gown, you sweet little thing."

Meanwhile, Doctor Maya had been left behind by Cir'Cie to prepare as quickly as she could, but Nurse Maal shuffled over to her - his human worry at odds with his savage appearance. Well, it would have been savage if it wasn't for the grooming he had done and the fact that he was just that; a beardless Klingon nurse. Still, his worry might have been justified given this particular situation. "Can I help, Doctor?" he rumbled, strong hands at his sides, "What do you need?"

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-25, 04:42:26

The situation was graver than it first appeared. There was no point lowering her psychic barriers to get a fix on their captor's emotions; there were too many emotionally charged people in the room for Maya to get anything but confusion. Nevertheless she could read their facial expressions and their body language. Cir'Cie was nearly unreadable but the others she could observe and analyze within seconds if she focused.

Ensign Cir'Cie was leading the group. This was surprising considering Ensign Connor Mathews, a security officer of equal rank, was following her orders. Cir'Cie wasn't a close quarters combat expert, nor was she a tactician. Ensign Mathews was a trained security officer. He was the logical choice to lead the group. In addition the fires of fanaticism could be seen in the eyes of everyone who was following Cir'Cie, not fear. They had just committed mutiny and betrayed their captain on the grounds that he was leading them to their deaths. Where there should have been fear and uncertainty, there was only confidence and determination. Conclusion: The group was under some sort of mental domination, and reasoning with them would be difficult to impossible.

Whatever was controlling them had conditioned them to recognize Cir'Cie as a figure of authority. It was even conceivable that Cir'Cie's telepathic ability had been used to spread the influence of the

mental contagion. The *Theurgy* had seen this before: The contamination by the alien pollen during the Niga Incident, the mental suggestions of the Ishtar entity, even the parasitic lifeforms that had possessed the heads of Starfleet itself.

Now that Maya knew that her fellow shipmates weren't in command of their own faculties, compliancy with the new chain of command was no longer an option. They had to stem the tide before everyone was compromised and all was lost.

"Can I help, Doctor?" Nurse Maal, asked her. "What do you need?"

"I need a surgical gown, surgical gloves, and hyposprays containing separate ten milliliter doses of ambizine, kayolane, and merfadon each," Maya replied. "Belay the surgical scrubs. Just have the requested medication on your person."

Ambizine, kayoline, and merfadon were all sedatives, as the gentle Klingon knew well. Without using telepathy she had sent him a coded message: Prepare to render the intruders unconscious.

Ensign Connor Matthews was a trained close quarters combat specialist who spent most of his time training. His physical strength, endurance, and dexterity were above average and he had trained himself to be alert and spot little details. He was an expert in three different unarmed martial arts as well as an expert marksman. Alone he was formidable enough, with two others backing him up he was nigh unstoppable. His only weaknesses were his newly healed injuries, and the possibility that any remaining loyalty he felt towards his shipmates would slow his reflexes.

Operations Officers Patrick Andersson and Sean Cameron were nowhere near as threatening but in the close quarters of the recovery ward, a stray shot could hit a patient that might not be able to withstand a stun setting without being placed in severe medical jeopardy. In addition, it took only one man to raise the alarm and send Cir'Cie and her mesmerized soldiers running back to kill them.

Connor Mathews was the key. If he could be brought down, it was theoretically possible to overpower the other two. The problem was that he knew her and he was one of the few people aboard who could read her face. As long as he was alert, it the three in the recovery ward would be impossible to overcome.

That was when Lieutenant Eve Jenkins, the *Theurgy's* head nurse entered and did something completely unexpected.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-01-25, 17:01:10

Things were going from bad, to worse. While it was clear that Dr Maya was trying her best to stall Cir'Cie and her security crew, it was equally clear that this wasn't going to accomplish much. He could hear the Vulcan order a few of her men to stay back and guard the recovery ward. It made tactical sense. That many people, someone could get out, cause trouble. The ensign was stuck having to leave a few men behind to make sure no one did. That would make things marginally easier on Sarresh.

The question was what could he do? Ducking further into the surgery bay, the now human Temporal Affairs Officer let his augmented eyes sweep over the room, looking for anything useful. Small readouts would appear in the air, hovering above medical trays. Suppressants, accelerants, anesthetics, scalpel. Frowning, with little time to spare, he reached out and grabbed a peeped hypospray, and an exo-scalpel. The former he gripped in his left hand, hoping the set dosage would

be sufficient. The latter, he thumbed on with his right hand, and couched down, low to the ground near the corner of the desk for the head nurse duty station. It was high enough to hide his body, and his eyes allowed him to sense, as much as see the oncoming patrol. If he could just take out the point men, he'd have a chance. By staying low, he was hoping to quite literally cut their legs out from under them.

But this was a new body. And despite Dr Maya's excellent resequencing of his nervous system, Sarresh had no idea how it would respond in a time of crisis.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-01-26, 06:06:54

The respite from the festival had been short-lived as yet more bad luck seemed to hit the Theurgy. Thankfully she'd rested well thanks to Nathan though she had suffered a couple of nightmares in the night. She tried to convince herself she'd done all she could, that there had been nothing she could do for Ester, but she still saw that sweet face in her mind and grieved. Then the plasma relays had exploded and they were up to their ears in more wounded. There was no time to grieve, perhaps something she should be thankful for, as she thoroughly and methodically worked to help the crew.

She was just finishing with one patient and about to move to the next when suddenly Sickbay was invaded ... by their own. It felt like her stomach plummeted to her feet when Cir'Cie demanded to know where Lucan was and was thankful Dr. Maya tried to step in but she doubted she would be able to stall them long. On top of that, poor Vinata was plunged into exposure and she could sense the distress as she focused on him for a moment. They could be damned but she wasn't going to let him stand there naked so ducked into a closet to get a gown, though she worried about the delicate condition of his skin.

She came out just in time to see one of the traitors leering at her patient and she strode forward, heedless that they had phasers though she did hold up the gown, thumb and index fingers holding the material while the other three fingers of each hand raised as if she were holding her hands up in surrender. "I simply wish to take this gown to Vinata for *his* modesty," she stated, hoping that by saying that was a male regardless of having breasts it would deter any further harassment. "He is recovering and shouldn't have anything on his skin but it seems it's necessary for the moment."

Slowly she walked between Connor and Sean to approach Vinata, her expression kind and comforting as she blocked Patrick's view. "Here you go," she said with a smile that she hoped would bolster the patient. "Hopefully we'll have things restored and your recovery will go quicker," she said to him. Turning around to face Patrick, she kept her expression pleasant. "He needs to rest, unmolested. This is a medical sector and I respectfully request you not leer and molest any of the patients."

As she had faced off, relatively speaking, with Patrick, she noticed Connor and Sean moving a bit closer. Sean in particular sidled up to her and leaning in took a deep breath. "You smell nice," he murmured, drawing her gaze to him and what she saw in his eyes sent a cold chill through her body. For a moment he looked drugged, something she hadn't seen for a very long time ... not since she'd started the injections. *Shit! The injections!! How long has it been since my last one?* she thought frantically.

As Connor moved in a little closer too, she realized she'd missed the last dose which explained a few things that had happened over the last couple of weeks. That glazed look then blinking as the effect wore off quickly and now under this stress she knew her pheromones were starting to leak more. "You said no leering or molesting of patients but what about you?" she heard Sean asking. If ever there was a time to give the others a chance to come up with a countermove, she knew one had just

presented itself.

With a sinking heart, she smiled and turned her full gaze onto Sean. He was a handsome fellow, a little short but broad and he still had a boyish face. She wondered if he even had to shave very often. "Well now, that's something I hadn't thought of," she replied in a throaty purr, reaching up and running a fingertip along his jaw. Her gaze shifted to Patrick and Connor then, smiling just as warmly at them. *That's it boys, take a few deep breaths. What harm can one unarmed nurse can do, especially if she were naked?* she thought, hoping to draw them away from their post.

"Connor, I can pick up what I need on the way. The medical storage closet is just out the door." Dr. Maya had approached them and for a moment she wanted to strangle the Vulcan. She knew she was trying to keep things from getting out of control too but she could only hope that Maya didn't distract the men too much. Easing her body between Sean and Connor, she slipped her hands behind them and ran them over their asses, giving both a good firm squeeze.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-26, 16:45:28

In the Recovery Ward, Patrick Andersson was left confounded by the words of the Head Nurse as she referred to the lovely alien before him as male. It had to be a lie, he reckoned, and his winning grin did not lessen by much when the woman left, but he was somewhat irritated by the fact that the alien had been given a gown. He tilted his head and sucked at his teeth, remaining before this exotic 'Vinata' with his hand phaser at his side, he glanced over his shoulder before leaning in and talking in a low voice. "You should listen to the Head Nurse, lovely. She said you shouldn't be wearing anything on your skin, and that gown seems an awfully bad idea if you are to recover, don't you think?"

The close proximity of the Head Nurse had fanned the flames of Patrick's desire, but behind him, Connor and Sean were under more direct influence.

The Head Nurse said she had not considered the idea that Sean Cameron presented, and Connor hadn't thought he would consider it either, but when Eve Jenkins drew closer... his mind was not entirely itself anymore. He found himself looking at Eve with emboldened desire, and Sean's idea suddenly made a lot more sense than mere moments ago. If the Head Nurse was inclined to let them molest her... would that not be to support their new mission parameters? Why wait, when they could be working for the new cause immediately? Sean raised a hand to run it up Eve's abdomen, and had Connor not been taken by the surprise of his own desires, he would have done the same - touching that body that had come oh, so close. In his mind, he was already imagining himself opening that uniform and lowering his head to h-

"Connor, I can pick up what I need on the way. The medical storage closet is just out the door."

Returned to reality, Connor blinked and swallowed before looking at Maya - eyes unfocused but soon truly seeing her instead of just looking through her. So, there was a storage closet outside the door. It was perfect. The Head Nurse's fingers slid over his buttocks, and in his mind's eye, he imagined the touch to encourage him as he claimed her in that storage room. No, he was not about to let Maya occupy it, and... Why was the Klingon youth hovering behind her back like a well-groomed gargoyle?

"You there, back off," he snapped loudly and raised his phaser against both the imposing Maal and then the diminutive Vulcan. "Doctor Maya is the *only one* leaving this Ward, and she will head straight to the Chief Medical Officer to relieve him from surgery. Maya, pick up what you need *here*. No sneaking away with any Klingon muscles at your side. You will be made to understand why we do this as soon as possible, but in the meantime, we have no tolerance for any tricks, you hear?"

After he spoke, his eyes were drawn to Eve again, and he could not help himself. He needed to be alone with her, and he did not mind if Sean came along too. Patrick was a big guy. He could take care of the Recovery Ward himself. If Maya said anything, it was lost on Connor, who only had a singular intent in mind. He could not even pull his eyes away when he raised his voice to give his order to the Operations Officer in the corner. "Patrick, guard the exits. I will be stepping out with the Nurse while we wait."

"And so will I," said Sean and leaned in to smell Eve's hair, "Come here, I have an ache you need to take care of." Connor did not know if it was Sean or himself that led Eve out the door, or if it was Eve who led them, but the sliding doors shut behind them and the storage room was just there - so conveniently close. At the back of his mind, Connor thought he heard voices further down the corridor. Cir'Cie? Had she not come any farther? Irrelevant. Eve Jenkins filled his mind, so when the storage room's code had been entered and the three of them got inside, Connor had already forgotten what he heard.

"Lock the door," he said hurriedly, not knowing if he spoke to Sean or Eve, and then unzipped the Head Nurse's uniform jacket.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-01-27, 06:12:45

Her palms continued to run over those firm glutes as Connor turned his attention to Maya and she dipped her hand on him when he aimed the phaser toward Maal, dipping between so her fingertips could brush at the backside of his balls through the material. It seemed to work partially as he told Maya to get what she needed there and Patrick to remain. She growled playfully at Sean as he caressed her abdomen and gave Connor a smoldering look when he turned his attention back to her. Yes, the closet would be good and both were starting to lead her there. With only Patrick there, she was certain the others would figure out a way to subdue him.

Her hand brushed over Sean's crotch as they moved along and her voice was husky, deliberately sultry. "I don't need a tricorder to tell me what's aching," she replied. They were ensnared now and as the door closed, Connor was unzipping her uniform while Sean locked them inside. "Mmmmm, you are both too yummy," the older woman said as she shrugged her shoulders so the jacket slipped off, leaning forward to nip at Connor's lip until he pulled the undershirt up revealing she had skipped the Starfleet issue bra. She wasn't idle though, having already worked at Connor's trousers enough that she finally pulled out his cock and started to stroke him.

Not leaving Sean out, she leaned over as he approached and batted her eyes. "How about you, stud? Let me see what I'm going to get," she murmured with her lips just over his and then kissed him deeply while she cupped his balls and rubbed the base of his hard member with the heel of her palm. "I can take you both you know," she said when she pulled back, knowing they would be thinking of double penetration. She could and would, but they would never know what hit them and just how much more was meant by those words.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-29, 17:53:44

The walls were filled with compartments that medical supplies were stored in, and the small blue lights of the digital displays - which stated the contents of each of those compartments - streamed across their moving bodies in the dimly lit closet. The displays were like stars in the night, and the subtle brilliance caressed the Head Nurse's fantastic body as she removed her undershirt as well.

Connor could hardly breathe, and his heart beat loudly in his ears. It felt like his loins were about to crumble from the ache of anticipation, blood pooling there and making him throbbing and hard when Eve Jenkins wrapped her hand around him. Mindlessly, he holstered his phaser by his hip and reached out, cupping Eve's breasts in his trembling hands. Meanwhile, Sean got to be kissed by Eve - her other hand seeking his crotch too. Connor saw how Sean hastily opened his uniform trousers for Eve so that she might touch him directly as well, but it was not until she promised them both that they could claim her at the same time that Connor took another initiative - eyes blank with need to make the idea into reality. He had trouble forming words, so he just acted.

His hands left Eve's breasts to tear back his own uniform jacket and his undershirt from his shoulders. He wanted to feel her against his body. Not just her sex and her hands, but her whole body sliding against his own when he would ram his hardness into her. Gone were thoughts about Vasser and the future promised him. Something about Eve made his mind singular in desire.

Sean, however, made sure to take care of Eve's uniform trousers and her panties, yanking them down one at a time so that he could reach down and grope the Head Nurse with his fingers. When Connor saw this, he had to restore justice, and slipped a hand behind Eve's neck so that he could kiss her instead of Sean. He moaned into her mouth, never having felt such desire as he felt right then - all lovers and all the sex he'd had until that day nothing compared to what Eve was making him feel already - even if he had yet to enter her.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-02-19, 22:17:51

Her clothes were quickly being removed and she gave Connor one of those sultry smiles where one corner quirked up slightly higher than the other, eyes beckoning him as he squeezed and lifted her breasts. "That's it," she crooned as his thumbs brushed across her nipples, making them swell into hard points. When he suddenly let go and started almost tearing off his clothes, she bit her lip. "Very nice ... I love broad shoulders. Can't wait to see the rest," she purred and then gasped as she felt fingers probing her nether region.

"So eager ... I like it," she murmured to Sean as she continued in that voice that egged both of them into a sexual frenzy. *At least they will already be mindless ...* she thought to herself. Even knowing what she was doing, which made her feel sick to her stomach, her body was thoroughly enjoying the attention of both men. The fingers plunging in and out of her sex were bringing more wetness and she continued to touch them everywhere she could reach. This time it was Connor kissing her and she used that to form a link with his mind.

When the kiss broke, she gave Connor a simpering look. "I need you," she whispered hotly as she gave his cock a firm tug from base to tip. "I need both of you to fill me ... make me remember how good it feels." Her eyes captured Sean's and her fingers danced over his hand between her legs. "You ... on the floor so I can fill my pussy with your magnificent cock," she demanded then turned a wicked smile to Connor. "And you ... you get something very very few have ever experienced." The wink only accentuated the lure, making him feel he was being offered only the very best.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-20, 05:35:44

Eve Jenkins needn't tell Connor or Sean twice. They both acted on her cue without a second thought - minds bent upon pleasing her and to be pleased. The anticipation of being inside Eve made Connor's knees weak, and Sean was already lying down on the floor - the blue displays on the walls shining down upon him.

"Here, h-hurry. Let u-us..." Connor whispered, trailing off. Since the Head Nurse was stroking them while they positioned themselves, the Brig Officer could guide her down and give her room to straddle Sean Cameron's waist - positioning himself behind Eve's back. In short order, they were all three on the floor, and with the halfbreed Deltan guiding them, Connor and Sean were soon rubbing the heads of their rigid erections against the Head Nurse's most intimate regions. From behind, Connor rubbed the top-side of his length along Eve's wet sex without entering her, and he felt his hardness slide against Sean too, since he was also rubbing his cock against her slick warmth. At his state-of-mind, he did not care if he crossed swords with Sean. The important thing was the inevitable reality that he was soon about to be inside Eve.

Connor's lips and tongue savaged her neck and shoulder while his hands spanned her waist - cupped her breasts from behind. Sean's hands were exploring the divine vision of the woman on top of his waist, fingers and palms rubbing her thighs and her hips in the moments before they entered her. Connor pinched those hardened nipples between his fingers, heart beating loudly in his own ears. Then, with a slight shift of his hips, he found himself pushing the bulbous head of his cock against her anal opening. He gasped at the pressure, but he had been lubricated by her nectar and his own pre-cum, so he was not more than a couple of moments later than Sean in squirming his way into her body. Sean had it easier, panting rapidly as his cock vanished inside the Head Nurse's sex, while Connor worked rhythmically to push his throbbing length into Eve. It may have been a slower entry, yet far more rewarding in how tight she was around him, and he rocked slowly against her until the inches of his manhood was swallowed by her.

Then, with minds deteriorating into madness by the delight she gave them, they fell into the animal dance - barely able to sync their rhythms. They grunted without restraint, never noticing how they were slipping away; too preoccupied to feel their bodies respond to the warm confines of the woman between them. Eventually, there was a voice. Captain Vasser's voice, heard over the intercom. Yet Connor paid it no heed. Nor did he care about the sound of phaser-fire just outside the storage room. He was not fighting in the corridor. He was fucking the Head Nurse, so why would he care?

Sean came first, convulsing on the floor as he cried out - eyes rolling in their sockets on the waves of pleasure. Connor saw Sean's eyes never returning to focus again, but he paid it no heed. Not when he felt his own orgasm clawing its way up his body and seizing him fully. Hands and lips upon Eve, he rocked hard against her, and he cried out against her skin when he unloaded inside her - gushing warm human seed into her Deltan body. He was not there anymore. Did not see the blue lights around them. Did not hear how the sound of phasers died out in the corridor. He did not feel himself fall backwards either - staring at the ceiling after he hit his head on the floor. He stared without seeing, and laid still without being dead...

...his mind trapped in a place it did not wish to leave.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-03-13, 00:46:32

Eve quickly straddled Sean, sliding down his shaft just in the nick of time for Connor to kneel behind her. The tighter channel yielded somewhat though their excitement was making the motions a little faster than would allow for complete comfort. With palms on either side of Sean's head, she smiled down at the man and then kissed him tenderly, somewhat apologetically. Then Connor was fully in her and the raw passion began to override any thoughts.

They were one being, mouths and hands roving all over each other as they both pumped inside of her. Gradually, she took over Sean and the ecstasy proved too much. He lay there with a vacant yet happy expression on his face and that's when she focused more on Connor. Reaching back to cup

his neck, she was twisted so that she could kiss him while he continued to pound her ass. In no time he was cumming and his mind locked in the bliss she'd granted him.

Gritting her teeth at the sudden exit from her tender backside, Eve sat there for a moment on the now flaccid Sean. With the pleasure gone, the internal pain began and she covered her face with her hands as she struggled to fight back the tears. "I'm so sorry," she whispered and the sudden image of a woman wandering around a room in the mental facility surfaced. That vacant smile, face upturned to the window where the sunlight streamed down upon her face ... The tears inevitably came but she cleaned herself and dressed as they did, knowing she had to get back to the others.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-01-05, 17:47:05

[Earlier | Surgical Suite 02]

Surgery had been going much as expected when something drew Lahkesis' thoughts out of the task at hand. As the emitters flicked off she looked up from the heart-lung machine she had been monitoring. She had only been slightly aware of them to begin with, though now that they were deactivated a faint expression of worry crossed her face. Though now was not the time to give them any thoughts, keeping a patient on the heart-lung machine any longer then need be was dangerous, even at the best of times and she feared this would quickly become something far less than that.

"If either of you have a moment, please check what happened on the control panel over there. Or ask Thea, she ought to know."

She glanced to the Chief Doctor and nodded. "Thea, What is the status of the holo-emitters in Surgical Suite 02? They seem to have deactivated," Lahkesis asked aloud, she didn't want to leave the temperamental machine. She was occupied with continuing to make some adjustments to the flow of blood and oxygen level of said blood. The last thing she needed was for the patient's condition to change and the machine to need reconfiguring.

At the silence that followed Lahkesis gave the chief a concerned look as the pang of fear flooded through her, showing itself on her face. The silent question was asked. What now?

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-01-09, 06:17:31

As the holo emitter fizzled Hylota looked up briefly to not this and took out the basic tricorder and did a quick scan to see in any hazardous particles had been put out. It would not be good to have toxic agents ending up in the chest cavity of essential crew. Finding that nothing that was put off was hazardous to the surgery Hylota returned to her role in the operation and stopped to think for a moment about the holo emitter and looked back to the door leading to the other patient and her brother. Knowing the sensitivity of her brother's appearance she did not wish to risk his decency and thought she should go check up on that quickly.

Hylota handed off another tool to Lucan and then spoke as he was no longer in a vital moment. "Doctor, I would like to poke my head out to check on the other holo emitters. Since we have them being used to service patient and keep privacy, I would like to make sure that they are in fact still operational." She was mostly worried about Vinata but the fact of the matter was that if all of the emitters were down, then something was wrong. One single system did not go down without taking others with it, if the holo emitters were down all over it was likely a targeted action.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-19, 11:51:45

His mouth covered by his teal mask, Lucan raised his pale eyes to catch the concerned look of Doctor Saugn, and he also wondered why the Ship A.I. had fallen silent, not to mention what had just happened to the emitters. Clearly, there had to be a connection, and the question was whether or not the problem was restricted to the surgical suite alone.

Then, Nurse Vojona requested to step outside to investigate, and Lucan turned his head towards her before replying. "Please do," he said and turned his eyes back to the artificial heart, resting there in Lieutenant Marlowe's open chest cavity, "And come back here with what you have found out. If there is nothing urgent, remember to return via one of the decontamination chambers. Doctor Saugn and I will try to finish the surgery in the meantime."

Thoughts racing behind his eyes as he worked to connect the major arteries with the short tubes of the new heart, he looked up towards Lahkesis - this unique Teslyiac duplicate that had served in Sickbay for some time. "She seems to handle the physical strain of the surgery quite well, so if there is something amiss, why don't you join me with the dermal regenerator and mend the areas I finish as I proceed? If we are under attack, we might endanger the patients' life by not finishing this as soon as we can, because if we have to leave her like that, there is no telling what might happen." Lucan started working more quickly, switching medical equipment from the tray next to him on his own since he had no nurse available. "I have already connected one of the major aortas, and if you keep pace with me, we'll be ready to close her in just a couple of minutes unless something unforeseen happens. Are you ready?"

As he began, and despite how much of his attention the surgery demanded from him, his thoughts strayed to the potential situation evolving outside the doors of the surgical suite. He did not like to be out of control of the events that unfolded around him.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-01-20, 00:04:59

Hylota nodded and set everything she had down and moved out of the room without another word. Hylota felt that formalities could be skipped as things were clearly happening that they did not know about right now. Hylota turned to her right and made her way to the door that led to the hall so she could head to the Recovery ward to make sure her brother was alright. Hylota reached the door and stepped as she heard commotion coming from the other side of the door. Hylota slowed down and stopped at the door and wondered what was going on. Not wanting to interrupt the people she opened the door and listened.

Hylota had missed part of the conversation but she heard, *"...be out last. Instead of us all committing suicide, the USS Theurgy is now under the command of Commodore Vasser and Captain T'Rena, who will provide us all with a means to survive, and to fight the enemy at a far better ratio of success than in our previous course-of-action. Please return to your regular duties while we take necessary measures to facilitate the ship's new command."* Hearing this Hylota moved back and began to slowly close the door as she heard Cir'Cie talk about finding Lucan, she did not need to listen any longer. Hylota backed away from the door and looked back to the surgical suit she had just left. Stepping back Hylota knew she did not have a lot of time, this seemed to be a mutiny, and as someone not part of the rebelling side it was her duty to protect her CO no matter what.

Hylota acted in mild panic and reentered Surgical Suit 02. "Doctor, I just overheard some unsavory news. Someone is trying to perform a mutiny, they are searching for you right now. They know you are in surgery and are moving to capture you. Sir you must enact a quarantine on this section before they can get to you." Hylota's mind was racing, there was no way to run for it, the people were probably watching the exits and without weapons fighting was out of the question, and against an armed foe

digging in was often a good option. Hylota also noted her brother, with everyone focusing on capturing Lucan he could be of great use if they could contact him.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-01-20, 09:15:05

At the words of the Chief Medical Officer Lahkesis nodded and quickly switched the machine she had been manning from manual to automatic. They would not have long, but with two doctors it would not take that much longer to finish the operation, at least she hoped it would not.

As she moved over to the operating table she grabbed a dermal regenerator and switched it over to subdermal, allowing her to began mending the open wounds around the heart, binding it to the new inorganic one with expert skill. It was close quarters, Dr. Lucan would barely finish one artery or vein when Lahkesis would find herself running the dermal regenerator over it.

She was only paused for a single second when Hylota entered looking upset about something, it all became clear when she spoke. *"Doctor, I just overheard some unsavory news. Someone is trying to perform a mutiny, they are searching for you right now. They know you are in surgery and are moving to capture you. Sir you must enact a quarantine on this section before they can get to you."*

And then there was a moment when it seemed like everything stopped. Then in an instant it started up again. Lahkesis got right back to work, her pulse pounding in her ears. Time just went from a near abundance to something far more limited and there was still much to do.

Yet as the seconds ticked by the surgery drew to a close. They had to hurry and yet there was no margin for error. The pressure was truly on. And yet her thoughts strayed to Dr. Maya, who was still in main sickbay and the events that were transpiring just outside the door. She wanted to run, to hide, and yet she had to stay. A life depended on it.

When the last of the blood vessels had been linked to the new artificial heart Lahkesis spared a glance up at the Dr. Lucan. They were almost done and time was short.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-25, 03:26:46

At first, Lucan had not looked up from the surgery he was conducting when Nurse Vojona returned to the room and told him and Doctor Saugn what she had learned, but as the words spilled from her lips, he *did* pause what he was doing to look at the Ovri. Lahkesis paused too, and Lucan had to make a quick decision which would work both for sake of his outwards persona - his image as a good doctor - as well as the interests that he held closest to heart. Surgery had to go on, but he did not trust he could predict this new Captain as well as he could predict Jien Ives, so he had no cause to strengthen the command of Captain Vasser. At least not at this point, when he knew too little.

Seeing that the lovely Teslyliac duplicate across the surgical station resumed what they were doing, Lucan took the little time he had to work out what they could do.

"We have no forcefields since they are also projected by those emitters, so we need to resort to what we have available. Thea, are you there?" The CMO paused in thought, trying another approach. "Computer, are you online?"

[Affirmative,] came the passionless reply, which might have been Thea's voice, but it was - somehow - evident that it wasn't her that answered him.

"Is there any way you can seal off this area? How about locking the doors on my authority?" Unless there was a Lieutenant-Commander outside, that might

[Unable to comply. Security clearance is required to access this function.]

Frowning, Lucan closed his eyes to think for a second. "Ah, since I am Senior Staff, they must have rescinded my system access until they have verified my allegiance to the new Captain. Nurse, I am afraid it is up to you to go out and try and stop them from getting in here. We all must focus on the life of this patient. That is our obligation, and if these mutineers are not reasonable, they will be taking me away. Use whatever you can find, or any method that you think might work, but we need to seal the door, or this entire section of Sickbay, before they arrive. Use an exscalpel to damage to door controls if you have to, and don't forget to take care of the entrances through the decontamination chambers if so required. If you can seal the doors from inside, it's all for the better, because then you can return here instead of locking yourself out. Hurry!"

When he returned to the heart surgery, he found that Saugn had come a long way to finish the last arteries. With deft motions, Lucan finished the veins that remained. "There, we need to let the heart calibrate itself to her body before we close her up. Decrease the effect of the assistance she is on to let the heart take over on its own accord. Once her readings look good, we need to close her up."

With their modern medical instruments, they needed no prophylactic plating applied to the sternum to seal the ribcage shut like they did in the beginning of the millennia, but they still needed to close her, and keep an eye on her readings while doing so, and also remain level-headed despite the situation. Lucan would have no way of knowing if his Ovri nurse was successful until she returned. For her sake, Lucan just hoped Hylota could do it in time, and that she was not caught red-handed. There was no way of telling what they'd do to her then.

As for Lahkesis, Lucan glanced up above the mask he wore. "How fare you, Ensign?" he asked in his deep voice, "Are you concerned?"

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-01-27, 05:12:30

As Hylota was told to do what she could to seal them in she nodded. With no means for a shield and the lock out command for the door out of their control, Hylota would need to be creative. She could not do anything with the doors through commands, so she would need to take care of the chips, not a permanent solution, but still better than nothing. Hylota left the surgical suit and instantly headed for the door into the hall she was in. It was the fastest route to Lucan so it had to be sealed first.

Hylota went to the door and pulled open the door panel beside it. She quickly began to pull out the chips and pocketed them before she rushed to the decontamination chamber and did the same thing. This did not lock the doors, but it would do for now. Keeping the doors from automatically opening would require a large amount of strength to move the doors. As Hylota finished with the doors she returned to the surgical suit and she closed the door before she began to rub her head as she thought of a better way to keep the door closed.

Eventually she decided on a simple method that could lock out a door for a short period of time. "Computer begin student practice isolation." She hoped that this ship had the command as an option, its original purpose was for ensuring a door would remain locked while an exam was taking place. It was commonly used for evaluations of surgical skill and would allow a student to work calmly in an isolated environment, it was also very simple to override by having any type of emergency occur.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-02-07, 21:24:56

Lahkesis was so focused on the task at hand that she did not immediately answer the doctor. Her mind was filled with the process of sealing the open wound, yet she was also concerned with her friend, Maya. When she did at last respond she did not look up from her work, her fingers manipulating the subdermal regenerator and closing the veins now that she had finished with the arteries. "I am almost finished sir," she replied, her tone emotionless and flat. She did not have time to be concerned. She did not have time to let herself get distracted. And yet she was.

As she finished a vein she spared a single glance up at Dr. Nicander, her concern written across her face., though she could not openly say anything about it. And with the glance she returned to work, letting the artificial heart take over, it's own systems regulating it. She looked to the system display and nodded seeing the replacement heart began to operate as it should. She quickly removed the clamps that held the ribs open and began running the bone regenerator over them, closing the ribs once she was certain the heart would continue to operate within normal parameters.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-10, 03:59:30

Working alongside Dr. Saugn to close Tia Marlowe up, Lucan was split in his focus. On one hand, his bodily actions followed the process of the heart surgery and his words belonged to the routine instructions and assessments of the patient's condition when she was taken off the life-support protocols in the biobed's HUDs - shining monitors that revealed the throbbing life-signs of the Chief Engineer. On the other hand, below the surface, he had to confess being just as worried as Lahkesis alluded to be, since he was *always* in control of his environment - always three steps ahead of the ignorant skin-puppets around him. Yet now, the chain-of-command was breaking up, and the months, the years of preparations he had invested into manipulating the people around him were about to be rendered moot under the command of a new Commanding Officer. No more would he be able to predict the word of Captain Ives and the rest of the Senior Staff. Then there was the conflict of interest between himself and the thing inside him. Either way, this change was not in either of their best interest. *I won't have it. I have worked too hard to let this ship be taken before it has served its purpose.*

Nurse Vojona returned while Dr. Saugn and himself were working to restore Marlowe's ribcage, and she appeared to have been successful in closing off the surgical bay from mutineers. With the last door dealt with as best as it could be, the Ovri had returned, and bought them enough time to run a regenerator across the Chief Engineer's skin. Lucan acknowledged Hylota's return with a brief nod while the last work was done, and they were able to finish without any people bursting through the sliding doors, thankfully. Eventually, Lucan stepped away and removed his mask and his hood.

"Life-signs stable. Heart-beat restored," he said and removed his gloves, pale grey eyes watching the readings. "The patient is breathing on her own. No signs of residual blood clots in her system. Nurse, put the infusion set on a cycle of anaesthetics to let her recover. Also, increase the hypo-intravenous administration of fluids. She will need a catheter too, since we cannot stay here with her."

Removing his teal scrubs, Lucan's mind was racing - now fully applied upon the present instead of the patient and his inner conflict. If his announcement startled the Teslylic duplicate or the Ovri, he hardly noticed before he explained. "I'd say the three of us must leave through the jefferies tubes above us before we are apprehended. We'll leave so that we can survey what is happening on board. If there is a mutiny, the winds know there will be people out there that needs medical attention, and we cannot provide it if all the medical staff is detained here in Sickbay." Below his scrubs, Lucan wore uniform trousers and his undershirt since he had left his jacket behind when he prepared for surgery. He hiked

up his sleeves as he looked towards the two females in the room, baring his Câroon tattoos before fishing for his combadge in his pocket. He attached it to his chest. "I would ask either of you to stay behind with this patient, but we cannot do anything more for her. They will shortly break in here, somehow, and then the personnel that remain here in Sickbay will have access to her. She will be in good hands since the mutineers have no interest in her when she is sedated."

That said, Lucan looked up towards the ceiling and pulled out a table that held medical instruments. He pocketed a few of them before he put the tray aside and climbed up upon the wobbly table. "Could someone please hold my legs while I get the hatch open?" he asked as he worked his fingers around the edges to find the proper hold, and once he did, he removed the hatch and handed it down. "I will climb up first, and then I will pull you up. Make sure you bring whatever we might need."

Jumping, Lucan climbed into the jefferies tube through the opened hatch and once he was up, he would then reach down with his tattooed hand to help pull up the first one in line after him, and then the second. While doing so, his mind would be trying to attune itself to this new situation - gradually thinking ahead and making plans for what needed to be done.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-02-11, 04:18:50

Hylota listened to her CO as he finished up his surgery and acted promptly as she was called upon to do the final touches and ensured that the anesthetic was calibrated properly for their patient so they would remain under and unharmed for an extended period of time. Hylota needed to make sure that the stress of the situation did not get to her as things began to get dangerous. As Lucan began to prepare further Hylota watched him collect items that he could use and she took a hypospray for her own weapon. She would need to get in close with it, but she figured that her speed would work to her advantage in this situation.

As Dr. Nicander asked for a hand Hylota walked over and supported her commanding officer as he removed the vent grate and handed it down to her. Hylota swallowed hard as she set the grate down and helped push Lucan up into the vent. She then took a look at his comm badge and removed her own and set it on the table. "Doctor, if the computer still works you should abandon the comm badge, they will not be able to contact you as easily, but the computer will at least not give away our location if they simply ask it. If they must move in secret Hylota thought they should go without their badges, she recalled simply asking the computer to locate her brother once and it had told her exactly how to get to him when she had been on the Harbinger, she figured the Theurgy must work the same.

She then looked to their more silent member Dr. Saugn, she had never interacted with the doctor before the surgery today, and she did not know much about them, she just hoped that she would hold strong in this situation. "Doctor if you would be accompanying us I will give you a hand up into the vent. I am a strong jumper so it would be wise that I would go last into the jefferies tube." She politely offered the doctor a hand up onto the table so she could get into Lucan's reach if she would be willing to accompany them, but if he refused she would have to jump up and then have Dr. Saugn hand the grate up so that they could seal it up to look like they had not gone this way.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-02-16, 06:21:54

The situation had caused Lahkesis to fall into an odd sort of shock. She remained silent as the two other medical officers, the Doctor and the nurse, moved to escape. The surgery was over and yet she felt more stressed now than ever. She didn't know what to do, only wanting to curl up into a ball and hide. More than that she wanted to run to Dr. Maya and hide behind the older, wiser Vulcan woman. Even more so she wanted her sisters, they were so far away now.

She blinked and looked at the others. "I'll stay behind. I'm qualified to do this surgery on my own and maybe I can convince the attackers that there wasn't anyone else in here," her voice sounded hollow, without emotion or inflection. Yet her eyes were filled with fear and anxiety. She knew that if she stayed she might be facing her own death, cut off from her sisters and everyone she had ever cared about. She had never felt quite so alone. And yet she knew she had to stay. She had to fight. And if she had to die, she would do it with some dignity. "I can buy you some time at least... If they get in..."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-17, 01:59:11

After climbing up into the Jeffries tube above the two women, Lucan turned around to look down at Hylota when she commented on the combadge. Oh, he had to be very much on edge with the sudden changes going on in his spider's web since he had not thought of losing his badge himself. He worked his jaw in thought and looked towards the Ovri's badge on the table when Dr. Saugn said she would be staying behind. It was true that the patient was no longer at direct risk, but she would have to be monitored carefully to spot any complications that may arise, so if Lucan was to preserve the life of one potentially grateful Senior Staff member, then it was worth leaving the Teslysiac duplicate behind as per her own request. Like Saugn had said, she could very well tell the mutineers that they had left a long time ago.

[This is Captain Declan Vasser,] said the voice of the new Commanding Officer in the intercom system, [I am assuming command of this ship and the mission to liberate Starfleet from its incursion. Captain Jien Ives is ill equipped to accomplish this task, too willing to play by rules that our enemies, with superior numbers ships, will be willing to ignore in pursuit of us. Our first mission is going to be the takeover of the Calamity, so we might gain access to another formidable ship to add to our numbers, as well as to access any records on that ship which may provide us with information about the future it came from, and if there is knowledge of our enemy present in those records. Those who are willing to join this mission, and with it, become the last hope that our galaxy has, should disarm and assemble in cargo bay two. Those who insist upon resisting will be detained until they can be made to see reason. Vasser out.]

The matter settled with that announcement, Lucan inclined his head in acquiescence to the other doctor. "Very well, Lahkesis," he said and extended his hand down to Hylota so that he might help her up - speaking while helping the Ovri get into the shaft above the Surgery Suite. He spoke to the medical officer below them while he worked. "Watch for signs of irregular rhythm of the heart beat. It is supposed to sync itself to the needs of the body, but considering the damage to her in the blast, I would not take any chances. Here..."

He removed his combadge and tossed it down to Lahkesis. "Destroy it, and Nurse Vojona's as well, then hide the scrap metal. First, however, I need that grate so that we can close this access, making it less likely they'll find it. We'll come back ... so tell them that they'll need us if we are supposed to... 'take over the Calamity.'" And the man thought Ives' cause was a folly? Lucan did not even bother masking how poor an idea he thought it to be. "The Winds be with you."

When he was handed the grate, Lucan shut Hylota and himself into relative darkness, and there was nothing more to do than find somewhere that people still loyal to Captain Ives would be and provide medical assistance as required. As for where that might be, they could do nothing else than search from the shadows. Yet beyond first aid, Lucan's mind was attacking the situation and cutting it open, prying at the edges to see whatever benefits there were to be found and what he had to do in order to come out on top. All in all, it was somewhat surprising that they had come for him specifically. What did they want from him in particular? Surely they could have gotten their will through without his direct

involvement?

Alone in the close confines with Hylota, Lucan caught her gleaming, black eyes in the dim light and gave her a small smile of encouragement. "Lahkesis will be fine, and so will the rest of our staff. There is no point in killing medical personnel that adhere to our oath." He did seek to comfort her in a condescending way. It was simply something that had to be said for both their sakes. "Let's see what answers we can find, and give aid where we can, alright?"

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-02-19, 07:03:04

Hylota nodded to the other doctor before turning her focus to Lucan. "Yes Doctor right away." She move to stand under the entrance to the jefferies tube and crouched down before giving one large leap an getting both her arms into the tub an pulling herself up. She accepted Lucan's help and remained silent as he sealed them in and he spoke to her, Hylota cocked her head to the side as he did. To the Ovri the oath of a doctor was to heal and make decisions to benefit the whole of their societies health, and this included killing threats to the population, of course Lucan did not need to know this.

As he suggested they remain hidden and observe, Hylota felt they needed to play a more active role and added her own suggestion. "Sir, we already know where there will be a gathering of supporters to this cause, would it not be wise for us to dispose of them for the sake of the loyal crew? If we could get our hands on a sedative gas we could pump it into the cargo bay and with a few removed chips they would be sealed in until we were certain they had all passed out." Hylota was already thinking of different ways to do it, possibly finding the storage for the gas and breaking them open and beaming the venting containers into the cargo bay. Granted it was a poor idea, but at least she was coming up with things.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-02-20, 04:10:21

As Dr. Nicander and nurse Hylota disappeared into the Jefferies Tube Lahkesis could not help but feel like she was now alone. True the Lt. Marlowe was still there, but she was as unconscious as ever. Lahkesis checked her vitals once more and seeing no abnormalities in the scans she picked up a aserscapel and the two commbadges. She made her way over to the small desk in the corner of the room and sat down. She did not know exactly how much time she would have before the mutineers managed to get into the Sugical Suite or even if they would manage to get this far. All the same she spared no time in beginning to disassemble the commbadges. As her highly skilled hands moved the laser scapel over the metal casing her mind began to wonder.

She was not especially loyal to either of the two captains, however those she did feel in any way loyal to were currently fighting for control of the ship. She did not know which side they would take and she found herself unsure which side she would take if she had been given the choice. What she did know was that it was likely that whichever side most took, people would get injured.

She thought of Dr. Maya, her only real friend on the ship. Would Maya side with the mutineers and their plan to claim the Calamity? It seemed like a silly plan, they would stand no chance against the more advanced ship, let alone being able to take it over. Maya would know that. But what if she got hurt? What if she died? These thoughts caused a deep pang in the young plant girl's stomach to form. She did not want to lose her friend.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-20, 05:35:44

Listening to Nurse Vojona in the dim light of the crawl-space as he led the way, Lucan did not think it was such a bad idea at all.

Unwittingly, Captain Vasser had presented them with a target, but they were no soldiers, so the odds of stunning them all with phasers there in the cargo hold had a very low rate of success. At the end of the tube they crawled through, where it split into a T-crossing, Lucan paused to look down both ways before he turned back to face Hylota. Being alone with her again reminded Lucan about what had happened between them before the Festival of the Moon, and the fact that the Ovri was ovulating and had asked for his help to quell the symptoms of her bodily state. In the dim light, the minute, tan scales of her skin seemed almost red above the teal collar of her uniform. He regarded her while he thought about what she had said, his eyes resting easily on her exotic features until he spoke.

"There is one place aboard where we might secure such a quantity of inhalation anaesthetics with a low enough neurotoxicity," he said after a couple of seconds, running a tattooed hand through his own hair in thought, "Ketamine or nitrous oxide is not potent enough, and may be harmful in such large doses, so we should use xenon. It's not something we store in Sickbay, but the laser chambers in Waste Management use xenon when they process the filth. Effective and less flammable, or so I have heard. If the gas cylinders are opened and mixed with the air of the cargo hold, it should have the desired effect without too much delay. I need to run some calculations on how many cylinders we need, but let's make our way to one of the waste management areas aboard."

He remembered to have read that the late Chief of Operations, Hendricks, had met his death in Waste Management during the Niga Incident. Since then, few Ops personnel liked to linger there more than they had to, so hopefully they would be able undisturbed. Before he continued, he changed topic.

"How are you holding up?" he asked her, mimicking genuine concern with his face, "It seems it will be difficult picking up where we left off yesterday, despite the need for a new examination and some initial testing. I wish I could help ease the symptoms, but I have not had the time to mix any new potential suppressant for you yet, not even an experimental one. Will you be able to carry on?"

He did not bring up what had happened between them, of course, since it truly wasn't the time to do so. The public image he maintained demanded that he showed concern for her, that was all. Yet as of late, the instincts of his public image had become confusing, finding himself meaning what he said on some level...

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-02-26, 02:12:10

Hylota smiled as she was informed that her plan was not entirely foolish and that she actually might have come up with a viable solution to the matter at hand. She could feel a surge of pride within herself as she listened to Lucan talk about how they could find a suitable gas in waste management and they might be able to use it to incapacitate the crew without causing notable harm. But when she heard that they would have to get up to deck 4 she sighed and shook her head. She was about to make a quip about how they would of course need to be crawling through the ship like this when she was asked how she was holding up with her current fertile status.

Hylota blushed and she looked away, she still felt a little bit of the effects and she would likely be winding down if her fears were right and her antics had gotten her fertilized already. "Doctor as much as I would love to vent about my own problems and the things that have happened to me since our meeting and examination...and vent about what I think might be going on with me." Hylota's dark eyes closed and she took a deep breath. "I am afraid this is not the best time to discuss such matters and put my own problems in the forefront of a mutiny." Hylota bit her lip and she looked down for a moment before she

looked back up. "The most I will bring up now sir is that I am certain that I am fine for now, nothing a little moment of distraction will not be able to fix, of course the direness of this situation is killing the unwanted mood fairly well doctor."

Hylota motioned for them to continue moving and she crawled after Lucan through the tight Jefferies tubes. "I think that the thing we need to focus on is finding a viable solution for distributing the gas in a short amount of time, and depending on if the gas is heavier or lighter than air we will need different amounts of gas to take out the cargo bay, since a heavier gas will linger down around the floor and not disperse into the air higher up as quickly." Hylota sighed and shook her head. "We will also need to do these things without consulting the computer too much, or else we might start up some red flags for our mutinous crew mates." Hylota was quite familiar with doing things without getting too much attention since when she had been in school some of her time as a kid had been spent doing frowned upon research in secret.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-02, 01:26:37

For a moment, Lucan was going to say something about 'putting her in forefront of the current mutiny' just to get on her good side. Though after going over a couple of versions of what he meant to say, he dropped it - instead following Hylota's cue to crawl on down the Jefferies Tube. She alluded to the fact that certain things had happened since last, and it did not take much to fathom what she might be referring to since she had gone to visit Lohlunat directly after her first examination.

"Oh, xenon is a heavy gas, so we need just distribute it into the cargo hold somehow and then," said Lucan with a chuckle and shrugged with one shoulder, "since I am Câroon, I will just whip it up from the floor a bit - stir the air like I would summon the winds on Envon. The breeze will be the last thing they feel before they fall."

Rounding an intersection, Lucan continued. "The challenge is that the gas tubes are cumbersome, weighing roughly 20 pounds each, and since the cargo hold is," he paused as he did the math in his head, "just about 1800 cubic meters, and we need a 41% rate of initial xenon concentration... we will need to empty 6 tubes without being seen. That is unless, of course, the bodily heat of the volunteers increase the cargo hold's temperature too much, and therefore decreasing the density of the dispersed gas." An increase in temperature would expand any gas, increasing the volume but also decreasing the density, which was not what they needed to achieve the sedative effect.

"If that happens, we need at least another one... So I suppose we have some logistics to think through on the way there. I still think it can be done, but with only the two of us carrying that many tubes and remaining undetected.... I will be praying to the winds that we'll make it..."

High risk. High gain. Declan Vasser would loose all his volunteers, and shift the numbers in Captain Ives' favour. "...and that it won't be for naught."

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 13: Hostile Takeover - Part 3

[USS Theurgy | Recovery Ward | 1205 hrs.]

With his back turned towards Patrick, who had come to lean against the wall next to Vinata at this point so that he could keep an eye on both exits, Maal opened his large fist and showed Maya the three hyposprays he had prepared while she spoke to Connor. Ten cc doses of ambizine, kayolane, and merfadon in all three of them. Blinking, Maal realised it would look suspicious out of Patrick's vantage point if Maya took those from his hand, so he turned away from her - looking for the emergency storage compartment by the opposite wall from Patrick. "We have some surgical scrubs over here."

Once he got there, he crouched down and withdrew a package containing the teal-coloured emergency scrubs. Deftly, he opened it and shook out the textile while the sprays were still hidden inside his hand. Then, before he held it up for Maya to slip her arms into it, he had put all three of them into the pocket of the scrubs. Oddly, by some dormant genetic memory, Maal felt like he was about to dress his superior officer for battle; that the textile was not sterile cloth but rusted chain-mail and plate. Then came the head-cover and the mask, which was her helmet and fearsome visor. For a moment, a sense of great honour welled up inside him, and despite how he has been raised in New York and did not know three words in his native language, he had the urge to tell her that perhaps that day was a good day to die.

He might not say anything of the kind, but in the young Klingon's eyes shone a hunger to restore honour to his House.

And he belonged to the House of Theurgy.

"To defeat the enemy," he whispered to her as he fastened the scrubs behind her neck, ancient words repeated down the centuries, "be ready to fight alone. As I will be." He indicated Patrick with a meaningful glance in his direction, and while he was no warrior, he knew what he might have to do. Only then, when the bold words in his heart were spoken aloud did his courage fail him, and he sought the Vulcan's wisdom.

"Do you believe that I should try..?" he asked, trying to quell the worry in his voice - the semblance of a true Klingon ruined in so many words.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-27, 04:33:19

Maal may have been a pacifist, but he was still a Klingon. *"To defeat the enemy be ready to fight alone,"* the burly nurse whispered to her as he dressed her in her surgical gown, gloves, and hood. *"As I will be."* He stole a glance at Patrick, was leering at a patient under his care. Not a smart thing to do when a Klingon Nurse was in the room. *"Do you believe that I should try..?"*

Maya's lips tightened as she attempted to smile grimly. She placed her fingertips on his face and looked into his eyes. *The mind touch she initiated with him was noninvasive, but allowed her to send a clear message: Anesthetize Patrick Andersson when he is distracted and is most vulnerable, then*

hide him in a biobed. Use sedatives. Until you see your moment be as cooperative and invisible as possible. Nurse Jenkins will keep the other two occupied as long as she can.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-01-27, 05:12:30

As the mutineers came at him Vinata stepped away, he wanted to tell them off, but for some reason the way that they talked to him had made him too scared to do anything, but when the head nurse intervened and handed him a patient gown and he promptly slipped into it and glared angrily at her tormentor. "I am not forbidden to dress due to my skin, I am forbidden to get dressed to ensure I do not have any complications from thawing. It is an Ovri regulation since you mammals do not have the ability to freeze yourself solid." He huffed and adjusted his gown to try and keep himself from being exposed at all.

As he tried to think of what he could do he walked to return to his bed, but he slowly moved towards the Klingon who had been with his sister earlier when she had checked up on him. He got a feeling that he would know what was going on and would be safer to stick around than anyone else right now so he tried to move to Maal so he could ask him if he could help. He tapped Maal's shoulder and looked around. "Um excuse me...can I ask you what is going on...Maal was it?" He looked worried, but determined to help.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-29, 17:53:44

Maal might not have liked the telepathy even if he saw the necessity behind it, but when Doctor Maya encouraged him to try and subdue Patrick Andersson, Maal nodded subtly - a grim look upon his face. He was not keen on using violence, but he would do that he could, hopefully able to just sedate the man when caught unaware.

"Good hunting," he rumbled under his breath when he was finished with her surgical scrubs, then he turned away, hoping the Vulcan could protect their CMO.

He glanced Patrick's way... only to see Hylota's brother come closer. Maal fell in step with the Ovri since Vinata had been on his way to his biobed, and Maal noted how he was trying to keep some distance from the lecherous human with the long hair and wide shoulders. Unfortunately, Patrick Andersson unhurriedly sauntered in the Ovri's wake, merely falling behind since he was walking more slowly than the Ovri. Vinata was asking Maal if he knew what was going on, but he reckoned the Ovri had heard Cir'Cie's announcement as well.

"I know as little as you do," he grated quietly and came to stand at the head of Vinata's biobed, turning to a tray with hyposprays. It was the last one he had available close at hand since he had given three of them to Doctor Maya, but he hoped he would only need one in order to sedate Andersson. He only needed to calibra-

"You, Klingon, get out of here." Patrick slapped Maal's shoulder with the back of his hand. "I want some privacy with this fine alien girl you got holed up here. Why don't you go fold some linens or something."

When he had been struck, Maal accidentally sprayed the last sedative he had in his hypospray into the open air. It would not affect anyone when airborne, but Maal was forced to get more anaesthetics on the other side of the room. He glanced to Hylota's brother before he left the side of the biobed, meaning to return as soon as he had armed himself again. He did not say anything to Patrick.

The human, on the other hand, was being much more forward - emboldened by the phaser in his

hand. He stepped up very close to the Ovri, putting one hand on the edge of the biobed on either side of Vinata's hips - face close to his. Their breaths mingling. "Why don't you use those lips for something more productive? Let's just have some fun, shall we? While I watch this ward and makes sure no one leaves, why don't you go down on your knees and take this inside that sweet mouth of yours."

Stepping closer still, Patrick pushed his semi-erection against the front of the Ovri's gown - pinning Vinata momentarily against the edge of the biobed.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-01-29, 23:36:18

Vinata gave Maal a look that said he would be fine, after all, the males of the Ovri were meant to be distractions and although he had nowhere near as much pheromones in his mouth as his sister did, but he still had enough to make Patrick focus on him. As Patrick made his advance and pressed himself against Vinata he looked the human in the eyes as he instructed Vinata to get to his knees and suck him off. She looked to the hands at either side of him keeping him from escaping and he took the only course of action he could, taking a deep breath Vinata let loose his sweet scented breath and let it arouse Patrick, it would not be good for him, but it would ensure that Maal would not be noticed by Patrick...he just hoped Maal would not take long.

Looking at the phaser he looked to Patrick and nodded. "Alright, just don't hurt me please." With that Vinata slowly dropped to his knees and took hold of Patrick's uniform and worked open his crotch and pulled out his cock. Vinata swallowed hard as he looked at the cock and then up at Patrick, did he really survive this long just to be sexually assaulted by mutineers? Closing his eyes Vinata opened his toothless mouth and slipped the cock inside and began to suck, his warm moist mouth sealing round the cock.

Vinata blushed as he began to swirl his tongue around the cock and then as he tried not to think about what was going on he moved his head in and out. He did not know if this was working, but he had seen enough porn in his time to know this was how things were done at least with Ovri sex. As he sucked his face burned with shame, how could he so willingly be sucking off a man who was nothing more than a thug. Oh he could not stand it, when Maal came back he was going to take his revenge, he would force his teeth out and dig the tiny pointy teeth and shake his head, he would rip apart this bastard's cock for this.

While he was on his knees before Patrick Vinata's large bosom was exposed from above, and the thin patient gown could easily be ripped off by Patrick if he so pleased. Vinata was at his mercy right now, and without any weapon or backup he was helpless, shamed and embarrassed as he was made to suck off another man while the recovery ward just watched.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-30, 07:14:14

Maya disapproved of instructing Maal to endanger himself, but she disapproved of an armed man who was mentally compromised mistreating her patients even more. That Eve had successfully distracted Ensign Mathews and Petty Officer Cameron was commendable. The problem was that without access to the medical supplies Maya didn't know how she was going to incapacitate multiple assailants. As far as the little Vulcan knew there were still seven mutineers to account for.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-10, 03:59:30

Patrick enjoyed the breath of the alien, feeling his body respond to the exotic scent. "As long as you don't bite, I won't. I promise..."

Then, he grinned victoriously when his request was met, and the hairless little wonder he'd found got to her knees and began to free his thick and hard erection from its confines. Patrick had still not pieced together why the voluptuous alien had referred to herself as male, much less why Eve Jenkins had insisted upon it, but it hardly mattered. Xenobiology was not exactly his strongest suit, and as long as it looked female in every which way, he did not care. Hell, he was forcing an alien to please him sexually, so it was not like he was concerned about what it was that wrapped its fine lips around him and made him feel oh, so good. The warmth of that damp alien mouth was a rare treat.

He could not allow himself to completely focus on that feeling, however, since he had two exits to keep an eye on. He looked over his shoulder and raised his phaser towards the rest of the Recovery Ward to make sure no one was going to try anything stupid. The patients and the medics in the area could be staring at him all they wanted, because they would all soon learn what was required of them all to facilitate victory against the enemy. They would know, eventually, that there was no choice but to breed for sake of the Galaxy. The Klingon nurse, 'Maal' or something like that, was the most apparent threat...

...as he had come to stand a couple of yards away with his hands by his sides. Patrick could swear he had been moving a moment ago.

"What are you doing? Back off," said Patrick, not trusting the young Klingon for a second. Young as he might be, he was still more powerful than him. Patrick lay his free hand on top of the crouching alien's bare head to encourage the way it applied itself to the fellatio, but his aim and his eyes were upon Maal. How was he going to keep an eye the imposing Nurse and at the same time explore what other treasures the alien hid underneath the gown? It suddenly dawned on him. "No wait. Come. Yeah, come here. Come stand on the opposite side of this biobed. Yeah, move along. Come now. You are in for a treat, Klingon."

When Maal had no choice but to come stand on the other side of the alien's biobed, Patrick cupped his strong hand underneath the alien's chin and urged 'her' to stand. With a grin, Patrick tugged the gown off the alien's shoulders so that it hung loosely about its alluring frame. He then forced her to turn around and face Maal across the breadth of the biobed. With the tip of his phaser, he raked back his own long hair from his mouth as he spoke to the Ovri's ear. "Bend over on top of the bed and show the Nurse what you just did to me. Yeah, that's right, take out that Klingon cock and give the young man a good time..."

Maal's expression seemed a mix of horror and helplessness where he stood, unsure what to do. He could not reach Patrick from across the biobed and certainly not with Vinata between them, and he was not sure what he could do without alerting the mutineer about his plan to inoculate him. The fact of Vinata's plight weighed heavily on Maal too, and then there was the plight of his own genes and the primal response it was beginning to have to the sight of the Ovri's actions and body, male or not. Waiting for a better opportunity, he was forced to stand idle, compliant for the time being.

"Now get on with it," said Patrick and pressed the muzzle of the phaser between the alien's shoulder blades - encouraging it to bend over across the biobed and get started. Meanwhile, his free hand roamed the exotic blue and red skin underneath the loose gown - exploring Vinata's body thoroughly.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-02-11, 04:18:50

Vinata sucked the cock with his eyes closed, his face was flush with shame, he could not believe what he had survived, what he had gone through, and now he was being forced at phaser point to suck

another man's dick. And if this was how things would be run under a new captain, well he would simply have to find and join up with the resistance, because he would have no part of an organization that was alright with what was happening to him right now. And for the love of the Protectors where was Maal, what was he doing that was keeping Maal from helping him. Opening his eyes again Vinata managed to catch a glimpse of Patrick pointing his phaser still despite getting pleased orally, well that was one mystery solved.

Sadly things are not going to get better any time soon for Vinata as he heard Maal being called over he intended to get to biting, but as Maal was put out of reach Vinata held back on his plan to bite down, and things only got worse from there as Patrick made him stand back up. Thanks to the sudden and unexpected motion of encouraging him to stand up, the cock slipped from his mouth while still sucking on it, allowing Patrick a pleasant sensation as it slipped past the Ovri's lips, a thin trail of pre-ejaculate his mouth and led down to his chin as he was forced to stand.

Vinata remained mostly still while his gown was pulled and stretched, the front now almost fully exposing his bosom while hanging loosely below his shoulders. His face burned, how could this be happening, why did he ever think that joining this Starfleet was a good idea? He was then turned to face Maal, one of his breasts almost swung free of the gown, as the cold tip of the phaser pressed into his back and Patrick told him what he was to do now, Vinata looked at Maal, his eyes practically pleading for help, his face flush with shame and embarrassment as the entirety of the recovery ward watched his rape.

Vinata was breathing heavily and as the phaser pressed into his back he nodded and bent over as he was told. As he leaned forward his breasts swung free of the now worthless gown and it practically fell off of him as he laid down across the bio bed. His breath was uneasy as he looked up at Maal as his body was felt up by Patrick, his eyes were not as panicked as before, but they were filled with disgust and shame, it was clear that he knew that he needed to do this to avoid death, and he did not blame Maal for what was going to happen.

Reaching forward Vinata took hold of his pants and began to undress him, working off Maal's pants enough, Vinata's forehead pressed against Maal's midsection hiding his face. But from the way his hands shook it was clear Vinata was in distress and as he finally got Maal's cock free Vinata spared no time and instantly slipped it into his mouth and began to suck, a familiar tingling accompanied the forced oral as the Ovri pheromones came in contact with Maal's skin.

As Patrick now had more clear access to Vinata's rear he would discover the young Ovri male's genitalia mostly sealed up as the situation was not arousing for Vinata, but his anus was still there to be used, not at all hidden by his short tail. And on top of all of that, the warmth had not yet dissipated from Vinata so his body felt warm soft and comfortable as the air had dried it some, but his skin had not yet returned to its more slightly scaled state. Vinata knew things were only going to get worse for him, so he did his best to come to terms with what would happen next and tried to focus on happier times.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-16, 14:42:54

As if caught in a nightmare, or a waking wet dream, Maal felt the male Ovri's lips seal around his ridged length and begin to move. Up and down, repeatedly, and knowing about the pheromones of his kind, Maal recognized that the heightened arousal he felt came from the Vinata's oral cavity. False or not, catalyst or effect, it quickened his Klingon blood and made him breathe heavily - made his rigid arousal that much harder. He wanted to put his hands on Vinata's bare head to encourage the movements, but he fought to keep his wits about himself. Because behind his back, he held the hypospray, and the last dosage of sedatives he had available. He could not show his hands to the Operations Officer that was groping the Ovri between them. He had to remain still... and stop shifting

his stance in response to Vinata's heavenly mouth.

Patrick was being very thorough in his study of the alien body that lay across the biobed. He cupped Vinata's heavy breasts in his rough hand and fondled them, raked his fingertips down his sides and across his round buttocks. He rubbed his thumb up and down the slit that Maal knew hid an Ovri phallus, but Patrick did not seem to like how the slit remained dry and mostly closed - grunting with his upper teeth bared. Instead he spat upon Vinata's tight sphincter, and began to rub it with his thick thumb while he still held his phaser pointed between Vinata's shoulder blades.

Behind the man, Maal could see the rest of the Recovery Ward. Patients and colleagues of his were either staring in incredulity or had turned away - not wanting to witness what was transpiring. Every other second, Patrick glanced over his shoulder too, not meaning to shirk his allotted duty despite his lecherous antics. Patrick was still hard too, not yet sated, and it was inevitable that he would sooner or later sodomise Vinata unless Maal stopped him. A dark part of Maal's base nature as a Klingon did not want to stop Patrick anymore since Vinata was making him feel so good - pheromones affecting him against both his and Vinata's will. Yet Maal knew he could not continue... despite how much he wanted to... No, he could not let Patri-

Before he knew it, Maal saw that thumb press into Vinata's anal opening - rubbing it slowly but firmly until the muscles would relax to the invasion. "Perhaps you like to warm up here first... before you can let me use the main entrance," he murmured as he kneaded the thick digit into the Ovri's ass - the back of his hand brushing against the short tail. The sight of Patrick's thumb working its way into Vinata roused Maal further, and he almost extended his hands to grab the Ovri's head - almost pressed his entire length into the back of his throat. Yet he held fast - only trembling in pending release, hating himself for being about to ejaculate into this poor victim's mouth. Desperately, Maal hoped Vinata was not being affected enough by what was going on to make his Ovri penis emerge. He suspected Patrick might kill them both if that happened...

Meanwhile, an announcement from Declan Vasser reverberated across the intercom. *[This is Captain Declan Vasser. I am assuming command of this ship and the mission to liberate Starfleet from its incursion. Captain Jien Ives is ill equipped to accomplish this task, too willing to play by rules that our enemies, with superior numbers ships, will be willing to ignore in pursuit of us. Our first mission is going to be the takeover of the Calamity, so we might gain access to another formidable ship to add to our numbers, as well as to access any records on that ship which may provide us with information about the future it came from, and if there is knowledge of our enemy present in those records.]*

Maal almost missed how Patrick replaced his thumb with the head of his hard cock - slowly beginning to push inside Vinata.

[Those who are willing to join this mission, and with it, become the last hope that our galaxy has, should disarm and assemble in cargo bay two.]

Maal felt himself beginning to come. He clenched his jaws in humiliation. Phasers were going off. Shooting. Maal's eyes widened. Patrick's head whipped around, searching for the source of the sound. The corridor. A few patients began to shout. Warm, Klingon seed gushed from Maal. Patrick stepped towards the door, leaving Vinata. Maal lunged out, caught Patrick's sleeve. Yanked him off his feet. His phaser went off. Scorched a line across the ceiling. Patrick was on the floor, cursing. Patients were screaming, running for the visitors entrance. Maal climbed across of the biobed next to Vinata, hypospray in hand. His movements were sluggish from the condition of his body. Patrick was scrambling on the floor to get his bearings, about to get up. Maal roared so that the bulkheads shook,

leapt down upon him. The energy pulse caught his massive frame, and it was as if he had been struck over his head with a support beam. He thought he landed on Patrick's arm. Where was the hypospray? Clattering noise on the deck plates. It was the phaser, loose from Patrick's grip. Where was the hypospray? He tried to look for it but his body did not respond well enough. Something was wrong with his body. Patrick was shoving at him, coming loose, about to go for the phaser on the floor. *Where is the hypospray?*

It was his last thought before darkness claimed him.

[Those who insist upon resisting will be detained until they can be made to see reason. Vasser out.]

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-26, 16:45:28

[Main Sickbay | Corridor | 1205 hrs.]

There was no conflict of interest inside Cir'Cie's mind as she walked the corridor, surrounded with Harbinger and Theurgy crew alike, all having been granted the vision of the future. Knowing what she had been shown by T'Rena during the Festival of the Moon, her dispassionate advantage-disadvantage analysis unfailingly came to the same conclusion; that Captain Ives' mission was doomed to fail, and that her actions would save the lives of the people around her. She had to facilitate a future victory against the impostors in Starfleet Command, and that meant a tactical retreat, and building up forces elsewhere. Forces strengthened by Captain Vasser, and bred to prevail. The rise of an untarnished, pure force, strong and in number equal to the task ahead.

Indeed, Cir'Cie was not fighting her own crew, she was overcoming their ignorance, and that might require force until they could all be made to see reason.

She had sent two men from Security to take point as they headed towards the area with the surgical suites first... but her idle yet sharp thoughts were interrupted. When the two leading men in her small task force were at the height of the Head Nurse's duty desk, there was commotion, and Cir'Cie raised her hand phaser by reflex, but all of the people around her moving in reaction, it was impossible to make a clear shot until it was too late, and they faced someone returned from the brink of death...

Post by: Brutus on 2015-01-27, 01:51:51

Said commotion came in the form of one former Ash'reem making his move. Just as the two minions Cir'Cie sent forward passed the edge of the duty station he had taken up refuge behind, Sarresh launched himself forward with a snarl. He let all the anger and frustration that had built up over the death of his lover, and the reincarnation of his own body, and channeled it out in that one moment. Every drop of hate the time traveler possessed for Jien Ives, every bit of anguish over Amikris, and all his longing to return back to the *Relativity*, to the man, and the life, he had before all this, and the shame he felt at not living up to the standards of *that* man he had been - he let it all take over.

They never stood a chance.

The point guard had just moved past the edge of the desk, leaving about a body length between himself and the next security officer. Before either could swing their gaze across Sarresh's hiding spot, the couching man made his move. Twisting around as he leapt, he turned and jammed the nozzle of the hypospray into the thigh of the man in the rear. It depressed with mechanical precision, depositing the dosage through the cloth of the man's pants and directly into the bloodstream as was often the case, just as designed. And it took hold almost immediately. The Security Guards face took on a

lacklustre expression, mouth drooping slightly as his whole body began to slump. Had he bothered to pay attention to the readouts available to him, Sarresh would have been able to see the now drugged guards heart rate begin to slow.

But the former Ash'reem didn't bother with that. Instead, he used the last of his momentum to finish his assault, rolling as he landed and spinning on his rear. Physics took a hold and Sarresh put it to good use, adding the centripetal force from the motions into his next swing, he quite literally took the legs out from under the point man. The exo scalpel equally paid no mind to pants, though instead of depositing a few hundred cc's of anesthetic, the tool in Sarresh's left hand sliced through fabric and tendon alike, leaving a cauterized gash across the ankles of both legs. The man shouted out and crumpled forward, as sliced tendons no longer supported his weight.

Sarresh gave no quarter- his anger wouldn't allow it, and the situation was drastic. The blade slashed out again, catching the guards right shoulder, digging in and doing an impressive amount of muscle and nerve damage, forcing the guard to discard his phaser, as the lithe man continued to twist about. Sarresh used his new body in a surprising display of flexibility, curling around his victim. He came up in a crouch, wrenching the exo scalpel free with his left hand and wrapping that arm around the man's neck, reversing his hold so that the blade emitter was mere centimeters from the wounded man's eye. Twisting both of them around to face the corridor leading back to the recovery ward, Sarresh scooped up the dropped phaser, all in one fluid motion, and ended up with his right arm resting a top the wounded shoulder of his opponent.

"Drop it," Sarresh snarled in an almost animal tone, his augmented eyes focused on Cir'Cie as she came into view. One guard lay unconscious at the head of the head nurse duty station, his chest rising and falling in a lethargic, but steady fashion. The other was making an excellent shield for the man displaced in time. "Drop it, or I start carving this man up," Sarresh added with a primal conviction. "There aren't any more replacement eyes on this ship, so if you value his vision, you'll comply. I have been through too much to watch you fuck this entire mission up because you got swept up in Declan Vasser's delusions of grandeur."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-27, 03:03:01

Cir'Cie surveyed the situation ahead of her in the corridor with dispassionate eyes - her hand phaser raised in one hand and pointing towards the Harbinger crewman and the man that held him captive. She tilted her head a bit to make out who the aggressor was, but the face was unfamiliar to her. It held little consequence, but at the same time, it was also prudent to gauge the opposition properly before making any decision. She might be a botanical scientist, but she was also Vulcan, and it was logical to not make any rash decisions when she did not have to.

On her side, she had superior fire-power with the men and women around her, and there was only one eye in the balance. The Harbinger crewman had two of them.

"Who are you?" she asked idly with a quiet voice, "I do not think I have seen you before, human. Who are you to stand in the way of an idea you have not grasped yet? Would it not be foolish to ignore reality; to close your eyes to the truth of our former mission."

With a small motion she, gestured to the people around her. "A truth that has compelled so many to stand against the former Commanding Officer. Is your judgement so limited, or is it so that you have seen another future than us?" Training the sights of her hand phaser to hit the hand with the exoscalpel, Cir'Cie considered to give the order to have everyone to shoot at once... With a stun

setting, there was only so much damage they - as a firing squad - could do to the aggressor and his captive.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-01-28, 04:41:47

There was very little that Cir'cie could have said that would have provoked a more visceral reaction from Sarresh than the words the Vulcan botanist chose to throw in his face. A face that contorted, first in anger, and then in an almost psychotic fit of laughter. His head tilted back, and his whole body shook against his wounded body shield, who grunted, eyes wide in terror. The laughter did nothing to keep the exo scalpel steady, and the man paled further than he already was.

As abrupt as his laughter had started, it snapped off into a sharp end, eyes glaring at Cir'Cie. "Do NOT lecture me on the future, you pointy eared menace. You have no idea, not a single one, what the future holds. Me? I've SEEN it. I've LIVED in it. I have breathed air in a century where you're bones have long turned to ash." The fury, the bitterness in his tone only underscored the words. "You misbegotten green blooded hobgoblin, you and you're ilk are going to get us all killed."

His arm twitched, the phaser wavering from Cir'Cie to one of the guards that had begun to edge forward. "That's far enough. You can't kill me. You're precious Vasser needs me. Just like that ass Ives needs me. Each and every one of you needs me, because I am the only one of you that's *come from the fracking future*. Sorry you don't recognize the new face, but maybe the name Sarresh Morali will ring a bell? And if it doesn't well, you're already more screwed than I thought." He twisted his body at the last minute, crouching further behind the captive man.

"I'm the reason we survived against the *Calamity* so far. Do you really think I'd be on this ship, if your boy Vasser was supposed to lead us to salvation?" He was mocking her now, trying to sort out which to take down first.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-29, 17:53:44

As the man spoke from his cover behind the Security Officer, the sickle blade of Cir'Cie's mind cut the relevant information out of the dense weeds of anger and frustration - plucking up the facts from the factoids so that they may be judged in proper light. Her eyes, however, remained still as she stared down the sights of her hand phaser.

"A pleasure to make your acquaintance, Junior Lieutenant Morali," she said after he had revealed his name and the role he played. "You will come of great use in the war against the enemy, for we still mean to fight this war, only not the mission proposed by the former Captain. That would have been suicide, merely granting victory to our adversaries. Yet with you on our side; able as you are to foretell when they may strike from another century, the odds of Vasser's campaign will likely improve by 20,6 percent."

Cir'Cie paused, stepping to the forefront of her small task force as she spoke to the time traveller. "You do realise that this is futile for you, this resistance you show? We may just stun you and young officer Eklund both, and then, as you are unconscious, I can show you the future in your dreams. My thoughts to your thoughts. My mind... to yours. So that when you wake up, you will have come to see reason... and you may apologise for your actions here."

Her passionless, green eyes switched to the victim in Morali's vice-like grip. "Crewman Eklund is a young human. Impressionable," she said evenly, meaning to stir whatever sympathy the former Ash'reem still possessed, "so he would be better off without you threatening to goad out his eyes with

an exscalpel. Yet this is no game, and time is short, so if you do not surrender, we will open fire upon you both."

Around her, the Vasser loyalists took aim. "Release the crewman. You have three seconds to comply, Mr. Morali."

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-30, 07:14:14

Maya glided out of the Recovery Ward past the supply closet only see what was transpiring in the sickbay corridor. Lieutenant Morali was holding off Cir'Cie and her gunmen with a phaser and all eyes were on him. The situation had escalated. The only thing to do now was use the distraction to strike from behind. Sarrash Morali may have escalated the situation, but he was also a wonderful distraction.

"You do realise that this is futile for you, this resistance you show?" Cir'Cie passionlessly berated him. *"We may just stun you and young officer Eklund both, and then, as you are unconscious, I can show you the future in your dreams. My thoughts to your thoughts. My mind... to yours. So that when you wake up, you will have come to see reason... and you may apologize for your actions here."*

Maya's suspicions were confirmed. The crews of both the *Theurgy* and the *Harbinger* were under the influence of mental conditioning. Resistance was mandatory. The contagion had to be contained as quickly as possible.

The two women at the back of Cir'Cie's group were in a firing stance and pointing their weapons at Sarresh. Applying pressure at their trapezius nerve bundles would render both women unconscious, taking two more of Cir'Cie's people out of the equation. Unfortunately, Maya couldn't catch both women when they collapsed. Cir'Cie and the two remaining mutineers would know she was there. It couldn't be helped, but it would reduce the number of assailants to three. As quiet and as graceful as a cat, Maya crept up behind the two mutineers in the back of Cir'Cie's band and placed a hand at the base of each woman's neck. As her long spidery fingers pinched shut both women shuddered and slumped to the floor.

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-02-02, 04:26:39

After the accident in engineering, Hayden had split her time between the recovery ward and main sickbay, tending to patients physically and emotionally. The medical staff worked efficiently together, coordinating their efforts gracefully, like a well composed symphony. Few words needed to be spoken, which was just as well because no doubt, the portions of their minds that wasn't dedicated to patient care were likely preoccupied with thoughts of just what had gone wrong and what might go wrong in the future.

Little did she know, the future was right now.

Because of the accident, virtually every member of the medical staff was on deck, and because so many people were milling about and given the sheer size of the medical spaces, it was impossible to find and take charge of everyone. However, with all the commotion, it was impossible for any member of the staff not to know something was terribly, terribly, wrong.

Hayden didn't know why she hadn't been spotted directly. Her stature would certainly make such an outcome unlikely. Perhaps she'd lucked out because she hadn't made any sudden moves. Perhaps some deity was on her side today. Whatever the reason, she knew she had to protect herself and

protect the patients around her while figuring out some way she could help defuse the situation.

Hayden's mind racing, she knew she could allow herself or anyone else to be taken to a second location. She didn't know how she was going to prevent it, but she knew if it happened, the amount of control she had to make any difference would decrease drastically. It would also mean her patients were that much more likely to die. Unfortunately, her observations told her there was likely no way of talking them out of what they were doing, at least not through words or reason. The takeover of sickbay had been too precise, too brutal. They knew exactly what they were doing, and it was going to take something pretty drastic to change the course of events.

That something came pretty swiftly.

Hayden was so surprised by Sarresh's actions, she had to clamp a hand over her mouth to avoid giving away her location. She was in no better position to assist them now, but as the fury of action took place before her, she willed Maya to make eye contact with her. It was perhaps utter ridiculousness for her to think their earlier emotional interactions had somehow created a bond between them, but she could think of no better way to alert the staff of her position without letting their betrayers know the same thing.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-10, 03:59:30

Around her, the Vasser loyalists took aim. "Release the crewman. You have three seconds to comply, Mr. Morali."

The ultimatum was met by silence at first, and Cir'Cie could feel the eyes of the people in Sickbay upon her as she held her hand phaser pointed against the former Ash'reem. There was no other recourse but to follow though, even if she would rather have avoided a shoot-out in the middle of Sickbay. Alas, it could not be helped at that point, since the importance of what she was doing outweighed the complications of the situation. "Very well. One."

The word hung in the air like the threat it was.

"Two," she said next, and adjusted her aim to try and hit Morali with her first shot. There was the feeling of trepidation deep down, so repressed it was almost gone. She was acting in the best interest of the Galaxy as a whole. Fulfilling her duty in the upcoming war against the enemy. She had to save the people around her from Captain Ives' folly, and make everyone understand the way T'Rena had made her understand during the Festival of the Moon. The Ash'reem, or human, that was in her way came from another timeline, and did not even remember what he needed in order to offer a new premise to the theory about the future in store for them all. He knew nothing, and placed his ignorance in her path. He had to be shot down so that they could secure the loyalty of the Chief Medical Officer. She had no choice.

"Thre-"

Two thuds behind her alerted her to what she had missed, and she rounded on the assailant that had crept up behind her task force. It was... Doctor Maya, quickly determined by the ears and the eyes above the surgical mask. Unfortunately, Cir'Cie was not alone in turning around and seeing the Vulcan, since one of her remaining people did so too. It was a Science Officer, not used to wielding the phaser in his hand, and yet he did - lining up the shot with a two-handed grip. Cir'Cie quickly turned back to face Mr. Morali together with her last loyal subject. They had no choice but to fire, and the first barrage of stun beams tore into the security guard in Sarresh's grip.

"That was unwise," said the Science Officer behind Cir'Cie, his words barely audible in the noise of the phaser fire Cir'Cie lay against the Temporal Affairs Officer. In just a couple of moments, Doctor Maya would either be dead, or stunned, depending on what setting the man had on his phaser. Cir'Cie, however, was too busy to give it much thought - her weapon's fire striking the distance across the corridor.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-02-16, 06:21:54

Sel had not had time to get dressed, still wearing the standard issue gray bra and panties, before rushing to the sickbay after she had noticed the silent security alert; some member of the security detail had activated the redundant system, not even fully implemented yet. It was designed to alert shipboard security of an emergency even if the more traditional Red Alert system was not activated, as of yet the proposal was still on the Captain's desk and only a few members of the security team even knew of it's existence.

She did, however, have time to get a phaser rifle and a couple of extra battery packs. She was not a subtle individual, her haircut designed as to leave half of her scalp visible and bring all attention to the red earring and chain that hung from her left ear. Her long blond hair cascaded down the right side of her face as she brought the rifle up to eye level and took aim. She flicked on multi-target functions and took aim. All that was left now was to make her presence known.

"You have to the count of five to lower your weapons or I will be forced to open fire," she called out, holding her phaser to her shoulder. "Five."

She didn't wait, not a second let alone five. She squeezed the trigger, the beam projecting from the gun and slamming into her first target, the one with the hostage, and then she took aim at the second and squeezed again. "

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-02-17, 09:10:20

Although Maya was a talented martial artist, her fighting style specialized in taking out one assailant at a time. Confronting multiple opponents was beyond her ability. In addition, her fighting style depended on her knowledge of anatomy. She subdued her opponents by applying pressure to certain nerve bundles of the body, causing temporary pain, partial paralysis, paralysis, or unconsciousness. Normally, she used her skill to harmlessly subdue delirious patients. Actually using it on an armed and alert opponent was a challenge. The challenge was multiplied by the fact that the little Vulcan was fatigued and had been missing practice. Although normally possessing catlike grace, right now Maya was slow and uncoordinated. Her only hope was that Sarresh Morali had set his phaser on wide angle stun was ready to dispatch Cir'Cie and her entire group.

Morali needed a distraction and Maya had provided one. She had successfully rendered the last two members of Cir'Cie's band unconscious by pinching their trapezius nerve bundles but she couldn't catch the two rearguards as they fell to the floor. Cir'Cie and one of her two remaining gunmen turned to look at her. Cir'Cie immediately turned back to Morali, considering him the greater threat but the other mutineer gripped his mark two hand phaser with both hands and pointed it right at Maya. Maya recognized him as Ensign Wheaton, one of Doctor Nicander's patients. *"That was unwise,"* he muttered as his finger whitened on the trigger. He wasn't a soldier but he had qualified on his last marksmanship test to pass Starfleet minimums. Even now he was holding the phaser pistol in the two handed grip just like he would on the range.

Conversation was pointless; there was no time to build rapport and even if she had the time it was unlikely that Wheaton would favorably respond given his mental conditioning. Maya calculated her odds of disarming him at thirty nine percent, and Vulcans weren't known for playing the odds. Still there was nothing for it but to...

"*You have to the count of five to lower your weapons or I will be forced to open fire,*" a woman's voice rang out.

Maya ducked down behind the medical officer duty station as phaser fire erupted from the reception duty station, where Ryuan Sel was wielding a phaser rifle. Since the little Vulcan was unarmed, she wasn't a target of priority. Ensign Wheaton, who had been holding her at gunpoint, was. He fell to his side and bounced off the linen closet door before falling to the floor. She saw Sarresh Morali and Cir'Cie's remaining supporter dive for cover but she didn't know if they had been hit or not. Maya *did* see Cir'Cie taking cover behind the head nurse duty station and pause to change the setting on her phaser.

Cir'Cie was changing the settings on her phaser. That meant that either she was setting the beam for wide angle or she was setting it to kill. Without a moment's hesitation, Maya broke cover to cross the distance to stop her.

Almost faster than human thought, Maya's neurologically advanced Vulcan brain searched Cir'Cie's medical file for weaknesses and devised an appropriate strategy:

'Ensign Cir'Cie, species: Vulcan. Height: 1.8 m, Weight: 51.3 kg, Biological Age: twenty three standard years. Handedness: Ambidextrous. Received corrective surgery on her ears at age ten. Skeletal injuries: Left wrist, right ankle, left hip, mending but sensitive to trauma. Psychological profile: Exhibits a mild case of attention deficit disorder, exhibits stronger emotional responses than expected for her species. Athletic prowess: Racquetball and parrises squares.

'My advantage: Her inexperience. Her advantage: my fatigue and injury. First point of attack: Apply pressure to medial nerve in wrist to disarm opponent. Two: Strike the nerve cluster at the solar plexus to cause pain and temporary paralysis. Three: Seize opponent by the shoulder and pinch the nerve bundle between shoulder and neck muscles to render opponent unconscious. Summary prognosis: Unconscious in twenty seconds, consciousness regained in twenty minutes. Sedative will render subject unconscious for five hours minimum, more than enough time to diagnose nature of mental modification. Ability to fire phaser: Neutralized.'

Maya shed her bulky surgical gown as she did a gymnastic roll to cover the distance between them while presenting as poor a target as possible. Cir'Cie pointed her phaser at Maya but the shorter woman managed to grasp her gun hand and dig her thumb into interior of the science officer's wrist, causing her right hand to release its grip automatically.

Rather than reflexively protecting her arm as predicted, Cir'Cie reacted by seizing Maya's face with her free hand. Cir'Cie's psychological file may have indicated that she was more emotional than other Vulcans but she was more than capable of ignoring the pain shooting up her arm. As a matter of fact, Maya felt the identical pain paralyzing her own arm. Cir'Cie had used her telepathic abilities to allow Maya to experience the effect of her own strike.

Maya's surgical mask fluttered to the floor as both Vulcans stood up in order to fight each other; heedless of the danger of exposing themselves to Ryuan Sel should she decide to fire another volley.

According to her file Ensign Cir'Cie was not an expert at unarmed combat. Yet now she seemed to fight with the skill of a martial arts enthusiast. Had she been given this ability by whatever changed her loyalties?

As the two Vulcans traded strikes and blocks at furious speed, Captain Vasser's voice was heard over the ship's intercom. *"This is Captain Declan Vasser, I am assuming command of this ship and the mission to liberate Starfleet from its incursion,"* Vasser's voice announced as Cir'Cie blocked one of Maya's blows. *"Captain Jien Ives is ill equipped to accomplish this task, too willing to play by rules that our enemies, with superior numbers of ships, will be willing to ignore in pursuit of us,"* his voice continued as Cir'Cie chopped at Maya's arm to strike the smaller woman in the elbow. *"Our first mission is going to be the takeover of the Calamity..."*

Maya ducked and spun to the side when she saw the younger Vulcan attempt the maneuver that humans called the 'Vulcan nerve pinch.'

"...so we might gain access to another formidable ship to add to our numbers..."

Maya's arms were shorter, but she managed to counter by gripping the taller woman's shoulder and that forced Cir'Cie to let her go.

"...as well as to access any records on that ship which may provide us with information about the future it came from..."

Cir'Cie let her go by throwing Maya against the wall to disorient her.

"...and if there is knowledge of our enemy present in those records," Vasser's voice droned on as Maya blocked a wide haymaker from Cir'Cie.

"Those who are willing to join this mission..." the announcement continued as Maya blocked a jab. *"...and with it, become the last hope that our galaxy has..."*

Maya blocked yet another jab as she fought to regain ground.

"...should disarm and assemble in cargo bay two," Vasser declared as Cir'Cie managed to get a blow past Maya's defenses and strike her in the jaw. *"Those who insist upon resisting will be detained until they can be made to see reason,"* the *Harbinger's* captain concluded as the taller woman managed to get Maya in a headlock. *"Vasser out."*

As Maya struggled to free herself Cir'Cie's fingers spread over her face. 'My thoughts are your thoughts,' Cir'Cie's voice echoed telepathically. 'Your thoughts are my thoughts. Soon you shall see that the logical thing to do is to join us.'

As soon as Maya had determined that Cir'Cie, Connor and the others were victims of mental manipulation, a counterstrategy had formed in her mind. There was no point using logic to resist the lies that were entering her brain: logic depended on assumptions and Cir'Cie was going to change those assumptions. What Maya knew to be true would soon be very different truths. The brainwashing worked by applying logic.

So Maya used emotion: Specifically, the memory of being sexually assaulted by Phantom. That terrible memory that Maya had locked away in her head came back in full force and Cir'Cie

experienced what it felt like to be taken raw by a man who could only feel whole by giving her pain. Cir'Cie screamed and tried to pull her hand away, but Maya gripped her wrist and held it fast. Logic, reason, and thought held no place here. Now there was only the fire of their green blood and a rush of negative emotions that Cir'Cie was unprepared for.

Cir'Cie had never been a sexual surrogate. Thanks to the miracle of modern medication she didn't even suffer from the blood madness of *ponn farr* every seven years. She was completely disoriented by the vivid sensations assaulting her body. She felt Phantom gripping her by the neck, she felt her body forced open and violated, she felt her legs collapse from under her as she fell to the floor.

Before Cir'Cie could recover, Maya's hand darted out and pinched the nerve between the shoulder and the neck. Cir'Cie shuddered and gaped as if she had been shot before slumping into unconsciousness.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-02-19, 05:25:29

The greenblooded bitch - my someone was feeling at ad prejudiced today - rattled of percentages like a damn computer at him while he kept his phaser swinging back and forth between the various member's of the assault team. He tried to real in his own mania, that crazy enthusiasm which he'd summoned up in response to Cir'Cie's initial outburst - with limited success, unfortunately - as he listened to her preach at him. For all her logic, that was precisely what the Vulcan was up to. Preaching.

Cir'Cie let Sarresh know the name of his human shield, mid sermon. And if Sarresh were someone other than himself, and hadn't just gone through what could politely be called Hell, that might have humanized his victim more, but Sarresh was a bit too far gone for that. Mr. Eklund was going to be out of luck.

But despite himself, those artificial eyes went wide as she revealed the method of Vasser's madness. *The Vulcan Mind Meld...of course*. It made so much sense that he had to laugh. "I don't think you'd like what you find in my mind..." he muttered even as she delivered her own ultimatum and began her countdown. He began to crouch down, eyes narrowing now, using Eklund as a shield...

Needless to say it was something of a surprise when those enhanced optics caught a glimpse of Maya sneaking in behind the party that was attempting to subdue the former Ash'reem. Before Cir'Cie could make good on her threat, before Sarresh had to do anything rash himself to poor Crewman Eklund, Maya dropped - efficiently - the number of threats by two. He could see a spike in their nervous systems, radiating out from the join of shoulder to neck, and watched in slight awe as blood flow was restricted, and the bodies fell to the floor, unconscious, judging by the stats in the corner of his field of vision.

And then the first shots rang out and Sarresh felt Eklund slump in his grip. Swearing under his breath, he snapped off a shot of his own at Cir'Cie, ineffective though it was. So of course that was when the whole lot of them were interrupted by a scantily clad blond Bajoran with a nasty temper and a very large phaser rifle. "*You have to the count of five to lower your weapons or I will be forced to open fire,*" she stated in an admirably succinct tone, without actually bothering to give any countdown what so ever.

The torrent of phaser fire cut through the cramped corridor, and Sarresh was forced to abandon his sheild and roll back behind the desk, towards the ICU. He ducked down, confused at the sudden assistance he was getting, and shook his head. Thoughts, memories flooded through him, instincts he

shouldn't have - or didn't think he should have? Knowledge beyond his means. He couldn't tell his heart rate had just spiked up. He didn't know that neurochemicals were pumping through his now human brain, teasing information that had been shrouded away, nor did he feel himself violently twitch, despite the fact that he did.

It was hard to tell, really, where it all came from or what had just happened. All he knew was he had to thin the assault team.

And so he rolled again, and got a lucky break. The thug was behind the Nurse duty station. No one had taken him out yet, certainly not the unarmed Dr. Maya, and the angle was all wrong for the heavily armed Bajoran Valkyrie to line up a shot. The security thug had thought himself safe.

Said thug was very wrong.

Everything seemed to slow. A look of recognition and befuddlement passed across the man's face as Sarresh snarled, the captured phaser emitter glowing, before the energy beam lashed out. It was a straight on shot, far better than the temporal analyst had any right to make - and struck dead in the chest of his target. The man crumpled, and Sarresh kept on rolling, planting his feet on the desk to reverse direction.

[This is Captain Declan Vasser. I am assuming command of this ship and the mission to liberate Starfleet from its incursion. Captain Jien Ives is ill equipped to accomplish this task, too willing to play by rules that our enemies, with superior numbers ships, will be willing to ignore in pursuit of us. Our first mission is going to be the takeover of the Calamity, so we might gain access to another formidable ship to add to our numbers, as well as to access any records on that ship which may provide us with information about the future it came from, and if there is knowledge of our enemy present in those records.]

He jarred back against the far wall, able to see down the corridor again, as the words from the Captain turn Commodore rang out across the ship. *[Those who are willing to join this mission, and with it, become the last hope that our galaxy has, should disarm and assemble in cargo bay two.]* Enhanced eyes going wide, searching for a good angle on Cir'Cie, but Dr. Maya was in the way.

[Those who insist upon resisting will be detained until they can be made to see reason. Vasser out.]

He glanced towards the Bajoran - Petty Officer Ryuan Sel, some corner of his mind informed him of the name of a woman he'd never met - then back to Maya and Cir'Cie...Just in time to see Cir'Cie drop as well.

Heart pounding, he looked around, counting bodies, then nodded to himself, even as he mentally filed away the comm message from Vasser. He was slow to rise to his feet, almost like a caged animal whose cell had been left unlocked. Whatever switch had flipped in the back of the Lt's brain had left him even more wary than before. He shuffled past Crewman Eklund, not even bothering to check his pulse with his hands - he knew the man was only stunned - and reached down to drag him behind one of the duty station desks.

"Thank you for your assistance Doctor Maya, Petty Officer Ryuan," he said in an amazingly calm, almost clinically detached voice. He showed no recognition of any of the events that had transpired between the Vulcan Doctor and himself - nor would he ever, most likely - and at the same time showed a confused sort of recognition for the younger Bajoran. He regarded them both for a moment

as he finished standing upright, and dry washed his hands, tucking his phaser under one arm for a moment.

"I suggest we move the rest of this lot out of sight. And someone should probably drag Counselor O'Connor out of her hiding spot." He didn't even bother to glance her way, but when he'd surveyed the damage from the brief fire fight, his eyes had picked up on the counselor's presence in the sickbay. How long she'd been there, he really had no idea, and it didn't much seem to matter. She'd stayed out of the fight, but hadn't endangered anyone, and that was what was important. And while the dark haired woman had made an effort to comfort him in the hours before the firefight - after his own 'resurrection' - Sarresh made no effort to grant her the same courtesy now. Instead, it was as if simply the act of bringing her to the others attention was enough for him to dismiss her from his own, as he turned his attention elsewhere.

The newly minted human didn't quite snarl down at Cir'Cie, the dark emotions breaking through the air of detachment. Sarresh adjusted his medical gown using one hand, the other gripping his commandeered phaser tightly, least she suddenly rise up and attack once more. "Stupid, dumb, misguided..." he rambled on for a moment, shaking his head at the fallen Vulcan, in both pity and contempt. A twisted part of him was still laughing - on the inside anyway - at the thought of her trying to rewrite *his* brain. The irony was lost on everyone else it seemed, not that he bothered to share his thoughts. Sighing, he turned and headed away from all the women, towards the doors to the surgical suite.

"They were coming after Dr. Nicander," he said, without bothering to glance back at any of them, "As part of their attempt to overthrow the ship and - I'm just venturing a guess - subdue and mind meld into compliance any resisting senior staff member." He crossed his arms as he came to a halt in front of the doors. They didn't open. His eyes narrowed, and he reached a hand out, tapping the doors. Still nothing. He entered an override code into the control panel. No luck.

"It appears to be sealed," he stated the obvious, and turned, arms crossed again. "Would anyone else like to step up and see if they can sort this out?"

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-02-20, 04:10:21

Sel pasued and slipped the strap of the rifle over her shoulder, letting it hang there once she was certain that there were no more hostiles in the area. She like the others had heard the message over the intercom. "What the bloody hell is going on? Why are they trying to sieze control all of a sudden?" she demanded as she walked up to the only others who remained standing. "I mean I thought it was all puppy's and kittens between the two crews at this point, one big happy family and all that good happy crap."

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-02-21, 23:50:49

It didn't take long for Hayden's hopes to be utterly dashed. Of course Maya hadn't noticed her, why would she? The Vulcan doctor had a few more things to be concerned about than miraculously meeting her gaze because of some emotional connection O'Connor had briefly envisioned could be more magical than it was. Besides, what did O'Connor think making eye contact with Maya would accomplish? The best the counselor could hope for was to provide a momentary distraction long enough for the Ives' loyalists to gain the upper hand, but then what? It occurred to Hayden then they had no way of knowing which side everyone was on and what could be waiting for them just around the corner. After all, a takeover like this took time and planning, and given just how long so many of them had managed to fool the entire crew, Hayden knew it wasn't self-pity to admit she was in no

position to identify friend or foe. Clearly, they were dealing with accomplished liars who were just as adept at using mental manipulation to accomplish their ends.

That reality, the notion Hayden was dealing with a psychological weapon she didn't know the first thing about defeating, stung almost as much as knowing the woman whose life she saved appeared to be one of the ringleaders of this whole thing. O'Connor had found some comfort in knowing she had saved someone who otherwise wouldn't have stood a chance when she had decided to sacrifice several of her former crewmembers in the days since they were lost. Seeing Cir'Cie now endangering the lives of people she cared about and spitting on that sacrifice, Hayden felt a small part of her deep down grow hard and cold. Now was certainly not the time to give into her emotions, but if Hayden's eyes had the power to shoot phaser beams, the Vulcan surely would have been ash.

Before the counselor could act, more hell broke loose, and Hayden watched in surprise and some horror as Petty Officer Sel, Maya and Moralli made short work of there would be captors. As much as she hated herself for her hesitation, Hayden knew now if she intervened, she was just going to risk getting herself and others injured at a time when they still couldn't afford to lose any medical personnel. Out of necessity (or was it punishment?), Hayden watched the physical struggle between the two women, wincing for Maya as they each traded blows. Hayden might not have been an expert in Vulcan psychology, but she didn't need to be to understand the weapon Maya had at her disposal. The medically trained counselor had seen the neurology specialist use her gifts for good, and unfortunately, she'd seen those same psionic abilities used against her.

In what seemed like an eternity, the violent exchange was finally over, and the sight of stunned and possibly gravely injured personnel was enough to pull Hayden back to reality. She emerged just in time to hear Sarresh suggest someone drag her out. She inwardly winced as she heard him reference her hiding spot. The newly transformed man only spoke truth, she knew, but it wasn't easy being reminded of yet another one of her failures. Deep in our heart of hearts, she wondered sardonically how long it would be before this one would come to bite her in the ass. She knelt and began moving amongst the fallen, assessing their conditions, and in some cases, making sure they weren't about to regain consciousness anytime soon. "Are you both okay? Thanks to you, we've got some time, but not much."

O'Connor was most concerned about Maya, but unfortunately she was needed if they were going to check on the patients and figure out a way out of this mess.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-02-23, 07:07:55

Maya closed her eyes as she leaned against the counter in front of the head nurse duty station and sat down next to the unconscious Cir'Cie. She grit her teeth as her eyes moved quickly under her lids. Somehow she had to compartmentalize her mind and summon the cold logical reasoner again.

Sarresh paced the room like a beast in a cage before dragging the bodies of the fallen assailants out of the walkways. *"Thank you for your assistance Doctor Maya, Petty Officer Ryuan,"* he said with an unexpected air of professional detachment. Apparently Maya wasn't the only one who could compartmentalize one's mind when needed. *"I suggest we move the rest of this lot out of sight. And someone should probably drag Counselor O'Connor out of her hiding spot."*

Those words seemed to galvanize a frozen Hayden O'Connor into action. She gingerly crept forward and knelt over the two women that Maya had nerve pinched into unconscious. *"Are you both okay?"* she asked in Maya's direction, but it was obvious she meant Morali too. *"Thanks to you, we've*

got some time, but not much."

Maya's eyelids fluttered open. "I will recover," she assured her in a stilted, almost mechanical voice.

Sarresh wasn't listening. "*Stupid, dumb, misguided...*" he muttered before laughing bitterly at a private joke. He was standing nearby looking down at Cir'Cie with unconcealed contempt. Then, just as if a button had been pressed, his entire demeanor became professional. "*They were coming after Dr. Nicander,*" Sarresh commented as he headed to the doors that led to the surgical suites, "*as part of their attempt to overthrow the ship and - I'm just venturing a guess - subdue and mind meld into compliance any resisting senior staff member.*"

Morali frowned and crossed his arms when he got to the doors. They didn't open for him; apparently Lucan and the others had heard the commotion and locked the doors. After tapping on the door, he tried a manual override. Still the doors didn't slide open. "*It appears to be sealed,*" Sarresh Morali decided as he turned and crossed his arms again. "*Would anyone else like to step up and see if they can sort this out?*"

"*What the bloody hell is going on? Why are they trying to seize control all of a sudden?*" Petty officer Ryuan Sel added as she held her phaser rifle with one hand and pointed it at the ceiling. "*I mean I thought it was all puppies and kittens between the two crews at this point, one big happy family and all that good happy crap.*" she added bitterly as she marched up to the join the surviving group of loyalists.

"It appears that once again the crew of the *Theurgy* have been subjected to some kind of mental manipulation," Maya replied as she picked up Cir'Cie's hand phaser and rose shakily to her feet. "Unfortunately this manipulation not only ensures compliance, but also appears to unleash the base urges of the subject. There are three more of them, and they are armed. I believe that one is in the recovery ward sexually molesting the patients. The other two are in the medical supply closet just outside the recovery ward enjoying sexual congress with Nurse Jenkins. If all three of them are in the midst of coitus it is an excellent time to overpower them without inflicting permanent harm."

Post by: Brutus on 2015-03-16, 15:08:40

Given everything he'd been told, it seemed that there was little choice but to head back the way Maya had come. The situation in the recovery ward wing of the Sickbay called for attention far more than what might be going on beyond the locked surgical bay doors. Not that the newly minted human actually *liked* that fact, but what could you do? His cold, calculating eyes took in the three women in the room with him, then he nodded tersely. "Dr. Maya, given what you've said, I think we can all agree that that," he jerked a thumb over his shoulder, "will have to wait. Petty Officer Ryuan, if you would take point please." Technically, Hayden O'Connor outranked Sarresh, but he was the one giving orders.

He glanced back at the councilor and made an attempt to force a reassuring smile upon his face. It rather failed, miserably. His voice, keeping that oddly clinical detachment - tamping down on the damn near hysterics bubbling under the surface, as well as whatever beasts had risen during the fire fight - continued on, "If you and the doctor would bring up the rear. With this room secure, I don't think we'll have anyone surprising us from behind."

From ahead however, as the group made its way to the recovery ward, there was a surprise waiting. Sarresh's confiscated phaser snapped up with eerie accuracy when the Storage room door slid open. But as Eve Jenkins stepped out, the former Ash'reem's steady hand seemed to waver. He remember

her holding him, not terribly long ago, as the walls came down inside. She had, in fact, been the only thing that kept him in one coherent piece. His eyes read more about her state than he frankly wished to be able, and something akin to a grimace flashed across his otherwise stoic features. "Nurse Jenkins," he said in a voice that sounded just a trace more human than anything that had gone on in the Surgical bay, "we seem to be headed in the same direction. Care for an escort?" He wanted to ask if she was all right, but given what he was already able to tell - damn those eyes - he'd spare her any public embarrassment.

"Time is of the essence, and I rather imagine we'll need your services."

Post by: Searcher on 2015-03-21, 02:29:07

Eve had listened and heard nothing, then slid the door open and peeked out before stepping outside. She was going to have to try to make a dash to get one gurney back to the area and then come back for the second, a task that was almost as unnerving as her time on the arm of the crane she'd had to unlock from the ship so they could escape the hellish planet. She'd just stepped out fully when movement caught her eye and she threw her hands up immediately, not wanting to get blasted. When she saw it was Sarresh, she let out the breath that she had sucked in at warp speed.

She knew she was still a bit of a mess, her uniform not quite straight and her hair was a mess but more so knew what her expression must have been as his own expression softened. She was haunted by the decisions she'd made of late, doing the best she could but feeling the weight of them even if it had been for the greater good. She wasn't ashamed of the sex she'd just engaged in, only what she had done to members of the crew in order to give the others the opportunity to take the one crass man in the actual sickbay. She was supposed to preserve life and health, not destroy.

"I ... could use some help ... yes," she said and found the smile forming on her lips out of habit. "I have two gurneys I need to take to sickbay ... with the two crewmen ..." she found herself stammering then cleared her throat. "They won't be a security issue anymore but yes, if one of you could push the other we can get there quickly," she stated and hoped they wouldn't ask too many questions right then. She was holding herself together, trying not to think too hard about what she'd done.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-02-19, 07:03:04

[Meanwhile | Recovery Ward]

Vinata could not blame Maal for what was happening, he could not have stopped his from happening when they were both being threatened with a phaser. If Maal had tried to get Patrick he might have gotten them both killed, at least like this they could bide their time until Patrick lost his focus and left himself open for Maal to take care of him. Of course that as if Maal did not lose himself to Vinata. As he bobbed his head up and down he could not see what was happening, but he could feel the cold tip of the phaser touch his back, and it was impossible to ignore the groping hands that explored his body and molested him.

Things only got worse as Patrick said he would give him anal first and began to tease his anus. Vinata slowed his bobbing and shuddered, he was doing his best to remain focused and try not to merit getting shot with a phaser because surviving the volcanic doom of a planet only to be raped and shot was not what he was interested in having happen. So as he had a finger worked inside him and felt it move around loosening up the ring and doing its best to relax the area Vinata went to his happy place, a place in his mind where none of this was happening, a place where he had gone why his body felt like it was burning, but he was pulled back and forced to focus as he suddenly was penetrated from the ass and

Maal blew his load into his mouth.

Vinata shuddered and his cheeks expanded to hold the cum as it flooded in. Vinata was sickened and thought he must be in hell, but then he was empty. Vinata opened his eyes and looked to the two men as their struggle began their struggle, he watched them fight against each other and how Maal managed to disarm Patrick at the cost of his consciousness, but that was the last he looked at them, he now focused on the phaser as it clattered to the floor. Without thinking Vinata swallowed the cum that filled his mouth and he leapt for the weapon.

Vinata hit the ground and rolled as he took the phaser in hand, he focused on Patrick, completely forgetting he was fully nude tears formed in the corners of his eyes as he forced out his tiny barbed teeth and snarled at his rapist. "You monster, I shall make you pay." His arms were firm as he held the weapon at Patrick and he took deep breaths. "You should suffer for what you did to me...but I think a more fitting thing is to give you what you would have given me for refusing. Lets see just how far you intended to go to get your jollies." With that Vinata fired the phaser into Patrick's midsection, tears streamed from his dark eyes as he acted out of rage and stress.

Without even following up on his action Vinata backed away, he did this until his back touched the wall and he began to inch along it slowly with his eyes closed to hide the tears as best he could. Vinata then slid along the wall and moved to a corner where he sat down hidden from the rest of the room, buried his head in his knees and began to cry, he was so scared, so stressed, he had almost died, been raped and all in a matter of hours since he woke up...this was just too much for him, he could not stand it, he just needed to cry and let it out now.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 14: Hostile Takeover - Part 4

[USS Theurgy | Fighter Assault Bay | 1158 hrs]

Miles Paced around his fighter finishing his rounds of the hangar bay. HE was more than pleased at the productivity that his pilots and the deck crew had put forth in the wake of the murder. he couldn't help but wonder if they were subconsciously working harder in either respect of the dead or to spite the murderer but nonetheless His own sped up request was nearing full completion despite the malfunctions that had occurred less than an hour before. At the moment each and every valkyrie was at no less than 90 percent launch ready and the remaining 10 percent to ready were the preflight checklists, topping off the Antimatter and deuterium chambers, and filling in a few fighters' empty hardpoints.

IN a bit of impatient unease he looked at the chronometer readout on his kneepadd and sighed. "T-minus 2 mins on 1200 hrs and still no request from the bridge on status. Something Ain't right." he said to himself as he watched another minute tick away then another.

It was now Noon 1200 hrs and no word from the bridge. With his above usual ranged hearing he saught the soft sound of multiple shorts as he jerked his head around the bay for a moment discerning the direction though unsure of the source or sources. 'probably just collateral damage from those plasma relay shorts' he thought to himself as he tapped the comm badge. "SCO to Miss-ops whats the status on ETA to Starbase. Over."

There was no answer. "Repeat, This is miles to mission ops What is the ETA for arrival at the starbase over."

Miles looked around and looked outside to emptiness of space outside the hangar bay looking with wonder at the emptiness and vacuum that was merely a forcefield away from tearing the bay apart with the torrent of a decompressive wave. Something out there caught his eye. If he didn't know better he swore he saw some movement like a faint shadow moving against the backdrop. 'a cloak, could someone else be spying on us?' he thought initially having heard old stories of how Klingon birds of prey captains would stay in a ships engine wake waiting for the right moments to pounce. walking over towards his fighter he spoke up to noone in particular. "Thea, according to scans are there any anomalies detected within line of sight of the hangar bay. No answer. Not even from Thea.

This is just plain weird he thought to himself as he stepped up into his fighter to check its readiness status as it was still running a preflight systems efficiency test. He could already see an error on his ships sensors though. TO diagnose it better he brought up the live sensor readout and shook his head seeing something where he had been looking. Multiple small craft approaching Thergy Hangar by entrance estimated time to collision less than 5 minutes. "The hell?" Miles brought up a detailed scan and his face went white with horror not because of seeing the telltale return beacons of the entire squadron of Valk 2's on approach. It was at this very moment that he looked towards the security checkpoint and saw to his horror One of the security walking over to the hangar bay corridor entrance and open the door before drawing his phaser and Destroying the door controls leaving the door wide open. It was less than a second later that he had opened fire on two of the other security officers a third officer reacting in time to put the betraying security noncom down.

Miles quickly tapped his combadge SCO to Lone wolves multiple contacts inbound ETA less than five, Launch if you can repeat all flight ready Wolves scramble. Miles tapped the combadge again opening a deckwide channel over the PA system. *"All hands on deck this is lieutenant commander Miles Renard Lone wolves SCO. It appears that we are under attack by the Harbinger Personnel I repeat we are under attack. I am ordering an evacuation of the Hangar bay all hands are to retreat to a Defensible position. All deck crew clear the flight deck Full squadron scramble order has been given. I repeat Clear deck all available wolves are ordered to launch. Orders are target Valkyrie 2's and kill on sight I repeat Valk 2s are Kill on sight. Non-flight ready wolves arm yourselves and disperse available weaponry to deck crew. Looks like we have company incoming."*

He jumped from his fighter as he tossed the Phaser from the safe to a nearby Deck crew noncom and did the same with his type 2 from within his fighter and slung the type three to his shoulder flipping up the targeting reticule on it and setting its small screen on a zoomed setting before aiming downrange at one of the many aggressors he could see beginning to swarm through the door. "Everyone take cover! We have incoming and they don't look friendly.," he shouted Getting into a kneeling position behind some cover and opened fire on one of the first through the port door. seeing this invasion another thought came to mind. "Please don't tell me you were in on this Valky." He said thinking aloud about how he hoped that The one person he had truly felt close to in a long time hadn't betrayed his entire world. Then a even worse thought came to him. What if she wasn't in on it. What could be happening to her in that case.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-01-16, 18:40:52

Following the announcement of the murder to his deck gang, Sten Convington had little time to let them absorb the knowledge. There was a mission to accomplish and every man and woman he led had work to do. But he knew they could do it. A pleasant consequence of being attached to the testbed platform for the field-testing of the Mk III fighters was that he had been able to bring on a deck crew of his own choosing. Each and every one he knew. Marquette had been his second when these new fighters were being designed and going through their initial flight testing. Thomason he had trained himself in a recent Chief of Flight Deck Operations qualifications. As for the rest of them they were a collection of recent trainees who had earned his positive notice, were experienced hands on operational decks or had been involved in the Mk III program. And all of them knew what it was like to lose a teammate, either through accident, negligence or stupidity or as a result of his training methods which involved the clever use of holo-emitters to simulate dreadful results.

As such, they worked hard, pushing their shock and outrage to the back burner so they could do their jobs under the careful eye and unerring direction of Papa Bear. And when no call to launch fighters came, the Chief did not ponder or even worth about it. Even the best-laid plans could go astray. And truth be told, having more time to prepare was always a good thing.

But what he had not expected was the urgent call to scramble accompanied by the shrieks of phaser fire. What in the world was going on? Instinctively, he drew his own phaser which he'd retrieved shortly after briefing his crew. He was, after all, Papa Bear and protecting his people was what he did. And showing he was armed was a reminder he'd never allow anything to happen to them.

No sooner had Iron Fox gotten off the PA, Sten's fingers worked his PADD and the deck's action alarm sounded, a sound much different from the dread klaxon of Red Alert for obvious reasons. "Scramble, scramble, scramble!" He bellowed. "Marquette, arm up and back up the Sir. Thomason, get those other doors shut! Someone get us an alternate exit. Move!"

From his end, Covington did not even draw his weapon. He had real work to do. And, taking cover between two fighters, he gestured to the first one in which a pilot was getting strapped in and gave the signal to launch. Despite the scramble order, traffic still needed to be directed since the birds were not lined up in an orderly launch order and the last thing they needed was a crash in the bay.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-17, 03:42:57

Lieutenant Tessa Maya Lance, callsign 'Goldeneye' had taken a shower after struggling valiantly to get her Valkyrie ready to launch in time. It wasn't, and there was no one to blame up herself. Lord knew that Sten Covington and his people had bent over backwards to get all the fighters ready. She hadn't been pulling her own weight, and everybody had been covering for her. Petty Officer Adara Hussien, a small dark Terran deckhand of Arabian descent had promised to get her bird back together while Tessa washed the engine grease off and got into her flight suit. As Tessa suited up in the locker room she wondered how many of her friends would die because she was tardy.

They were heading on a suicide mission that would reveal the truth to the United Federation of Planets. Whether they lived or died wouldn't matter if they succeeded. Other ships and other crews would take up their banner and fight until the war was won. So why was Goldeneye dragging her feet? Being hungover was no excuse. Everyone was hungover. Everyone was stressed out. They all were fighting post-traumatic stress disorder. So why wasn't Tessa hauling her share of the load? Was she doing this on purpose?

She squeaked and staggered backwards when she heard Miles Renard's voice coming out of her commbadge. *"All hands on deck this is lieutenant commander Miles Renard Lone wolves SCO. It appears that we are under attack by the Harbinger personnel. I repeat we are under attack. I am ordering an evacuation of the Hangar bay all hands are to retreat to a Defensible position. All deck crew clear the flight deck Full squadron scramble order has been given. I repeat Clear deck all available wolves are ordered to launch. Orders are target Valkyrie 2's and kill on sight I repeat Valk 2s are Kill on sight. Non-flight ready wolves arm yourselves and disperse available weaponry to deck crew. Looks like we have company incoming."*

The *Harbinger* personnel were attacking? Were they crazy? No matter who won, both ships would lose the war of attrition. It wasn't as if either ship was getting resupplied after all, and replacement crew was impossible to find. How insane did they have to be to...?

Her blood ran cold when she reviewed Ironwolf's last words: *"Non-flight ready wolves arm yourselves and disperse available weaponry to deck crew."* That meant there were enemies aboard the ship as well as attacking from the outside. This was a new level of fracked.

Her hand slid down to the pocket in her flightsuit that held her tiny hand phaser. The small, hand-held 'type one' hand phaser was easily concealable was less than ten centimeters long and two and a half centimeters wide, perfect to bring along in your fighter for emergencies or appearing unarmed so you won't be a priority target. It had only eight settings but that was more than enough if you were fighting personnel and not trying to cut through a bulkhead. Phaser in hand she kept over to the door separating the locker room from the flight deck. She'd just open the door a crack and peek out and see what was going on...

The door sounded deafening loud as it hissed open automatically and revealed her to the hanger bay. So much for being stealthy! Thank goodness her Valkyrie was parked right in front of the locker room. Evelyn Rawley's Valk was on the right and Wolf-08's fighter was to the left. Together they blocked the view of the door out where the bad guys had to be coming in.

Her eyes nearly jumped out of her head when she saw Wolf-08's fighter move away to reveal one of the security noncoms who had been assigned to the flight deck. He was furtively making his way to Ironwolf and Papa Bear's office. Behind him was the exit to the corridor wide open with three comatose security personnel lying the deck nearby.

Screaming like a banshee, Tessa closed her eyes and fired her tiny phaser five times at him. The phaser was set for stun; it didn't matter what she hit as long as she got that backstabbing son of a *targ*. She was rewarded by the sound of a groan and the thump of a body hitting the deck. Opening her eyes she saw the comatose coffee colored corpus of Petty Officer Jacque Marquette, the deck hand Sten had sent to the secret weapon's locker in their office. Of the treacherous security man there was no sign.

Until the door slid open on the office door and he came out firing that is. Tessa shrieked and did an impressively athletic dance as she jumped and dodged to get out of the way before finally leaping behind her fighter.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-19, 11:51:45

Since she had been handed the mission details by Renard in the briefing room, Evelyn Rawley had been eager to launch a Valkyrie and ride it down the collective throat of Starfleet so that Ives and the rest could broadcast the truth about Starfleet Command from Starbase 84. Sad fact was that her trusty bird had been destroyed outside the Hromi Cluster when they first fought the Calamity, and she did not exactly have medical leave to fly yet either. Her wings were clipped... but that had not stopped her before. *Fuck regulations, for I will be out there when the time comes.*

With Narik Cinsaj dead, the Reaver Project had been halted as well, but that was perhaps for the best. Rawley had no inclination to work with Razor because of what had happened that morning. Therefore, she had been assisting in preparing Wolf-12's fighter, which had been moved to her old 06 spot in the hangar - parked right outside their lounge. This was where she had been, taking a quick break, just as Renard made his announcement over the PA System - his words emphasised by the sound of phaser fire.

"All hands on deck this is Lieutenant-Commander Miles Renard, Lone-Wolves SCO. It appears that we are under attack by Harbinger personnel, I repeat we are under attack. I am ordering an evacuation of the Hangar bay. All hands are to retreat to a Defensible position. All deck crew, clear the flight deck. Full squadron scramble order has been given. I repeat. Clear deck. All available wolves are ordered to launch. Orders are to target Valkyrie two's and kill on sight. I repeat Valk twos are kill-on-sight. Non-flight ready wolves, arm yourselves and disperse available weaponry to deck crew. Looks like we have company incoming."

Rawley was on her feet and out through the sliding doors in a couple of seconds, met by the sight of the deck crew clearing the hangar floor and taking cover behind trolleys with machinery and tools - returning fire towards the port and starboard entrances.

"Holy fuck!" she exclaimed and considered what she might do, raking her hands over her shaved head while her mind worked furiously. She spotted Tessa firing against whatever she might hit after she stepped out from the locker rooms, and in her wake emerged Wolf-12, running towards the Valkyrie that Rawley had prepared - meaning to launch as per Renard's orders. "Hey, you, throw down a phaser after you climb u-!"

But Wolf-12 did not make it to the ladder.

Out of nowhere stepped Nightmare, dark hair whipping about as she struck Wolf-12 across the face with the butt of her Mk III assault rifle. Rawley could not articulate the curses on her tongue as she saw - with wide eyes - how Hannah's strike made Wolf-12's feet leave the floor in mid-sprint. The helmet would have cushioned such a well-timed strike, but now it fell from senseless fingers to the hangar bay floor. It rolled to Rawley's feet, but she could not tear her eyes from Nightmare as she raised her rifle and pointed it at her. *She must have lost her mind*, was the singular coherent thought that came to Rawley, who raised her hands in surrender in lack of anything else to do.

"I will not throw my life away, and neither should you," said Hannah, raising the rifle to her shoulder and aiming at Rawley from her position by the the Valkyrie. There were tears in her eyes. "Vasser is the only one that can save the Galaxy, and Captain Ives is just desperate, sending us to die in vain in a battle already lost. Evelyn, please understand. Vasser needs us if he is to win the war. Help me talk sense into Fox. Stop this madness."

"Okay, Hannah, but stop pointing that thing at me. We are in the same pack," said Rawley and cleared her throat, not sure what she was supposed to say to placate Nightmare. She had no idea what was going on. She spotted Soo Young Seung behind Hannah, her white headphones on and with a confused expression on her face as she dodged behind one of the trolleys to make her way over to them.

"What happened to Twelve?" Soo called over the din of the firefight, not having seen the rifle in Hannah's hands.

"No, don-!" called Rawley, but it was too late. Nightmare rounded on Oracle and shot her in the chest.

Soo took a couple of steps back, looking down to see where she had been hit. Her hand phaser fell from her fingertips. She landed on her knees, and then toppled to the side. Rawley had no idea if she was alive or not, but she heard Hannah's whisper - barely audible over the noise of Valkyries igniting their engines.

"Forgive me."

Post by: Axius on 2015-01-19, 21:32:18

Axius liked working up a sweat. Any way that he could; sex, velocity, exercising. He imagined the sweat as the stress and emotion just flowing out from his body, leaving him ironically clean and refreshed as he donned the rigorous physical feats of his exercise routine. It was the start of a cycle, having been out for so long on medical bedrest, so accordingly, the Câroon wanted to ease his body into his old habits with trusty cardiovascular work.

Minutes ago, he was only steps away from his current position on the sonic treadmill, in the briefing room of his squadron, learning of the murderous acts that were committed on his ship. Mass murder - common for his crew. Now the homicide of a single person, that was something out of the ordinary for this ship. It was times like these that Axius wished he was involved with the Security department in some fashion. Moments of relaxation and informality like the night before are breeding grounds for crime, he observed. He would like to prevent things like these if he weren't the pilot he was today. It still set him on edge, and he couldn't tell if sound waves forcing his feet back as he sprinted in place was really solving that.

Black earbuds dangled from his ears, music spilling into his brain as he continued to push his feet forward on the plane. He wiped the sweat from his forehead, and dabbed it with the towel hanging from the edge of the whirring machine. His musculature gleamed against the artificial overhead lights, and he stepped off of the machine to readjust his falling active shorts when he looked at the time. 1201. He extended his arms on the machine, letting them support his lower body and his now lowered head in a few short moments of rest. He turned up the volume a few more settings and swung his hips over the machine once more, his head now facing the darkened glass as shapes of people scattered in the fighter bay.

His uniform was, of course, in the locker room next door, although his combadge shouldn't have been left pinned on it. It would have been noticed on his chest if there was something that needed to be announced. So imagine his surprise when he stepped through the doors into chaos.

The upbeat music came to a *subito piano* as the buds were ripped from his ears.

Directly in front of the gym's entrance was the slot for 06, Rawley's bird, but 12 was in its place for maintenance. This fighter, for the most part, guarded him in that split second of phaser fire before he crossed his arms and tilted to the metal ground, the weight of his body pulling him into a shoulder roll as he ducked underneath the Valkyrie. He frantically, on instinct, ravaged his shirtless body in search of a phaser that would have been there if he hadn't of decided to exercise after the briefing.

His mind was agape - wiped in the oblivion of disbelief and ignorance as to what caused the deployment of the Wolves and the attack against crew members. He peered out from under the Valkyrie 12, seeing, along with volleys of orange phaser fire, the murder of Oracle. Her nimble body dropped to the ground, signature white headphones still bolted into her ear canal. Standing over her, and the owner of the fighter he hid beneath, was none other than Hannah, who seemed to be conversing with the owner of the dock Axius crouched atop.

Her face mirrored his own, and he locked sympathetic eyes with her, as there was nothing he could do without his immediate death. The sea-green irises pleaded one emotion, "What should I do?"

Post by: Nolan on 2015-01-22, 13:05:09

Thomas was sitting in his cockpit of his Valk while the pre flight systems check was nearing it's end. He was already suited up and he'd been sitting here for a while. The reason why he was already geared up and ready to go was that he avoided contact with everyone else of his squadron after what had happened between him and Rawley. Even though he believed he could trust Rawley not to snitch on him, he couldn't help but believe that it somehow tainted him. As if everyone in his squad could see what he had done and that for all intent and purpose he could be a stonecold killer. The idea was floating around in the back of his mind, knowing that if someone made that link he might as well be detained for suspicion of the murder on the Boslic engineer.

A bleep brought him back from his paranoia mind rush and he smiled as his bird checked out and was ready for combat. He tapped the top of his console and whispered "Well done. I know I could trust on you." Yet his brief moment of joy was interrupted as he heard the PA system.

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are kill-on-sight. Non-flight ready wolves, arm yourselves and disperse available weaponry to deck crew. Looks like we have company incoming."

Thomas stared at the console as he registered what had just been called out and he flipped the switches and started his bird up. He looked outside now and saw the first bolts of phaser fire flying around in the room and he shook his head as this was going to be a rough take off. Yet what he witnessed next just made his feet sink into the ground.

First he saw Hannah walking up to 12's bird and smack down the pilot with the butt end of her rifle. "The fuck...?" he mumbled from his position as he saw her aiming the rifle down at Rawley while Axius dove under the bird. In a matter of seconds he saw Soo climb up and the discharge of the rifle launched her back onto the flight deck. Razor's eyes widened in horror as he saw her seemingly lifeless body and he shout out in terror.

Whilst his engines went up to full power he snatched the Mk III rifle from his cockpit and crouched up so he could take a shot. The engines caused for vibrations which made the shot a bit harder to make. Yet Thomas exhaled slowly and aimed down the sight as time seemed to go slower and slower. The sound of discharges and screaming faded into a slow motion blur of sounds and with a well aimed shot he discharged two rounds from his rifle. The first shot hit Hannah in the lower back while the second one ended up against her shoulder blades. Thomas made eye contact with Rawley as he lowered his rifle. He tossed it towards one of the deckhands and plunged down in his seat, closing off the cockpit.

He taxied his fighter and looked over at Hannah's and Soo's body on the hangar floor. He exhaled slowly and nodded at Axius and Rawley before he fired his Valk off to meet the incoming Harbinger pilots. He realized as he scrambled through the hangar bay that he'd be the first one out. The first one to meet some action.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-01-24, 05:12:30

The air around Miles soon began to smell with the faint scents of ozone and plasma. As the phaser fire began to be exchanged on both sides of the more and more clearly defining battle lines. Most shocking of all though was seeing one of his own pilots joining the battle lines of the enemy having struck down one of her own fellow Wolves. It was moments later that he saw the treacherous Slaverton fall to the ground in an unknown state of life or death. The same could be said of all who now lay unconscious. Miles saw then and knew not whether they were alive or dead though IN his own mind he chose to prepare for the worst and assumed death had befallen his valued fellow pilots.

He tapped the com badge addressing his pilots, "Wolves, I don't care who's fighter you take. If you are near one that's operable get in and launch. Leave yourself one of the two phaser's within but hand off at least one of the holdout phasers within to someone before you launch. Those Valk 2's were approaching fast and I once even one of them get through the bays lost to us." He said as he concentrated causing his body to deform into his true shape. He groaned in a strange kind of pain as he felt bones popping out of sockets and back in in new arrangements. Soon he gritted his teeth as his muzzle stretched reforming into the canid muzzle. Having taken his true body's form he could feel the difference in shape weight and movement already. "If you're staying grounded Give the fliers some cover." he said into the com as he agilely jumped over the cover he was hiding behind racing to the next spot of cover.

He braced his back against the cover and brought the control settings to near his mouth.quickly began to configure the phaser settings far from their usual parameters. Quickly he began to change the emission settings all the way down to altering the width and power settings. Within moments he had

pushed the concussive force setting on the type III compression phaser rifle to its highest limits but had turned down the actual lethal energy down to a state similar to non fatal Phaser burns making sure whoever he shot would at least have a chance to survive. The final setting change was a drastic departure from the usual Starfleet M.O. as it was cycled to a wide almost conical like dispersal. He knew this meant the energy wouldn't go as far and anything past 10 feet in front of the weapon would barely be singed by the bursts but he wasn't planning on firing from a distance. He needed crowd control and knew a typical phaser emission just wouldn't cut it. No he had to be creative and take these guys by surprise with a kind of weapon tactic they would never expect. He could tell by the weapon settings readout that doing this would exhaust one of the power cells within a matter of no more than 12 shots before he would have to eject the cell. and knew if he was lucky he might be able to get a total of 3 power cells used up like this before the emitter burned out from too much stress.

He pushed himself back up against the wall and slung the phaser over his shoulder again drawing the hand phaser and sending a few more shots downrange. He breathed in and out as he stilled himself for the possibly suicidal rush he would soon be making towards the locker room his only chance to flank these guys would be by going in through the locker room through the pilot conference room and hopefully flanking them by emerging from his office.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-01-25, 06:04:13

It had seemed simple enough. They were readying themselves for a flight when all hell broke loose in the hanger, led for the most part by Hannah Slaverton, the very last person he would have thought would open fire on her allies. With many of his fellow Lone Wolves holding down the enemy, Nathan knew what he had to do, even if it meant going out without a full squad. he was already in his cockpit, and he launched before anything else could stop him. They had a mission to accomplish, and if the others were holding down the enemy, then he had to make use of that to get moving.

"Isley to Renard, I have launched my fighter and am prepared to follow orders on a modified mission plan," he said. Not everyone in the fighter bay would be able to launch, not with the actions of Hannah, which meant that things were inevitably going to change. Nathan made the effort to tell his superior officer that he was ready to proceed as ordered, even if it meant flying solo, though he hoped it wouldn't come to that.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-27, 03:03:01

This isn't how I imagined it at all, thought Rawley, eyes wide after she saw Soo fall to the floor.

The shock of the sight barely made her flinch when Hannah was shot twice and fell down next to Soo, the rifle clattering against the deck of the hangar. Numbly, she raised her gaze to see the shooter - Thomas Ravon. Phaser fire whisking by, she saw him close the canopy of his cockpit and taxi out towards the hangar bay doors. He nodded to her as he passed her. Rawley began to look around, seeing Axius below the Valkyrie again, but it was as if she saw right through him. A familiar feeling. She had felt it before. When Soo Young Seung was thought KIA over a month ago. That painful numbness, eating her from within. She had broken last it happened. She had sworn to not break again, but she had not been prepared. This was not how she imagined it to happen again; over the body of the same woman she lost before. Yet she would not break... Not again. *Never...*

"What the *fuck* is going on?" she screamed suddenly in righteous fury and snatched up the rifle that Nightmare had dropped and then she waved to Axius to come out from under the Valkyrie. Then she tossed the rifle to him. "Here! Will you cover me while I launch? I'm heading out there to kill that bloody Phantom and his Kanar-drinking pricks! Those felching traitors are dead! They are *fucking dead!*"

There was no room for further thought, no time to think of Soo, only the instincts carved into her bone-marrow and making her tear off Wolf-12's gear and snatch up his helmet. Those instincts led her rapid climb into the cockpit, and once there Rawley slapped her own cheeks, as if slapping the image of Soo out of her mind. There was no time for pre-flight diagnostics or to establish communications with the other Wolves who had launched. She powered up the Valkyrie and during the couple of seconds it took to get enough thruster power, she strapped the flight gear on top of her uniform and donned the helmet, which was only a little bit big for her. She could not care any less. She ignored how the phaser fire from the invaders scorched the paint and plating, concentrated on the flashing messages on her displays and turning the bird around for launch. There was no Mission Ops voice in her ear to dictate when she sped off, only her own furious inputs to the computer and the controls chiming in response. 'TAKING OFF' scrolled across the monitors and Rawley scowled through the open maws of the bay doors, and a single word burned in her mind's eye.

Annihilation. She opened up her comm-channels and spat her status. "Wolf-Zero-Six here. I am on my way. If they want to land on the Theurgy... then they will have to go through me."

[This is Wolf-Zero-Three, ready to engage.]

[Wolf-Zero-Eight, reporting in.]

And then there were Maverick and Razor, whom she had seen launching as well. Five wolves, not quite half the pack, but there was nothing to be done about that. They were facing a squadron that had been picked apart for months until only the strongest remained - pilots brutally chiselled into perfection. The Harbinger pilots might have been flying Mk IIs but that did not give Rawley and her fellow Wolves much of an advantage in their Mk IIIs. She knew this would be brutal, and the odds of survival slim. Hannah had said Vasser was behind this, and if the mutiny had begun on the Theurgy's Bridge, they might have to defend themselves against their own base ship as well... Not to mention the USS Harbinger.

This isn't how I imagined it to be, she thought again.

Pulling the stick back a bit, she bared her teeth and pulled her Valkyrie up... shooting off into the non-atmosphere of the Class-9 nebula.

Post by: Axius on 2015-01-27, 03:31:26

The numbness had to be interrupted by the shock of the metal stock smashing into his chiseled chest bone. Rawley, with a face of pure hatred, malice, and determination flew across the bay and into the Valk that Axius had been hiding under. His breath only taken away for a few seconds, Axius donned the rifle in a white-knuckle grip, whirring it to maximum settings as he waved Rawley off, something she most likely didn't see, but was vital to his own emotional stability. Orange beams raced past him and against the Valkyrie she sped off in, and he met them again with the force of his own.

Dead. Not cold, burned, singed, boiled bodies of his friends spewed the ground. All because of-

No. He couldn't do this. He could not dwell on deaths. Axius was about to cause many many many of them, so for the time being, couldn't see that his friends were now statistics in the damage that was being dealt to his ship.

They were all going to die. Replace his shock and terror with adrenaline and aspiration. Extract his

pain and infuse anger. Transfuse the very tainted blood running through his veins with power and greed. They were all going to die.

Whizzing, bright lights pulsed through chambers of rifles here and there threatening to turn the Câroon into a paper doily. It was then that he put his combat training into full gear. *Don't look at the phaser light*, he remembered Nakura teaching him on the holodeck. *It will only distract and blind you. Look below it, and fire above your target.*

Uzamaki, his childhood mentor, had told him that if situations like this arrived, that he should look to destroy weapons and fighters in one piece, to prevent others from looting the dead and using their weapons of war once again.

Fore, a Harbinger security officer raced his way as Axius fired and struck the woman who had shot at Rawley's bird. In an instant, he smashed the butt rifle sharply into his clavicle, hearing a gratifying snap and wheeze as the broken bone punctured his lung. He didn't look down as he ducked another beam of light.

His crew could fly and shoot all they wanted out there, but in here, he was going to fight for his ship. No matter if a white collar of his own pack came in his way, a yellow shirt of a lying bastard, or red, four-pipped traitor came face to face.

He kept his promises.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-27, 04:33:19

It all happened so fast. The gunman that was coming for her came around the corner of her Valk and pointed his phaser at her only to get knocked down by a phaser bolt that had come from his right. Miles Renard, AKA Ironwolf was in full vulpine form and barreling to the door to the locker room, no doubt to cut through the briefing room so he could get to the weapons locker in his office.

"Nuts to this!" Tessa squeaked. "I've had enough of this! I'm launchin'!" She glanced to her left to see Deckhand Hussien and her fellow deckhands setting up a makeshift barricade right in the path of her fighter. "What the hell are you doing?" Tessa shrieked as she ran out to berate them. "I'm trying to get out of here and you..."

Adara Hussien was four inches shorter than Tessa, but she seized Goldeneye by the collar and pulled her to the deck as the doors opened and an assortment of people in Starfleet uniforms came in with phasers.

"Are you out of your mind?" Tessa cried. "Oh!" Tessa's jaw went slack as she saw Oracle fall, shot by Hannah Slaverton, one of her fellow Wolves. Hannah went down, shot by Thomas Ravon before he closed his cockpit and taxied out of the hangar and out into the black. Nightmare was already on the deck. A shirtless Axius crouched down next to her and caught a rifle tossed to him by Rawley, who wasted no time getting into her Valkyrie and launching. "Naked!" she chirped when she saw Quake.

Rawley was the smart one. She was fighting the enemy the way she knew how. Flying through the empty black and firing down death from above. Tessa was trapped on the flight deck fighting in a way she hadn't trained for: Crouching on her knees clutching a hand phaser when she couldn't tell the good guys from the bad.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-01-27, 05:04:36

What the hell had happened in all the universes? Skye had never expected life to be easy but anymore it was just one thing after another. It was no wonder the captain was so tense not even the smallest of farts could escape! Now there was murder on the ship and Razor ... how the hell was she going to help him figure out what was going on with him when she couldn't wade through all the bullshit going on everywhere. Her bird was ready to go and she'd ducked into the locker room for a much needed bathroom break but when she stepped out, she spied Rawley and was making her way to try to get her side of the story.

That was when the shit hit the fan again and everyone was scrambling to get to fighters or weapons. One of the deck crew was in the line of fire and she didn't think, simply leaped and knocked the guy down. "Get the hell under cover!" she yelled at him and looked up in time to see Nightmare take out Wolf 12. Her jaw dropped, her mind not comprehending that one of their own had just turned on them. Soo went down and then so did Nightmare. Her gaze went to Razor. "GET THE BASTARDS!" she screamed to him and dove for a couple of phasers that had been dropped.

There was no way in hell she was going to get to a bird and her gut told her she needed to stay here, to figure out a way to fight this mutiny. Skidding on her stomach with arms stretched, she nabbed the two phasers and went into a roll, firing wildly as she tried to avoid getting hit herself. Bouncing up, she started to run back toward the locker area but dangerous beams were zotting all around her. Spying some metal barrels, she dove again and set them in motion which ushered her body along just underneath stray shots until she could duck off and roll behind a crate.

"Just a little further," she panted, peeking around and then deciding to just go for it with every bit of speed she had in her. In her time alone, desperately tracking Theurgy to get back to her pack, Skye had thought of several scenarios and as a result she had a bit of inspiration. Bolting out from her cover, she ducked and weaved, made a couple of somersaults until she was in front of the door to the showers. Without looking back, she burst inside. "Let me have just enough time ... please ... if there's any god out there that's good ..." she halfway prayed.

Thankfully the shower stalls were fairly narrow and she used that to her advantage, jumping up and planting a foot on each side and working her way up like she was rock climbing. With one phaser tucked away she used the other to make a hole in the ceiling, knowing the maintenance shaft was there. She knew there was a Jeffrey's tube nearby and from there she could try to move around unseen. Tossing her badge down so they couldn't track her, she pushed the piece of ceiling up and to the side then worked her way into the crawl space.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-01-30, 04:37:43

Miles Looked down at the Knee-Padd and switched it to a Live sensor feed of the Battle in the space around them. "Damn" he said aloud "guess that makes me Miss ops for the moment." He heard Isley checking in on the com channel. "Reading you loud and clear Nine, You're the only group lead out there so the squad's yours. Don't expect much word from base I'm a little busy at the moment but I'll advise if I get a chance. You've got some other birds out there too so take care of em and try and clip the wings of a couple of those Mark II's. Until further notice You're Wolf lead, Renard out."

Tapping the badge he Looked downrange of towards the entrance to the locker room and saw his first obstacle. A lone invader having taken aim towards the fighter in slot 07 pinning down one of his pilots. Even worse was that he was right in the way of his entrance to the locker room. Knowing full well the danger he ran at full speed towards the officer taking aim with the shotgun-like modified phaser rifle and hit the officer square in the chest before making a roll towards and into the locker room. He had rolled right in time as a few other Phaser blasts sizzled just above him causing a telltale

searing scent he knew to be his own fur being singed from the near hit. As he rolled in he spied the form of Skye climb up the shower and into the access hatch. He smiled seeing the com badge being tossed out and land on the ground. "I don't know what your up to Kestrel but good luck." he said aloud as he pointed his phaser towards her combadge and quickly fired vaporizing the badge. "I'll get you a new one when this shit's over" he said aloud not knowing if she had heard him at all. Diverting his attention to the door in-front of him He sighed, "Now or never." He quickly activated the door and as quickly as he had the searing light of phaser shot hit the nearby locker alerting him that the conference room was far from uninhabited.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-02-19, 23:58:36

I'm up to no good as usual, Sir, mean to give 'em hell like you always say to, Skye thought but didn't call out to her commanding officer. The less he knew, the better, was her line of thinking. Slipping through the small crawl space, she made it to the hatch of the closest Jeffries tube and carefully opened it, peeking in from the side. This might not be the greatest plan but it was all she had at the moment.

Easing in and closing the hatch, she just sat there for a few moments to catch her breath and try to reason out a few things. Why had Hannah fired on their own? Why was some form of mutiny going on? How far did it reach already? Those were just the beginning of questions when she heard the voice of the other ship's captain and her blood ran cold from his very first sentence of his taking command.

He intended to take over the Calamity ... "How the hell does he intend that when we've barely made it away two against one?" she muttered under her breath. *And that doesn't even begin to say how we'll be able to properly man three ships when we are struggling with two. The man is fucked in the head ... absolutely certifiable. I knew he was a wormy bastard the first time I saw him,* she grumbled.

He was trying to appeal to people, parroting Ives' words that they were the galaxy's last hope. And yet she knew there were some foolish enough to believe and rush to the cargo bay. Vasser was insane but he certainly wasn't stupid. He would know not everyone was there to switch sides and she'd read enough histories to know that there would be some form of brainwashing to ensure complacency.

Just as she thought that, the proclamation was made that resistance would be met with detainment and forced to see reason. "What I'd give to shove a rifle up your ass and blow you to smithereens," she continued in a hushed murmur, falling back a bit to the time she spent alone in her Valk with nothing but space all around. She wasn't alone now, though, just had to find more with like minds.

The more she thought about it, the more she knew they had to do something to Thea to gain her cooperation. That meant Lin Kae was in danger and she felt the fire rise up quickly, that protective streak for her dear friend setting her in motion. She knew the places he was likely to be and it was just a matter of trying to get to him. "Please don't let me be too late," she muttered as she hurried along the metal 'steps' of the tube.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-01-30, 07:14:14

"Nuts to this!" Tessa gasped. The cockpit of her Valkyrie was looking real good right now. If she could climb up and get in her Valkyrie without getting shot, she was home free. The interior of the Valkyrie would make better cover than being out in the open, and if her fellow pilots and Papa Bear's deck hands were forced back from their makeshift barricade, Tessa could launch and join her fellows out in the black. It was better to go out in a blaze of glory against Phantom's pilots than it was to get

shot down on the flight deck. At least out in space she could take a bad guy with her.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-01-31, 18:24:51

Things were degenerating fast. In fact, the Chief of the Deck was getting to the conclusion that he was about to lose his hangar. There were simply too many assailants coming from too many directions to hold the ground much longer. And despite recognizing the nature of the beast for what it was, it still hurt. Before he entered the nascent world of fighter crafts, he was a shuttle bay chief. He had set up, taken, held, defended, withdrawn from and re-taken landing zones in less than friendly circumstances. So it was nothing new for him. But to lose his hangar? His deck? It hurt.

But then again, he could see how pilots and his own staff were making their way out of the fighter bay, in good order. He had people to look after and really, what was this hangar? It was just a space on a ship. His Cubs were to be his priority. And, with only so very few fighters launched, he resolved himself to the fact he'd have to fall back. For a moment, he considered shutting the outer doors, locking out the incoming fighters. But it would also mean stopping one of his pilots from coming home. "Fuck," he simply muttered as he rose. He'd have to leave them open. He needed at least somewhere to land.

As he prepared to turn away and make his way off the deck, he spotted the little blonde pilot, Goldeneye, as she started in a run towards her bird and he reached out and a powerful hand at the end of an arm with muscles that might as well be made of steel cables closed on her shoulder and pulled her back. "Hold it! You'll just get yourself killed out there. Now, lass, use those superior tactics you pilots keep bragging about and help us get out of here!"

And, accompanying his words with actions, he reached into the nearest fighter and emptied it of its cockpit weapons. The hand phaser, he handed the girl to supplement her hold-out weapon but the rifle, he kept for himself. He was a decent shot but he would give himself a hand with this more stable firing platform.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-02-03, 20:28:16

Miles braced his back up against the Locker-room wall and blindly sent a few shots downrange into the room as cover before breaking into a quick dash behind one of the rows of chairs. He hid himself behind the cover as the phaser bolts sizzled past him on both sides as the invaders resumed fire. "What I wouldn't give for an old fashioned stinger right now." he said aloud to himself remembering how useful the combined concussive force bright light, loud noise, and the rubber like balls of a stinger grenade would allow just the amount of disorientation he would need to give him the perfect advantage in this situation. Instead, he was dealing with at least two probably three armed assailants within this room and by the sounds in the door beyond there was at least another two in his office. "Great" he thought aloud. "Here goes nothing." he quickly began punching in some overload commands into the small hand phaser that had been taken from the safe in his office hours before keeping the type 2 for himself. Quickly, it began building a charge and nearing an overload. He waited knowing that seconds would mean the difference in blowing off his own arm and not letting them have the time to get away in time. Waiting for just the right time he tossed it behind him and to the other side of the room.

A near deafening boom echoed through the conference room as the type 1 overloaded and exploded right at one of the invaders feet blasting him back into the wall of the conference room putting a large crack in the View-screen now stained with the man's blood. Nearer to the door to the office one of the invaders was struggling to get up but a quick stun of a phaser was all it took for Miles to end the

threat. Finally, he saw the third who was in the room getting to his feet with a horribl limp as pieces of melted phaser seemed welded to his leg from the nearby explosion that had sent him flying across the conference room all the way to the door of the conference room and into the hangar bay. There was a look of fear on his face as he saw the Vulpinian raise the type three and pull the trigger causing his body to fly backwards sprawling unconscious his chest burned and now out cold in the empty space where 08 had been parked before. Miles engaged a manual lock on the door preventing the invaders from accessing the conference room behind him. And quickly did the same to the other two Conference room doors locking them to the outside and to the office side delaying the opposing fighters from being able to take him by surprise from his own office. Most importantly though was what was before him.

Two of the invaders lay either unconscious or dead within the briefing room and to their sides now hung limp two Type three rifles. The first he picked up noticing it had been damaged by the makeshift grenade. The other though was far more workable and he set it down to a high stun setting before slinging the shotgun like phaser over his shoulder securing the strap tight against his back as he holstered the type II phaser. He couldn't help but grin seeing the treasure he had found on one of them smirking at the luck he had. He knew it was a wonder that the photon grenade that one of them held had not been tossed towards Miles before he had himself employed a rather unconventional grenade. He couldn't help but smile as he found another photon grenade on the other invader pocketing one of them and keeping the other grenade in his off hand as he began entering the codes to unlock his office door again most likely alerting those behind the door of his entrance.

As Miles made his way towards his office The opposition continued to mass through the doors with each one that fell another seemed to reinforce their numbers. Soon there were at least five near each door setting up makeshift barricades just inside each of the doors hoping to make sure not a single crew member or pilot could escape to the hallway. With each second one after another escape route was eliminated. As each of the Doors to the Conference room was shut another door remained open though. The door to the locker room was still open and the maintenance hatch that Skye had crawled through before was still wide open. Elsewhere in the bay A few brave Deck crew Fired into the mass of invaders holding their line as unarmed Deckhands ran for a now open Storage room where boxes had been pushed up to create a makeshift platform to reach another access hatch. There was no traditional evacuation route but the Deckhands had gotten clever and now were beginning their own improvised escape from the hangar bay.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-02-05, 07:24:47

Tessa started for her fighter but gasped when a large scarred hand seized her shoulder with an iron grip. She whirled around, holdout phaser in hand and looked up at the face of the chief of flight deck operations, Chief Warrant Officer First Class Sten Michael Covington; the man the Wolf Pack had given the unofficial callsign of Papa Bear. Tessa gulped. After witnessing her fellow wolf Hannah Slaverton shoot Soo Young Seung in the chest, she didn't know who to trust. Could the man she unofficially considered her stepfather be a mutineer?

"Hold it! You'll just get yourself killed out there," the grizzled deck chief barked. *"Now, lass, use those superior tactics you pilots keep bragging about and help us get out of here!"* he ordered. As if to clear all doubt of his loyalties, Sten Covington reached into her Valkyrie and removed the weapons she had stored in the cockpit. He held the phaser rifle with one large hairy hand and pressed the pistol sized hand phaser to her tiny trembling one.

Tessa gasped and sighed in relief until the grizzled old chief's words finally registered. Superior tactics? What superior tactics? All of Tessa's 'superior tactics' were applicable to piloting a fighter at

speeds approaching and exceeding the speed of light. What kind of superior tactics could she possibly have that would be applicable to the current situation? Tessa May Lance hated to admit it, but as of late she was so out of it that she almost broke her neck walking into one of those access hatches that Master Chief O'Connell had left open while he and his crew were working on the flight deck. Wait a second. That was it! There were sections of the walls, floor, and ceiling that had been removed for repair and even now still allowed access to the Jeffries tubes. They could escape that way!

"The-the Jeffries tubes!" Tessa gasped. "They were tearing apart the flight deck yesterday to repair the damage! We can go through the openings where they removed parts of the hull and get out that way! If they want us, they'll have to crawl in after us, and numbers won't matter in such a confined space! We'll get out through the Jefferies tubes!"

Post by: Axius on 2015-02-10, 05:57:53

As his rifle struck down one traitor after another, Axius's attention was torn away by the voice of Tessa, who was hiding alongside Papa Bear. It wasn't like him to hide, he had probably just told her something. He fired a few more shots at the gathering of materials that formed a blockade, where his enemy was cowering behind. But wasn't his next move a cowering one; jumping behind a maintenance tool cart? He shook his head in disagreement with himself. He fought in the open, unlike them.

He veered his eyes towards GoldenEye. Beside Valkyrie 7, his deck chief was conversing with wide eyes with the lieutenant. Wait... No. But - Hannah couldn't be the only person who no longer held loyalty to Ives... No, it couldn't. Papa couldn't. Tessa wouldn't. They were on his side.

In a flash, Axius made his way to their location, where he grabbed Tessa's shoulders, locking eyes with his pack mate, and pushed, "Are you alright? You're not injured are you?" He shortly apologized as he realized his actions, in this situation, could seem hostile.

Obviously seeing no sign of damage on her body, he quickly threw the question out of the window and spoke to both simultaneously. "I heard you say Jeffries tubes. I think that's a safe retreat, but what can we put together to give one last crippling blow to those bastards?"

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-02-10, 23:09:09

He doubted they expected what they saw instead of the SCO. Instead of the Vulpinian they were met with their own comrade's dead body being shoved through the door absorbing the mass of phaser fire supposed to be destined for Miles. More unexpectedly than the body was the small cylindrical object that rolled into the room and soon erupted in a bright flash of light. Miles quickly entered the office raising the type three rifle and putting two stunning shots into each of the disoriented and mostly blinded invaders sending each of them to the ground unconscious but mostly unharmed. 'Thank the matriarch for small favors.' He thought to himself as he saw that the tinted window to the bay was so far unharmed and his office door had been shut by the invaders who had entered his sanctum. He smiled as he began to grab what gear of the invaders he needed before unloading the phaser rifles they carried and taking the power cells for himself. He then checked the charge on both the makeshift phaser shotgun of his and the proper phaser rifle he now carried. He smiled to himself as he took a knee behind his desk and looked out putting his eye to the scope of the rifle as he looked out the tinted office window.

At the port exit of the hangar bay there was a group of 5 invaders busy taking aim at some of the

escaping Deck crew running for access hatches in the supply rooms. With each second ticking by their victory was becoming more and more assured as deck crew merely trying to escape dropped to the ground. At the stern side exit of the hangar bay much the same was gathering thought their opposition was much more heavily armed as they began to fire volleys towards the lone fighter being used for cover by the deck chief and now 2 pilots. Little did one of the pilots know that he was soon to have the very answer to his question.

The SCO's window shattered as a single concussive bolt of phaser fire erupted from it instantly careening downrange and catching one of the Port side invaders in the shoulder dropping him to the ground with a hard stun. AS quickly as another turned to see the direction the fire had come from he was caught in the chest by a second shot from the same source. By the second shot though two of the Stern side invaders and all three of the port side ones had had diverted their attention to fire towards the SCO who had ducked back behind his desk using the wall below the window as a firing position in a makeshift bunker.

"Damn." Miles thought as he held the other grenade in his hand and cooked it for a moment making sure it was on its maximum concussive and lethal setting. He knew he would have hell to pay from Papa Bear with the dents and damage it would undoubtedly leave in the floor. Damning the consequences he tossed it towards the gathering hoping the resulting carnage there would create enough of a diversion for the rest to take out whatever opposition remained.

Carnage was the appropriate word as the Photon grenade tumbled towards the 5 at the port side. It was too late for them to react when one of them shouted "Grenade!" Then, they tried to leap over the barricade, but it was no use. The photon grenade exploded at their feet creating a hole in the floor that luckily punched through the thick deck plating and strait into one of the between deck Jeffry's tubes. The carnage was horrid three had been nearly completely vaporized aside from small charred bits of fingers and part of the top of a charred skull.

Two however were not so lucky and were still alive with photon burns covering their entire bodies their uniforms burned into the skin that remained and one with a leg and a chunk of their abdomen vaporized leaving a charred mess of guts and flesh visible though not falling out due to the heat cauterization creating a mockery of flesh where their body had been destroyed. The most horrifying though was one of the two female invaders in the group of 5. Her sister in battle had been spared consciousness after the explosion through the mercifully blinding flash of light that brought 3 quick deaths. It would have been impossible to tell her gender through the burns over her still whole but fatally burned body. Through tatters of uniform that remained fused to flesh though there were two yellow white lumps of what would look like fat being rendered in a frying pan. The seared fat of her mammary tissue was all that remained to differentiate her gender. She sent out wails of pain coming from her seared throat were a mixture of sickening gurgles and screams of agony and all Miles could do was to switch the unmodified type 3 to kill.

As soon as the debris cleared enough to see, Miles quickly took aim at the two still living and ended their lives granting them the only mercy he could afford to give in this battle. Before resuming his cover within his makeshift bunker of an office hoping that whoever remained with a weapon could take out the rest while the invaders tried to regroup and resume the assault.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-02-19, 06:25:09

Tessa shrieked as someone seized her by the shoulders and found herself looking into the sea green eyes of Axius vel Onea, callsign Quake, also known as Wolf-04 and like the fallen Soo Young Seung was one of the youngest master chiefs in the history of Starfleet. It took a moment for his words to

register with her.

"Are you alright? You're not injured are you?" he asked her before he realized that Tessa was terrified of him. Of course she was. She had just seen Hannah shoot Soo Young at pointblank range. How did she know if whose side he was on?

"Oh it's you," she gasped with glassy topaz eyes. "I was tunneling like a cadet..."

"Sorry," he muttered as he let her go, "I just thought that..."

"Oh, Quake!" Tessa sniffed as she hugged him. She was so unbalanced by everything that happened that she was as useless as a civilian at this point.

Quake pulled her away and brought her back to reality. *"I heard you say Jeffries tubes. I think that's a safe retreat, but what can we put together to give one last crippling blow to those bastards?"*

"What?" Tessa blinked. "Right! The open hatches will make good cover!" She glanced at the towering deck chief. "Papa Bear, you know what O'Conner's guys have been doing right? We might be able to use the Jefferies tubes to sneak around behind 'em!"

Whatever Papa Bear was going to say was forgotten when the trio heard a man shout **"GRENADE!!!!"** Tessa didn't know who pulled her to the floor but she did know that she hit the deck hard enough to show. An explosion on the other side of the Tessa's Valkyrie blew debris over the fighter and the blonde pilot felt some bits of something fall on her back.

Sound was muffled as if she was underwater. The whole flight deck seemed gray. She was tunneling; everything in her peripheral vision was blurred into darkness that which was directly in her line of sight was pinpoint clear as if she was looking through a scope.

Something was spinning on the deck before her. It took almost no time at all to determine that it was the severed finger of a woman. The well-manicured nail was literally a dead giveaway.

"God damn it what's next?" Tessa shouted before coughing on the dust and smoke. At this point her sphincter was so tight that shoving a noodle up her backside was no an impossibility. It was time to stop panicking and fight like a Wolf! She was a fighter pilot not some desk bound officer...

At that point any remains of a window around the SCO's office was destroyed in a hail of phaser fire as all three of the intruders at the far door took a knee behind a makeshift barricade and all began opening fire on the SCO's position. Soon the walls around the window were glowing red with repeated phaser fire and it would not be long before the near perfect defense of a wall gave way leaving their furred Commander an open target. Screaming like a banshee, Tessa gripped her phaser pistol with both hands and fired at the crewmen in the far distance near the exit. In their quick rearrangement of the temporary barricade they had made themselves entrenched from Miles sniping at the distant window but had left themselves vulnerable towards the hangar door where the trio now stood entrenched.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-01-29, 17:53:44

[Class-9 Nebula]

The thunder of their engines rang through the orange light of the nebula. The dissonance they tore through ripped at the hulls of their Mk II Valkyries, yet their shields compensated enough to leave them without much else than surface scarring. On his end, Phantom's contorted face was far worse for wear - his white dead eye glaring through the visor of his helmet. Warning signals of approaching fighters pealed through his cockpit. One might think them the war horns of yore - shattering the courage of those who heard it. Though Phantom had heard it far too many times. To him, they called merely for murder.

The braying of the dead and dying. He opened the squadron comm-link. "Weapons free."

Through chaos readings of the nebula they rode, bringers of death. Survivors of the Harbinger. They had fought in worse conditions, and needed not targeting systems to gauge the approach of the launched Lone-Wolves. Mk III Valkyries. Five of them. Yet the deciding factor of battle was not the kind of attack fighter you rode into it. Phantom knew that battle was not an exact knowledge. No hardware or software taking up arms against each other. Battle was detection. Battle was moments of decision. Battle was deception. Battle was only definite in its own setting and outcome.

The USS Theurgy came into view, partly shrouded in orange. They had visual on the Wolves, white pinpricks shooting towards Phantom and his seven survivors. Phantom led the way, throttled up his engines to full attack speed. At the opportune moment, he pushed his thumbs into the buttons of his phaser canons. His squadron opened fire with him, in sync with their squad leader - the full barrage hitting the Lone-Wolves at close proximity. Then, Phantom stuck out into a starboard barrel roll - avoiding collision at a steep angle. He caught fleeting glimpses of detonations against shields and hulls both. Clouds of orange whisked by.

The hunt began, and the enemy aimed to halt their progress. Twice, Phantom had to lean down in his cockpit and lay his full weight upon the joystick - phaser canon fire hissing about him. Grinding his teeth, he reeled his titanium warhorse into a dorsal climb, led two Wolves in front of him to believe he would take flight. He made them angle their course for interception. Yet battle was deception... and he dove - almost colliding right into them as he opened fire.

"With me!" Phantom's grating roar cut into the comm-link, and he led his survivors out from the immediate fight. Battle was conviction. He wanted the Wolves on his tail. Then... "Split up to reach the Theurgy's Flight Hangar! Smoke and Titan, lead your elements! Riptor, you are with me! Let the Winter Queen and Trujillo take care of these fools once we're through!"

And then the eight spread out, with only five attack fighters to oppose them as they doubled back towards the Theurgy.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-02-16, 22:15:48

"Wolf One-One reporting in and accelerating to combat speed." Thomas pinched in through the comms as his fighter started to roar when he stepped on to the bird's tail to speed up rapidly. His eyes scanned the thick orange nebula to register the approaching Mk II Valkyries. Hearing through the comm channel that Miles appointed Isley as squadron leader, Thomas opened up squad channel and asked "Isley, what are your..." His sentence died right there as he saw the incoming pack of Phantom split up and he narrowed his eyes "Isley, engaging the broken off group from Phantom's lead." He grunted and broke off. He would fold back if Isley told him to, yet right now he was out for blood as the gap between the hostile fighters and the Theurgy grew smaller by the second.

He had to make a choice as there were three fighter elements darting across and only five of them to

engage them all. He broke off from the squadron and rushed towards the group of three fighters. His eyes narrowed once more as he aggressively looped in towards Smoke's fighter element. It didn't last long for them to notice the lone wolf engaging them and they broke off to re-engage him as well. Yet Razor wasn't a rookie pilot himself. The dance began as he pounced and retreated only to return to engage one of the three fighters while keeping the other two at bay before they could get a decent shot at him. It wasn't a very convincing way to win a dogfight, yet it was long enough to stall them from getting closer to the Theurgy, long enough for Theurgy to open up to them with their phasers or other weapons.

Yet Theurgy's weapons seemed to be dormant or not online as the chase led on. How hard Thomas even tried to keep them away from the Theurgy it seemed like as soon as he got occupied with engaging one fighter, the other fighter engaged him as the third fighter tried to make it to the Theurgy, altering Thomas his attack to the stray that tried to get away. "Come on, take a fucking hit already!" he shouted as his finger pressed the trigger in short bursts when engaging and pulling it up hard to avoid incoming fire from Smoke's fighters. In the back of his mind Razor took into account that even if fighter defenses were activated he'd be in for a really rough ride as the distance between him and his targets was minimal.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-20, 05:35:44

It was too late to go back, since even if they had the time, that would leave them as sitting ducks in the flight hangar. Rawley's targeting systems began to chirp enthusiastically. "Wolf-Zero-Six, I am in your shadow, Razor. Maverick, if you have any great ideas, we are all ears, but the deal seems pretty grim to me, so we'll just do whatever we can as quickly as possible, right?" Evelyn Rawley had said when Thomas shot off to engage the Harbinger squadron. She entered commands for the same course into her instruments, "Wolf-Zero-Eight, would you like to tag along, over?"

[Acknowledged, Zero-Six, it seems we have no time for elaborate tactics,] said Wolf-08 over the static that the nebula caused. [Lead the way, Ranger.] So Rawley followed in Thomas wake for a brief few moments... before the Harbinger squadron broke off in different directions to try and get around the Lone-Wolves that had come out to greet them.

"They are splitting up! Laying an intercept course to catch Titan and his wingmates! Are you still with me, Zero-Eight?"

[Acknowledged,] came the voice in her ear - just as the enemy picked up on the scent of their rapid approach with their sensors. They changed course to intercept them instead with a heavy cannonade. [Ready to ascend.]

"On my mark; three, two, one... Engage!" In a synchronised climb, Wolves 06 and 08 escaped the initial volley completely. The second volley came while they had almost completed the barrel roll that would let them return fire, and Rawley felt the shudder of detonations against her shields. They held, but she managed to bite her tongue. "Fuck you are quick, ingrates," she murmured vehemently - tasting the iron of blood in her mouth.

[Zero-Six, roll and dive. They coming in again right above us, go, go go!]

Hearing this, 08 rolled to starboard whilst Rawley yanked her gears to the other side, and while they may have parted, they both rolled into a vertical descent. Even though they were quick enough, they were simply too few to forestall all the eight Harbinger attack fighters from reaching the flight hangar of the Theurgy. Two Harbinger fighters were about to dock - having gotten through the wolf pack. It was

Phantom and Riptor, and it was too late to do anything about it. Rawley swore as she noticed it, but she had her own fight to fight against Titan and his two comrades.

"Fuck it! Opening fire! Going hard starboard!" There was no time to warn Miles Renard either, Rawley bared her bloody teeth and rolled in her dive, avoiding the moving beasts and hitting them like lightning from above. There was little use to look down the path at this point, since the navigational display along with her targeting took up all her attention - guiding her through the thick orange nebula. Her hands were cramping into iron claws around her gears, and her thumbs were the talons which she used to tear through the enemy - sending a steady oscillation of phaser fire into their dorsal shields. Despite her best efforts, they slipped out of her targeting scope before their shields failed, and she was back on square one again.

Only then could she get a moment to contact Fox. "This is Rawley, you are about to get company!"

Silence.

"This is Rawley! Do you read me, Renard? Over!"

Yet it would seem that someone on Mission Ops had decided to cut their comm link. And not only that, because suddenly, weapon signatures were being read from the Prometheus-class starship. Theurgy was powering up their phaser arrays... but it was not alone. Behind Rawley, her sensors picked up the approach, and the newly arrived Harbinger was already shooting at them all.

"Evasive manoeuvres!" she yelled across the comm channel to the other wolves in the air. They were right between the Theurgy and the Harbinger, and the remaining Mk II Valkyries were emboldened by the arrival - coming back for another go.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-20, 05:35:44

[USS Theurgy | Fighter Assault Bay]

The doors of the Fighter Assault Bay opened for them, and Riptor came in side-by-side with Phantom. Their sleek, metallic-grey Mk II:s hovered above the deck, and it was with experience they could hold their attack fighters so steady in the relatively close quarters of the flight hangar. The sight that met them at the far end of the bay area was kind of expected, with a fire-fight taking place between the deck crew and those loyal to Commodore Vasser. According to plan, the bay area would have been taken already... so it seemed the ought to tip the scales a bit. Just a slight nudge, really.

"Shall we?" Riptor asked with quiet chuckle into the comm-link he had with Phantom, and he even turned his head to look at his Wing Commander through the canopy of his cockpit. Phantos Kilinvoss seemed to give it a second's worth of thought before he answered.

[We have no time for this. Target all movements and leave the hangar and the ships as intact as possible. Open fire.]

"Aye, Commander," said Riptor with a grin and flicked the covers of his triggers open. Then, with almost a caressing motion, he squeezed down his thumbs on the red buttons. In tandem, he and Phantom opened fire. They had four wing-mounted phaser pulse canons each, and with deafening noise, they were smiting the distance with barrage upon barrage of heavy energy bursts. While they were firing, they put down their landing gears and began to taxi forth against the blockades. As they slowly approached, they tore into flesh and blockades both with their sustained fire, sending

everything flying against the rear wall.

[This is Captain Declan Vasser,] said the voice of the new Commanding Officer in the PA system - barely overriding the fire of the shredding Type XII pulse cannons. [I am assuming command of this ship and the mission to liberate Starfleet from it's incursion. Captain Jien Ives is ill equipped to accomplish this task, too willing to play by rules that our enemies, with superior numbers ships, will be willing to ignore in pursuit of us. Our first mission is going to be the takeover of the Calamity, so we might gain access to another formidable ship to add to our numbers, as well as to access any records on that ship which may provide us with information about the future it came from, and if there is knowledge of our enemy present in those records. Those who are willing to join this mission, and with it, become the last hope that our galaxy has, should disarm and assemble in cargo bay two.]

Funny, Riptor thought as the announcement wore on, how they had just left the hangar in pristine shape hours ago, right after Riptor had finally managed to get some alone-time with that Boslic cunt. As he pelted the deck and the bulkheads with his canons, he idly wondered if that old-timer Covington had liked the little gift he left behind in the office. Or perhaps it had been Renard that found the purple-haired bitch? Regardless, he wished he had been there to see their faces. He could just imagine how they might feel guilty for not being able to protect her better. As he shot down the Ives loyalists, Riptor re-imagined the scene in the office. In a matter of seconds, he was getting hard.

[Those who insist upon resisting will be detained until they can be made to see reason. Vasser out.]

They just didn't know the truth. Those who had not seen the future would never understand that they were already dead, and that nothing in the old galaxy mattered any more. Certainly not the life of a Boslic slut who thought herself better than anyone else. She had needed perspective.

In the end, she had known the truth.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-02-26, 07:49:10

From his position, Miles was mostly guarded from the line of fire from the Mk II:s well unless they chose to fire on the office itself in which case he was just as skewed as anyone out in the open at this point. sure they were sturdy walls but compared to the hull of even the weakest shuttle craft--with its structural integrity fields, shields, and armor protecting itself from the rigors of interstellar travel--only the sturdiest blast doors like those separating the warp cores from the rest of engineering's mass would even stand a mild chance at not vaporizing at contact with weapons that could easily pierce through the unshielded hull of most starship at this range.

Unlike the outer-hull-thick floor of the bay's landing surface the meek barricade of walls would be mere tissue paper to the pilot within the fighter. Dispite the apparent weakness it held to the grenade he had thrown miles knew that pulse phaser fire of this caliber would dissipate off of its surface as the floor was composed of an alloy that would spread the energy phaser blasts much like the theory held that an Ablative armor hull would react to fire. The only reason the grenade had done its job was in part due to the grenades very nature as essentially hand held version of the microtorps that his own Mark III carried. Sure those blasts would radiate over the hull but a microtorp fired at the floor could easily punch right through to the landing legs underneath them if not all the way through and into the vaccum of space itself.

Miles mind turned to the motions he heard the movements the footfalls the sounds of the fighters engines and the repulsors that kept them hovering over, Papa-bear's deck. No not papa bear's deck. He had made sure sten knew he ruled this deck but miles was still higher up. This was combat not

maintenance and Miles would be damned if he failed in combat defending his home. His deck. Papa Bear be damned this was his deck and he wasn't going to let another soul die on it. The captain was boss on the bridge but if the years as a pilot had taught him anything, on this deck as squadron Commander here he was Captain and captain's make sure everyone else evacuates or they die trying and go down with their ship.

On-board Riptor's fighter he watched as a hail seemed to broadcast on an open band. Sure the com channels were being jammed but for safety reasons even when a starship jammed communications that ship could still hear hails sent to it from the targeted ships. It was a way to allow a jammed ship to send intents to surrender so that the Federation could keep the peaceful merciful image it had spent centuries to perfect. Even in war the Federation had to at the very least look like they were the ones seeking peace and mercy. "Wing Commander Kilinvoss of the Dor'Ghlth Squardon. This is Lieutenant Commander Miles Renard, Squadron Commanding Officer of the Lone Wolves. I am sure by hearing this message you have already pinpointed my location."

Riptor indeed had pinpointed the location just as the Wing Comander he was directing his words to would have just as easily done. The location was within the office, the scene of two defeats to the animal person in this single day both of them at his own hands, at least in part, made him grin. As he adjusted the craft to point the pulse phasers of his craft at the SCO, he couldn't help but eagerly finger the trigger knowing he could easily blow the office apart putting down Ives's little guard dog for good. Still he listened perhaps the SCO was open to listening to reason in desperation. It was always enjoyable to hear how the weak were always willing to beg for mercy or crawl to a new master when defeated. Hearing the, in every other instance, defiant and in control Vulpinian seem to struggle with the decision it was all so obvious he was trying to make was, almost, the highlight of his day. 'Almost,' because he was sure before this day was done there would sure to be even greater moments of triumph.

"I am speaking in order to discuss the surrender of the hangar bay in accordance to the orders given by"...he paused "Commodore Vasser" he spoke the word commodore an obvious bitter pill to swallow as he turned his head towards the com badge he had placed on the desk creating the illusion of the Commander standing within the office speaking to the pilots. In reality he had taken a position laying prone on the floor the type three phaser rifle aimed downrange directly towards the fighter on the wing of the Wing Comander he was speaking towards. The designs of both his craft and its predecessors the Federation attack fighters, the Peregrine class fighter, the mark one Valkyries and most notably these Mk II:s were etched into his mind and he knew nearly every component and feature of them nearly as well as all but the best mechanics under Papa Bear's disposal. One particular component was in his sights. A housing of electromagnetic components that were near the landing platforms of the craft. Renard took careful aim making sure not to move a single muscle aside from his trigger finger as he made the tiny adjustment placing the crosshairs right over the target. His words speaking of surrender were now over hoping he had lulled the pilots into a false overconfidence before ending his statement with nothing but a single charged bolt of phaser fire as he pulled the trigger.

Riptor's sights were on a single mark, the com badge sending the signal within the office his vision was tunneling with eagerness to end the mutt's life if he so much as made a move from the spot as he spoke of giving up. what he did not expect was the single line of phaser fire that came from a few feet to the side and far lower to the ground. By the time he had pulled the trigger his craft was lurching to the right as one of the twin repulsors cut out having been the single target of the phaser. The pulse phasers flared to life cutting a path towards the door to his right hand side instantly destroying the makeshift barricade and killing the insurgents that had been on his own side. If Riptor had been calm enough to consider the deaths he would have merely thought the deaths were their own fault as if they

had taken the bay on schedule this would never be happening. But Riptor was far from calm as he attempted to regain the control necessary to keep his craft as the threat necessary to hold the bay. He cursed loudly as the craft pitched down and the wing's shielding contacted the hull keeping him undamaged unfortunately the other wing had pitched equally upwards and had contacted Phantom's nudging the Wing Commander's ship off its own targets.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-02-23, 15:30:53

To say things had degenerated would be an understatement. The old Earth military expression 'shit show' was approaching it but one of his favourite, FUBAR, was closest to the current situation. Various egress routes had been opened and a combination of Cubs and pilots were making their exits but it left less and less to man the barricades and they were being overrun. The retreat in good order was threatening to become a rout.

No, it was the start of a rout.

And it was a good thing he had woken up Goldeneye from her state of shock and forced her to think. Of course he had considered the incomplete plating as an escape route, but he needed her to get her head in the game. If she had just about made a suicidal run across the deck, it was a good chance she wasn't all there and as such, he did what any good senior noncom would do: wake up the officers.

He had been just about to give her the nod when another pilot arrived behind them, Quake. And he too wanted to make another offensive push against the aggressors. Right. Even as a Master Chief he had spent too long as a fighter pilot and not long enough getting his hands dirty. And pilots, they hated retreat and loved plunging into a fight.

Then, he turned his gaze to Quake. "That's suicidal, Quake. Falling back and living to fight again in ten minutes beats getting ourselves killed!" And his reply was not a moment too soon as two fighters came through the forcefield. Mk II Valkyries. And not just any of them: it was Phantom's and Riptor's. Briefly, the Chief of the Deck was gripped with a burning need to open fire on that ship but, as her cannons started spewing certain death, he caught himself. He hadn't gotten where he was through sheer dumb luck but with skills, smarts, determination and good sense.

As such, he turned to Goldeneye and fixed his gaze with hers. And he used a word he was known to reserve solely for the Chief of Operations and the XO. "Ma'am! We need to get out of here, now! You said Jefferies tubes and deck openings. Which one?"

Of course, Sten had a plan. But for now, he needed to remind her she was an officer and a terror in battle. He needed her awake and sharp. And he would use this most basic trick to do it.

Post by: Axius on 2015-02-26, 05:02:38

"That's suicidal, Quake. Falling back and living to fight again in ten minutes beats getting ourselves killed!"

It was those words that made Axius's heart implode like a tin can. He was angry at himself for being reckless, and angry at Papa for being right. However, tin has a melting point, and as the white hot burst of phaser fire found its way in his direction, it felt like it might just liquify in his breast.

Without thought, without contemplation, instincts, or inhibitions, Quake laced five fingers around his

respective Wolves's nimble and lean arms, feeling the difference in their builds as he jerked them to the side, not waiting for Goldeneye to lead the way to the Jeffries tube. Their boots sprinted in unison away from the source of the fire. Something monumental must have blown a blast like that. Any rifle, modified or standard, couldn't burn through air as this one did.

Then he turned, loosing his grip on their extremities, seeing twin Mark II Valkyries spew orange beams of destruction. The Harbinger's fighters.

At this point, dead bodies sprinkled the metal deck plate, caked with burgundy blood that adhered to the flesh of the corpses now being singed by surrounding explosions. Sparks flew from the ceiling, panels spewed energy that would most likely deliver a lethal shock. Embers rained down on the innocent officers still fighting against the aggressors on the other side of the barricade.

He snarled before continuing, a tear begging to form in the corner of his eye, but being rejected like a transplanted organ. *"Phaser light blinds you, but so do tears,"* he remembered Nakura lecturing once more.

Then he saw the open hatch, and pushed them towards it, holding the rifle close to his bare chest. There was an ancient proverb in Câroon mythology — a cub fighting off a serpent that threatened to strike at its sleeping mother. There are two versions of the story, however. One being the death of the snake and the bear as they lash at each other, the other being the death of the snake and the survival of the triumphant cub. The latter also entailed the death of the cub as his mother reprimands him for being reckless. Either way, the cub was killed in attempt to keep his mother safe. Papa Bear would be safe if he entered the hatch first, and so would Goldeneye.

"Go, *now!*" he yelled, turning away to aim his phaser at anyone or anyone who might threaten them. It was uncanny how they hadn't been vaporized by the Type XII Pulse Fire Phaser Cannons yet.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-02-26, 05:46:13

Tessa squeaked like a mouse as she jumped back behind her Valkyrie again. Her reckless shots had only hit one foe but had gotten the attention of all of the mutineers and they were firing back in a volley. "Why did I waste all of my time in the simulator when I could have gone to the firing range?" she moaned.

"Ma'am!" Papa Bear shouted. *"We need to get out of here, now! You said Jefferies tubes and deck openings. Which one?"*

"Um, um, that one!" Tessa stammered as she pointed a shaky finger at an open access hatch on the deck. Although only a few yards away, it seemed to be kilometers distant. Suddenly a Valkyrie broke through the magnetic field separating the open hanger bay doors from empty space and started firing. The mutineers fell under the assault, their bodies being vaporized by a weapon designed to destroy vehicles and not just people.

Before she knew it she was running to the open hatch, being pushed from behind by someone she couldn't see. She was tunneling again and time seemed to be both slowing down and speeding up.

"Go, *now!*" someone shouted in her ear just before was jumping down into the open hatch that led into the Jeffries tubes below deck fifteen, or was she being pushed?

As a second Valkyrie entered the flight deck and joined its counterpart in opening fire, Tessa could

barely hear an announcement being drowned out by the chaos. *"This is Captain Declan Vasser, I am assuming command of this ship and the mission to liberate Starfleet from its incursion. Captain Jien Ives is ill equipped to accomplish this task, too willing to play by rules that our enemies..."*

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-02-26, 07:49:10

A single shot of phaser fire rang out from the distance contacting one of the two fighters, one of them pitched to the side and nudged the other as Quake had made his own move at the same time unknowing that his commander had been planning his own distraction for moments now and this distraction was all that had kept the trio from being vaporized already as the scarred wing commander had his fighter's sights right on the trio.

"Go, now!"

Miles jumped to his feet and Darded to his com badge before flinging it out the window knowing at least one of the fighters must have had their sights trained on it knowing that given the way the ship's targeting computer worked once it leveled off it would automatically adjust its line of sight to trace the now flung combadge rather than the agile body of the vulpinian it should have been targeting.

In a blur of rust, silvery white, and black fur the vulpinian leaped from the window and broke for his own best escape route. Well not the best the best route would obviously be the way he had directed quake to go in. But this was the best that would give their enemies something to go after and it may provide just enough of a further distraction for Papa Bear, Quake, and GoldenEye to have a chance to escape. He darted for the exit trails of phaser fire from the still living invaders hot on his heels. He dove past the door little did he realize what awaited outside as he rose to his feet.

He raised his modified phaser to fire in the wide dispersal but was too late. One of the later arrivals to take the bay had been waiting for anyone taking the obvious escape route and the phaser shot hit him square in the chest. The impact of its concussive force blasted him backwards, his limp body falling just beyond the doorway before laying motionless in the corridor the gold uniformed lady who had made the shot stooping down to pick up the modified type three phaser knowing that she had found the trophy she would take away from this mission's success.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-02-24, 21:33:14

[Class-09 Nebula | Mk III Valkyrie Warp Fighter]

Command of the wolves in the air was given to him, and instantly, he felt the pressure. His call sign of Maverick was more than just a nickname, but a true expression of how he was as a pilot. He did things his way, often to the annoyance of his commanding officers when he broke formation. It was difficult to go against the authority when it was him, but now, he had to step up and do the job he was given. before he could get a message out to the others, though, communications were cut, leaving even their short range communications down. He wasn't an engineer, but he knew his fighter well enough to try and find himself a workaround.

"Computer, tap into audio systems and broadcast in a narrow band frequency." What he was planning was more akin to a one way radio than an open channel, requiring him to fly close enough to another ship to use his audio system to speak directly through theirs. He started with Rawley, slipping his ship beneath her own, almost becoming a shadow beneath her, as he gave her the message. "Tactical retreat, Rawley. Take the nearest line of sight directly outside the nebula, the enemy won't follow us out there, and then skirt the edge of the Nebula until you reach the transjovian Class K planet. Inform

any other of our Wolves you come across on the way of this plan." With that, Nathan slipped out from under her and repeated the process again with another Wolf, this one being Wolf 03, whom he ended up flying directly above, a reverse of the situation with Rawley. Wolf 03 was given the same instructions as well. Once all their Wolves knew the plan and were on their way, Isley did the same, bursting full speed towards the edge of the nebula, pursuers breaking chase once they got close enough. No doubt they expected the Calamity to take care of the fighters once they were outside.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-02, 01:26:37

"Roger that, Maverick. Good call. We'll be *]* *fucking* smoked otherwise. Suggest we jump to Warp and double back to mask our trail." Rawley barrel-rolled away from her position above Nathan as soon as their brief and risky communication ended. She wasn't sure she'd come up with the idea to use the short-range comms in quite that way so she was glad her fellow wolf had his head on straight.

The next minute was a chase through the nebula while dodging rapid phaser bursts from several directions at once. Still she could not quit. She could not neglect to coordinate the retreat with 08, or Thomas for that matter. In fact, she wanted answers from Razor. He was not going to have the luxury of escaping her inquiry. That he was getting shot at was in his favour, just like the fact that he had shot Hannah to save Evelyn's ass. Then again, Razor had not been shot to pieces yet, and he could have shot Hannah because he tried to rape her that morning and needed to get on her good side again.

Speculation and probability was not Rawley's strong suite. Therefore, she would make certain.

"Time to leave!" she called when she swept close to Razor. "Jump to Warp, double back and then rendezvous at the Class-K rock bearing 345, 256. 567."

As soon as she had given her message to Thomas, she rounded on her pursuers and gave them one final volley - setting a course right at them. While he had her thumb on the trigger and sent deadly energy their way, she powered up her Quantite Reactor Core. "Computer! Warp factor 7,5! Engage!"

And then she was gone, but like the rest of the Wolves, she had every intention of returning and hand their asses to them.

Somehow.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 15: Subjection

Captain's Log, Star Date 57505.28. One hour ago, we acted, and the acquisition of the Theurgy was successful. A few resistance cells are still operative on board, but we have the numbers on our side and we will be able to locate them with our internal sensors and with the search parties that we have deployed. Any attempts by people still loyal to Captain Ives to re-take command will be quelled without any considerate losses. At this point, it is only a question of time before Commodore Vasser is completely unopposed.

- Captain T'Rena, Commanding Officer of the USS Theurgy

[USS Theurgy | First Officer's Ready Room | Deck 01 | 1300 hrs.]

After having made her log entry into the arm-rest of the Commanding Officer's chair on the bridge, T'Rena stepped into the unoccupied XO Ready Room. She had yet to deem anyone qualified as her First Officer, so after Commander Rez had been locked away in the Brig together with Captain Ives, the rooms now served an auxiliary purpose.

The only change to the interior could be found in the middle of the office, where an annulus in the ceiling had been used, looping a synthetic rope through it. One of the security guards had tied the knots around the wrists of the two captives, and then hoisted them up until they sat on their knees with their backs against each other. A crude method, but quite effective. The purpose of stringing them up was merely so that they couldn't get away until T'Rena subjected them to their mind-melds - making them valuable to the new cause. The last hour had been rather busy for her, so it was not until now that she could take care of them.

The two captives were Natalie Stark and Simon Tovarek, the Chiefs of the Operations and Science departments. They appeared to still be unconscious while T'Rena stepped up towards them, flexing her fingers with her dispassionate gaze appraising them. Concious or not, it didn't matter. The results would be the same.

[Captain T'Rena,] came a voice from her combadge. [This is Phantom.]

"Yes, Mr. Kilinvoss?" she replied, not pausing her stride as she tapped her combadge. She would hardly call the man by his new call-sign.

[We have a matter than needs your attention. I can't speak over the comm. The resistance might be listening.]

Neither sigh nor frown gave away the Vulcan's displeasure as she listened to what was being said. She merely turned on her heel and stepped back unto the Bridge. "I am on my way. You, remain posted and be alert," she said to the security guards posted on each entrance to the bridge. Then she glanced towards Declan Vasser, now seated in the CO chair after she left it. "I will be returning shortly, Commodore. I might suggest that as soon as Lieutenant Fedd reports that the threat of the Intelligence Officer and the Chief Engineer has been dealt with, the time is opportune to visit Cargo Bay 02 and round up the volunteers to our cause."

Before she stepped on the turbo-lift, she glanced towards the Cardassian woman at the helm. Chief S'lti was likely immune to the mind-meld since she was Cardassian, but it did seem like she was compliant nonetheless. She had so far given them no reason to doubt her, and as it were, the woman remained by her post, even if it was due time for her to eat something.

The turbo-lift doors closed before T'Rena's face, and she descended into the restless starship.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-03-01, 04:46:59

The Cardassian woman fidgeted in her seat a moment as she just couldn't feel settled. Looking around the bridge she saw one of the many sources of her discomfort. At every door there were guards stationed ready to kill or incapacitate anyone who dared not do as the ice queen wanted. More importantly there was something she might could do but she knew doing so would have it's own consequences. Consequences that only begun with what could happen to her but more importantly consequences that if she wasn't able to return to her post there was an even greater chance of failure and eradication if and when the Calamity arrived.

Knowing the guilt of inaction the futility if failure and the consequences of even the best kind of success in her ideas she began to outline various ideas for each stage and obstacle she would face and a means that could place her back here at the helm without arousing suspicion.

The first question was how to get into the XO's ready room. this was of course followed by a more important question how to leave the bridge and what exit to take? Sure a person who has no suspicions could go through the checkpoint to access the deck 01 corridor but for one the corridor itself most likely has guards she considered and secondly no one ever exited that bridge through that door unless they were going to the briefing room. No, to her the only exit that would make sense would be the deck 01 main bridge turbolift exit. But what would be the excuse to leave her station and how would she return to deck 01 without suspicion? 'Well it is overdue for my mid-shift lunch break perhaps I could ask the...Commodore' she thought to herself. But he can easily monitor my movements via my com badge so that wont do me much good on getting to that room unless I can manage some form of being in two places at once.

She then began to ponder how to get into the XO's office even if she could not be tracked. Sure there was the Deck 1 corridor turbo lift but there were bound to be guards in the corridor. so that was not the best idea. the idea of the Jeffries tubes hit her but how would she pull that one off and where in the ready room could she access through maintenance access ways? There were so many questions the least of which being. 'Can I afford to risk the mission both captains could agree on? Can I afford to be disposed of in a way that could damn everyone for lack of knowledge of the plan with the galvanometric mines.'

Thinking about this she rubbed her head and breathed her discomfort easily readable to anyone in the room as she stared at the Conn panel pretending to wrestle with impulse equations and warp trajectories she had figured out 30 minutes ago as she pretended to do work that was done the only thing she was still needed for were to preform the needed actions when the calamity showed up. With that thought in mind she began to program in a series of autopilot sequences and maneuvers that no matter what happened would leave the now self appointed commodore the sequence of maneuvers that would at the minimum get them out of range of the mines when the Calamity tripped them. At least if she was disposed of when that time came they would at least have a good chance against the calamity if the mines did their job.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-03-03, 11:36:21

After the darkness came the light it seemed. Although Simon hadn't expected the afterlife to come at him with such a fucking headache. Everything around him was still pretty blurry and he couldn't make out what was being told around him. The next sensation that he registered was a sort of a sore feeling in his arms and soon enough he realized that he was strung up in some sort of way. 'I'm guessing this isn't the afterlife...' he thought to himself as his face pulled together to bite away the metal taste of blood in his mouth. He spat it out, giving the people around him the first sign of him still being alive. He blew out some air after that and tried to get off his knees onto his feet. Yet the tsks from the guards at the door quickly made it clear to him that it wasn't the best move to make.

Trying to relax in his discomforted position, Simon felt the body of another against his back now, he tried to peer back to see who it was and he faintly recognized the outline of Natalie Stark. Yet he was unsure if she was still alive or not. He groaned softly as he tried to speak and spat out some more dried up blood and what else that blocked his throat. This time however it was aimed more towards the guard closest to him and Simon couldn't help but smirk a little as his eyesight returned to normal, realizing he was far from dead and still aboard the hijacked ship.

Next he tried getting the attention of Stark "Lieutenant commander, are you there?" He asked, not really hushing his voice since there wouldn't be much point to it anyway at this stage. In an effort to wake her up or get her back to conscious, he tried rubbing his own back against her while continuing to say the same sentence over and over again.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-03-16, 16:25:49

Having not been a heavy drinker in her academy days, Natalie didn't really have much of an understanding for what, precisely, a hangover felt like. The dull, throbbing ache centered at her temples would probably be a good start to one however. And accompanied by the full body sensation of having been beaten with a sack of oranges didn't help. And then there was the dim awareness of a much sharper pain, in her shoulders and arms - an unwanted stretching, a tautness that was damn near unnatural.

She shook her head, trying to clear out the ringing sensation, realizing that she wasn't dead - Heaven wouldn't be this painful, and if this were Hell, she was rather disappointed at the lack of fire and brimstone she'd been promised as a child. Trying to give a sniff to make sure, she found her nose clogged with blood, and made a face. It was then that she realized she wasn't alone, feeling someone squirm against her back. The last time she'd felt something like that had been with Rory - *Rory!* - Natalie immediately trounced down on that wave of panic. *Later* she mentally hissed. She didn't have the time to worry about the one person who was swiftly becoming very, very important to her. Natalie could only hope - yet again - that he was safe.

"Lieutenant commander, are you there?"

Well, she recognized that voice, anyways, and answered with a low groan. "Define there, Mr. Tovarek," she mumbled, wincing as she opened her eyes. Oh, it was nasty bright in the XO's office - she hadn't had much cause to visit Cmdr. Rez in her offices, but she had been there once or twice, back before things had gone to hell, back before she was in charge of ops, for minor repair work. Recognizing the room easily enough, she swept her blue eyes over the recent changes in decor. Looking up was not pleasant, for a multitude of reasons, but she managed all the same. *So that's why this hurts so damn much*, she thought bitterly. Those self same eyes bubbled up with hate when they saw the guard posted. She saw a bit of spittle and blood near the mans feet, and tried -failing, for the most part - to look over her shoulder at Simon. She tilted her head a bit, "Nice shot," she muttered, much more calmly than she felt.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-03-25, 12:55:36

"Here would be the XO's office I believe." He answered relieved, happy to know that he wasn't alone in this ordeal. Stark was alive and that was a good thing. He had seen too many people being shot or get injured today. He couldn't help but laugh a bit as she congratulated him with his fine spitting skills.

"Thank you lieutenant commander. I do try to hit the guard though, but I'm afraid he might just be outside my spitting range." Simon now tried to look over at Natalie himself but it seemed just impossible in the position they were in.

"Are you alright? You know, besides the fact that your head is about to crack open and that your body is being used like a bag of counterweight and all that crap..."

In between all the chaos and while waiting for Natalie's response Simon could hear that something was going on aboard the bridge, yet with the closed door, he couldn't make out what it really was. "Also, any plans for escape?" he asked on a muffled tone, keeping it out of the hearing range of the guards.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-31, 02:27:06

The two guards present in the room had noticed the captives stirring in the wake of T'Rena leaving the XO Ready Room, one of them smirking when the Chief Science Officer spat blood at his feet. They were both Harbinger men, Petty Officers who had survived Sonja Acreth when she killed David Cerruto and everyone present outside the Harbinger Brig. Their remote posting on the ship had saved them, and now they were on the Theurgy to make the vision of the future come true.

"You can step out, man," he said to his comrade, nodding towards the door that led to the corridor. He watched them whisper to each other where he had strung them up, yet even if his green eyes were upon them, his words were for his like-minded. "Keep a look-out. I'll remain here."

So when he was alone with the captives, he rose from the couch and sauntered over to them. He sought their eyes as he circled them, making sure they knew he was there and wasn't going to be idle any more. Despite his stout frame, he moved with ease - a sign of strength that belied appearances. Eyes deep-set. His eyebrow split from a fight in his youth. The stubble on his chin was the same length as his shaved scalp, and peppered with grey even if he wasn't in his forties yet.

"I'm Kyle Benson," he said quietly, running his fingertips over his holstered hand phaser as his famished eyes feasted on the woman - the Theurgy's Chief of Operations. "Sounds to me like the two of you are having naughty intentions... wanting to leave before the Winter Queen sees to you."

As he passed in front of Simon Tovarek, he backhanded the man across his face. It was a disdainful act, almost like an afterthought. His steps led him into Natalie Stark's field of vision next, and his grin showed how much he liked what he saw. His crude demeanour was far from the schooled Line Officers. "Then again... I think I might be having naughty intentions as well."

He ran the tip of his tongue along his lower lip, eyes a bit wide as he stared. "Would you like to lick something for me, Lieutenant-Commander?" He slowly unzipped his uniform trousers. "Something salty and scented?"

Post by: Nolan on 2015-04-06, 11:19:20

Simon observed as the first guard made his exit and the lone guard started to circle them. Simon's words died off slowly as the guard came within earshot and he looked at the man as he walked around

them. There wasn't much Tovarek could do as he saw the backhand coming and he only braced himself for the impact, closing his eyes before the slap turned his face to the right. More blood came into his mouth and Simon snorted a bit, wanting to spit once more to show his perfect state of rebellion towards the guard yet he already moved on toward Natalie.

All he could do now was listen and stand by idly while he heard this Kyle Benson speak. He spat on the floor, the blood more red now since it was fresh. He could hear the disgusting proposition towards Stark and Simon waited a little to hear what Stark would say or do in this situation. If needed Simon had just the right comment ready to hopefully turn the attention away from Kyle on Natalie back towards him. Yet perhaps Natalie could find another way to fool the guard and possibly even set the two of them free.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-04-09, 22:59:53

Having the one guard leave the room sent a small shiver down Natalie's spine. She was still groggy and sore in the head from the close range stun burst, and the ache in her arms didn't make things any better. But there was that engrained sense of self preservation that had her hackles up. She was sure that the sudden downsize in guards was not going to be a good thing. Given her past experiences....

It turned out she was right. She winced, hearing, more than seeing, the backhand crack down on Simon. The brunette Lt Cmdr could feel him jerk with the blow, tugging against her as well. "Easy, Lt," she murmured softly as she felt him straighten back up. Natalie had to remind herself that she was the Senior Officer in the room and for better or worse, Simon's well being was something she was responsible for.

Never mind the fact that they were both bound, and she was very likely in immediate threat of....unpleasantries.

And then the big brute - she didn't care about his name one bit - unzipped himself in front of her. She hated being right. A kind of deep, heated anger. *Why oh why does this keep happening!* she asked herself, almost wailing in her mind. That damn planet. Then the would be goddess. And now Captain Vasser had gone off is rocker and that damn Vulcan bitch of an XO wanted to brain wash her into being a willing baby factory?!? Her mind and her body had been taken against her will more than once, and fear aside, there was just a sense of exasperation and deep, bone level rage at it all.

Her lips curled into a vicious snarl. "I've seen better," she spat out, without really thinking the words through. Both Lucan Nicander and Rory Callahan had been...more endowed. And frankly didn't stink. The Security Guard wasn't kidding about scented, and that snarl took on an almost sickened aspect.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-10, 16:12:56

The comment only make Kyle Benson chuckle. "I don't care what you've seen," he said quietly, and as if meaning to slap her across the mouth, he took a quick step forward...

...but instead of striking her, he had yanked his hand phaser from his holster and pressed the muzzle into the corner of her eye - brutally pushing her head back against Tovarek. "I care only that you do as you are told. Now lick it, Lieutenant-Commander... from all the way to the tip."

He stopped pressing the phaser against her, making her able to reach his hardened length with her mouth. He supposed the voluptuous girl, who he had difficulty believing to be of such high rank, needed some more incentive. Therefore he reached out behind Stark with his phaser and struck the

tip against the temple of the Chief Science Officer. Even if the savage prod may have hurt Tovarek, he did not remove the phaser either. He ground the tip hard against the man's head without letting up.

"Do it," he said in his quiet voice to the woman, eyes distended in anticipation. "Play with it... Suck it... or I will push this button, say he tried to escape." Even at a stun setting, the man would die instantly. But that may be too merciful. She may object. Better to make it clear he would not hesitate. With his thumb, he increased the setting on his weapon - the chirp loud next to their ears. The muscles of his arm bulged under the uniform as he twisted the muzzle against Tovarek's temple.

"I will burn a hole in his head," he breathed to her, baring his straight teeth, "just large enough to fuck before your eyes."

Post by: Brutus on 2015-04-25, 14:54:27

The blow, well, she knew it was coming but that didn't stop the pain. The sudden impact, more from the back of her skull hitting Tovarek than the emitter in her eye socket, hurt and had her seeing stars for a second. A second that resolved itself into a whirl of fear. The emitter was cold to the touch. She knew it had fired not all that long ago - well, perhaps long, depending on how much time had passed since they were both shot down on the bridge. Regardless, it was cool to the touch, not a hint of the fury it could unleash. *Something like that should burn the skin* she thought bitterly.

She opened her mouth to tell him where to go. She'd been through this bullshit enough. Natalie was sick and tired of everything with a dick thinking it could just have its way with her. Lucan Nicander hadn't been like that. Rory Callahan certainly hadn't. But too many other things had thought her body (and more so her mind) were their private play things. A snarl built up in her throat, but died a cold, sudden death when P.O. Benson turned the phaser on Simon.

"I will burn a hole in his head," he breathed to her, baring his straight teeth, "just large enough to fuck before your eyes."

Suddenly it wasn't about her dignity any more. It wasn't about her life. It was about a subordinates. Cold, clammy fear clenched her gut, turned her stomach into a lump of ice. "You're a bastard." She told Benson, bluntly, eyes burning in cold fury as she looked up at him. With hands bound, and Lt. Tovarek's life forfeit if she failed to comply, Natalie had no choice. Her full lips parted, and her tongue darted out. Unlike the previous night, when she'd licked and tasted Rory, sweet Rory, this time, her face contorted into a look of disgust.

She lapped at him, in little flicks of her tongue, so she wouldn't have to taste as much. Just darting here and there, making her way up his curved shaft. A wave of revulsion wracked her body, and she nearly choked on bile that rose up. How she managed to keep it down, well, that was a mystery to her. She couldn't see anything but the cock in front of her, and the man's torso. It blocked her vision. She felt his arm give a little jerk, pressing that phaser harder against Simon. Insistent. She knew what he wanted and she hated to do it, but she parted her lips and slid them over his filthy cockhead. Her eyes burned darker, the hate building, as she sucked him in, slowly.

A bitter snarl bubbled in her throat - maybe he'd take it as a moan of pleasure. Sick bastard. She didn't care. For one glorious moment she contemplated biting down and tearing the offending member from his body. It was a vicious thought that the Natalie of a month ago would never have contemplated. But things had changed. The only reason she slid more of his cock into her mouth instead of rendering it a bloody mess was the fear that the pain might cause the bastard to depress the firing stud and burn a

large chunk of Simon Tovarek's head from the rest of his body. To her shame, because she couldn't even use her hands to get the angle better, drool began to dribble down her lips.

[USS Theurgy | Interrogation Room 03 | Deck 07 | 1300 hrs.]

With the Security Office held by the crew loyal to Vasser, the prisoners had been placed in holding cells. All save for one, who had been dragged from the the Lone-Wolves' hangar and thrown into an interrogation room. The prisoner was tied by feet and wrists to the chair he sat in, and Zaraq was sitting across the table with his large hands busy sharpening his *d'k tahg* - the warrior's knife he had carried with him since his exile.

Tilting his head, the Klingon looked up, appraised the injuries that the Vulpinian's face had sustained. Split skin. Swollen areas. Dried blood caked in rivulets down his fur. Bright eyes still defiant. Not about to yield just yet. Zaraq put aside his whetstone and raised a hand to stroke the shaved scalp of his ridged head, deciding to try something a bit more close to heart.

"From what I have understood from this human," he said, indicating the pilot who was standing behind Miles Renard's shoulder with his rumbling voice, "all Tactical Conn squadrons have their own set routines when they retreat from a fight. Your... pups may have run away with their tails between their legs, but it is just a matter of time before we locate them. Each second they are out there... is ripe with the risk of the Calamity locating them. They will die, and they might even bring the Calamity to us. We are currently ill-equipped to do battle with her. We don't want to kill them, so each second you delay in telling us their tactical protocols... you are risking the lives of all of us."

Riptor shook his head, standing there behind Renard with his muscular arms partly folded and stroking his long beard. He had been sent by Phantom to help Zaraq breaking the prisoner, and he had gotten a nice workout for it too. His knuckles hurt, and he had Vulpinian blood on his white undershirt. He also had another idea to offer the Klingon. "Why don't you tell him about the Asurian. I hear they became close during *Lohlunat*."

Zaraq nodded slowly, choosing his words for best effect. The prisoner was likely to become more angry, but he understood the human's intent. "Captain T'Rena attempted to show the winged female what will come to pass... but it seems her kind doesn't respond well to... visions. We locked her up before we brought you here. She was raving, seeing things that weren't there, unable to separate whatever is in her mind from her actual surroundings." he said, not exaggerating anything. "No one can get through to her, so we will eventually put her out of her misery. Before that, I am sure you don't mind her company... because the two of you will be sharing a cell. Would you like to be with her one last time, mate with her on last time... before I cut her throat?"

As if they were done, Riptor unfastened Renard's wrists from the chair, but instead of doing so with his ankles, he locked the Vulpinian's wrists together with the cuffs, then he shoved him out of his seat and across the table. "Remember *Lohlunat*, Zaraq? Phantom wanted results, and this far, he has just bled a little. Hold his arms," he said confidently to Zaraq and put one knee on the seat of the chair to keep it in place - thus also keeping the Squadron Commander's legs spread and locked. "Let's make his integrity bleed a bit too before he is reunited with her, shall we?"

Agreeing with a nod, Zaraq slowly rose from his chair, towering above the table, and he reached out to hold the Vulpinian down with whitening knuckles around his hand-cuffs. Even if he did not like parting with it, he handed his blade over to the human. "Imagine me doing this to her, and when she finally give voice to her pleasure - for they always do - I will *cut* her cries short, and finish while she writhes in

her own blood. The only way to save her... Miles Renard... is if you tell me what I need."

Smirking, Riptor cut and tore the SCO's trousers open. Then he handed the Klingon weapon back to Zaraq and unbuckled his own belt. He moved behind the Vulpinian, yanking the tail high and holding it there while he readied himself.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-03-01, 04:46:59

Miles couldn't help but laugh at the stupidity of these interrogators and the absurdity of this all. He had been angry, resilient, spiteful, now his mind had just resorted to the last defense mechanism and that was just the humor in the irony of the situation.

"From what I have understood from this human, all Tactical Conn squadrons have their own set routines when they retreat from a fight. Your... pups may have run away with their tails between their legs, but it is just a matter of time before we locate them. Each second they are out there... is ripe with the risk of the Calamity locating them. They will die, and they might even bring the Calamity to us. We are currently ill-equipped to do battle with her. We don't want to kill them, so each second you delay in telling us their tactical protocols... you are risking the lives of all of us."

He coughed and snickered in a sort of almost mad laughter, "Ya know what i have been saying this whole time? I guess it's time I gave you a more detailed explanation of it. I said there are no retreat plans. I also said that if there were I wouldn't tell you. Ya want the truth? The truth! That's the fucking hilarious part!" he laughed "If you hadn't closed the damn bay door and just allowed the coms to be open I would'a just ordered them to RTB and recommended you place myself and the whole squadron under house-arrest and had us guarded tac-conn lounge or forced to to work on whatever you needed us to do. As such my recommendation as the SCO of the captured squadron would be to have us get all fighters available and ready for combat in the event that the Calamity shows up. In the event of the mines not working to the desired effect I would scramble all fighters with yourselves taking the mark 3s leaving us with the inferior Mark 2' in the event that any lone wolves pilots should attempt to rebel. As such I would order my squadron would follow the lead of phantom as Wing commander in any fight against the Calamity just as we would otherwise.

He added "Whether the fight is for Ives or Vasser is irrelevant to the mission of the Lone Wolves. Our job is the protection of the starship USS Theurgy. IN order to preserve the truth so that it may be spread. We don't make the decisions on where Ives, Vasser, or whoever the hell flies us we just scramble when our ship is under threat and attempt to defend it from aggression. The harbinger's crew attacked the Theurgy therefore its Squadron were enemy fighters and I reacted accordingly. Unable to scramble my own fighter I ordered Maverick to take command."

"The actions he took are not my own nor are they in accordance with any form of retreat plans. That's the funny thing I never had retreat plans. If Theurgy were to be destroyed I might have to make some up on the fly but can't really say I had ever considered it an option. In the rare event that the Theurgy left without us having the capability to follow the plan was to delay enemy pursuit as long as possible, the objective being destruction of enemy vessels. If the enemy vessel pursues Theurgy attempt to pursue till fuel, oxygen, or water rations run out and if those are the cases I guess we fail our mission by dying in the cockpit. Given the circumstances that have occurred I would have had no contingency plan. I would have had to make one up."

The following is my guess as to what Maverick did. I put him in charge and whatever plans he made are his own. My assumption would be that they bugged out to attempt to seek refuge on a nearby class M planet. My tactical theory on the purpose of said retreat would be to preserve fuel and

weapons while attempting to formulate a planed attack on the Theurgy and Harbinger in an attempt to retake the Theurgy."

Regarding earlier statements, The reason I would suggest that you place us under house arrest of course is because if you didn't we'd damn well be joining whatever resistance is left on this ship so that we can throw each and every one of you traitors to the Federation's morals out the nearest airlock." he said smirking. "Ya see...Thats the funny part isn't it? I put someone in charge and now no one can predict the actions of said new leader, not even me?

He could tell his words had really pissed them both off cause their movements had changed. It was clear they didn't believe him. not even with the hilarious truth revealed, not that he was surprised the truth was stranger than any fiction he could have made up. He knew the results were the same no matter what anyways. He knew that they would do as they wished no matter whether he gave them what they wanted or not.

He listened to their threats and sighed.

"Captain T'Rena attempted to show the winged female what will come to pass... but it seems her kind doesn't respond well to... visions. We locked her up before we brought you here. She was raving, seeing things that weren't there, unable to separate whatever is in her mind from her actual surroundings. No one can get through to her, so we will eventually put her out of her misery. Before that, I am sure you don't mind her company... because the two of you will be sharing a cell. Would you like to be with her one last time, mate with her on last time... before I cut her throat?"

"By vision's you mean forcible mind melds I assume." he said in response. to their threats towards the winged security officer. he had been snapped from his almost mad laughter and to a state of strange tranquility. It was almost a state like he was in the fighter. He was comfortable with the aspect of whatever happened. Prepared for whatever happened, even death." He paused a moment before continuing, "Besides, if you wanted to use threat of killing a loved one as a means of coercion, it far from a efective threat against me no matter who you chose. Do you have any idea how many mating partners I have lost in various firefights. You learn in my peoples fighter corps that you make and treasure your friendships, cause tomorrow one of you my be gone. Its a fact of life, war makes people die. You make connections and in time the connection is gone. Such is life, and therefore such is death."

"Besides if you want to torture me, or kill her, or do whatever, you will do it anyways. I know that if I say or do what you want, it will likely not result in any change in your actions. Not to mention, torture is such an ineffective means of information gathering. If I say the truth and its not what you want the truth to be, you will assume I am lieing, if I tell you the lie you want to hear, like for a confession or something, then you are gaining incorrect information and therefore will be acting on inaccurate intel." he said calmly How bout you two just be honest with me here, it don't matter what I do you are going to do whatever you want and there's nothing that I or anyone else can do to change it is there?"

He couldn't help but smirk seeing how he seemed to be getting into their heads making them less and less rational. he fell to the tables as they forced him down and recuffed him.

"Imagine me doing this to her, and when she finally give voice to her pleasure - for they always do - I will cut her cries short, and finish while she writhes in her own blood. The only way to save her... Miles Renard... is if you tell me what I need."

He could tell what the human was going to do to him. It was humiliating vile, sickening, to him but he knew what would happen there was no escape other than the refuge in knowing that no matter what happened he would not let the two truly feel they had conquered his mind. He moved his head back seeing the equipment that was revealed. "That's it?" he said wondering he would react to the reaction of insult rather than fear. "You know what the most idiotic part of that threat is, If you are going to wait until she cries out in legitimate pleasure from, that thing, then I'm afraid you'll die of old age first. She does have quite discerning tastes after all. I should feel insulted that you act like I should feel threatened by this? Besides, I already told you the truth, should I start asking what lie you want me to tell on record instead?" he said in an almost bored tone knowing what was inevitable and at this point just preparing to take it and see if he could get Riptor to confess a crime of his own in the process.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-05, 16:07:42

Breathing through his nostrils, Zaraq had observed the Vulpinian as he finally spoke up, and fed them with the obvious kind of story that he was to be expected. The usual protestations came up as well, in how the prisoner doubted that Zaraq would be true to his word in regard to his and the Asurian's survival. It told the Klingon that the Squadron Commander had yet to break. So, the current idea to cause him further humiliation was good, and Zaraq made sure his grip on the hand-cuffs was firm.

"She might have *had* discerning taste," he rumbled, seeing Riptor produce his human phallus and stroke it in preparation to violate the prisoner. "Now, touched in the head as she is, I am confident she won't discern the difference between you and I. Pilot Riptor here enjoy male arse more than I do, so I will be the one who samples the exotic loins of the bird-woman. That is... unless you cease lying about surrendering and that there are no tactical protocols."

Readied, Riptor was keen to hurt the Vulpinian to put him in his place, but as he held the tail high and pushed the bulbous head of his large member against the anal opening, he checked himself from letting himself loose control over his temper. What he did was something more hurtful to the fox-man's integrity. He reached around, finding Renard's strange cock next to the edge of the table. Riptor chuckled as he began to stroke the alien... meanwhile the rocking motions of his hips made his cock squirm inside him. "Is this something familiar to you, you filthy little fox? Do you like it?"

Zaraq might've not prefer male arse, but the sadistic development did something for him. He watched the reactions of the prisoner in quietude as he held the hand-cuffs. His thoughts went to the white-haired human he had enjoyed on the holodeck the night before. It was a shame T'Rena had ordered him killed. He had yet to tell Riptor about the helmsman's fate, and he hoped the pilot would take it well once the truth came out. It had seemed they were close on Theta Eridani and during *Lohlunat*. There was no telling with humans how affectionate they were, however, so Zaraq did not dare speculate about the bearded pilots affection towards Winterbourne.

In short order, Riptor's thrusts made the table rock on its legs, and the sound of his hand's ministrations came faster. "Does it hurt, Vulpinian?" Zaraq asked, overriding the noise, "or do you like it?"

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-03-07, 04:49:46

Miles just glared at the Klingon, "I had no intent to imply that her tastes are exclusive to myself. I was just saying based on what I can see from Rip back there Its doubtful that even in attempting to ravage her he would barely satisfy what she would require to count as foreplay." If its the Klingon that intends to make her moan, perhaps in that case there is a bit of a chance that she would find herself being aroused. As for the plans. I already told you my best guess at what Mav is having them do."

He felt Riptor pierce into him and groaned feeling the human member push seep into his body. It was a bit painful but it wasn't like Renard was offering any resistance. He knew trying to block the entrance would only make it more painful. "Slightly familiar, Never had the same taste for males as I do for the fairer sex though but given the circumstances I can say there are far worse ways to spend time in an interrogation room. I guess your friend behind me can't sate his latent desires for bestiality since animal fucking isn't allowed in holodeck programs. He said as he felt the human pushing deeper and deeper rougher and rougher into his ass.

Soon he felt the human pounding it fully as he stroked the vulpinian cock. "My you really do know how to work a cock don't you?" he said feeling the meat swelling to the humans touch. "Can't say its the best I've had but it does beat masturbation." he said as he grinned back to the human. now speaking to him instead of his proper interrogator perhaps after you've tried to please me from behind you can give me head and I'll forgive you for the mess one of your ilk left in my office." He then added tauntingly "Or was it you yourself who did that. Figures that the only way you'd be able get real pussy is by force. Guess that explains the animal fucking fantasies and your eagerness to settle for male ass."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-09, 18:11:23

Zaraq looked upon Riptor and Renard, and despite the development and how much the human tried to wound their prisoner's integrity, it was obviously not so easy to shame his kind.

"Vulpinians..." said the Klingon and snorted, and then addressed the pilot, "Finish this so that we can throw him in with his ruined female. Maybe he won't be so defiant."

"Yeah, *it was me*," grunted Riptor and promptly changed his grip into a very painful one, knuckles going white. He talked as she shoved his length into Renard. "The Boslic cunt... thought herself so fine... so I showed her... that she was still... just a woman... like the rest of them. In the end... she died meek and afraid... all her illusions gone. Best of all... was that she didn't get any help. She had no friends aboard... and no one will truly miss her."

Zaraq preferred female mates, and he had not known that Riptor had killed the Boslic engineering consultant. He might not have condoned the loss of a female since she could have been a fine vessel for breeding, but this was not the time to challenge the pilot. Also, the diversity of also having Vulpinian genes would further T'Rena and Vasser's cause, so while he considered to hand his *d'k tahg* to Riptor again, he didn't. Given how Renard was taunting the human, Zaraq feared he would defile his weapon by cutting off the Vulpinian's erection, and which would make them lose that diversity as well. No, it was better to end the interrogation and continue later, when T'Rena could attend to the defiance of the SCO.

Riptor was not done talking. With one fist twisting underneath the table, he made another in the fur of Renard's neck - pulling so that he arched his back. With his beard-covered mouth behind the Vulpinian's ear, he said, "How does it feel... to be fucked by the one who fucked her up?" The sadistic implication must have done it for Riptor, or perhaps it was how Renard arched his back. In either case, he grunted even harder as he came - finishing himself inside the Vulpinian... before he eventually pulled out.

Regardless what the prisoner might say, Zaraq turned his head away and tapped his combadge. "Brig Officer, we are ready," he said. He glanced towards Riptor, who appeared more pleased than Zaraq thought was seemly. "If you are done, untie his feet."

[Acknowledged,] said the voice from the combadge, [unlocking the door.] Since all the interrogation rooms worked like the security gate, the doors in and out of the room was controlled by the aide duty station or the brig controls. Now, the sliding doors opened to the Brig and the holding cells. Zaraq made sure Riptor was done untying Renard before he adjusted his stance. He heaved with the grip he had on Renard's hand-cuffs - dragging him across the table and letting him fall to the floor. Zaraq then dragged the SCO towards the Asurian's cell. Riptor followed Zaraq into the Brig while buckling his belt.

"Open Holding Cell C," ordered Zaraq, and as soon as the forcefield vanished, he made another heaving motion and hurled the Vulpinian hard into Dyan Cardamone. "Activate the force-field."

"We will be back for you in a while," said Riptor with his thumbs behind his belt, "so enjoy her company while you can. If she doesn't end up dead, I would imagine T'Rena would like to drain her magic stem cells to support our cause. Either way, don't count on seeing each other again."

"Isolate them. I don't want him talking to his old Captain," said Zaraq, looking at the white-haired woman that he had lusted for many times on the Harbinger. Yet he said nothing before he walked away, leaving together with Riptor. His mind was upon their mission, and what they had to do next.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-03-09, 21:32:45

Miles grunted in a form of protest as he felt his body violated listening to every word the Human said and hanging onto each facet of truth he gleaned. After that the vulpinian took on an air of defeat and silence no longer so willing to taunt the human. In mere moments the violation was complete when he felt the hot seed of the human pump itself into his rear filling him with disgust. It was at that moment he swore that he would make sure that the pilot would be punished, not for his crimes against the Vulpinian's pride but for what he had done to the civilian mechanic. He needed time to think to plan. but more importantly he knew time was a factor. They would most likely kill or harvest from Dyan what she has in the form of her stem cells. Especially if she continued to be in this state of madness.

He felt himself being thrown into the cell and hurled into The Asurian's body. He braced himself before the impact not knowing how she would react. He had no clue of her mindset in this state. Was she catatonic; was she not much more than a feral creature devoid of conscience; was she living a past of horrors that upon contacting his body would send her into a war-crazed blood-frenzy. More than this though he considered what they had said before. that perhaps he could get through to her. But how would he get through to her, if that was even possible. He remembered how last night he had seemed to bring her such comfort. How his fur coat was something unique to him in her time with the crew of the Theurgy. Something that she would doubtfully have any comparable memories to in her past. Perhaps by trying to remind her senses of things that she had only known in her brief time knowing him her mind might return to reality.

Still there was something that made him reconsider the idea. If she was to be treated as they suggested. Would it not be less painful for her to not be able to realize what was happening. Would it not be more kind to let her stay in whatever state she was in so as not to suffer the fate the rest of them no doubt were facing. Surely death was a far less cruel fate. Still in her there was another hope that remained, he knew that if she could return to him then there were two of them in this cell that could think up a possible way out of this.

His thoughts were ended with the rough collision of his body into hers from the way the interrogators had thrown him into the cell and he was immediately shook back to the reality that there was no telling how she would react to the shock of his body slamming into hers.

Post by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2015-03-14, 07:42:01

She wasn't the creature that she had been at one point. Her mind was wrapped in a bloody civil war that had been hell going through. Her mind now was painted the inside of the holding cell as one of the imperial bases on a forgotten moon that wouldn't likely be seen by terrain eyes for another couple life times. She could hear the steady sounds of foot steps and the sound of something being dragged. More then likely another rebel that had been captured and was being brought for judgment. Much like she was. Standing her legs would shake as she looked at the door her anger boiling over. "Let me out of here you bastards and I will paint the walls with your blood. My father is wrong in what he is doing. People need to be free," she screamed in the language of her people as her eye focused on the gray door knowing there would be guards on the outside not to mention all the ones that where in the base they where being held in. As the door opened she could see a winged figure literally being thrown in landing hard against her knocking her off her feet with a heavy grunt as she slowly pulled herself up looking over seeing a face that wasn't Miles but someone that made her blood run colder then the pace outside the hull of the ship. The look that crossed her pale features would be one of pure, total and unending hatred. "You fucking bastard. I am going to rip your head from your shoulders and drink your blood. You will know the pain that you have caused," she growled out lowly as she roughly and violently pushed him off of her before she would stand her wings folded against her back her tail lashing back and forth.

"I know what you did you sick bastard. I know what my father and sister promised you to betray us. You will never have my place. Never stand at his right hand. Your life ends here," she growled out lowly before she lunged forward her lithe body landing hard over his as her hands aimed for his neck more the ready to choke the life from him. "You killed my brother and his mate. He wasn't a fighter and you killed him. You took the only person in my life that mattered to me. You said you loved me and you killed him and almost killed me like we where nothing. I am going to kill you and enjoy watching the life leave your body. Maybe I will let you regenerate long enough to kill you again," she growled out in pure hatred.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-03-16, 02:47:58

He braced himself and felt the impact but seconds later felt a forceful shove as she pushed him away. Despite the torrent of unfamiliar words part of the meaning was all too obvious. Her body language gave away parts of the meaning. whatever the words were pertaining to it was clear she was pissed off. It wasn't just anger he could see in her body language but pure unrelenting hatred. Whoever she saw him as was someone that she could never forgive. and he could tell with every facest of her body language ad voice she had every intent to kill whoever it was she saw him as.

He tried to hump back back but was far too late as he felt her tackle him to the ground attempting to straddle his chest. She reached her hands for his throat clearly wanting to choke the very breath of life from him if he gave her half the chance. In a improvised defense he fell back pulling his right knee upwards and crossing it over his chest forcing it between her body and his. He felt her hands clinch around his neck and instinctively pushed his arms elbow deep between her own.

He quickly kicked out with the trapped leg forcing her body away as he pushed off the ground planting his left foot to the ground and pushing away as he forced his arms outwards forcing her hands from his neck. He attempted to force her off of him but to no avail her balance was too good and she had the advantage of the upper position. Still he was able to put himself at a bit better situation as he grasped at her wrists making sure to keep her choke at bay and used inertia to force his other knee between them in an attempt to put a bit more distance between them knowing her claws and bite were just as potentially deadly as the grip she almost had on his throat.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-09, 18:11:23

[Holding Cell A | Brig]

"What did you do to him?" demanded Jien, having stepped up to the forcefield when he saw Miles being dragged across the floor to one of the farther holding cells. Renard's clothing was cut and he was bleeding from his face, leaving a smears of blood across the pristine white floor before he vanished from sight. There was no use shouting, however, since Jien knew that Commander Rez and himself were in isolation. While one of the two brig officers recorded and heard all that they said though a ear-piece he wore, Jien could not make his voice heard through the invisible barrier. "I demand that you see to the Lieutenant-Commander's wounds, immediately!"

Apparently, one of the men by the brig controls was listening, because he tapped a button before answering through the speakers hidden in the ceiling. [He is no concern of yours anymore, Ives. You are no longer his CO. If you don't settle down, we will set life-support at 10 %.]

Scowling, Jien did not answer, but he turned away from the force-field, facing Commander Rez. In their cell, life-support was set to 40 % and they had a hard time breathing already. His brow was damp from perspiration since every move he made sapped him of energy. Their headaches were horrible, and they had to constantly take deep breaths to gain enough oxygen to stay alert. It was taxing, yet effective to keep them from trying anything that required a lot of concentration. For instance, changing form into something he had no experience mimicking before. The labour of breathing and moving had made Jien change his form so that he only wore a black tank upon his upper body - changing out of his uniform jacket.

"We should have seen this coming," said Jien and raked a hand through his hair, not caring if their heard them, "Counsellor O'Connor told me that a female officer was raped during *Lohlunat*. She told me this after the the Senior Staff meeting. The victim didn't want to step forth and involve security, so we could never learn what happened. There is a chance that the rape and the mutiny might have been unrelated, but either way, we would have been more alert. We might have suspected something, at least."

And now more of his crew was fighting for their lives, being persecuted by the mutineers, and turned against their will towards a cause not wholly their own. It was the Niga Incident all over again, only in the guise of misguided Starfleet Officers whom they had thought to be allies against the enemy. The consequences of his failure to foresee the danger they were in were overwhelming. The mere thought crippling his resolve. Dragging deep breaths, he sank down on the floor, one arm draped across the end of one of the bunks. Edena Rez was a fine First Officer, had proven herself plenty of times, but right then, he missed Nerina. The woman had always instilled hope during those first two hellish months when they fled from Starfleet. She had made him continue to fight for what was right - to defend the truth.

"I... I can't," Jien rasped, baring his teeth as he tried to voice his doubt, but he could not bring himself to say it. Only a whisper, lest the Brig Officers would hear. "I can't do this." Nerina wasn't there, so he could not make himself say it. Not when Jona lived on behind Edena's eyes. He had said too much already.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-03-16, 02:27:35

It was her first time being detained aboard the Theurgy, but it certainly was the least comfortable. Like Jien, she took measures to make breathing less laborious, opening her uniform jacket so that the only

thing pressed against her chest was the thin gray undershirt worn beneath it. Edena had been silent for a long time, communing mentally with her other personalities, whom weren't affected by the thin atmosphere they were left in. Only the one with ownership of the body was left to that, which unfortunately for Jien, was the last person he would have wanted to be stuck with.

"You gonna break down on me, Ives?" The masculine tone, the manner of speech, all of it told Jien that he was talking to Jona Rez in control of the body of Edena. "I remember when you were first brought in to Starfleet Intelligence as an agent. Everyone thought you were going to be the best thing that ever happened; the ultimate infiltrator. I was the only one who saw the weakness in you. Gifted with the power of disguise, sure, but you lacked conviction, or as you liked to call it, you had a conscience. Well, congrats, you just got outmaneuvered by someone without a conscience . . . again. Declan Vasser played you and now you're locked up in here."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-16, 18:10:26

To hear that voice right then, emerging from the throat of his First Officer, it made Jien close his eyes and take another deep breath - struggling to find his centre again. In a way, it might have been the best of the four souls locked inside Edena that spoke, since it challenge him to not show weakness, and to reply with some kind of certitude.

"Unless I am missing something," he grated and opened his eyes again - staring at the Trill in his company. His oaken eyes were lined with fatigue. "You are in here too, Jona Rez, aren't you? Or are you going to blame your host body for your shortcomings again? It does get a bit old."

He would not grant Jona the satisfaction of getting back on his feet, because he suspected that the old Trill wanted to think he could manipulate him and boost his resolve if he so deigned to. He remained sitting at the end of the bunk, one arm draped across it, and he looked way from Jona's host as if he had no desire to mince words with him - that there were higher priorities on his mind. There were, of course, but somehow, the desire to undermine the self-righteous air of command that Jona's surviving ghost flaunted like the pips he used to wear... it was quite palpable.

"I would rather earn the respect of my crew than their fear," he said quietly, making sure to breathe a bit harder to compensate for the words he spoke, "In fact, I would say that we would not have come this far if I had done things your way. If I had used threats and chicanery, this mutiny would have sprung from my own crew... weeks before we even reached the Mahéwa System. You, on the other hand, would have killed everyone aboard at the first sign of danger, just to preserve the integrity of our technology... if Edena Rez had not come to her senses and revealed herself. That is the difference between you and me, and it has not so much to do with conscience... as it has to do with accomplishing our mission."

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-03-29, 19:54:27

"Well, it's not like anyone has been listening to anything I have to say since the Ishtar Incident." He had shown himself to others what Jien had long since known, that his morals were far too dark to be trusted on their current mission. Jona was more section 31 than Starfleet Intelligence, and that meant having the grounds to do whatever he thought was best, without the restrictions of basic decency.

"The respect of your crew isn't doing much when you keep running into problems bigger than yourself, Ives. Alien pathogens, omnipotent beings, and now a hostile takeover utilizing Vulcan Mind Melds? All the respect in the galaxy isn't going to help you with that . . . though fear isn't going to do much better. You need to cunning and ruthless right now, because that's how your enemy is thinking. Hate

me all you like, but that's what you need, not to mention that hate is a pretty good motivator, in case you haven't noticed yet." The struggle just to draw breath had vanished, the life support's lowered setting less obvious when it wasn't being swelled on. Hating Jona brought a certain kind of clarity to Ives' mind.

"The girls think they might have a method of escape, but it depends on your ability to change. Think you got enough hate in you to focus on being a chameleon?" It was a simple plan, if they could pull it off. Jien could blend into the environment, become invisible, and when a guard found him absent, they would drop the force field to investigate. From there, it was all about ambushing the guard.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-31, 16:13:10

Jien listened, but when Jona spoke, he was always a sceptic - seeking whatever catch there was to the man's suggestions. At least he was not giving the orders any more, yet then again, neither was Jien. The will to not show weakness to Jona was not quite hate, but a very close resemblance, but Jien dismissed the old man's notion to command his crew with ruthlessness. Cunning, aye, yet that did not forgive what Jona was suggesting.

Jien wanted to argue the consequences of abandoning what Starfleet represented, to say that they may be the last shard of a broken image, but he did not have the energy. His thoughts strayed to Ensign Henshaw, and how she had betrayed him. She had been overqualified for the position of Captain's Yeoman, and yet she had sought it. Now Jien knew why. She had seduced him and diverted his eye - chosen which reports he was supposed to read and which reports would be destroyed. She could have altered his written commands, turned the crew against him and made them side with Vasser. She had conspired with his new Tactical Officer and taken the ship from him - handed it to T'Rena and Vasser on a silver platter.

Thinking of the sounds Cameron had made, and the words she'd said afterwards, it did summon his hatred. It had all been an act, and he had not seen past her smiles. Perhaps ruthlessness would have its uses after all?

"Think you got enough hate in you to focus on being a chameleon?"

He almost did not catch what Jona said, but glanced towards the Trill eventually. "I do," he grated to the man behind the hazel eyes, and with bared teeth, he saw Cam's face superimposed over Edena's features. His voice was as low as Jona's to keep the Brig Officers from hearing their words. "But they have sensors. They will still see my readings. I won't be invisible beyond the means of their eyes."

Jien glanced up towards the solid surface of the ceiling, wondering where they might locate sensors. Was there any way they could be disabled even from inside the cell? Looking around, his question was of a more personal nature. "How many of them were in on it?" he asked Jona, since it was a matter of singling out the opposition, "Besides Sjaandin Fedd and Cameron Henshaw?"

Carrigan Trent and Chief O'Connell seemed to have aligned themselves to Vasser's cause right away - fearing for their lives. Or had it been a ruse? It was hard to think straight...

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-04-25, 07:27:07

Jien was right that there were still internal sensors that couldn't be fooled, and yet Jona didn't seem bothered by that fact. He was always a manipulator, something that disgusted Ives about the man when he knew him, but one didn't get to be a manipulator without knowing how to get in people's

heads, how to understand how they thought. "How many security officers do you know would check the sensors before a visual confirmation?" An Engineer always took a look at the warp core before they began a diagnostic, a shuttle pilot trusted his eyes before the sensors, and a security officer would lower a force field and look inside the cell for signs of foul play before he checked for life signs, and he would do it without raising an intruder alert, simply because he would not take the blame for an escape unless he had no choice but to call it in.

"You're asking the wrong person that question, Ives. I was an SI officer through and through. isn't the reason you left it behind because we were all too paranoid and distrusting? I'd probably accuse half your crew of foul play, and I actually called for Edena to do full checks and interrogations on everyone. She thought it was going too far, especially with my aggressive methods. Wish she had listened to me now?" Jien was in a difficult situation. Too many times his crew had been compromised, by traitors or by outside forces. He might have hated it, but he needed to be harder, less trusting, or there would be nothing left. "You have a responsibility to this crew, and that means keeping them safe, even from themselves. I don't argue you need to keep running a tight ship. What you need to do is think outside the box from now on. You go after people who know how Starfleet operate but will break rules, and they'll know everything they need to do to you to win."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-25, 13:50:00

Sweat dripping from his brow, Jien sucked deep breaths through his nostrils to keep his mind clear. He turned his oaken eyes towards Jona when he argued how the Brig Officers would react to him vanishing from the holding cell. Perhaps he had a point. There was a chance that they would come investigate, standing outside the forcefield. But would they check the diagnostics before lowering the field? A gamble, yet Jona seemed to think it was plausible. The Lieutenant-Commander did have a point in that they would not sound the intruder alert unless they were sure he was gone, and especially not when people like T'Rena and Vasser were in command of the Theurgy.

Yet in regard to Jien's question of who were in on the mutiny, Jona resorted to his common arrogance - even going so far as to say he could have prevented it from happening if Edena Rez had not been the main host of the Trill's body. Typical, that he would undermine her authority to further his own importance. Even if it was true, that he had made such a recommendation to Edena and she hadn't listened, Jien knew he would have done the same thing if Jona had proposed his usual methods to her. If he had just shown some bloody restraint and not suggested those methods, Edena might have listened, and she could have made a better call. Would it have made a difference? Uncertain, yet it made Jien wroth with Jona; because of his lack of scruples, how he never knew moderation when it was needed; and even more so when he kept advocating his methods. The lack of atmosphere getting to him, he pushed away and closed the distance to Edena - facing her squarely and looking into the eyes of his old mentor with eyes cast in bitter certitude.

"You are damn right I have a responsibility to this crew," he grated with a locked jaw, "but I have a mission that requires their loyalty - and while I failed to reach the crew of the Harbinger, and lost some of my own people to Captain Vasser's bloody notion that the entire Galaxy should be left behind to *rot* from inside - I *still* cannot fail the very ideals we mean to preserve!" Jien's eyes were blood-shot from the throbbing headache he felt, and he'd had quite enough of Jona. He stepped closer, backed him and his host body up against the wall as his words disintegrated from his lips. "I was a *fool* to let Vasser convince me to make the phasing cloak and break the Treaty of Algeron! As it turned out, we had no use for the cloak since Carrigan Trent disabled Sankolov's fleet, and the Calamity can likely see right through it anyway. So, I have yet to see merit in abandoning the ideals of Starfleet and resorting to twisted schemes and ruthless methods. If I could, I would yank you out of that body and

throw you Vasser and his ilk, because I am sure the two of you would get along quite well."

While Jien had not laid a hand on Edena, not even touched her, he was right in her face - their sodden chests almost touching. In the wake of his tirade, he was breathing hard to compensate for the cost of air. Shadows danced in his peripheral vision, and he had to put a hand on the wall next to Edena's head, lest he'd faint. He blinked hard, voice dropping again so that he'd not been overheard. "Now, would you be so bloody kind and crawl back under the rock from whence you came... so that I can have a word with my First Officer? In fact, I'd settle for anyone else than you, for I want to hear their plan when it is not twisted by your split tongue. How can we make sure they lower the field?"

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-05-10, 01:26:45

Jona surrendered control, seeing no way in which a conversation between him and Ives would result in anything worthwhile. He was poison to Jien, so better to cut his losses and try to help in some other way, as part of the think thank inside the head of Edena. When control was given up, it wasn't Edena who took over though. Instead, it was someone who thought she might be able to help him in his more difficult times. He was having a crisis, reeling from the manipulation of Declan Vasser, his attempts to make the Theurgy Captain betray his ideals. The way her eyes fell to his, the softening of her face that spoke of her endless wisdom, there was no confusing her for anyone but Kiya Rez, the original Rez host, the one that he had become close to during the Ishtar Incident.

"You're frustrated," she spoke, sounding so gentle and understanding, not the slightest hint of Starfleet protocol in her. She wasn't speaking as an officer, but as a person who cared about him. "People cannot begin to fathom what rests on your shoulders. Your crew, Jona, even Vasser himself doesn't know what it is to look at the rules you abide by, which could very well be a prison for you as well. Jona is right that your enemies will use it against you, but that doesn't mean you should give up on them." Kiya reached out, touching a hand against his cheek, another comfort she could feel he sorely needed. A Captain stood alone in some things, and in such cases, it was a civilian, not an officer, that he needed.

"You're a man of principle, and you should never betray them. You are the one who has to decide what to do, just as it is the duty of the men and women who follow you to trust that. Tell me what you need, Captain Ives, and how you can get it." The answer was likely inside him all this time, just requiring him to focus on that instead of all the frustrations of betrayal, of Jona, and of the heavy gravity blinding his senses. Kiya sought to give him a moment of clarity, to remind himself why he was the Captain, and how to get back his ship.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-14, 01:46:52

Confusion about whom he was speaking to quickly evolved into clarity while Kiya sought to strengthen his resolve, for Captain Ives did recognise her despite the face she wore and the voice she used. The subtle hints that gave her away was far easier to detect after having met her in person, and upon recognition, Jien's ire abated and the challenge in his scowl was soothed by the touch of her hand against his cheek. The comfort she brought made him change... into her female form, and she closed her eyes to absorb Kiya's words.

To hear that she shouldn't abandon the principles of the fleet they sought to restore meant a lot to Jien, and somehow, breathing came easier to her despite the low setting on the life support systems in the cell. One way to fight the fatigue upon her body had been anger towards Jona, but the balm of Kiya's reassurance also made the burden of breathing easier to bear. The perspiration that dampened Jien's black tank top and beaded her brow was still there, but each drawn breath was deeper -

measured to sustain her with the help of renewed resolve.

Still, there was doubt. Worries that could not be silenced. What had happened on the bridge at noon had taken a heavy toll on her. "I... I made my decision, laid out our course and chose how I believed we were best suited to deliver the truth far and wide in the Galaxy," she said in answer, opening her eyes and looking away - staring at the white bulkhead. "But those who I believed followed me... they did not trust me. They did not believe that I had chosen the right course. Captain Vasser, with all his experience and willingness to adapt to the situation we are in, he managed to rally enough loyalty to spark this mutiny and seize the ship. I can understand how the Harbinger crew that transferred aboard might follow his orders, but people under my own command sided with him - people who I trusted and whom I thought believed in our mission."

The thought of how Vasser had sabotaged their shield and killed some of the crew lingered with Jien, and it made it even harder to imagine that people like Sjaandin Fedd had arranged it of their own free will; that Vasser's ideas were so compelling that Jien's crew would kill their own to facilitate a change in command.

But then there was the words Declan Vasser had said to T'Rena just before they were sent to the Brig. Blinking, Jien tried to remember them. "*T'Rena, you can mind meld everyone into seeing our way of things? Prioritize those members of the crew who have skills and positions of value to the ship's operation and work your way down.*"

Had that question meant that the Vulcan had already done so, or that she was supposed to starting using the technique when the mutiny began? Frowning, Jien looked back into Edena's eyes. "What do you know of the Vulcan mind-meld?" she asked in the end, trying to find an explanation that might bring clarity to what was happening. "Do you believe T'Rena could have turned my crew against me before I was removed from command?"

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-05-17, 23:14:47

"I know that Vulcan Mind Melds are probably one of the most powerful psychic abilities in the quadrant." There were other races who had more powerful telepathic abilities, among the Federation, none were more effective than the Mind Meld. The suspicions made by Ives got Kiya thinking as well, as she found herself on the same page as the Captain about why his crew had turned on him. "There have been cases of Vulcan Mind Melds used many times in the past to alter a person's way of thinking. Oftentimes, they can retain their own personality, just with a single opinion or memory adjusted, and done so in such a manner that the person never even realizes that they are under any manner of influence. usually, atmospheric changes during a meld could be used to sever the connection, but after it has already been done, the only way to repair the damage is to have the meld undone. Other than that . . . people of strong mind can break free of it. I've heard Cardassians are trained from childhood to not yield to Mind Melds, and other Vulcans can also overpower it if sufficiently triggered."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-18, 22:58:51

Listening to Kiya when she spoke of the Vulcan mind-meld, Jien tried to find some meagre hope left in her heart that perhaps her crew had not willingly sided with Vasser, but instead been brainwashed to follow his command before the mutiny began. All she had was a brief comment from the traitor himself, and while there was some hope, Jien did not know which theory was most plausible any more.

Was Vasser right to abandon Starfleet ideals to fight the fleet they were trying to save, and in that

there was no use risking their lives at the small chance of spreading the word? Alternatively, in order to save Starfleet, should one neither desist nor abandon the tenants you meant to preserve from alien influence... even at the cost of grave tactical disadvantages? Kiya was on his own side in this, but what of the others in the two crews?

The immediate question was if Vasser had used his Vulcan for his own benefit, regardless if the man was right or wrong. Then that would explain Sjaandin Fedd, among others. Cameron Henshaw was, however, something entirely else. The thought of her made her change... to his male form. 'He' was, of a sort, the slighted party. Jien had only been male when intimate with her. To think that she had infiltrated his very own Ready Room and used her body to earn his trust, even back on Theta Eridani IV. That was long before any talk of Starbase 84 and while Jien had ordered the construction of the phasing cloak. What was most evident was her rank making her overqualified to be his Yeoman. Even if she had been mind-melded by T'Rena back on the planet, it still make everything between them a bitter lie.

Having been unable to reach any definitive conclusions in his brief ruminations, and even changed back to his male form, he spoke to Kiya again. "Thank you, Doctor," he said quietly, looking towards her where she stood by the wall. He walked back to her and quietly took her hands into his own. While his own hands were calloused to bear the strain of his unarmed combat skills, he had never considered Edena's before, but now he knew he held the hands of a famous surgeon, who had used her hands to heal rather than to harm. While Edena's hands did not show such specific marks, Jien tried to imagine the hands of the woman who had...

It must have been the lack of oxygen that made him remember the time in the surgical suite, where they had partaken in Ishtar's game. Beyond the entity's cruel manipulation of what now lay between them, they had done what was required, and they had done it with great respect towards one another.

"I had not thought to end up alone with you again," he said quietly, trying to find something to fall back on in the madness around them, and Kiya was one facet of Edena that had never betrayed him. He had never met the grifter, but Edena had been a spy just as much as Jona had been when she first came aboard the Theurgy. Kiya had never been involved with Starfleet Intelligence beyond exposure to Jona and Edena, and that was a quality he cherished right then - when the world was falling apart around them.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-06, 23:40:54

Kiya did not answer Jien. Not immediately and not in any way that he had expected. Her eyes were downcast as Jien held her hands, and when she looked up at him, she took a step forward - her parted lips slowly drawing close to his own. Her eyes were wide as she looked into his, as if she was afraid he would reject her before she could reach him, and still make sure he wanted her too. It was madness that Kiya wished to kiss him under the present circumstances, and yet he also remembered the real her - and the way she had kissed him before. He was not thinking clearly, not even remotely, and neither could she. They could barely breathe, and here they were about to reminisce, together. Her arms were sliding behind his neck, and he could feel her breath against his lips.

"I can't do this," she said, quite suddenly, and she fell back against the wall of their holding cells, hands open as if the touch of of his had burned her. Jien had moved to step after her, but the look in Edena's eyes stopped him short. Because it was Edena, and no longer Kiya Rez. It was his First Officer that faced him for the first time since they entered the cell - Jona having been the chosen presence to better fight the low setting of the life support systems. While Edena's tank top was slick with perspiration from the task of endurance, she was now winded for the first time - sucking air into

her lungs at a rapid pace.

"You are right, of course, I..." Jien said, not sure what he ought to say. He had erred. "It was not my intention. Nor do I think Kiya had thought we..."

"No," protested Edena, shaking her head, "I mean, I can't do this anymore. This. Us. Jona and Kiya, and then me, together, serving in this position, because.... Because day by day, I learn more about Jona when I am around you, and I learn what he did when he served in Starfleet Intelligence. He has hidden too much from me."

Jien frowned, looking at Edena when she started to pace the holding cell, talking quickly and loudly, as if to override the protests of unseen people around her - Jona likely shouting at her, and the other two trying to mediate. "I am starting to... To make his priorities my own. His thoughts permeate my waking hours, triggered by the sight of you. Shut up! Just now, I saw it. When I saw the difference. When Jona and I were put into contrast with Kiya's opinion of you. I... I see how Jona has made me think, and I realise how unfit I have become to stand by your side. Kiya is right. You cannot abandon what Starfleet once was, and yet I find myself doubting because of him, and if I cannot... restrict Jona, he will end up betraying you. I know this because I am starting to know him more than I would like to. He is draining me of values I do not want to lose..."

Her eyes were closed, as if trying to shut out the sight of someone in the cell, and it was not Jien. Despite her shortness of breath she kept talking. "It's not just that... Jona may be a liability to this crew and our mission, but Kiya is... Kiya's feelings towards you have not abated since the Ishtar Entity forced the two of you together. I think she... she misses her husband, and is... You... I don't know, but it is not something that should reside between an Executive Officer and her Captain. It just can't."

Only then did Edena open her eyes, turning to face him. "I am sorry, Captain, but there is more... It is not just the former hosts. I did not want to tell you. The edict is still in effect since Niga... but I was not infected when you came for me back then. I remember everything, in detail, especially since we are here - where you attacked me." She closed her eyes again, as if trying to shut out the memories. They were in the very place where Jien's infected shadow had tried to rape her.

"I think it is the schism... The subconscious leverage that Jona has used to make me resent you, despite how I know it was not truly you. I am so sorry, Jien... for I know you need me so direly at this dark hour, but for all these conflicting and confusing reasons that crowd inside my head, I cannot be trusted. If we make it through this... I must resign my position at your side."

At a loss for words, Jien simply stared at her - not knowing what of everything that she had just said earned his voice the most. Yet as it were, he would not have the time to say anything...

...because that was when the sharp light detonated outside their forcefield - casting everything in whiteness.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 16: Harbinger

[USS Harbinger | Brig | Deck 07 | 1300 hrs.]

Than'Ida zh'Wann sat on the floor of the holding cell, propped up against a wall. The bench had not offered comfort to her injuries, and she was far too agitated for comfort anyway.

She was still sharing her holding cell with the Harbinger's CMO, who had helped treat the worst of Ida's wounds. At least superficially, even if the pain still lingered in the areas where she had been beaten the most. The small sink in the corner had offered water to clean her face with, and she had gotten the worst stains of blue blood out of her hair too. Not that it mattered. She was still locked up and unable to help her crew on the Theurgy. With her wet strands of white hair framing her face where she sat, she glared towards the floor - thoughts bent on a singular purpose. To get out, and to warn Captain Ives and Wenn Cinn about what was going on.

Then again, the worst bit was that she knew too little. She wanted information desperately. What was Vasser's plan? How far had things gone already? Was anyone of the Theurgy's Senior Staff involved in this? Why had they tried to rape their own Chief Medical Officer? The questions were many, and the posted Brig Officer would not even talk to them no matter how much he had been threatened or shouted at. At one point in her career, she'd been the guard posted at the terminal. It was weird being on this side of the force field. Ida did not look towards her company in the cell, and she had no idea what the Trill was thinking about, but given what had happened to her, Ida did not blame her for not being too talkative.

A shadow crossed in front of their cell, and Ida looked up. A brown-skinned human stood there, arms crossed. Instinct guiding her, Ida kept her face calm and met the man's gaze as she stood up, trying to summon a confident air about herself without looking defiant. "Are you the Pinkskin that will tell us what is going on?"

The man had the audacity to smirk at them, and his unshaven appearance was surely appealing to some human women, but to Ida, he looked like a filthy, lanky primate. "That depends on how cooperative you are, ladies," he said, his accent... Did they call it Spanish? Ida folded her arms underneath her chest while he continued talking to them. "As of 1200 hours, I am the Commanding Officer of the Harbinger. You may address me as Commander Trujillo. Captain T'Rena is commanding the Theurgy, and the both of us report to Commodore Vasser. He will lead us to safety, and then... to victory."

"Not unless I kill all three of you before that," said Ida evenly, throwing away her plan to not be defiant. The newly promoted Commander chuckled in response. Ida hoped he would soon choke on that mirth.

"I think not. When T'Rena gets here," said Trujillo and folded his hands behind his back, "you will be shown the future, and understand our cause. You will also know your rightful place, which is on your back and with your legs spread wide. In fact, I think you will be the first woman I will attempt to bless with a child - one of the first pure-blooded to fight in the war."

"Come in here and try," said Ida gravelly, masking how his words and their implications crept her

out. "I dare you, Pinkskin." Perhaps the CMO had something in her labcoat that Ida could use as a weapon if it came to that...

Post by: Nolan on 2015-03-03, 11:36:21

After managing to treat the deputy for as much as she could, Amelya had somehow managed to regain some of her composure as it had treated as a distraction for her. It was something familiar and something that she could lose herself in it, though this wasn't complex surgery or something groundbreaking. Yet it was simple enough to push away the thoughts and feeling of the attempted rape and assault that only happened hours ago to her. In her own office on that accord. How the hell was she going to work back at that office and not get conflicted feelings in it? In fact, how was she going to react if she saw any other male for that matter. Especially the ones in security outfits.

She had distanced herself from the blue lady as she seemed pumped up with anger, hatred and a thirst for blood. Amelya didn't mind that she was sharing a cell with the strong woman. At least she'd be sure that if anything bad would happen she'd at least have a fighter with her to balance the odds a bit. Doctor Duv sighed softly as she wrapped her lab coat a bit closer now when she suddenly heard a very distinctive Terran accent. She looked up to see Trujillo and let Ida do the talking while she moved closer to her. She stood to her left flank so she could hide behind her big body yet also still see and hear what the new promoted captain/commander had to say.

The pieces slowly started to fall in place now for Amelya as Trujillo unraveled the plans and she choked a bit on the last segment. Were they nothing more than breeding machines to them than? It angered the CMO yet she still felt powerless while Ida carried on to taunt the commander. Amelya dug her hands in her coat as she thought about what she just heard yet her fingers slid past an inoculation device. It probably would have still been laying in her coat since Theta Eredina. She had done some rounds in the triage center there with her labcoat on. It surely would come in handy if the time was needed she thought to herself. While the situation carried on to unfold, Amelya did the math for herself, T'Rena must be using her Vulcan powers to meld the minds of the crew. And it seemed like their only goal was to impregnate all the women aboard the two starships to raise them a sort of army?

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-05, 16:07:42

"I think not," said Trujillo and chuckled in reply to Ida's suggestion to step into the cell and make due on his innuendo. "I would prefer if Captain T'Rena would lay her hand upon you first, so that the both of you could be more forthcoming towards the idea. She would have done so if it hadn't been for a slight mishap in Theurgy's engineering. When she does, however, I am confident you will come to me willingly at that point, and long to bear my pale, blue children. Now, Doctor, ho-

"Wait," snapped Ida loudly, not about to let the Commander threaten the Trill, and she needed to know more, "What happened? What did you do?"

"Oh, the results were a bit unfortunate when we destroyed the Theurgy's cloaking device. The crewman that was supposed to do it also destabilised the EPS-network, making the plasma relays blow out across the ship. A handful died, nothing compared to the numbers lost as we assumed command, but in the long run, the collective losses were nominal. We are but some repairs away from leaving the Alpha Quadrant and finding our new settlement - far off the rim of the Galaxy."

This took Ida hard, the anger failing her in the shock of knowing that the Theurgy and its crew had suffered losses already, and that these brain-washed shadows of people didn't even give it a second thought.

"As I was saying, Doctor," said Trujillo with his confident smirk and stepped to the side so that he could look at the Trill directly, "We found your handiwork in Sickbay after Phantom reported your capture. If it's any ease on your conscience, I am happy to tell you that both Liam and Elliot have made a full recovery. They were quite eager to see you again. In fact, they are ready to pick up where they started."

"Don't you dare lay a hand on her," said Ida, snapping back to the current situation. "If this force field goes down, I will stand in your way, and you don't have your Winter Queen here to convince me that I shouldn't break your legs."

"Perhaps not, but I *can* turn off the inertial dampeners in your cell. Raise the gravity so that you can barely breathe, and I can transport you to an interrogation room while I let my crew take turns with the lovely doctor. Too many have longed for her particular touch, and what kind of Commanding Officer would I be if I deprived them of that they want most of all?"

Post by: Nolan on 2015-03-06, 10:49:44

Listening to what Trujillo had to say about the take over aboard the Theurgy and about the fate of pretty much all the women aboard them was a pretty hard nut to crack. It all seemed so unbelievable yet here she was together with the former security officer from the Theurgy. The talk of Trujillo impregnating Ida to bear his own offspring was nauseating if not entirely sick and twisted. Amelya's eyes darted back to Ida as she seemed ready enough for a fight, though Amelya reckoned that with her injuries even if she'd be stoked with adrenaline she wouldn't get all to far. Not with more fatal injuries at least.

Amelya froze however when the new commander mentioned her handiwork in sickbay. Her mouth slowly fell open a bit and her eyes widened as he informed her that both men had made a full recovery, even worse was that both of them were still eager to continue what they had started. It was as if she was caught in a nightmare and that there would come no end to this horror. She slowly yet instinctively took her own steps backwards and pressed herself against the wall while shaking her head as tears slowly formed in her eyes.

Ida stepped up once again to guard the doctor yet Trujillo made a fair point that he could just do whatever he pleased to transport the doctor out of the brig and into an interrogation room. The place where every single crewmen aboard the Harbinger would seemingly have their fun with her. Amelya's mind raced once more as she already saw her laying there, legs stretched open on one of the cold interrogation tables as Liam and Elliot would rape her over and over again, gushing their seed into her young womb. Not to mention the others that Trujillo mentioned... How many more wanted to claim her, impregnate her, fill her...

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-09, 18:11:23

Hearing Trujillo's threats to Doctor Duv quickened Ida's anger, and she wanted to continue making threats of her own. She willed to strike the force-field out of existence and beat the human into pulp.

Yet in seeing the effect upon Duv, Ida came to realise - despite the loud way her blue blood was pumping in her ears and the anger that threatened to boil over - that if she continued to provoke Commander Trujillo, he would act out of spite and challenge them back. The way things were going, Trujillo might be tempted to send in the security detail en-masse and live up to his word. Injured as she was, and outnumbered as Duv and herself were, they would have no chance to get away with their

modesty preserved. Ida knew she had to be smarter, and avoid that outcome. Better to have more time to find a solution than digging their graves in the ice before the battle even began. On Andoria, it was a common saying, and she had to live by it now else they were lost to the viles of Trujillo and his men.

"Then I think it's better if we see what your dear T'Rena has to say about the matter first," she snapped, folding her arms across her chest. She could not let go of her anger too quickly else he would be suspicious, which was rather easy considering how riled up she was. "I don't know what your deal is, but if you are so damnably convinced you have the right of the matter, then I would love to hear what your commanders have to say about the matter. Make no mistake, we will fight with teeth and nails to resist what you plan to do to us, and I assure you, I have been fighting for my whole life. If you decide to go through with this, then the consequences will be on your head."

Ida stepped in front of Trujillo again, her antennae tilting forth. "If you leave us be, we will be compliant as we wait for the arrival of your Vulcan and her wisdom. We will remain here and not attempt to escape. This is something that you should take to heart, since I have seen far more holding cells than you have. I make no lie when I say that I would get out of here in three hours time. Yet now, we will remain, and not make any such attempt, if we you leave us be. If T'Rena makes a good case, then you will not have to worry about your lives... and as much as I doubt it, we might even see things your way."

Ida did not like it, but she gave the Commander an appraising look. "I have been with Pinkskins before. Willingly, and it was not altogether a bad experience," she said, her tone low but not so husky as to seem implausible, "No human, however, has ever succeeded to rape me. On this you have my word as an Andorian."

Only that plant on Niga, what seems like ages ago. It still lingered in broken memories.

She turned her head to Doctor Duv. "Tell me, what did you do to the Pinkskins that tried to claim you in your office?" she asked, on purpose wanting the Doctor to scare off Tujillo and make him leave them be. "I can imagine that with your medical knowledge, you know the placement of the major arteries in most species. Did you cut them with an exo-scalpel?"

Post by: Nolan on 2015-03-25, 12:55:36

Amelya remained frozen into place as she stared into Trujillo's eyes. The events of what had happened in her own medical office being replayed before her eyes. The conversation between Trujillo and Ida being pushed to the back of her mind so it only sounded like blurry conversation that was blocked away as if she was submerged under water. Her hands were trembling and her eyes were wide open yet her pupils had turned into pinpoints due to her fear.

Yet when Ida spoke to her she snapped out of the sequence, looking around a bit frightened yet looking into Ida's eyes made her feel a bit more at ease only just a bit. What had she done to them? She parted her lips yet no sound came out and she cleared her throat a bit "I... I didn't have a scalpel at my disposal..." she said soft at first yet she looked up at Trujillo and closed her eyes for a second. "So I took a bite in one officer's genitals and shot the other one with a phaser... Multiple times, until he moved no more." She paused than for a second and took in a few deep breaths. "However, things would be much gruesomer if I had a scalpel..."

She hoped it would be enough to scare Trujillo off and she looked at Ida now, wondering what she thought of her, would she be a monster of some sort for her? A savage beast that would do anything

for survival? She didn't know and she sat down on the cold floor of the cell as she buried her face in her hands to get a grip on herself once more.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-28, 18:23:27

Apparently, the Harbinger's CMO had caught on to Ida's intention rather well, and it seemed to the Andorian that the Trill she shared the holding cell with was even telling the truth. Had she really bitten her assailant? Ida was beginning to like Dr. Duv, and at that point - after she had delivered her account of what had befallen the two security guards in her office - Ida could have kissed her, because the dark look on Trujillo's face was quite priceless.

Ida's elation disintegrated when she saw the Trill retreat to the floor and hide in her hands. It did not serve them at all to show weakness, so Ida tried to compensate - stepping into Trujillo's field of vision - hiding Duv behind her back. "So, I advise that you back off unless you want us hurting you in any way we can. If your Vulcan can make us see otherwise, as much as I doubt it, then who knows, perhaps we'll be more cooperative and see reason in this madness you seem to have embraced."

Ida took another step closer to the force field, her stare unblinking. "Before then... I suggest you back away, Commander Trujillo."

The human seemed to be cleaning his teeth with his tongue, weighing his options behind his dark eyes - returning Ida's stare with the confidence of a ruffian with the options completely on his side. Ida forced herself to breathe as she waited on the reply. To keep herself centred, she imagined breaking his legs. Made herself hear his screams and pleas for mercy. She would not give it immediately, setting her phaser to stun and shoot the Pinkskin only when he had learned humility.

"You just want to buy some time, *chica*" he said derisively and stepped away. Ida fought the urge to react, keeping her head level and her stance unflinching. Trujillo was, however, not done talking, "You do have a point in that you will be much more compliant after T'Rena has shown you the future, so as much as I'd like to have my way with both of you now that I have the opportunity... I know you will accept your fate."

He stepped away, adjusting the sleeves of his uniform. He paused by the exit, glancing towards the Brig Officer before he left. He only gave them a winning smile in parting, adding, "Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet."

Ida curled her upper lip at his retreating back long after it was obscured by the shut doors. Then she turned to the CMO and sat down in front of her - making sure that her back obscured the Brig Officer's line of sight. "Doctor, I need you to focus if we are to get out of here. So they touched you against your will, fine, but I think you got back at them pretty good, correct?" Ida's whisper was sharp but quiet, and she laid her blue hands against the sides of the Trill's head, trying to make her look into her eyes and return to the present, "If you work with me, I will be able to protect you and you will be safe, but if you do not step up and get over yourself, I will be forced leave you here. Please, do not let the Pinkskins have the satisfaction of seeing you bleed. Save your tears for when the pain is far behind. Now is not the time, doctor. Now, it's time to *think* and to be brave."

Ida tried to give the woman an encouraging smile, but it just came out as some kind of bitter grimace. "On the Theurgy, we have a couple of words that we live by, and if we get out of here, and you chose to serve under a Captain that remain true to Starfleet and what the Federation once stood for, then you might as well know them, and heed them." The fierce expression on Ida's face put an emphasis to

her whispered words. "Courage is fear, when it has said its prayers."

Silently, Ida added in her thoughts, *And conscience makes cowards of us all.*

For Trujillo, T'Rena and Vasser... she would pull no punches. She lowered her hands from Amelya's face.

"Now, without letting him see or hear, empty those pockets in your lab coat. Let's see what we have to work with."

Post by: Nolan on 2015-04-06, 11:19:20

Amelya look up once again when Trujillo made his exit. She let out a soft sob yet already got spoken to by the former Theurgy security officer. She looked up at the blue colored woman as she spoke and tried to find courage and strength from her words. Despite what she said however, Amelya would normally not find the power to harness these words. She was a soft and kind woman, not the weapon that security officers turned out to be at times. Yet now there was very little time or room to stray from her personal affinity.

She nodded slowly throughout Ida's speech and when she told her to empty her pockets to see what she had with her Amelya nodded and whispered "Alright, I'll help you break out. Just promise me that it will be better aboard the Theurgy. I can't imagine to serve another second aboard this ship with all these men wanting to..." She paused her sentence and shook her head as tears formed once more and ran down her cheeks. She dug her hands in her pockets and revealed the inoculation device first to Ida. Besides that she had little to nothing that could help them. A few sterile pieces of bandage still in the wrapping, standard trinkets that she could use in triage yet nothing that would hurt. Their only and most effective weapon would be the inoculation device.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-08, 14:57:19

Ida was glad to see the Trill able to confront her present situation and assist in the escape. As for the promise that it would be better aboard the Theurgy, Ida knew she could not make any such promises yet, but she said nothing of the kind since that might dishearten the Harbinger's CMO again.

While Dr. Duv dug through her pockets, Ida could not help noticing how very... bare the other woman was underneath her lab coat. Crouching as they were - with Ida's back to the forcefield and the eyes of the brig officer - the close proximity of the Trill reminded itself. Her thoughts went to Commander Rez and the intimacy they had shared outside the baths on Theta Eridina IV - the only other Trill she had seen without clothing to cover the twain rows of spots that wandered down... No, this was not the time to dwell of sweet times. Ida focused on what manner of items were spread out on the floor before her, dismayed with the assortment... until the doctor's movements shifted the folds of the lab coat, revealing...

"You have a combadge," she said quietly and removed it from the Trill, turning it over in her blue fingers as she rummaged through her own memories - survival methods taught to her by Wenn Cinn. She had learned the basics in Starfleet, and then learned a few more tricks from the Bajoran - non-standard adaptations of standard-issue equipment. She had picked up the gist of what could be done, but lost the details. "I am a soldier, not an engineer... but I know that you can program a combadge to trigger the functions and effects of some devices. We were taught in the Academy how combadges and tricorders can be remotely monitored and deactivated by the ship's computer. What they don't

teach you is that these devices can also initiate or receive command links with other equipment and systems."

She laid the combadge down on the deck plates and turned it over, running a nail along the edge to open the back. "A large Bajoran once tried to teach me how to remote-trigger a number of devices. Sadly, the forcefield to our cell runs on a secure system, so even if I were to succeed, I would not be able to deactivate it. Nor can I link the combadge to the brig officer's computer console, because the manual override would require overriding the command interface with the Harbinger's computer - something that is done through the console's maintenance panel and disconnecting the ODN cables. There are also transporter inhibitors installed in the cells to keep the prisoners from being beamed out, so even if I were to somehow access the transporter systems, it wouldn't work."

Looking at the circuits revealed at the back of the combadge, Ida pinched the bridge of her nose, trying to remember how it was done. "I can - possibly - overload the guard's phaser rifle. But that would not help getting us out, only making more Pinkskins come here to investigate the explosion..." Ida muttered, as if to herself. "What was it that Wenn Cinn said about the sarium krellide cell in the combadge? Do not touch it with a conductive filament, because then you detonate the combadge instead..."

Post by: DocReno on 2015-04-16, 22:04:10

Rage.

That was the only emotion that he was feeling at that moment after he'd been thrown into the Harbinger's brig after a pat on the head and being told that after the "Captain" was finished he'd see things in a much better light, if becoming a rapist and a murderer was "better light" then someone should just shoot him now.

Chris' hands flexed in time with every breath that he took as he remembered having his hands locked tightly around that braggart's throat as he regaled..REGALED..the others in the squadron about what he had done and the others simply asked questions about how it felt and why he wasted a perfectly good woman like that.

The familiar noise of the brig doors opening caught his attention and Chris curled up to make it appear that he was sleeping when he noticed Trujillo entering the room. Chris thought that he was coming over to drag him to see T'Rena but instead he stopped at the cell opposite of his which made him wonder what was going on.

Until Trujillo stated his intent.

Chris turned his head just enough so that he could make out the voices of the cell next to his which recognized that one of them was the Harbinger's CMO in Amelya Duv who he knew as one of his fellow officers but the other one sounded striking and andorian but he filed that away as he was more intent on listening to the new commander which made Chris start to flex his hands in rage once again but he closed his eyes tightly and clenched his fists so tightly he heard pops as he waited for Trujillo to leave.

Chris waited for a couple more minutes before he slowly sat up on the narrow bench in his cell and started to slowly tap on the wall where he heard Duv's voice and hoped that she heard it.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-04-20, 10:55:17

As Amelya laid out the objects that she had with her, she couldn't help but notice that the blue skin toned woman before her was observing her closely. Amelya was very much aware of the fact that she was nude under her lab coat and the emptying of pockets probably allowed Ida to see more of the Trill than she had meant to show. Yet this wasn't the time for dismayed thinking. Suddenly Ida reached out to her, her hands just grazing under her breast against her warm skin as she took the comm badge off her. Amelya frowned and nodded silently before speaking softly "Yes, Phantom pinned it on me in my office, just before he transported me here into the brig... But I don't understand.. How will this help us?"

The plans of the security officer got laid out now and Amelya looked in awe now by the ingenuity of the Andorian. "So... We either blow a piece out of Trujillo's groin by detonating his phaser when he comes around... Or... Could we blow up a piece out of the brig wall? Or is the charge not strong enough for that?" Amelya asked in a whisper to Ida. Finally things were starting to look up for them and the doctor now had the fire back in her to escape and let these savage rapists show what she was made of. She smiled towards Ida and her eyes flickered with enthusiasm and fire while moments ago they only displayed pain, humiliation and despair.

While Amelya waited for Ida's plan to unfold she leaned against the brig wall that was closest to the cell of Husker. She was peering over Ida to check at the security guard posted by his panels, yet she heard something. She frowned a bit and looked around in her cell before she tried to isolate the sound. "Do you hear this?" she asked Ida "Some knocking... As if someone trying to communicate with us." She moved her head slowly to figure out it came from the wall next to them and she leaned in to the wall, her labcoat revealing a bit more flesh to Ida while she tapped back against the wall in response for Husker.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-20, 17:43:42

Ida was trying to remember the differences between the holding cell mechanics of starships commissioned a decade ago compared to the recent Prometheus-class ship that she was more familiar with. Since she had served upon the USS Nacre before the Theurgy, there had been several upgrades to acquaint herself with after the transfer, but it was hardly like she could remember every little detail of what hid behind the bulkheads around them. She was not even sure the Akira-class ship had been commissioned anywhere near in time to when the Nacre had left dry dock for the first time.

Duv had asked her a question so she answered without looking up. She did not need the distraction of seeing the Trill, but she could at least focus her thoughts by speaking. "The charge in the combadge is not exactly explosive, at least not unless we create the right conditions for it. The damage to people is considerable because of the electric charge of its power cell... but it won't blow a hole in the wall. But it might just..." Ida's mumbled whisper trailed off in thought. At least the Trill seemed to have snapped out of it and wanted to help.

No more had she come to the conclusion that the plasma relay she was looking for might be anywhere along the deck plates at the front of the cell when Duv said something else, and that was when she heard it too. She looked up and frowned, glancing between the the Brig Officer and the wall where the sound was coming from. She did not want to step away from the disassembled combadge and make the Pinkskin see it, so she removed her dirty undershirt and dropped it on top of the combadge before rising to her feet. The black tank top she wore had the same colour as her uniform trousers, and if they were to get out and use the shadows for cover, then she'd have to toss the brightly coloured undershirt regardless.

With the badge hidden, she stepped up to the wall next to Duv, laying the side of her head against the metallic surface. Her antennae were hooked in concentration. The Brig Officer glanced up, and Ida turned towards Duv unhurriedly, pretending to talk in private to the barely covered Trill instead of listening to the prisoner next to them. "They must have heard the same thing we heard from Trujillo," she whispered to Duv, standing face to face with her, "but they don't want to draw attention either. Therefore, I reckon they want out just as much as we do, and want to help. And... and I think they can."

She turned around, pacing, and she tapped her knuckle against the wall a couple of times until she stood at the front of the cell, as if contemplating something. She hoped the sounds she had made at least drew one of the people next to them, following the sound to the front of the cell. She waited, and then whispered just high enough for their neighbour to hear.

"I need the Pinkskin distracted. Can you draw his eye and company for a while?" She did not wait for a reply, instead walking back to Duv behind her - trying to keep her eyes from wandering.

Hopefully, they had been heard...

Post by: DocReno on 2015-04-20, 21:11:34

"I need the Pinkskin distracted. Can you draw his eye and company for a while?" the voice from the cell next to him asked him to do and a plan slowly started to form in his head before he moved to the center of his cell and said "Hey, Deion. Hey, come here for a second."

Zaynor Deion looked up from his station in the brig and looked at the pilot. "What do you want, Husker?" he asked.

"I got a question for you and I really don't want to shout it across the brig." Husker stated.

Deion let out an annoyed noise before he got out of his seat and walked over to Husker's cell as the pilot moved to the other end of the cell, further away from the one that held Amelya and her co-hort. "So what is it that you wanted to ask me?"

Husker let the best smirk cross his face under the circumstances come up on his face. "I heard Doctor Duv in the cell next to me but I also heard something really hot and andorian. What can you tell me about her cellmate?"

Deion's face got a little bit of a twist to it, "I wish that you could see her cellmate, Husker. She's one of the Theurgy's people and she's hot even for an andorian..I didn't know you had a thing for the blue skins, hopefully you'll get a shot at her after the Captain is done with her but I don't think it's likely since he's got big plans from the sounds of it."

Husker kept the smile on his face while inside all he wanted to do was put Deion out of commission. He knew the fellow junior officer and sometimes played poker with him and the other juniors below decks during the downtime over the course of the past couple of months since the Harbinger went on the run and while he'd feel bad about assaulting him, the gleam in Deion's eyes showed that he wasn't thinking right.

"Hey, lemme ask you another question..it might help you get out of owing me for that last game you lost." Husker added in conspiratorial tone.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-04-21, 11:27:52

Amelya looked at Ida as she took her undershirt off and used to to cover up the commbadge. She was curious what the security officer would do with the badge once she figured out what she exactly had to do with it. Yet now her eyes were focused on the trained body of Ida. She knew what she had to know about Andorian anatomy and physical profiles to do her work, yet she hadn't seen so many Andorians throughout her career. Yet it seemed to be no surprise that Ida kept her body in fit shape and the results of that were a beauty to the eye. Amelya followed her with her eyes while she stayed seated on the bench, listening to the plan she tried to convey to the persons in the cell next to them.

Amelya listened carefully to what the person besides them had to say to the brig officer. She wondered who it was and why he had been placed in the holding cells. Did he disagree with the plans as they were or was he perhaps sentenced here for a more horrid crime? Amelya tapped Ida on the back and whispered just loud enough so only she could hear "How do you know we can trust them?" She looked Ida in the eyes now and felt a shiver go over her spine when they spoke of Ida and when it seemed like the criminal besides them wanted to strike a bargain with the officer.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-23, 01:56:31

It did not take long for their neighbour to act on the incentive given to him, and Ida was granted a name. The Brig Officer had called the other prisoner 'Husker', and it was clear that the named man's subsequent request was in line with what Ida had asked for. So as soon as the guard stepped out of sight, Ida dove down to the combadge and resumed her tinkering - keeping the undershirt close at hand in case she had to conceal her efforts again.

While she worked, rifling through the other content that Amelya had spilled upon the floor from the pockets of her lab coat, Ida vaguely heard what was being said between Husker and the Brig Officer. Momentarily distracted by the words, Ida quickly decided that the interest in her was fabricated for the benefit of the plan. When Husker spoke of letting the guard off on a previous debt, Ida overheard Deion's reply.

"Sure, if one more question can settle that, then ask away. It's not like we are otherwise preoccupied, right? If it is about the vision, however, it's better to wait for the Winter Queen. She will show you the future and answer any questions you have in that regard."

[OBJ]

Ida's train of thought was interrupted by Amelya tapping her on the back and asking if they really could trust the neighbour, regardless how many there were in that cell. "I don't know," Ida whispered back, trying to pick apart the hypospray, "but the guard is no longer watching us, is he? Let's not waste the opportunity..."

Finally, she got the damnable thing open, and she gutted it as best as she might with fingertips that had gotten sore from prying on the casing. She was careful not to make too much noise even if the guard spoke with Husker, but in the end, she had an empty tube that she meant to use as a conductive filament. Next, she'd have to locate the power source for the force fields, or somewhere close enough for the power surge to make the emitters stutter and overload. Ida thought she knew the location underneath the deck plates, but she'd still have to press the badge and its power cell against the filament to cause the energy surge. She worked as quickly as she could, and after grinding the casing into the crack between two deck plates, she snatched up her yellow undershirt and held the combadge with it.

"Stand back," said Ida, not about to waste another second. The conversation in the other cell had worn

on, but how long would Husker manage to keep it going? They'd still have to overpower the guard outside, but with some luck, they would get some help from Husker with that as well. So, with a firm grip on the shirt and the badge and with her other hand shielding her face from what was to come... Ida pressed the sarium krellide cell against the filament.

The folded shirt protected her. The power surge shot down into the deck, the plasma relay's protests heard, and the forcefield before Ida flickered on and off for a couple of seconds before it vanished... along with the forcefields of the other cells. There was no time to waste on celebrations. No joy in having been correct about the placement of the relay under the deck. No, Ida stepped out of the holding cell as soon as the blinking field ceased, about to close the distance to the guard and take him out before he got his wits about him.

Post by: DocReno on 2015-04-23, 10:17:34

Inwardly Chris wondered why Deion would refer to T'Rena as the "Winter Queen" with such reverence for the vulcan first officer and he raised an eyebrow at that but before he could ask anything-he felt the familiar disturbance of the power to the force fields shifting off.

Deion also noticed this as he shifted his footing to turn and face the other cells on the block, his left hand going for the phaser holstered on his right hip and quickly brought the weapon up online with something that Chris couldn't see at that moment.

"Wha.." was the only thing that Deion was able to get out before Chris quickly lashed out and locked on an Andorian Vershaan hold that was a cross between a joint lock and a nerve hold on the arm that held the phaser which after applying just enough pressure, drove the younger man down on the deck where he then followed up by quickly grapevining his right leg around the arm as well which made Deion drop the phaser from his nerveless fingers.

"I'm sorry about this, Deion." the Asgardian said tensely before yanking just enough to separate Deion's arm from its shoulder socket before driving his right knee down into Deion's left temple, knocking him out very quickly before Chris reached down and yanked the fallen officer's comm-badge off of his uniform jacket and tossing it back into the far end of the cell that he had just left.

Normally in this kind of situation, Chris would've gone for the phaser but instead he moved away from it as he looked over at the Andorian Zhen that stepped out of the cell next to his, he actually felt his breath catch for just a moment before he quickly shifted gears back. "Ma'am, can you or Doctor Duv please explain to me what is going on here and why does it feel like I'm stuck in a really shitty holo novel?" he asked.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-23, 18:57:23

After stepping out, Ida laid eyes upon their enigmatic ally, and saw the last techniques he had utilised to neutralise the Brig Officer. Antennae angled forward, she assessed the Pinkskin once he faced her, and having seen what he did, she could not help wondering if he had schooling in Andorian martial arts given the close resemblance to the school of *Vershaan*. He was dressed in a white-collared Tactical Conn uniform, and since Ida knew the faces of the Lone-Wolves, she quickly established that he had to belong to the Dor'Ghltlh Squardon.

As to the question, which further strengthened Ida's idea that the Pinkskin truly did not know what to think about the madness that seemed to evolve around them, Ida answered while she walked over to the hand phaser - deftly scooping it up from the floor and checking its power cell. The fighter pilot had

likely heard Trujillo saying that T'Rena and Vasser had performed a hostile take-over on the Theurgy, leaving Trujillo as the CO of the Harbinger, so Ida gave both the pilot and Doctor Duv her theory.

"The *shelat shaysha* spoke of T'Rena showing them all a vision," she said with a locked jaw, calling Trujillo a feces-covered insect not unlike the beetles of Terra, "and being that the Vulcan Commander was a Master Acolyte at the Temple of Kolinahr before she joined Starfleet, it is not unlikely that she has performed mind-melds upon them - twisting them to her cause. Her warped logic must have decided for her that it'd be better to flee than to fight, and she convinced Captain Vasser the same thing. They now wish to leave rather than challenge Starfleet Command - abandoning the mission to restore the fleet to proper leadership. No longer wanting to purge the Federation from the vermin that has infiltrated our ranks."

Ida presented the handle of the phaser to the fighter pilot, locking eyes with him across the proffered weapon. "I'm Lieutenant zh'Wann, the Theurgy's Deputy until I came here. I was supposed to be your Chief of Security... but I have no such desire now. You can either stay here and protect yourself... or you can come with us. Duv and I could your help, for we mean to get back to the Theurgy and set things right."

She paused, hoping that the man would see things in proper light. "So what say you, pilot? How would you like taking the helm of this old warship and ram it up the collective arse of your old officers?"

Post by: DocReno on 2015-04-23, 22:10:08

Chris listen to what the Zhen said and then nodded, "I'm with you, lieutenant zh'Wann. But if the corruption is as bad as I've seen over the last few days, we might not be able to fix this easily." he said, his tone changing to a slightly bitter one as he recalled Riptor's gloating. "I can promise you that I fully intend to do more than ram this ship up the collective asses of my former shipmates but if we come across Riptor, I may present his hide to your captain as a new seat cover."

The Asgardian shook his head for a second to collect himself. "Sorry, I'm Ensign Christopher Slayton, most people call me Husker because that's my callsign." he said with a respectable nod before looking over at the doctor.

"Is everything okay with you, Doctor, and what is the next step?"

Post by: Nolan on 2015-04-26, 13:21:03

Amelya waited for the plan to unfold before her and she covered her eyes when the relays started to overload, knowing that Ida her plan had worked perfectly. She didn't make her exit as quickly as she did though as she waited for Ida to go first and he grabbed her inoculator with her just in case. While Ida give Husker the explanation of what was presumably going on and Amelya remained silent and eventually made her way out of the cell, she looked left and right before she turned herself towards Husker. Her eyes went over him and her mind tried to match the face with the records she had on him from back at the medical suite.

As she had made her exit out of the cell, she tried to keep her lab coat as tightly around her as she could. Yet the air seemed a bit cooler out in the brig and she could feel the cold air sneak between the openings of her clothing. Even though she tried to conceal as much of her body as she could, she couldn't help but show Husker some flesh, yet the most intimate parts were covered up. She looked at Ida while she gave him the phaser and she bit her lower lip slightly before she heard Husker speak up and address her. Her eyes darted over to his and she nodded slowly with a faint smile "I'll make it.

Lets keep it at that. What about you pilot, are you alright?" she answered him and shuddered a bit "If we do head over to the bridge, we'll have to be careful though. No doubt people will be on the lookout."

Post by: DocReno on 2015-04-27, 05:21:28

Chris nodded in agreement to the doctor's question. "I'm fine, Doctor Duv. Just angry about what's going down, we're supposed to be better than what the Winter Queen is pulling." he answered bitterly but then he shook his head. "I'm sorry, it's not your fault and I'm sorry if it sounds like I'm mad at the two of you."

Chris then looked at the offered weapon and then held up a finger in a "hold that thought" motion before he went back into his now former cell and searched Deion for something before pulling out his replicator ration card and heading over to the replicator and inputted a couple of commands using the card and then withdrew the items which he then brought over to Duv.

The items in question was a clean uniform.

"I hope this helps, Doctor Duv. I'm sorry if I did something to offend you also, ma'am." he added respectfully, looking her in the eyes before gently placing the fresh uniform on the desk and then taking the proffered phaser from Ida and then checking it's charge.

"I'll keep an eye out, lieutenant. Let me know when we're ready to move." he offered before moving to keep an eye on the door without being obvious.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-04-27, 10:02:16

A faint smile appeared on Amelya's lips when she saw the pilot ventilate his anger and afterwards heard him apologize. "It's okay Husker, it's not like you can help it." She answered him kindly. When Chris however walked back to the cell, Amelya looked over at Ida with a frown and eventually here eyes widened a bit and her lips brought out a soft "Oh..." She walked forward to accept the package and her fingers raked over the soft fabric of the uniform before she looked up at Chris. Accepting the items from him, her lab coat slid open, allowing him a precious sight which most men aboard the harbinger would apparently kill for.

"I'll be right back." Amelya whispered and hurried herself back to the cell she shared with Ida and took her lab coat off. She stood with her bare back towards the two others in case they would peek and she hurried to get the uniform on. She listened carefully to what the other two would be discussing in the hallway of the cells. Once she got dressed she made her hair look a bit more decent before she'd come out to meet Ida and Husker once again

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-28, 01:57:42

It seemed that while Husker made promises towards sharing Ida's and Duv's goal to leave the ship and support Captain Ives aboard the Theurgy, the pilot was too wound up to accept the phaser she had proffered to him - instead naming one of his fellow pilots and alluding towards this Riptor having committed acts that merited severe repercussions. It was not the time to ask, and the Pinkskin - who introduced himself as Ensign Slayton - had already moved on to ensure the health of his former Chief Medical Officer. Now that the two Harbinger personnel were defecting, their positions on their new ship - if they even reached it and managed to take it back - were as of yet established.

Ida lowered the phaser and turned it over in her hands, somewhat in her own thoughts. While Doctor Duv offered word of caution, saying that the Vasser loyalists were likely on the lookout, Ida thought of Wenn Cinn and Edena Rez, who meant the most to her on the Theurgy, and if they were still alive. Husker arranged to replicate a new uniform for Doctor Duv, which was a chivalrous act that made Ida look up - a bit surprised. She had not expected that one of the pilots flying for that half-faced Wing Commander to make a woman's modesty his priority. Perhaps there was some honour behind the green eyes of the Ensign, and Ida found herself meeting those eyes briefly when he retrieved the hand phaser from her.

Moreover, when he did come around to arm himself, he did so with clear purpose - heading to the door to guard it from more security personnel. Who was this Ensign? As far as she was concerned, she might just steal him from Tactical Conn and dress him in a yellow uniform, because he clearly knew how to handle the situation. An errant thought came to her that he was not sore on the eye either, which was saying a lot for a Pinkskin, but she dismissed the notion quickly to focus on the plan she was making.

"No matter from which angle I look at our situation," she said and walked over to the Brig Officer's station, "it remains clear that the highest odds for success lie in a quick advance. We hold the element of surprise, and if we use that, never stopping and making sure we are not shot in the back, we can reach the Bridge with firepower and swift feet." Saying this, Ida picked up the Type III phaser assault rifle from behind the Brig's main console. With no-nonsense professionalism permeating her movements, she readied it for use and began to adjust its sights to her own preferences. She only paused when she noticed the bare back of the Trill inside the holding cell that they had shared, quickly averting her eyes from the doctor and letting her have a modicum of privacy when she dressed. She looked towards the Pinkskin instead, trying to nullify the visual impression by continuing to talk tactics.

"I will take point," Ida said, rifle at the ready in her hands as she walked over to Husker, "but I am counting on you to give me cover as best as you can from the rear, even if your first priority is the pursuers. I will make sure to employ a crouching or lying position so that you can shoot across my shoulder, but you have to make sure you don't hit Doctor Duv, since she will be right between us while we make our advance."

Doctor Duv emerged from the cell in her new uniform, which made it time to move. Ida squared her shoulders and came to stand before the sliding doors of the exit - widening her stance a little. "The more we linger, the harder it will get for us - the word likely to spread *fast* that we are out. Doctor, stay close behind me. Husker, set your weapon to high stun. We are moving out now."

Ida sucked a couple a breaths down her lungs through her nostrils, preparing herself mentally for the task. "Courage is fear," he breathed quietly, flexing her fingers around the handles of her rifle, "...when it has said its prayers."

Post by: DocReno on 2015-04-28, 09:51:34

Chris nodded in respect back to the doctor and while inwardly he admired the bare curves of the stunning doctor, he didn't allow himself to outwardly show it because he needed to focus on the other situation and turned to keep watch again. "No problem, Doctor." he said.

Chris then moved himself just slightly from his place at the cell block entrance to keep himself hidden the best that he could while keeping watch but he could feel the Zhen's eyes look at him and tried to clear his head about the entire situation-but he stopped when Ida started to speak.

He to regard the Zhen and focused on her. "I agree but my question is do we have an operating plan as to how to get off the ship?" he asked as he reset his phaser to the setting that she suggested before moving it to a ready position as well. "Let your woes become your deadliest weapons." he added with a grim smile before waiting for Ida to move forward. "You have point, I'm backman."

Post by: Nolan on 2015-04-28, 15:53:16

Amelya had overheard what the further plan of their escaped entailed and once she got out of the cell, she put the lab coat over her uniform. She nodded at Ida as she told her to stay close and she glanced over at Husker whilst he acted as rear guard. Amelya was unarmed at this point and she was grateful to be so. Even if she had a phaser, she wouldn't really know how to shoot effectively with a person in front and behind her. She did have basic training yet after that she never really practiced to use a weapon after that.

From that moment Duv decided to function as an extra pair of eyes, calling out targets to Ida and Husker or letting them know if something would seem fishy or out of place. She stuck close to Ida and at first she bumped into her far too often, yet she learned fast and after two or three times she kept her distance so she wouldn't bump into her anymore. She also checked if the pilot called Husker could keep up and remained silent for as long as it needed as they made their way through the ship.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-29, 22:22:52

The Harbinger pilot asked her - in so many words - if she had a plan, and Ida snorted with bitter humour while he took his position at the back. "If we board a shuttle, we'll be too exposed. The Harbinger has a skeleton crew since the majority has transferred to the Theurgy. If we move fast enough down these empty corridors, and overpower whatever resistance we meet, we can seize the Bridge. It is the only place where we can learn what condition the Theurgy is in , and then make a difference. Now, with me..."

Doctor Duv remained close to her, so close she bumped into her back when Ida stopped inside the security gate. It was a short corridor with a door on the other end that was controlled by the aide in the security office. He was likely looking right at them on his monitor when Ida changed the setting on her rifle and raised it, beginning to cut into the bulkhead above to the double doors - the beam carving its way sideways.

[Stand down, Lieutenant! I will vent the atmosphere in there unless you drop your weapons!] The young voice on the intercom sounded shaken.

"Too late," mumbled Ida as she finished her cut, powering down the beam for a moment and switching back to the highest stun setting. She had destroyed the hidden actuators for the door's hydraulic mechanism, so she resumed her advance with a mordant stride - heaving the left door back into its socket once she reached it. With her weapon raised in one hand, she stepped out into the main area of the Harbinger's security office. The panicked aide was facing her behind his station, so she shot the Pinkskin in the chest before he got his hand phaser up in time.

To the left, two other security guards sprang to their feet, going for the phasers in their holsters. Ida rounded on them, and in the split moment, she hoped that Husker was alert and able to take down at least one of them, since she had not set her rifle on wide dispersal.

Post by: DocReno on 2015-04-30, 10:34:33

As soon as Ida was around the corner, Husker quickly moved the doctor into a good cover spot as the Zhen quickly rounded the corner and took out the guard there with a quick snap-shot from her rifle.

The other two security guards quickly started to move but Husker was already on them as he quickly snapped his own weapon up and brought it in-line with the two guards, catching the first one high in the left torso which caused him to twist slightly as he pitched forward and almost knocking his fellow guard over.

This action made the second guard stumble just long enough for the combat pilot to catch him square in the chest with a second shot which took him down which at that point-Husker made sure that Duv stayed low as he kept her cover so that she could reach the aide duty station and around the desk while he quickly recovered the fallen guards' phasers.

Husker then took a second to quickly check his phaser's current charge before checking the doctor over for any possible injuries. "Now what were going to say before you were rudely interrupted?" he asked Ida as he looked over his shoulder at the Zhen.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-05-01, 10:12:09

Amelya followed Husker into cover as the first shots were fired around. While in cover she kept her head down and each time a shot fell, she closed her eyes for a few seconds before looking back to check if Husker was still alive. Once the fight was over, Amelya poked her head out from cover and she was glad to see that Ida had made it without any wounds. She crawled over now to the aide at the desk and checked his vitals without her tricorder at hand. She did it the old fashioned way and could feel his pulse in his neck. yet when she did so, she heard a little voice in her head question herself. Why would she need to look after these people? They would surely try to do harm to her...

She remained by the aide for a few seconds as she tried to deal with her own issues. Telling herself that it was a vow that she took to look after the injured and wounded. She snapped out of her trance though when Husker asked Ida what she was saying. Se got up from the ground and lingered a bit past the console before looking at it. Maybe they could use this console for their further plans "Ida, could you hack into this console perhaps? We might be able to see what the easiest way is without detection risk."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-02, 23:33:19

The pilot seemed to have paid attention to his phaser training as well, since he could handle both the present guards with two quick beams of energy. Ida was beginning to like the Pinkskin more and more given how resourceful he proved to be - armed or not. Idly, she wondered how resourceful he was in the cockpit if he was so capable up close to the enemy... but Ida's artistic mind created an image of how capable he was in bed instead. Perhaps it was because of his physical resemblance to David Grayson... or merely that word for the pilot's cabin that Tactical Conn used. If she was to be completely honest with herself, the idle thought might not have been *entirely* idle, because she caught herself lingering at it before she answered him.

"Nothing," she said, shaking her head and frowning at her own lack of focus, instead quickly walking over to the door that led to the corridor. "That is the extent of the plan as of now, but we'll likely have to change it along the way. Things like these seldom have a way of working out as intended... So, we go for the Bridge and if we run into Trujillo... I won't be too displeased if he doesn't surrender."

The Harbinger's CMO had the idea to scout the path to the Bridge, and it was an excellent idea. She

lingered by the door just to make sure there weren't any more security officers about to arrive. "Good call, doctor," she said, then she went to the aide's station to try and access the internal sensors. "It seems they did not rescind my new security clearance after throwing me into the Brig," she added, with a small smirk touching her lips. "They likely thought that T'Rena would have dealt with me right away, and didn't bother to remove the clearance since they would have had to restore it as soon as I left the cell. Damn idiots. I'm quite relieved I won't be their superior officer."

It took her a moment to scout the path towards the Bridge with the sensors, and she considered what more she could do from the limited access that the aide's station gave her. After a few moments, she put some commands into the console, doing what she could to ease their task with misinformation to the limited number of crew on the ship. Then she stepped away. "I know where to go, but I can only do so much from this console. Our path ought to be cleared now, so let's go." She hoped that Amelya Duv would be able to stay out of harms way, because what they were attempting to do did not have favourable odds. Then again, the odds were a long way better than to try and attempt the same thing on the Therugy - which was brimming with Harbinger staff when she left it.

And so they set a grim pace towards the closest turbolifts - about to seize command of the Akira-class cruiser.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 17: Brig

[Holding Cell C | Brig]

The pure hatred Sar-unga felt for the being she thnk she saw before her would know no limits.

Not even the unending expanse of space could hold her hatred for him. When her hands failed to find the cylinder shape of his throat she would growl out lowly wanting to see him become nothing more than a rotting pile of meat. Her anger all but grew as she felt him trying to push her away. "Just give me a few seconds and I will take the fight from you," she growled out in her native language her eyes narrowed with pure hate. As he gripped her wrists she fought to break free from his grip the clawed tips of her fingers trying to dig into flesh. The way he was fighting wasn't like how her people fought but her mind was too wrapped up with anger to think about anything else other then killing him. Her tail lashed out trying to snake between his legs to try and constrict around them. Her large wings spread out helping keeping her balance a little better atop him.

"All too soon you will die for what you did to Fallen. I will make sure what ever wretched excuse for a soul finds no rest in this life or the next. You will be scattered to the four winds," she growled out her native tongue resounding in the walls of the holding cell.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-03-23, 06:19:57

Unfortunately for her instead of grabbing onto flesh the only thing she managed to grasp was the thick fur of his chest. She had countered his actions by making sure she kept herself steady and upright not knowing the multitude of movements he had available to him in this position. Knowing her ability to recover his only option was somehow taking the rear in a way that could get past her powerful wings knowing in this situation they could be just as effective a weapon as anything else. Using her body as leverage he swung his legs around putting his legs around her neck in a move known as a triangle choke. The choking pressure forced her to try and push towards him for breath and needles to say she was still struggling to close the gap in order to attempt to kill him she surged forward.

Having been waiting for the forceful surge he released the choke and used his agility moving around her quickly pressing his face in the space between her wings keeping it from taking any beating from them is she devised a means to attack him with her wings. He quickly pushed his arms under hers and grasped her wrists again as his legs tightly wrapped around her midsection locking him into place as tightly as possible around her back. The final appendage of his, the tail did something far less aggressive as it found hers. His head in between her wings he began to speak.

"Please Valkyrie, If you are in there hear me. I don't know who you see me as but its Miles in here with you not someone from your past. Please, focus on the tail. Focus on my body. Does it feel like one of your kind's. Does my fur feel like the skin of your race?" as he said this his tail gently wrapped around hers hoping she would sense the feelings of intimacy they had shared only hours ago.

Post by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2015-03-29, 20:58:11

When her nails didn't sink into flesh but rather something else she could feel but her altered mind couldn't process. Even though she could feel something in her mind she couldn't see it. A long deep growl slipped out feeling his legs wrapping around her neck as her body straightened trying to pull free

from his grasp. It wouldn't be long before she would have to try and push towards him to try and catch her breath. Using all the strength she had she gave one strong surge before she felt her pray moving from before her and she felt him behind her. She felt something pressing between her wings and she knew that there would no moving him from that position unless she really fought him. It wasn't to say she didn't try as her wings continued flapping back trying to hit him with their leathery surface. The feeling next of his arms under hers as he grasped her wrists would pull an infuriated growl from her eyes narrowing in anger. She felt him locking her down to the point she wouldn't be able to move near as freely as she normally would and this angered her all that much more.

It was then she felt something far different brushing against her skin that her mind was having trouble processing. Something far different then the normal scales that where found among her people. She could hear words and in part of her mind they made sense and in other parts it was all to strange to her. Something of the feeling of the body against hers brought memories that felt fresher then the betrayal that had cost her everything she had held dear. For the first time in a long while something wasn't feeling overly right. Slowly sinking to her knees she felt the feeling of something else different in the room with her. "Got off of me you sick bastard," she growled out the words in her native tongue as she rested on her knees her voice wavering slightly as the smell in the room changed slightly for her.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-03-30, 01:56:47

He continued to speak calmly to her as he held his position. He did all he could to make sure she was unable to attack either him or herself knowing that there was the possibility that if she felt she was at a state of loss against a superior foe she may attempt something drastic. He held onto her wrists keeping her attacks at bay as he kept his canine head against her back in the space between her wings.. Unbeknownst to him through their grinding against each other in his current state he began to sweat his own arousal beginning to grow a bit despite his best efforts. Then he remembered something. Her people like his had acute senses including smell. Perhaps his own male musk could be used as well as the feel of his fur to attempt to bring her back. He relaxed from his urges to suppress certain instincts letting his own arousal grow a bit. Soon his own musk was seeping out into the air with his sweat as he held onto her tightly. "Please, please my Valkyrie. Concentrate on the now, not the past. It's me, can't you feel me. Please figure it out he pleaded quietly. he said before thinking of one other way to reach her one other sense to bombard the her present with. Slowly he crossed his hand over her own caws and used them to slice it open. His blood began to seep into his fur as he forced the hand upwards and towards her face forcing her to smell his unique blood. she had said it had tasted different. Perhaps its scent and taste coupled with the rest would be enough to force her mind back to reality.

Post by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2015-04-05, 04:39:54

Even through the rage that clouded her mind some part of her could still hear the soft tone of his voice as it helped sooth the anger that was raging with in her. The feeling of her body trapped unable to attack in even the simplest of fashions somehow didn't seem to bother her as much as she thought it should. Some level deep down inside her spoke of trust with the one that held her even if her eyes and mind processed what she had seen differently. The musky scent of desire started tainting the air around them making her question even more. Things she knew where in conflict with what she was sensing now around her. As the minutes ticked on the musky smell continued growing confusing her more as she continued struggling against him. The struggling of her body against his would slow slightly as the world she was seeing would slowly start to dim and blur ever so slightly as parts of the real would slowly slowly start peaking through the fog. The smell of coppery blood would pull a long deep growl from her as her eyes narrowed slightly trying to make sense of everything that was going on around her. Before she knew it the blood was near her and what she saw brought only more

confusion seeing the red liquid rather than the silvery coloring that was normal to her kin. The more she tried to figure out why the blood looked and smelled different the more it felt like her head was splitting apart. A small groan slipped out as she slowly lowered her head on the ground as her throbbing head started remembering what had happened. The more her mind started to clear the more she could sense his smell even if things still didn't look quite right to her eyes. Closing them she focused on the feeling of his fur and the scent that wafted around her. The feeling of something hard pressing against her only worked to cement in her mind who was really behind her. "You have horrible timing when it comes to being aroused," she muttered softly in a language she was sure he would understand. Her words would make sense even if her voice was somewhat weak and warn.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-04-06, 04:58:53

He could tell he was finally starting to break through as he held her still tightly forcing her to see the red blood and his scent around her. He couldn't believe his ears hearing her speaking in a translatable language. He felt so happy to hear it that he gently loosened his grip on her still gently holding her close. His tail and hands gently caressing her skin. "A few tears came down his canine face soaking into his fur as he was overjoyed to know she was back. "Thank the Matriarch you are still in there. And, it isn't my fault that I can't help but be eager in your presence Valky." He said teasingly. He waited a few more moments making sure it really was the person he knew with him before letting go from behind her and pulling her around and embracing her tightly overjoyed that her mind had returned to her.

Pulling away from the hug for a moment he looked into her eyes again. taking on a serious tone. "Sorry I seem to be rushing things but the Theurgy has been taken over by the crew of the Harbinger. You were the victim of a Vulcan mind meld by the Self proclaimed Captain of the Theurgy T'rena. As such she has declared Declan Vasser Commodore of a fleet of currently two ships. Currently The whereabouts of Captain Ives and Commander Rez is a cell next to us. Much of the Theurgy crew has been forcibly mind melded into following Vasser and T'rena's plans and there apparently is a small resistance of un-melded Theurgy personnel attempting to fight back against the coup. From my understanding what put you in that state of being trapped in that state was due to the Vulcan attempting to mind meld with you and the differences between your brain's physiology and what Vulcans are used to were too great and it caused well it caused you to be in whatever state you were just in where you were trying to kill me and screaming at me in what I can only assume is your native tongue." He paused letting her deal with what he had just told her.

Post by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2015-04-11, 06:59:28

As her mind started coming back to her it was almost a relief to feel him near her with his scent flooding around her. As he gently loosened his grip on her attention would once more focus back on him as she rested in his grasp. The feeling of his tail and hands gently caressing her skin helped soothed the rage that was flooding through her mind. She could feel a little moisture touching her skin from his tears as a very small smile touched her lips seeing how much he truly was worried about her. "I never left I was just trapped somewhere," she whispered softly as she kept her eyes closed not wanting to see her world go back to what it had been. Still his comment about being around her. "I know your eager my pet," she whispered softly as she allowed herself to enjoy being near him like this. As he turned her around softly embracing her arms wrapped around his waist holding him closely. As he pulled away from the hug she slowly tried to open her eyes still only seeing the face she had seen before just as quickly she closed her eyes knowing that it wasn't him.

"No need to rush I know what is going on. I know about that bitch," she growled out as her hands softly moved touching his fur grounding it in her mind that it was still him. "It stuck my mind in the past.

Before we came to this space. Its not fully over. When I look at you I still see...I see someone else," she whispered as she leaned up softly kissing the tip of his muzzle. "We need to get out of here. I can't trust my eyes right now that what I am seeing is what is really there so I am going to need your help," she whispered as she slowly leaned back as her eyes slowly opened seeing someone far different but in her mind she knew it was Miles. "I don't see you right now even though my mind knows its you," she whispered as her mind tried dealing with the fact at who she was seeing. "You're going to have to keep me grounded and be my eyes. Now how are we going to bust out of here and save the day?"

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-04-11, 20:00:18

He nodded listening to her not being able to help but give her neck a soft nip It was interesting how eager he had been to accept her viewing him almost like a sub-servant in their play. Perhaps it was a reflection of the few close physical bonds he had formed amongst his own people and how nearly all had been with females of a higher rank. Still he understood their predicament perhaps more than any other given his earlier interrogation. "I can't imagine what that must have been like." he said. I guess i should start with a briefing of our current situation then. We are currently within the Theurgy's brig within the main security offices. In the cell beside ours is Captain Ives and Comander Rez. Based on things I have overheard when being shoved back into the cell with you Their cell is being operated on minimal life support. I can imagine they are currently dealing with oxygen deprivation and possibly rising levels of CO2 and other gases poisonous to humanoid species. Previous to being thrown back in here with you I was thoroughly interrogated regarding the whereabouts of the pilots who fled within their Valkyries. I don't know if I am fortunate or unfortunate that I had given squadron command to one my flight group leaders. Any contingencies I may have had were thrown out the window as he now had the command to institute his own leaving me as in the dark as our captors are. Needless to say they didn't believe me when I said i didn't know where they went nor did they believe me when I finally broke by their methods enough to reveal just why I didn't know. I wish I could say that I was made of stronger stuff but at some point the pain and repeated torment just blurred together and I started to gloat allowing them to know just how useless I really was as a source of information at this point."

"Guess this struck a nerve as it became the only opening I had." he explained. "They threatened you. no they didn't threaten. threat implies that they haven't decided what to do. The showed me through experience their plans with you. Or rather with your body." He explained not wanting to admit out loud at the moment why his pants were torn open revealing his manhood and recently stretched anus hoping she should make the connection herself without being forced to explain the violation in detail. "Of course once you have fulfilled their personal uses for you they implied heavily they will execute you simply to get rid of a useless body. I believe one of them did suggest instead of executing what they saw as a useless prisoner of her own mind that T'rena may wish to not execute but harvest your cells from you instead seeing you as a factory for medicine rather than as a person." he explained before getting a cocky grin on his face. more prepared to face the facts outloud revealing a sort of victory for himself through the violation.

"The Harbinger pilot Riptor explained something else to me in his...methods of attempting to break me." He smirked. "He did admit to being the cause of the mess I found in my office earlier today. I kinda wish the asshole had decided to follow up the first attempts to make me submit with an attempt at silencing my taunting by trying to fill my mouth with something that would have been so easy to tear off with a quick bite and jerk of the head. Teach that pervert that it isn't wise to offer a sausage to a wolf and not expect them to bite, chew, and swallow every inch of raw meat." he said in a sense revealing a certain depravity that their actions had unleashed within him. He almost seemed to relish, no, literally,hungrily savor the idea of the morbid method of emasculation by partial cannibalism of the depraved human's source of such foolish pride.

Post by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2015-04-27, 22:37:35

A small soft sigh of contentment spilled out feeling the soft nip on her neck knowing now who it truly was. Even if her eyes were lying to her she knew who he was and what he meant to her. Even if her eyes were lying to her, she knew who it was. Her head lowered as she nuzzled against his chest as he started talking and she worked on focusing on the sound of his voice above all else. Even if their current situation and that of Captain Ives and Commander Rez was not good she would remain curled up against him. She knew that they were going to have to do something about the captives that were slowly languishing away near them. Her cheek nuzzled softly against his chest as he spoke of what he had went through when he had been interrogated. As he spoke of their plans for her and probably any other of her kind that would come across their path. She wasn't surprised with their plans to harvest her people's natural healing ability.

"I am not surprised that is what they want from me. That is why my people hide and why more than likely they will remain hidden. Safe from those would use us in such a way. If it takes my life I will keep them safe," she whispered as one of her hands softly moved to his tail as she lightly played with the soft fur. She could only just imagine what he had gone through with his violation. As he spoke of castration and cannibalism she would slowly lean back looking up at him with a questioning look still not seeing him with her eyes. Finally a small smile would cross her lips as she looked up at him. "Down boy," she finally whispered before she leaned in softly nipping his chest. "Do you have any plans on how we are going to get out of here or do you just plan on spending the time working out your frustration?" she asked him as she smiled softly.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-04-28, 03:02:50

Miles couldn't help but smile a bit at her suggestion, "As much as I would love to work out my frustrations together with you I think we both know there's a better use of our time." he said. "To be honest I imagine the only one in this whole brig that could affect any form of escape would probably be you. I mean it was you who managed to stop the assailant that tore through the Harbinger before. If anyone has the ability to single handedly overwhelm an interrogation room I imagine it would be you." he said quietly hoping that their captors didn't have listening devices within the cell.

"Perhaps since you have calmed you may be able to convince them that the mind meld took and you are one of them now? I mean I am willing to bet that the reason they wanted me to see if I could snap you back to your senses would be to see if the meld was a success once you came to. is there anything you can remember from the meld. Perhaps you could use knowledge from it to convince them of your status as properly on their side. Though I imagine they may need some convincing that you truly are on their side." he said hoping she got the gist that it was time to start acting like he had told her something in confidence and now she was ready to betray that information to them.

Post by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2015-05-02, 23:33:19

Her own smile grew hearing if they had more time he wouldn't mind working out his frustrations with her. She hadn't expected him to take her up on her offer but it was still nice to hear. His words about her abilities made her smile as she looked up at him her hands softly brushing along his cheek. "I don't remember much from the mind meld but I can offer them something that I think they will be too eager to pass up. Right now I am the only one who knows where to find an almost endless source of creatures to harvest their healing abilities," she whispered hating the idea but if there was one thing people couldn't pass up it was the chance to harvest her people's abilities. She nodded her head before leaning up her lips softly brushing against his before she would pull back slightly as she looked at him. "I promise I will do what I can," she whispered as she slowly stood as her fists flew out slamming as hard as she could on the sides of the cell.

"Let out of this place I need to talk to Captain T'Rena," she yelled as she looked back to the door.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-02, 23:33:19

Zaraq and Riptor had just appeared and walked towards the shared cell of Miles Renard and Dyan Cardamone. It was time to claim the Asurian and the Vulpinian, both to be placed in separate interrogation rooms. Human and Klingon both armed with hand phasers, they ordered the forcefield to be lowered - Riptor grinning towards the SCO. He had obviously been graced with another opportunity to try and break the fox shapeshifter.

"Move it," rumbled Zaraq, motioning for them to go separate ways from the holding cell. Yet as they emerged from their cell, the voice of the Intelligence Officer was heard on the intercom. Riptor bared his teeth in irritation, and Zaraq tapped his combadge to give orders to the aide to kill the speakers, but it was too late, and the aide unfamiliar with Theurgy's systems. So the speech continued, even as Riptor cuffed Renard's hands behind his back and shoved into the interrogation room.

[Since Captain Ives and Commander Rez have been detained by Vasser and his cohorts, as a senior officer on the ship's rolls prior to this attack, I am assuming command as one of Captain Ives' lawful delegates under the auspices of Starfleet regulations pertaining to continuity of command. As such I will retain command of the Theurgy until such as time as I am relieved or ordered to yield command by the proper authorities or murdered on the word of the criminal Declan Vasser.]

[Now, I ask all of you to listen to me. This enemy we fight needs us, the ones aware of its existence, at each other's throat. It needs Starfleet to be riven with cracks and to lose all confidence in itself and from the Federation at large. As such, so long as we remain Starfleet, so long as we remain true to our oaths and our procedures and regulations, we are strong! Vasser promises you what? Murder? Hiding? Forsaking everything you are? Look inside you! Look around you! To this vessel, to your shipmates!]

This meant also, of course, that they didn't hear how the speech continued...

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-05-06, 16:55:28

[Interrogation Room 02]

Miles complied as he willingly went with the man whom he loathed, in his eyes was a defeated look almost on par with betrayal but not quite. "You won..." he said softly in a defeated tone. It mattered not what the voice over the intercom said that would have given hope to others. In the part he played now he had been defeated. almost betrayed but not really. The lady he knew was not herself at all anymore. "I brought her back like you asked, but she is changed," he said in a voice of loss. "I guess changed into what you meant for her. All she could talk about was how her people would be a great asset to the cause. She even desperately grabbed at me and attempted to mate with me as if a vixen in a maddening heat." Figured what you assholes would make her into would be some sex crazed lunatic willing to destroy her own people for your insane cause." He said as he felt himself being cuffed back into the interrogation chair.

"I would tell you to ask her about my pilot's contingency but I doubt that would do any good. Seems there's other things she wants to talk about. So...what exactly do you want to know." he said in a voice of reasoned defeat. "Or did you just drag me in here alone cause you found my body so irresistible that you wanted me more than the Lady next door."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-05-06, 16:55:28

Daniel "Riptor" Ritwer paused his rough treatment only to hear the SCO out - tilting his head and listening. At the same time as Miles spoke of the reported progress he'd made with the the winged lady, T'Rena was making threats on the intercom. Riptor gave his Captain only a half an ear, since he had no orders to deal with the spy. No, he was supposed to help Zaraq, but that did not mean that he did not seek pleasure where he could find it. In the end, the Vulpinian teased him, as if he wanted more cock that he got last.

So he stroked his beard, tilting his head the other way to see through the gaping damage he had done to Renard's uniform trousers earlier. Only then did he answer. "I don't find that particular body of yours so irresistible," he said with a grin, "but while I should be pursuing the matter of your fellow wolves out there - all alone - I am more keen on sampling what your... Vulcine form has to offer. It's called Vulcine, right? The questions can wait a bit.... don't you think?"

Riptor held his phaser by the hip, but still levelled against the SCO. "Why don't you shift and bend over the table again. Let's see if your ass is better before or after loosing the fur." It was simply the case that Riptor preferred asses who looked more human. The Boslic little thing had been enjoyable in that way. No true surprises under her clothes, just that ugly forehead. "Come on!"

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-05-09, 17:54:11

He shifted into the more humanoid form taking his time so the shift was less exhausting and more natural. of course in doing so he made use of the way the bones rearranged to allow the restraints to loosen over a few key areas. not remove them per Say but drop just enough that if he transformed back into his natural form he would easily be able to slip out of them. Still he wasn't going to make things easy for the vile person. Yes the term is correct. He said as looked into the person's eyes. "Sorry but I don't think you have the ability to make me bend over like you want? Though I would love to see you try." he said eager to goad his captor into a state of foolish anger.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-14, 01:46:52

The violent commotion in the interrogation room next to Riptor's got the pilot grinning, not yet having answered the former SCO's challenge.

"Do you hear that?" said Daniel Ritwer and appreciated the new form of the Vulpinian before him, stroking his beard with his free hand. "It sounds like they are having fun. That is your precious little pale angel that is being shown a good time - getting what has been coming for her. Never liked her myself, with or without the wings and the tail."

That was the moment where Riptor backhanded Miles with the same hand that held the phaser. It was the response he had to the curve-ball thrown from the former squadron commander. Riptor did not care how hard he had hit Miles. It didn't matter, but getting what he wanted did. So, after the strike, he tried to seize the Vulpinian's hair and get him to kneel before his tall frame.

"Take it out." He put the phaser to Miles temple. "No tricks, or I will make you one head shorter, okay? Learn to know your place and we won't have a problem on this voyage."

Riptor was already hard with anticipation - the idea to make the Vulpinian his slave quite promising.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-05-14, 14:44:27

Hearing the commotion and more importantly feeling the throbbing headache from being clocked with a phaser like an old fashioned pistol whipping only made each word Daniel said only solidify the plan

Miles was putting into motion. "You mean my Valkyrie making a impulsively idiotic Klingon regret thinking she could ever be anything close to the toy fools like you would fantasize her becoming." he quipped before feeling the phaser being pressed against his head forcing his hands toward doing as asked. "I promise Rip... I'm going to make you regret every second of the rest of your pathetic life when the tables are turned. And it's inevitable that they will be." he added. "It's only a matter of time before your so called Commodore and Vulcan witch of a Captain slip up." he said in a voice of angry resistance despite his hands doing the opposite making sure he did as told. He had to do as asked while on his knees and helpless before a primed phaser. But he wasn't going to let Riptor think he was as broken as he at first led on.

It was obvious his initial ploy to bait with being broken and with his lover betraying him had failed so the charade of being broken was useless now. No he had to be just compliant enough that he wouldn't get killed but resistant enough to make the idiot before him think there was still a sport in trying to break him. It was a delicate balance to make himself the right kind of temptation, to make himself exactly the bait that Riptor would want to take. He could tell by the engorged cock that Miles revealed with falsely trembling hands that Miles had made himself quite the nearly irresistible bait for Riptor. He knew that the cock before his face would not be exposed to the air for long and had prepared himself for what he would have to do but he had to keep up the facade of being forced to comply in order to make the bait all the more irresistible to the inhuman human before him.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-18, 22:58:51

The former SCO seemed to think the tables would be turned on Riptor and his commanding officers eventually, and it was likely words inspired by Carrigan Trent's speech on the intercom.

"Words, promises, spoken guarantees," said Riptor as he looked down on the Vulpinian - the line of sight obscured once his own cock sprung free - throbbing in all its roused glory. "In the end, they are just words without true merit... It is only our actions that outlive us. The imprint we leave on the Galaxy." Riptor tilted his head to the side and chuckled, grabbing the base of his rigid arousal and brushing its crown across Renard's face.

"Suck it now," he said in addendum, and he made sure to keep his phaser pointed at Renard's head. What made it all so much more arousing were the sounds of commotion in the room next door, and while Riptor did not care too much for women, he imagined Zaraq raping the Asurian little harlot with his thick and ridged instrument, and that made Riptor even more keen on having his way with Renard. "Bittersweet are my thoughts on our situation now, since T'Rena showed me the future, and I know that the Galaxy is already lost. So what does anything matter any more? Will Vasser succeed? Perhaps, but it might not be in our lifetime, and certainly not without more battles. Battles to be fought by our children, as far as I understand it, but what does our actions here and now lead to? Nothing, that's the answer. We are nothing more than breeding stock for the wars to come, so why should I care to limit myself in my own desires? There is nothing else for me out there than to breed and enjoy myself in full, so why not indulge myself completely when I can? I do think you should do so as well... Don't you agree?"

Grinning, Riptor stretched his neck - not caring about ought else than his own satisfaction now that he had been granted such a pristine opportunity.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-05-25, 03:41:00

He laughed at the stupidity of Riptor's justifications, "You truly are without worth," he said. thinking to himself about the person before him. Wondering was there anything about him that was worth sparing

if he got the chance to put Riptor on the defensive. Federation ethics, his own people's senses of ethics and beliefs, the recent encounter with his own creator everything blend together in turmoil of what to do if he had a chance. Closing his eyes he reached out and took hold of the man's cock and opened his mouth. Slowly he reached out with his tongue and began to lick the surface of the organ. slowly he swirled the tongue around it pushing his head forwards as he took the organ into his mouth more fully.

What he was doing in anyway didn't feel bad or anything. The taste if anything was mildly salty. The texture not too awful different than sucking on Dyan's tongue. the motion the action everything about it did nothing to disgust him. But, the thought of bringing this sub-human pleasure almost made the bile rise up his throat. Despite the revulsion he continued. Slowly, complying he reached around and grabbed at the man's rear and squeezed it gently as he pulled himself in closer beginning to cuck on the cock more and more earnestly. "yes" he thought to himself. start enjoying yourself Start losing yourself to my tongue you worthless piece of shit." He thought as he felt the human's hips begin to move and felt a hand grab his head and force him further feeling the cock probe his throat enough to elicit a mild gag reflex.

Not that that in itself stopped the human at all. If anything feeling Miles gag only made him want more. He grabbed at the man's head and forced it against his shaft further moaning softly to himself as Miles's eyes shot open in shock as his throat filled with thick long cock spreading it wide.

A pleasurable tingle seemed to exist at Miles' core as he felt himself getting hard from felating the monster of a human male then gagging tears welling in his eyes from the mild choking he felt as a swell of meat making his throat bulge as the human began forcefully making Miles' deepthroat him.

Miles felt his cock grow hard from the treatment cursing how he seemed to enjoy it and tried to suppress the thoughts that he might even be enjoying this revolting human. His eyes began to roll back from a bit of asphyxiation tears from the involuntary gag reflex reaction streaming down his face as Riptor shoved the entire length deep into the Vulpinian's throat making Miles involuntarily start sucking and swallowing trying to swallow the organ down.

Pleased with the seemingly eager sucking he pulled out and grinned at Miles. Involuntarily Miles began to pant. His tongue lolled out of his mouth seemingly looking like the eager cock sucker Riptor was wanting to make the imprisoned SCO into. "See? I told you I was going to make you my bitch" he said taunting Miles. "Suck it down." he added Forcing the cock back down the Vulpinian's throat making him wince again closing his eyes trying to think of anything to endure this treatment, trying to endure the shame as he felt himself beginning to enjoy having his throat utterly raped by Riptor as the Harbinger pilot continued to threateningly taunt Miles with the phaser which remained pressed to his temple.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-09, 01:33:28

Oh, but Riptor was thoroughly enjoying himself - able to mix the threat of violence with bodily satisfaction. That it was the Theurgy's SCO sucking his cock heightened the glorious sense of victory - the spoils of war more than just a little sweet to him.

Looking down, he saw something below his proud and glistening length. He tilted his head, and since the Vulpinian worked back and forth - going fast and then slow and then fast again - he could glimpse that the Lieutenant-Commander was aroused as well. Seeing that, Riptor's grip on his hand phaser tightened - knuckles whitening. He almost squeezed the button on his weapon too hard. *No, not yet.*

His free hand made its way into Renard's hair and he rolled his hips and dragged the Vulpinian closer - forcing him to gulp and swallow around the additional push. Yet to the SCO's credit, he didn't try to pull away. So Riptor fucked his throat, relishing the ragged hitches and gags the Lieutenant-Commander worked to keep down - the leak of precum rolling down his chin from his slackened jaw. Riptor could hear him draw breath through his nose as he bobbed his head, and it would not be long until Riptor would-

The Red Alert was sounded, and Riptor looked around - almost forgetting to keep his phaser against the Vulpinian's head.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-02, 23:33:19

[Interrogation Room 03]

Zaraq, with phaser to her torso and a brutal grip on her white hair, hurled the Asurian into the second interrogation room. His massive frame filled his end of the relatively small space, and while he had no idea what Dyan Cardamone saw instead of his figure, he did not care. They might have been colleagues on the Harbinger, but that was before Zaraq knew the truth about her... and about the future.

Now, she was the breeding stock and the DNA sample for a guaranteed victory against the enemy in a distant year - where they would all have access to her kind's healing power. Through her children, Vasser's new world would thrive. "Remove your clothes."

Post by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2015-05-06, 07:48:23

When the door opened and she was faced with faces that she didn't recognize she would still slightly as a low growl slipped from her pale lips. She could hear someone voice over the intercom. She slowly backed up till she felt the phaser to her torso and the brutal grip on her hair as she was hauled and hurled to an interrogation room. When she was forced in she stumbled slightly before turning back to the behemoth that blocked the door. His order to remove her clothes would pull a soft smirk to her lips as her arms crossed over her chest and she tilted her head in a defiant tilt.

"No," she whispered softly. Maybe if she got him close enough she would somehow find a way to overpower him.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-09, 01:20:25

Hearing the one word Dyan said to him, Zaraq grinned - pacing back and forth on his side of the close confines of the interrogation room. He breathed through his nostrils, seeing not his former colleague from the Harbinger any more. She was female, and Starfleet regulations for mating no longer applied. It was his duty to spread his seed, and he needn't fight his primal nature. He cast off Klingon honour many years ago, upon his exile, and now he could cast off the shackles of his uniform.

"So you can understand me now," he rumbled in observation of her changed behaviour, holstering his phaser. Still he paced, like an animal. Meanwhile, T'Rena was heard on the intercom, making it clear she'd kill the human in one of the Battle Bridges. Zaraq cared not. Not his battle. He tore back his jacket from his shoulders - freeing himself and tossing it to the floor. The golden colour of his undershirt was something they shared, but not any more - not in that room. Not on Vasser's ship. "The mutt must have reached through to you somehow. Good, then you will appreciate what is coming to you... for what it really is."

With a sudden movement, he tore his undershirt up over his head, throwing it against the wall. His rough and powerful upper body caught the sharp light of the room, and he bared his teeth to her. "I always wanted to claim you for my own, Dyan. I looked at your body and I wanted it. The tail and the wings is a nice addition to it., and now that there are no... fraternisation rules between us, I mean to collect."

Then he draw his *d'k tahg* from his belt. "Take them off, Dyan." He held the blade before his face, spinning it in his fingers. "Or I will cut them off you."

Post by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2015-05-09, 05:39:56

She saw the grin forming on his lips as hers would push down in a slightly frown of annoyance. Her eyes never left him as he paced like a hungry lion in the close confines of the small room. "Yea sadly I understand you. I do have to say I am deeply disappointed in your choice of sides. I would think even you would know better," she said coldly feeling trapped for the first time. Her body tensed watching as he freed himself of his jacket. "And what is it that is really coming. Besides a small pathetic boy taking what doesn't belong to him. She growled out as her body twitched slightly as his sudden movement. Her eyes stayed on him seeing his rough and powerful upper body knowing normally she would be a fair match for him but now it was a little more of a question. Still she would make sure if he did manage to take her it would be with a fight.

"Well don't I feel special," she whispered never having pictured that he had wanted her. He never truly made a move or showed any signs so to hear it was a bit of a surprise and not one she was sure that she liked. "You can try and collect," she said coldly before she watched him draw his weapon as a long low growl would slip from her lips. "I think your hard of hearing. I told you no," Dyan growled as her eyes narrowed and his fists clenched in anger.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-14, 01:46:52

Breast heaving in anticipation of what was to come, Zaraq licked the blade of his weapon - eyes trained on the Asurian. He did not like the answer that Dyan repeated, but that was not really going to stop him. Question was if he wanted to do it the hard way or the easy way...

"I can shoot your legs out," he rumbled and drew his phaser from its holster in one smooth motion with his free hand - aiming against her knees. "For while you'll heal, female, it would make the fun I am going to have with you easier. I might even shoot your arms. Like picking the limbs of an insect."

Pointing with his phaser to her knees, he raised his chin to look down his nose at her - letting her know who was going to dominate her. Oh, he had not enjoyed himself as much as he was since before he agreed to join Starfleet. He missed hunting on the Klingon homeworld. The holosuites had been down for weeks, and he had not enjoyed the chase and the kill of the wilds for far too long. They may be standing in a crowded space, with no range for pursuit, but the principle was the same. He had never hunted an Asurian before, and the thrill of the kill was small compared to the rewards of a tough struggle with the prey.

"But I would rather claim you on my own merits," he snorted and tossed the hand phaser behind himself, baring his teeth at her - nostrils flaring as his frame heaved in presentiment and excitement. "I will bring you down like a wild *targ* on the tundra, and if you refuse to yield, I will skin you alive until you fold... and spread those pale legs for me."

And with those words said, he lashed out with his brawny arm, striking the tabletop form underneath

and sending the entire table spinning over and crashing right against Dyan. The chairs clattered on the floor, and with a roar, he came at her - calloused fist seizing the chest of her uniform jacket. Regardless how much damage the table had done, he hurled her sideways to try and smash her head against the bulkhead, or at least tear her uniform open.

Post by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2015-05-17, 02:31:15

Her eyes narrowed watching as he licked the blade of his weapon feeling his eyes trained on her with almost laser precision. She was going to fight him and made sure if he did manage to take her it would have come with a fight. She didn't flinch as he drew his phaser knowing if it came down to it she could heal herself. It wouldn't be the first time that she had regrown a limb...or two. "Go ahead. It won't stop me from fighting you," She said as her mind braced itself for the pain that might be getting ready to experience. She watched him as he pointed his phaser at her knees not liking the look of domination that was crossing his features. When he tossed the hand phaser behind him she thought for the first moment she would be able to win this fight. "You don't have what it would take to bring me down child," she growled out as her eyes focused on him in hate and anger. He was the only thing standing between her and freedom.

Her body flinched from the loud noise as he struck the heavy table from underneath. Dyan only had just enough time to bring her forearms up before she felt the heavy impact of the table against her body. It wasn't until she lowered her arms that she felt his hand gripping the front of her uniform jacket. A sudden jerk at the jacket would shred the material as her body went slamming sideways her shoulder taking a good deal of the blow. Slowly she would push herself up a twisted smile forming on her lips. "Alright. You better than I thought," she said as her tail snaked out trying to wrap around his ankle to pull his feet out from under him.

Post Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-18, 22:58:51

Zaraq was utterly distracted by the sudden exposure of the Asurian's upper body - uniform jacket torn and revealing a lot of creamy pale skin.

While primed for combat and to beat her into submission, his primal instincts were bent on mating when presented with such a sight. Klingon society was, actually, rather prude in its views on sexuality because of the honour system, and while having been exposed to Federation views since he was exiled, it had not exactly helped in that regard. He'd been forced to find his own ways to satisfy his urges, but so far, he had never gone so far as to take it by force. He had charmed and he had paid latinum, but neither method had granted him the opportunity of a sight such as Dyan's partially bared body. It was even better than he had imagined it since he first lay eyes on her.

The sight did, however, make him miss the fact that she ensnared his ankle with her tail, and she utterly unbalanced him when she got back on her feet. In futility, he tried to correct his stance, but it happened too fast, and he went down sideways - smashing a chair that lay on the floor to pieces at the end of his fall.

Snarling like a poked animal, Zaraq leaned down and seized the middle of her tail with his colossal fist. He pulled at it, hard, and meant to bring her down unto the floor of the interrogation room. From there, he would wrestle her down underneath himself - using his massive body and its weight for leverage. If required, and an opportunity presented itself, he would give her a backhand slap across the face to make his prey more pliant.

by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2015-05-28, 03:59:48

She looked up at him trying to look somewhat defeated as her tail snaked its way around his ankle hell bent on fighting him. When the muscles of her tail flexed and yanked she watched with pleasure and amusement as she unbalanced her would be attacker. Still her time of gloating would be short lived as she scrambled to her feet knowing this fight was far from over. Her tail remained wrapped around his ankle ready to try and yank his feet out from under him again. If nothing else it would let him know that she was not going to be an easy win. A deep growl would slip out in response to his own her eyes narrowing. It wasn't until she felt his hand gripping her tail she knew he was planing on tugging her down. She quickly tried to yank her tail free but he was too strong as he brought her down to the floor. She tried squirming and flipping before she felt his massive body and its weight coming down on her threatening to steal her breath from. A harsh backhanded slap across her cheek would sting but it would also make her mad. When his hand came close again her teethe would try and sink into any of his flesh she could. The more they would struggle the more she would come to realize that if she was going to get away from this with some energy left she was going to have to try something different. Maybe if she started giving him what he wanted he would let his guard down a little more allowing her to strike. Slowly she would let her legs spread as her fighting slowly started dying down hoping he would think she was growing tired.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-31, 01:14:45

While Zaraq managed to strike her and come away unscathed once, the second time drew the Asurian's bite - teeth sinking into carpus of his hand. He bared his teeth and snarled at her - right up in her face. In order to get his hand out of her mouth, he had to lay his elbow against her upper body and pry with a rough thumb into the side of her mouth - getting her jaw to unlock.

As soon as he got his bloodied hand loose, however, he found that he was gradually making progress. He got her thighs spread for him and he made sure to keep them that way by letting his torso weigh her down. The true test lay in keeping her from biting him and scratching him with her nails. And as he fought her, Zaraq came to realise just how close of a resemblance their actions held to that of Klingon mating rituals. It lay in his undeniable nature to appreciate the struggling he had to go though to claim her - the reward so close he could taste it. With Klingon women, this was no rape at all but fully consensual foreplay.

Zaraq began to tear Dyan's uniform open whenever he could reach - the chest ruined already but the waistline of her trousers was still fair game. Undergarments were quickly yanked at and torn like they were made of paper. He scraped her skin with his teeth - took the peak of one bared breast into his mouth and sucked hard at it. He did so with one massive hand to Dyan's face - holding her head flush to the floor. The promise of mating permeated his whole being, and he had grown hard from the scent of female, and the conquest of her.

With deft motions, he used his free hand to release his ridged phallus from its confines - his size evidence to how compelling Dyan was to him. His intent was to get inside her without delay, and he could barely think of ought else. He spat into his hand and reached own between their bodies, showing her the mercy of lubing the head of his reproduction organ. Then, it was but a matter of entering her - to finally earn the experience of her body...

Post by: Cathreen Dawinter on 2015-06-07, 18:53:10

As she bit down into his flesh she was assaulted with so many different sensations. The sound of him snarling at her, the warmth of his breath against her cheek, the flavor of his blood on her tongue and the feeling of his thumb prying her mouth open. Slowly she would open her mouth feeling as though

she had managed to take a small pound of flesh from him. Still by the time he had managed to pry his hand from her jaw would be sore from having bit down on him so hard. Even when he got his hand free she would still be fighting him. If he planned on clamming her as his prize it would be a hard win. As her legs slowly spread she could feel his torso weighing her down keeping pinned. Every time some of his skin would come close enough she would bite and scratch where she could.

The feeling of her uniform being torn away from her pale body would make her growl as her slender form tried to squirm away from him as much possible hating the feeling of being so exposed before someone like him. Her tail more then once lashed out trying to hit and bruise the side of his chest. When her undergarments that last line of her defenses was torn away her body would shutter slightly as the cool air of the interrogation room would brush against her moist pussy. "Zaraq I swear I am going to make you pay for this," she growled out feeling him taking one of her bared breast. As he sucked on it hard as much as she hated it the nipple would harden at the sensation. The pointed tips of her ears would twitch slightly as she heard the zipper being pulled down freeing what she could guess would be his erection. As he did she would squirm and struggle against him knowing what was about to come.

Closing her eyes she could feel the moist head of his organ brushing against her pale lips before he filled her as she growled lowly. It hurt but it also felt good on a pure primal level. Still a plan formed in her mind waiting tell he got lost in the feeling of mating before she would strike.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-09, 01:33:28

Still there was no further detail added than that everyone had to report to battle stations, so Riptor just grinned at Renard where he sat. "Phantom will let me know when he needs me, so we still have some time to finish this. They will be using those mines to begin with anyway. Continue."

Likewise, Riptor resumed his pelvic thrusts, grunting with each push, and in the moments before he might come, he deliberated over whether he'd be satisfied with the man's mouth, or if he should lift him up on the table, fuck him, milk him and make him come over himself - to make him wear the shame of his desire towards someone like Riptor.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-09, 01:33:28

Being Klingon, the lash of her tail excited Zaraq. As much as it hurt and how welts rose from his leathery skin, she was whipping him into a frenzy. Dyan told him she would make him pay for what was about to happen, and yet he only heard consent: That she had accepted what was coming for her and that she only wanted to be compensated for it. "Any price," he promised, licking the swollen mound of her other breast before he pressed the crown of his ridged length into her.

Oh, but he found her moist and ready for him. It was not something he had expected. That he'd excited her to the degree that her sex would accept his thick girth - accommodate the hard ridges that lined his shaft - no, he had thought her less pliant. He grunted in appreciation - his rough organ squirming along slick inner walls. His ridges sawed across her clitoris on the way inside her, and again as he pulled back. Like that, he now found himself mating with Dyan Cardamone - the prize that he had secretly hoped for since he first lay eyes on her.

That she growled, squirmed and struggled against him merely kept his idea of foreplay continuing into the act itself. He wanted to ask her how she felt, but expected nothing would make her admit to such a thing. Instead he kept moving - pushing himself deep into her and teasing her clit with his Klingon ridges. Females loved his unique reproduction organ and he gave it to her in full - hilding it and

grinding the last inches into the woman. He kept appreciating her breasts with his mouth, keeping her arms locked over his head.

That was when the Red Alert was sounded, and Zaraq growled in sharp displeasure. He wanted no distractions. No outside interference. He was finally mating with Dyan Cardamone, and he planned to savour it as much as he possibly could. *Let the ship burn for all I care.*

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 18: Momentum

[USS Theurgy | Main Bridge | Deck 01]

Aisha looked down at her Conn display and smiled to herself pleased with her work. "Commodore, I will be borrowing the view-screen for a moment in order to run a simulation in order to make some final adjustments." she said bringing up a rear view display on the main screen. Within seconds the display began to be overlaid with a targeting reticule and with a rudimentary cross-hair like system. "Captain, If I am rendered unconscious or worse during the battle I have created a backup means of targeting and launching the gravametric mines. This system is saved via the conn console, tactical console, and or main screen as Conn Override Preset Calamity Protocol 1. For lack of overly complex explanations and to test the systems interface in full I will demonstrate its use via a simulation."

Pressing a button on the console the main screen showed an image like one would see while at warp but looking backwards and trailing them was mockup of the Theurgy. She slid over a few more things on the display and the crosshair system turned green. If it turns green then you have a lock meaning that if you launch a mine at that moment you will likely impact the trailing ship. Since the distances required to get a lock are so close the time it takes for the mine to reach the enemy vessel will be insignificant. Since we aren't using a standard targeting system and really are just using standard sensor data they won't even be able to register it as a lock on because essentially the mines are being dumbfired. Due to this by the time any starship's sensors would detect the approaching object it will have already impacted so compensating for inertia and time traveled is irrelevant. There is one more feature about this that you need to know of commodore if the Enemy vessel is so close that we will be impacted from the mine's "splash" then the reticule will show red instead of green.

"I strongly advise against firing if there of it's showing red. It is likely we will have our own warp field shredded by the mine and will likely suffer even worse damage than our target. Alternatively this system can be patched in to operate via the manual steering column. Personally I would recommend use of the column as this more simplified mine launching system would benefit from the on the fly reactions allowed via that system." She explained showing the appearance of the different green and red setting demonstrating the interface using a Mockup of the theurgy herself as the target. When done she swiped her finger across the conn panel and the simulation display ended returning the main screen display to normal. "Are you satisfied with the backup mine targeting system Commodore?"

She waited a few moments for the Captain to react to her but instead she was interrupted by a voice she had been wondering about the absence of. Over the Captains com badge the voice of Selena Ravenholm spoke up. "*Comadore Vasser, Captain T'Rena; I apologize for my extended silence. I have just finished successfully reconfiguring Thea. The updated AI interface is with me and we are on Deck 8 on route to the Deck 5 -- upper -- computer core.*" I have locked out all others from accessing the core aside from the two of you. I will need one of you to personally grant me access to the core in order for me to re-upload Thea. Thea's Mobile emitter is functioning perfectly and she is responding in accordance to my reprogramming. Ravenholm out."

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-03-29, 19:54:27

The Cardassian Pilot's configurations were well done, planning for contingencies that could not be planned for. It was good, very good in fact. "Excellent," he said, giving a nod of approval to the helm

officer. As she put it, even if she were rendered unconscious, it would take only a single button press to launch the mines. To further the good news, Selena had completed her reconfigurations, meaning they now had Thea completely on their side; the avatar of the ship, it's living, thinking brain, an ally of their cause.

"Excellent work, Ravenholm. You will have my authorization to access the core," he assured her, giving her the all clear to proceed as planned. He had found himself a number of highly capable officers, and they were making the take over go off seamlessly, better than he ever could have imagined it going. If their attempts to take control of the time displaced successor to the Theurgy went this smoothly, then it was only a matter of time before they had the beginnings of a fleet, a fleet capable of overtaking the enemy.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-03-30, 01:56:47

The Cardassian, hearing the report hid the cringe within knowing that now time was even more limited than before. If Thea was in their possession then she wouldn't be having to fool a default computer, but a thinking officer with senses for tracking each and every com badge on the ship. If she were to spring the officers from their prison in the XO's office it would have to be soon. Taking advantage of her long past due for a break work-time recently she knew how she would affect her own escape from the bridge. "Captain, since I have prepared for the contingency that I am unavailable may I take a quick recess from my duties to get something to eat?" she politely asked hoping given her service to the mission he would understand the needs of an officer to not continue to work on an empty stomach.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-03-31, 01:35:06

"Of course. My apologies for working you for so long. You are dismissed," Declan said, granting Aisha the time away she required. The efficiency of a bridge crew saw someone ready to step into her position at the helm as soon as she stepped away, to continue the act of piloting for as long as was necessary. In an emergency, one always had their best at the helm, so Aisha knew that, if it was possible, she was to report to the bridge to assume her duties in the event of a red alert. That was enough knowledge for Declan to grant her some leave after working tirelessly to set up the mines. He wasn't about to be a slave driver, and chain her to her post, especially when she was one of his loyal crew members, not someone who needed to be forced into obedience by a Mind Meld.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-03-31, 03:42:46

Aisha nodded, "Thank you Commodore, I will be back ASAP." She said waking to the turbo-lift and then reconsidering. You know I think I will get myself something to make sure I feel a bit safer. she said as she turned around and headed towards the exit near the Mission ops post that opened to the armory.

Entering the armory she nodded to the officer within the room and grabbed one of the type three phasers on the wall. "I doubt I will be needing this but better safe than sorry." She said to him as he stoically guarded the room. Exiting the room she looked around mentally noting what she saw.

She made her way down the corridor past the guard at the XO's office door then down the corridor where the turbolift was. She noted in her mind the lack of corridor security aside from the one stationed outside the Captains private study entrance and began to make her plans perhaps the best start would be to see if she could remove at least one of the guards in her path. Playing the bridge officer who never had been tasked with going on a real dangerous security mission the Cardassian approached the guard near the deck 1 corridor turbolift. "Hey umm, I've been on the bridge ever since

the takeover. Where would you suggest is a safe place to get a snack?" She asked the type three phaser hanging loosely from her shoulder almost more like someone would carry a purse not like anyone who knew what they were doing would carry a weapon. Of course for her idea to work the guard assuming she was clueless with the weapon and completely vulnerable was exactly the bait she was trying to lay.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-31, 16:13:10

The security guard turned his head and looked at the Cardassian, recognising her and nodded to her question. She appeared a damsel in distress to him, obviously not having paid attention to the weaponry courses that they got when they enlisted in the fleet. Sitting at the helm ever since. If she meant to head down to the mess hall and didn't know how to defend herself, the resistance would likely shoot her. She was a well known face from the Harbinger.

"I would love to treat you, Chief, but I cannot leave my post," Crewman Williams said, debating with himself over what was the correct way to handle the situation without endangering the Commodore or the Chief. The way he had been briefed, S'iti was important too. His ruminations were plain on his tanned face. He tapped his combadge. "Williams to Mannington. "

[Mannington here,] said the other security-guard, and the echo of his voice could be heard around the corner of the corridor. It was the guard outside the entrance to the XO Ready Room.

"I need to be escort for a while, can you set a patrol for the whole corridor?"

[Acknowledged, hurry up.]

"Okay, I will help you out," said Williams to S'iti and smiled warmly to her, calling for the turbolift. "You can never be too careful. Until T'Rena has rooted out the resistance cells, there is no telling what might happen, so I'll protect you. I think there are plenty of replicators on the Deck below, I'll just open the door to one of he Senior Officer's quarters with my security override and we'll be all set."

Who knew, in the interests of the vision shown to them, perhaps he could even convince her to bear *his* child first?

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-04-02, 05:14:39

She smiled happily as he worked out the details on his own side seeming exited to hear him so eager to help her out. "That sounds perfect!" she said eagerly "Since I've done so much to help the Commadore he might let me be senior staff and keep the room." she mused entering the turbolift.

Williams followed the Cardassian into the turbolift and told it to head to the deck below them. During the quick ride, Williams took the opportunity stand a bit behind her shoulder, just so that he could appreciate the shape of her derrière. "I am sure he wouldn't object to have you working underneath him, and if you so it well, he'll likely reward you too."

As the door opened she started to step forward showing her carelessness. The security officer quickly reached out grabbing her shoulder and jerked her back. "What was that for?" she asked indignantly.

Williams turned to her. "I may just be a rookie crewman who was fresh out of bootcamp before the Harbinger but even I know better than to step out into a who knows how dangerous corridor." who knows there could be a group of resistance scouts attempting to find a way onto the bridge down here

for all we know." he said hoping the hellms-woman would finally grasp the danger she almost put herself in.

She huffed a bit watching him peek out into the corridor staying put. "All's clear." he said walking forward and taking point as he made his way to one of the nearest rooms.

As they walked she kept up her act finally adding. "Thanks, you know, for holding me back like that." she said. "Though I really don't know in what way he could reward me. heck I dont even know much of the plan outside of capturing the Calamity. Unlike you all the Captain don't seem to trust me. Guess its cause she knows where they stand because of the whole vulcan mind fusion thing. Not so much with me. Guess its cause my kind don't accept mind melds as easily as others. Thank the stars The Commodore seems to appreciate loyalty where it exists." she thought aloud as the door to one of the senior quarters opened.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-08, 14:57:19

"Don't mention it," said Williams as he led the way to a door and and started to tap the control panel with his fingertip - doing the security override, "As for rewards, I suppose there are many ways in which Vasser may reward you for your loyalty... but I wouldn't count on it when it comes to the Winter Queen."

With a chirping noise, the sliding doors opened, and he led the way inside. "Lights, 60 %," he said and walked over to the replicator, "we need to conserve the energy after the sabotage in Engineering, and apparently, the Theurgy has been using replicator rations most of the time. We have yet to distribute them, but you can have some of mine if you'd like." He put the rifle aside and powered up the replicator for the Cardassian. Then he fished the ration card out of his pocket, charged with one week's limited rate of energy consumption. He turned to Aisha and smiled, holding the card between his fingers.

"As for the plan, I am surprised you have not been informed about the the vision... the way to victory," With a winning smile, Williams adjusted the hand phaser holstered at his hip and sauntered over to Chief S'Iti. He held the card between them in offering, but he also offered the truth of the vision which was for her to accept. "Ives' way will lead to our deaths. An effort in futility. The quadrants are already lost. The only way left to us is to fall back and regroup. Cleanse our own ranks. Make ourselves strong... and our children stronger. Captain Vasser holds the means for victory in his genes, and by resequencing the DNA of our offspring, we raise a generation bred for war, and we will prevail against the enemy... retake the Galaxy... and live in splendour - renowned as heroes."

Williams chuckled, tilting his head where he stood before the Cardassian. "Captain T'Rena does not care about the spoils of the coming war, but even *she* is prepared to give birth to as many children as possible, and clone more of them when the wombs and DNA of this crew doesn't suffice. Therefore, we need to secure Dr. Nicander. For if he could change an Ash'reem to a human, then he will be able to aide our cause." His eyes travelled the minute scales of the alien woman's face and he bit his lower lip in anticipation. "How about a kiss for the card, Chief? The voyage ahead will be filled with enjoyment, but if I may, I would love a precursory expedition with you."

He slid his free hand behind the small of her back, running the card down her face... and attempted to kiss her.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-04-09, 04:18:43

She nodded hearing about the collective vision for the future. No wonder she had not been told. For her the idea was very appealing, End the chase settle down on some world in the middle of nowhere and get laid as often as she liked for the sake of the future. TO tell the truth it was her idea of the perfect retirement. The more she head though, a sick feeling grew in the pit of her stomach. For one there was a part of here that knew there was more that could be done. sure lves idea was a bit too foolhardy and naively suicidal for her tastes but in a way she knew it was better than running off to hide away to live in a some kind of perverted paradise. The other thing was far worse of an objection that hung in her mind. Surely there were many who would not be as eager to allow themselves to become breeding stock. Of course there was the mind meld the Vulcan was employing to make the motivation and eagerness up for them but it was brainwashing pure and simple and as far as common sense told her a person brainwashed into enjoying being fucked relentlessly was as bad as if not worse than just raping them.

No, It was worse. At least the rape victim can still retain the fact that they objected and on a subconscious level their mind chooses how to deal with it. T'rena has removed the choice all together. The Vulcan was now the subject of more disgust than the Cardassian had felt since her youngest years wandering the streets within the DMZ. T'rena despite not being Cardassian in the slightest was representing everything that Aisha hated within her own reflection. Brainwashing was not the Federation way, It was no-one's way she knew of other than two others. THE borg who rewrote their new drones into a hive mind removing their selves. and the Cardassians who had for a long time relied on methods of torture and brainwashing to control their own population even. When she told herself she hated the Cardassians dispute her own blood being theirs she had never really meant the people Or even the government, No it was the way the way how everything always came back to the obsidian order using their ability to brainwash extort spy and blackmail to make sure the people walked the line they wanted. Even the government itself had been goosestepping like its people to the Obsidian orders marching tune. Still even they had standards.

Oh, they would brain wash they would torture. But... there was still a semblance of choice. A persons mind could snap. The subconscious could break and fracture. A person could fold under the pressure and be reshaped into something more easily controllable. But the brain only snaps where ones subconscious chooses. There at its core is still a slight bit of choice. The subconscious choice where ones own mind itself decides where and how to break. What The Vulcan was doing... It was worse than the Cardassians at their worst. She was removing even the least semblance of choice, almost like the Borg... No, worse than even the Borg. At least all the Borg operated on a hive mind of all making a singular collective decisions only directed by a queen. No the Vulcan was worse even than the Borg. She was willingly turning everyone into her drones. And the drones had no way to influence her action in return as part of a collective as the Borg had. All they could do was mindlessly obey as slaves to the directions she wrote into them.

As horrifying as the revelation to her was she had to maintain her facade. Besides, as far as she knew, the security guard here speaking to her was just as professional as anyone normally. But, in this state the Vulcan had placed him in what he was proposing was not only unprofessional but violated every rule about sexual harassment that Starfleet had ever written. Not to mention it would delay both of them from getting back on duty at the proper time making it from the perspective of the safety of the ship and the security of the bridge a horrible lapse of judgement. Of course it was a lapse in judgement she could hardly pass up the opportunity to abuse for the sake of accomplishing the mission she had set forth on. She smiled softly at him as he made his proposal before playfully pushing his advance back.

"A kiss for the card?" she smiled slyly, "If our roles were reversed and I were looking at a handsome male who needed a nice meal after working for so long I think I would be asking for a lot more than

just a little kiss." she said before draping her arms over his shoulder placing a kiss on his neck. Slowly she let her tongue roll past her lips as she gently licked at the flesh of his neck and pushed against him letting him feel her chest press against his own before her lips pursed in a slow suckling kiss at his neck. "There is so much more that you could want me to offer in exchange after all? Tell me, What do you really want? Don't you want me to have to earn my meal?" she asked seductively making sure he knew exactly why the Commodore had the faith that she didn't need to be shown the vision to be trusted to make sure it became reality.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-09, 11:29:57

Honestly, Williams had not known what to expect when he made a pass on the Cardassian, but it seemed the rumours about her promiscuity was true. She might have refused the kiss, but told him to ask for more - all the while kissing his neck and rubbing her magnificent body against his front. It took a lot less to make him stir, and when she began to suckle the groove of his neck, he couldn't prevent the gasp that escaped him - hardened as he had become by her ministrations. He dropped the card on the floor and ran his hands down her back - cupping her buttocks in the palms of his hands.

"What I really w-want?" He grinned. Oh, she would have to earn her meal in full. The woman seemed to be in full favour of breeding the new army, that was certain. Perhaps they should make a head start? Surely that was beneficial to the cause, right? There were plenty of guards on the deck above them, and the Cardassian had her combadge if they needed her. "I want you to bear my first-born child."

With his grip, he lifted her up against his chest and carried her to the dining table, brutally setting her down there and starting to work on her uniform chest. He sought her mouth again with his own, only to pause for words - believing he'd tease her by leaving her bereft of his lips. His voice was thick with desire as he added, "Even if my seed won't take root, I wouldn't mind the practice... I have never fucked your kind before, Chief. Hope you don't mind."

If he got so far as to bare her breasts, he'd seize them in his hands and lavish them with his mouth.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-04-10, 01:33:22

She smiled, able to tell how completely fooled she had him. Allowing him to eagerly take her where he wished and allowing him the freedom to disrobe her she smiled pulling the com badge from her uniform as her top was removed. "Just one moment." she said excitedly with a soft giggle in her voice. She pressed the badge and spoke into it as she felt Williams's lips craze over her scaled breasts wrapping around her surprisingly soft green hued nipples. "Commodore, Many apologies but I am going to be a bit delayed. My escort gave me quite the proposition and I am sure you understand how it would be impossible for me to say no with how much it serves the greater mission. "I hope you understand Just thought I would give you the courtesy to know that I may not be returning as soon as initially promised." she said into the badge making sure to subdue the moans that were near impossible to contain as she felt his tongue rolling over her sensitive buds.

As soon as her end of the communication closed she gasped out in pleasure her loins on fire with heat as he lavished her breast with attention as she eagerly had pressed a hand against his bulge and grasping the zipper to pull it down to expose him wanting to waste no time in having him within her. Or at least that's what she hoped him to assume. as her open hand let the com badge drop to the ground unceremoniously.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-10, 16:12:56

The Cardassian's body was incredible. Williams framed the heavy mounds in his hands and sucked hard on the dark peaks - her uniform jacket and undershirt already ripped free from her arms and tossed behind him. Was she talking to the Commodore? It seemed like she was buying them some time, so he approved, but wouldn't wait for the Vasser's reply in case he told her to return to the bridge.

Expertly, she had already freed his cock from its confines, and he felt her fingers around him. Experiencing the taste and feeling of her body had already made him hard. She heard the combadge fall, and since he had yet to sample her mouth, he tried to kiss her again. Regardless if she let him, he'd attack her neck and throat next with his warm lips, descending the front her body.

"I hope you weren't that famished," he murmured as he scraped his teeth against her collarbone on the way down - soon sucking her nipples again since they were in his way. "...because this may take a while."

Crouching down on one knee by the table, he opened her uniform trousers and yanked them down her legs - tugging off the clothes of her lower body before laying his mouth against her nether lips and flicking his tongue firmly against her. His hands roamed her thighs and her body as he relished her taste.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-04-11, 04:27:40

"Mummmm, yes," she gasped softly, feeling his lips move to hers. Her tongue reached out eagerly to greet his kissing him as they lingered in this mouth to mouth embrace for a few longingly wonderful moments. As much as she would love to continue this wonderful play she knew she had work to do. as he moved down her body she lifted his shirt away tossing it to the side glad to now know hat his own com badge was well out of reach and her own badge was now primed only to receive. No sounds from either of she would escape this room she thought to herself knowing what she would soon have to do.

She recalled her training in CQB with other factions within the Maquis and recalled that she in particular had been given a bit more instruction than others due to certain characteristics that could aide her should she need to be sent on an espionage assignment. Most importantly were her very in depths training in various forms of hand to hand combat in particular ways to render a foe unconscious or dead or with a concussion depending on where and how hard she hit. Dim Mak she recalled the technique being called though from what she learned later whoever had called it that within the Maquis were clearly just fans of the old Wuxia films of 20th century Earth who decided that naming these pressure point attacks after the term for a so called touch of death was just part of the at times morbid sense of humor that was required to survive with ones sanity intact. Such was life in the zone.

Within a few short moments he had seemingly disarmed her of any possibility of resistance as she moaned out in pleasure as he applied tongue to her sensitive body. More importantly though he had became disarmed in a much more important way the phaser and holster as well as his and her own type 3s on the other side of the room.

She had only a few times practiced the strike that she was readying herself to deliver. Once it had been fully successful resulting in the victim waking hours later with a throbbing headache and a mild concussion. The other 3 times were of varying successes. Twice the move had worked far too well and upon the blow the victim of the attack died. The other time the persons head must have been a bit to hard because all she wound up with was someone much more angry whom she had t dispatch more traditionally and left her with a bit of a sore elbow.

He had been savoring her womanly taste and as he did this she had sat back up wrapping her hands around his head gently pulling him into her to coax his pleasurable kiss deeper. Little did he know that as she used a hand to lift his chin up her elbow was coming down to deliver a sharp blow to his glabella.* Unlike all the times before he was in quite possibly the perfect position for her to control exactly how hard she wanted to hit.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-13, 17:17:59

Oh, but how the Cardassian's nectar tasted sweet to Williams, and judging from the sounds she made, she seemed rather partial to his skills with the tongue too.

His hands roamed her inner thighs and even strayed so high as her breasts. She squirmed against him, and she seemed quite ready for him. She reached for his chin, and he thought she couldn't wait any longer, and frankly, neither could he. The touch was signal enough for him, so he pushed himself back on his feet with a grin... only to see the elbow coming at him.

The strike caught him over his teeth, and the world tumbled over backwards. He ended up on his back, or at least he thought so, but he knew he had his hands over his mouth - letting out a guttural cry. Part pain, part ire, part utter indignation. The Cardassian slut had tried to attack him? What the hell had just happened? Something was wrong with his mouth. Warm, wet and... he could feel a couple of teeth rolling around on his tongue.

With haste, he tried to get back on his feet with his uniform trousers caught around his thighs, even if his reactions were still sluggish from what his original intentions with the Cardassian had been. Now, his intentions were strictly *to kill her!*

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-04-14, 07:41:10

"Shit!" she said to herself feeling her scaled elbow scrape over his teeth knowing she had missed the real mark. Almost as immediately as she had missed she sprung to her feet from the table. Taking advantage of his obvious disadvantage from being literally caught with his pants down she knew it would probably be for the best to end this quickly. In an agile motion, sensing his anger towards her from the very look of seething rage in his eyes, she sidestepped his charge his pants still half down and her own body nearly nude. This time as he came in her elbow aimed lower and in a quick motion he felt the scales deliver a jab at his Adam's apple causing him to grab at his throat for breath. She pivoted around him and pushed two claw like fingernails deep into the flesh of his neck slipping into the soft area around the jaw bone and against the Carotid sinus and her thumb into the sensitive area just below the ear where the vagus nerve lied.*

For a moment Williams screamed in pain feeling his chest seem to throb in pain but within a few seconds he was out cold. As she looked at the body it took her only a few moments to decide his fate. With a quick touch to find her mark she found the spot where she had applied pressure before and made a quick jab with her nails. Her fingers didn't puncture the skin but it was obvious the damage that had been done as the skin began to discolor. A deep, bruising, blood blister formed where blood would be flowing to the brain. She checked the other side of his neck. to verify her deadly work. There was no pulse.

Aisha quickly gathered her clothes putting them on and grabbed all three phasers before shutting the door making sure the lock from the inside command was still active as it closed. With any luck she and Williams wouldn't be missed for a while. Either way and just in case, the door would at least be a

bit of a hassle to open and until it was no one should suspect she is anywhere but in that room where her combadge lay discarded where she had let it fall in her false passion.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-13, 17:17:59

[USS Theurgy | Fighter Assault Bay | Deck 15 | 1300 hrs.]

One might think the last moans of pain had ended. That the woeful siren-song of the battlefield was already gone - leaving quiet debris and abandoned trenches.

The fires had burned down and the shot-up bulkheads towered over the hangar like tombstones with scorched writing. Surely no one was alive? The quietude rang like shell-shock in one's ears, and at least two dozen bodies had been left behind, strewn across the ruined deck like the spare parts that had been used for cover. A couple of the Mk III Valkyries had been hit in the crossfire, while the victors of the battle had landed with their Mk II:s at the forefront of the bay. The Phantom and his pilots had left, joining their new Captain in the fight against the remaining resistance cells. One might think the moans of survivors had ended since the bodies had all been left behind...

...but this was clearly not the case.

Out of the dust and grime, from underneath supposedly fresh sheets of plating now blackened by phaser canons... a lonesome voice tried to make it self heard - hoarse and weary after countless efforts to raise attention. To tell the world that she - by the name Nightmare - still breathed. Then again, perhaps her voice was broken because of what she had done; because of the body not lying far away - the one she had killed for her new beliefs. For an Asian pilot lay there, a determined soul that had managed to find her way to her base ship regardless the distance. A halfbreed Betazoid, loved in her pack of Lone-Wolves for her quirks. Her name had been Oracle, yet now she lay dead upon the deck of the hangar - blinded eyes wide open. Nightmare, who lay trapped underneath the sheets of plating, may have fired the first shot, but then the two Mk II:s - flown by Phantom and Riptor - had riddled her body with charred holes, depleted the power cells of their phaser canons across the whole area.

Yet besides the dead wolf, and the wounded one... there was a third wolf coming to.

They all belonged to the same pack, and yet she was the only one fit to stand. She was stripped of gear, with feet and legs bared, covered in oils from shredded cans, and her Valkyrie was gone from sight. Reduced to nothing, she was perhaps reborn, or baptised in the battle of the fighter assault bay. For the name of this wolf was Morrigan, and she was just about to bear witness the aftermath; to hear the moans of pain. Would she howl in outrage for what had been done to their home? Would she pry the truth of what had happened from Nightmare, or even remember how she had struck her down?

If she gleaned the truth, would she show mercy to her fellow wolf?

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-04-28, 02:53:35

Fasha could hear nothing, nor see anything it took her a moment to realize that she was indeed actually alive and not dead. She had not shared the fate so many others had already succumbed to around her. All except for other who's face Fasha could remember in such vivid detail. An Ally, Friend, Comrade...She had been all of these things. And yet her face was what she remembered last in the last few lingering seconds all she could remember were the yells and cries. The sound of a rifle being fired and Oracle falling motionless beside her. She lay motionless for a moment staring at the ceiling

of the Fighter Assault Bay replaying her last moments of consciousness over and over in her mind burning the images into her brain.

Rolling over onto her stomach Fasha pushed herself up onto her hands and knees. Her head was throbbing with pain and the sudden motion caused a sudden wave of dizziness to overtake her senses. She took a few deep breaths closing her eyes and mentally counting down from 10, taking the time to gather herself before pushing herself up onto her knees. She looked around the hangar fists clenching subconsciously as she took in the sight of the ship that had become her home. Hot tears burned at the inside of her eyelids as she closed her eyes. It was obvious what had happened a battle had been lost the numerous dead strewn about the hangar told her as much. A battle her side had lost finally pushing aside her grief Fasha crawled over to where Oracle lay. She pressed her fingers against the woman's carotid artery there was nothing not a single beat. Fasha bit her lip staring down at the dead wolf before placing her hand over Soo Young's eyes "*Savon sha's Oracle...*" Fasha whispered closing the woman's eyes.

She then moved over to where Nightmare lay her eyes hardened as she took in the wounded form of her comrade. Her lips curled down into a scowl, No she wasn't worthy of that title she wasn't a member of their pack anymore. She reached out gripping Nightmare by her uniform jacket and pulled her up to bring their faces closer together. "Why..." Fasha said firmly. But in the next instant Fasha had stood pulling Nightmare with her lifting her a few inches off the floor by her jacket "Tell me why!!" Fasha growled.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-29, 22:22:52

In Hannah von Slaverton's mind, she had replayed the events in the flight hangar while she lay there under the hull plates. She remembered nothing after she was about to stun Evelyn Rawley, and in retrospect, she suspected that she had been shot in the back - stunned by someone who had seen what she'd done to Soo Young Seung. A phaser was deadly at point blank range, even at a stun setting, and Hannah remembered how she had managed to hit Soo right in the chest - likely causing her heart to stop beating.

Though she did not regret her reasoning, she hated that she'd have to go to such extremes to keep her fellow wolves to oppose Commodore Vasser and Captain T'Rena. She had not wanted anyone to get hurt, but things had escalated too fast. She had tried to explain it all to Rawley, beseeched her to see the truth - that they were heading for their meaningless deaths if they kept following Captain Ives' orders. Even she could see that; the party girl among the Lone-Wolves, who never passed on a chance to dance, drink or gamble. How could it have been so hard for Ranger to understand?

Now, it did not matter. The Fighter Assault Bay was was in ruins, shot to pieces from what looked like the phaser canons mounted on attack fighters. Phantom and his pilots had arrived and put an end to the resistance. At least it was a victory for Vasser and the higher cause, but Nightmare thought the price had been too much. She had wanted for her fellow wolves to see the future at the hands of Captain T'Rena, and join her in common understanding - elevated from the obsession that Captain Ives held to fight in futility.

A shadow fell over Hannah's face - blocking the lights from the ceiling. For a moment, she did not recognise the silhouette of Morrigan, because she seemed to have been showered in oil and dust - even stripped down to a tank and her undergarments. Fasha had been the first one Hannah stopped; struck her down since she had been trying to board her Valkyrie. By the looks of it, her fighter was now gone along with her gear, and the skin of her now swollen cheek had been split by Hannah's strike -

leaving caked blood down her neck.

"Argh!" Hannah cried out in pain when Fasha suddenly pulled her up - making the edges of the hull plates cut into her thighs and her arm. Morrigan demanded to know her reasons, as reasonable as they might be in a hopeless situation. Hannah was not sure how injured she had been when she woke up, but she had to blink tears and hair out of her eyes after the brutal handling she now suffered. She wanted answers? Then she'd get them. Perhaps she could understand.

"Because Captain Ives is a f-fool," she growled back, green eyes ablaze from pain and bitter frustration, "No matter what we would have done at t-this point, heading back into the Alpha Quadrant would only have made us end up dead, and the t-truth about Starfleet Command would have died with us. Did you not hear what the upcoming mission was about? Ives would have had us raid a starbase and draw all the search parties out there to us by doing so, only on the mere hope that someone would heed a message sent from the station. The idea was... that Ives would have reconsidered that course after we destroyed the new cloaking device..."

Hannah looked out over the flight hangar - their destroyed wolf den. "It would seem he - or she - did not have a change of h-heart after all. Ives forced Vasser's hand to try and save our lives... and..." The tears were no longer just from the pain. "Vasser's plan is the only way to save the Galaxy. T'Rena showed it to us; the way to defeat the enemy, and it is not through any battle fought today or tomorrow. I saw it all through T'Rena's touch, how we were about to die... and I couldn't let it happen. I only regret that you, the people I love, didn't see the vision... before all of this had to happen."

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-04-30, 10:08:40

Fasha felt her grip on Hannah's uniform jacket tightening with each passing second, with each and every word that passed her lips all it did was pour fuel on the already raging flames of anger burning within the deepest part of Fasha's soul. Hannah's excuses fell upon deaf ears she'd wanted an explanation she wanted to know why the price for her own damned beliefs had to be paid in the blood of one of their friends, a part of their family. Ives, Vasser, T'Rena none of these names meant a damn thing to Fasha not now. Fasha tilted her head down still holding Hannah above the ground as warm tears slid down her cheeks burning as they slid over her wounds. "That's it? That's why?" Fasha asked quietly her entire body shaking with rage.

Letting Hannah down Fasha quickly dragged the former wolf over to where Soo Young lay gripping Hannah by the hair and forcing her to bend down over the body of their friend. "Was it worth it!?" Fasha yelled gripping the her former comrade by the hair directing her gaze at the dead woman's face. "Soo Young was our friend!! She was fucking family!!! You say you fucking loved us?" Fasha kicked Hannah's legs out from beneath her forcing her to her knees beside Oracle's still form. "Then why was it so fucking easy for you to pull the trigger then?" Fasha hissed venomously. "If you loved us, If you even gave the smallest semblance of a damn about us you would have stood with us! To whatever end we were fated to meet!" Fasha said her voice cracking as she released Hannah.

"You wanted to save us from death..." Fasha said quietly as she stood beside Nightmare over Oracle's body. "You did a wonderful job..." Fasha said coldly. She picked up her Tau'Kon'She pulling it from the leather sheath it sat in blade shining in the light of the hangar. Her mind howled at her demanding blood for Oracle's death and Nightmare's betrayal. But after a brief moment of silence between them the sound of Fasha sheathing her blade was heard. "Don't tell a soul about me...Or no force in this world or the next will be able to keep me from finding you Nightmare..." Fasha said taking a quick glance around to ensure that the ex-wolf had no weapon to use against her. Her eyes fell upon the Phaser that had once been held by Oracle she quickly scooped up the weapon as she clipped the

sheath of her Tau'Kon'She to the waistband of her undergarments. The very rifle that Hannah had used to kill Oracle came next just touching the weapon left a cold and empty feeling in the pit of Fasha's stomach but in these times she couldn't afford to not bring it with her.

She quickly shouldered the weapon taking one last glance at Hannah "You betrayed us Hannah...But at one point you were a friend...You were family...I won't sink down to what you've become..." Fasha said before beginning her walk away. As she walked towards the exit to the hangar she felt her foot fall over something. Moving her foot aside Fasha knelt down picking up the item that she'd almost crushed underfoot. It was a combadge she quickly pinned the item to her shirt before leaving if it didn't come in use later it would at least ensure that her presence remained unknown for at least a short time if anything.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-02, 23:33:19

When Fasha dropped her to the deck, Nightmare sucked air through her teeth from pain, only to let out that breath in a cry of agony when she was dragged out from under the heavy hull plates. She felt her skin and uniform trousers tear, and the loud noise of the metal hitting the deck rang in her ears. Yet nothing of it was comparable to being pushed down to see Oracle's lifeless face - eyes shut as if she was asleep.

Hannah wanted to protest against Fasha's accusations, awkwardly supporting herself on one uninjured arm after having been kicked in the knees and getting her hair twisted and pulled so that she could not look away. Yet the sight of the Betazoid hybrid with her white headphones robbed her of any such incentive. She wanted to tell Fasha that it had been an accident, that Soo had surprised her from behind and she had not realised how close she was when she rounded on her. It was the truth, but what did it matter? The outcome was still the same. The fact of the desolate flight hangar remained all around them, regardless of any protestations she'd make.

Soo had been Rawley's lover until she'd gone MIA in the Borderlands, and yet Soo's love for Rawley had made her find her way to Theta Eridani IV with her inborn abilities. While Rawley had laid injured in the triage tents when Soo finally reached them, and was not quite the same woman as Soo had loved before then, it was a story that came to Hannah's mind again when she was looking down upon that face. She had Fasha draw her knife, but in this memory, it felt just that she'd die as well. The only way the fear for her own life manifested itself was in how Hannah felt like she had to vomit, but she managed to swallow down the bile in her throat - to accept her own fate. She may have quivered from the pain, but she closed her eyes so that she did not have to see the blade when it came for her throat.

And yet the blade never came. *"Don't tell a soul about me...Or no force in this world or the next will be able to keep me from finding you Nightmare..."*

And so Hannah was left behind, on her knees beside Oracle's body. Fasha gathered weapons from the ground and walked away after twisting the knife of her words deeper into Hannah's heart. And while Fasha began to trek down the length of the hangar, the speech from Carrigan Trent was heard over the intercom. Perhaps it may have lent spirit to Fasha as she walked a path paved with corpses, but it only made Hannah feel more miserable as she heard the words echo across the destruction.

[...As advanced as the Theurgy is, she needs her crew! She needs all of you! Your friends and shipmates need you! If you are Starfleet, I ask you to remain at your posts and man your stations! I ask you to do your duty. If you are one of Vasser's accomplices, know that my first concern is to this ship and the enemy that hunts us. As such, I ask you at least not interfere with those who choose to

do their duty as Starfleet personnel. But if deep inside you remember who and what you are, your assistance will be most welcome.]

Hannah closed her eyes as she heard those words, and she curled her hands into fists. Where was the reason in this madness? The only reason she knew what that of the future and what needed to be done - the greater picture. T'Rena had showed her... There was no other recourse, regardless of the cost. She found no motivation truly of her own, but she knew that what she did was larger than herself.

[Those of you who choose to serve the Federation as you best know how, I am thankful for your duty and I will be honoured to command you for as long as is needed to resolve this crisis.]

Nightmare opened her eyes and glared at the deck of the hangar. It all had to stop. One way or the other. The Calamity was out there - looking for them. They needed to be ready, and there was no choice but to get up and finish what she had begun. With ginger movements, she eased out of her uniform jacket, beginning to tear the sleeves and to dress her wounds.

[This is Lieutenant-Commander Trent, interim commanding officer. All stations, all departments: close up and report readiness!]

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 19: Arrival



[Uncharted Planetoid | 1300 hrs.]

Overhead, the Class-9 nebula lit the overcast heavens in gold, and the pelting blizzards howled across the frozen planet. The orange light made you think that it wasn't as cold as the readings in the Valkyrie said, but with most of its hydrosphere locked up in massive glaciers, it was barely habitable by any definition. The atmosphere simply couldn't trap enough heat from the Red Dwarf that it circled, but that had at least allowed for an easier atmo-entry for the Lone-Wolves.

Evelyn Rawley released the seal of her canopy, letting more of the rigid air inside. Standing up, she saw her fellow Wolves climb out of their crafts. Her white space suit protected her from the worst of the cold, and her oxygen supply would last for at least three hours. Her eyes scanned the vista of the icy mountainsides and wondered if there could be anything alive out there. They had no sensor readings of their own any more, so it was anyone's guess, and that compelled her to pick up her Type III rifle before she jumped down to the ground. She pressed a button on her suit to close the cockpit behind her.

It had been a tactical choice to land on the planet regardless of the conditions, because the constituent compounds and elements in the orange nebula - with its sensor-deceiving properties - had effected the planet's atmosphere too. At first, they had jumped to Warp, then doubled back to mask their warp signature, and then touched down much closer to the nebula than comfortable. They would be hidden from the Harbinger and its fighters if they followed, at least, but the need for decisions was pressing, and so was the need to repair their Valkyries as best as the conditions would allow them to. Rawley trudged through the ankle-deep snow and shielded the visor of her helmet with her free hand, trying to locate Maverick and Razor.

Razor. Thomas might have saved her from Hannah in the hangar, but that had not diminished Rawley's memory of what he had done to her that morning in her quarters. And then there was the

rape-murder of Narik Cinsaj shortly afterwards. Then... the mutiny. Circumstances? She did not believe in them. She saw Maverick and walked up to him. "Wolves Three and Eight said they'll scout the perimeter," she said into the microphone in her helmet as she neared him. "So what the bloody hell should we do now? How the fuck could this happen, anyway?"

She spotted Razor then, barely hearing Nathaniel's answer... and she made her decision. She glanced towards Isley, hoping he wouldn't do anything foolish, before she raised her rifle against Thomas and powered it up. "Not one step closer," she said in cutting syllables. "So, let's hear it. How come you tried to rape me, saying you can't remember doing so, and then that Boslic woman met the same fate shortly afterwards? Come on, Thomas. You are a part of all the shit that has gone down today. I am fucking certain of it. So spill it out."

Post by: Nolan on 2015-03-03, 11:36:21

After landing his bird not too far from the rest of the squadron, Thomas took a few seconds to power down the fighter in these harsh conditions. While doing so he looked up at the orange/ golden sky. Out there was their starship which had come under attack and yet here they were regrouping and hopefully plotting to mount a counterattack real soon. The thought of Skye being up there was gnawing at Thomas and he hoped she'd be alright. Once he sealed off his flight uniform and prepared himself for the cold he checked what else he might need on his way out. He had thrown his rifle to one of the deckhands so there really wasn't a lot he'd be carrying on his way out. He opened up the canopy and shielded his eyes a bit out of reflex for the howling wind and blizzard.

With a thud he jumped out of the cockpit and into the snow and made his way towards the rest of his pack. He spotted two figures in the blizzard and walked towards them recognizing the frame of Rawley and Isley as they seemed to be talking. "Hey guys... Nice weathe-" His sentence died off when Rawley pointed her assault rifle towards him and he heard his accusations once again. Razor rolled his eyes and moaned out softly which wouldn't transmit through the microphones as he raised his hands. His primary instinct was to grab his hand phaser and aim it at Rawley yet with this cold and seeing how on edge Rawley was it probably would result in him having a gaping hole in his flightsuit.

He looked at Rawley first before looking at Nathaniel he shook his head slowly and kept his hands raised "Fuck Rawley, I told you fucking before! I do not fucking remember what happened. The only thing I remember is talking to you before you were going to take a shower from your massive hangover and the next thing I see is a freaking furniture being thrown into me and you pounding away. Between that I have no recollection of anything whatsoever!" he said, giving his statement so Isley could hear so as well "Damn Maverick, tell her to fucking lower her gun, we're down to what... Five pilots against two starships and a fucking killer elite squadron. I swear man, I have nothing to hide but we do not have time to settle this crap here and now." Thomas looked over at Rawley and slowly he put a step forwards while lowering his hands a bit "I saved your ass in the hangar Rawley. Nightmare would have popped you if it wasn't for me, just like how she got Soo." he tried to reason with Rawley again now, while slowly creeping closer.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-03-08, 17:44:46

"Rawley, put the rifle down," Nathan said, no more like told. He was stepping into the leadership role he had been assigned to by the SCO when they managed to get out of the Theurgy and into space. In the fighters or on the ground, that still established a chain of command that he had to keep. Their enemy was out there, in the form of a possessed Starfleet, a rogue ship from the future, and now a crew of turncoats with brainwashed members of their own team. "I don't know exactly what's going on, Rawley, but Nightmare didn't open fire on us willingly. She's been compromised, and with a

Vulcan first officer under Vasser, I'm willing to bet on Mind Melds used to control our crew. If Razor doesn't remember what happened between you two, I would bet on the same thing having happened to him."

Maybe it wasn't what she wanted to hear, that whatever injustice done to her should have been forgiven because it was beyond the control of the other party, but that was exactly what happened during the Niga Outbreak, and that was what had to happen then as well. "There are few of us out here, Rawley, and the last thing I need is one of our own killing another. I need you to lower your weapon, and prove you can be my first officer." Rawley was qualified to act as the second in command of this small group of theirs, and if something happened to Nathan, she had to lead. Renard might have thought him crazy for naming her to the position, but maybe she needed it as much as he did, to have other lives counting on her to raise her own need to succeed, to be a good soldier. Leaders couldn't be loners and they couldn't go without thinking clearly.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-09, 18:11:23

While the two men spoke, Rawley listened, and she was not entirely sure on her standpoint to begin with. She was aiming a rifle at a fellow wolf, and the circumstances were - suffice to say - *chaotic* at best.

Things were so fucked up and she felt completely ungrounded. Who could she trust? Hannah had put a rifle in her face one hour ago, and here she was, doing the same thing. She was feeling cornered, and with the blizzard they were standing in, the visor of her helmet felt like a glass cage. She saw Soo going down in her mind's eye. Her lover since years back. Lost again. Shot at point-blank range. Even if Hannah had set her rifle to stun, Soo was dead. Rawley breathed hard through her nostrils as she held her sights upon the centre of Thomas torso, where she was least likely to miss.

Only he had edged a lot closer, he was trying to...

"Back off!" she said sharply and shifted back two steps from Thomas, putting the butt of her rifle firmly to her shoulder. "Don't you dare come closer!" Her thoughts were racing, and Nathaniel's words were undermining her resolve. He was right, from his point of view. He was being objective, but he had not been assaulted that morning. His pride and integrity had not been injured. It might be that Hannah has been subjected to some Vulcan mind-trick, but that meant...

"So if they did the same thing to Thomas, how the *fuck* can we trust him now? Then he *must* be in on all of this! Damn you Isley, how can you trust him? He is going to fuck us over when we least expect it, and if I... If I am to be second-in-command, you better listen to me too. If something has been done to his head, he is a *fucking liability*."

She shifted her feet a little. She could only shift one. The other slipped. The snow gave away.

"No... No, no, no!"

She was off the edge. She tried to hold on to her rifle, to no avail. At first, it was only her, but then the rest of the mountain seemed to come after her. All the snow, at least. The avalanche she had caused swallowed her whole, and she spun her way down the mountainside. Her fall and the weight of the snow caused the avalanche to build, and everything turned white in front of her visor. She had no sense of up or down, but she felt herself spinning, rolling and hurting. She was screaming. Screaming against the confines of her helmet. Screaming until her ears rang and she lost her breath.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-03-16, 02:27:35

"There's a simple way for you to trust him, Rawley. It's called tactical positioning. Ravon is gonna be our point man, which means he is going to walk in front of us at all times. You'll see every move he makes while you act as rear guard. I'll be in the middle. I'd tell you that it's so I can communicate to you both equally, but we both know the reason I'm doing it is because someone has to stay in the middle of you two." It kept Rawley from lashing out in the event she was wrong about Razor, and allowing for him to stop Thomas if she were right.

When the avalanche began, they were left to outrun it, to push forward until they were beyond the fall. After they had gotten away, it then became about doubling back and digging out Rawley from her snowy casket before something bad happened. Nathan's legs pushed through the snow, using them to search for her, stopping when they collided against her, then using his hands to start pulling away snow. If Razor joined in, the two of them would dig her out much faster than Nathan alone, and maybe he would start earning some points with the woman that might get a rifle pointed in a direction away from him.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-03-25, 12:55:36

Thomas listened to both Rawley as Isley as they tried to figure out whether or not he was a turned member. It somewhat bugged Thomas that they were questioning his loyalty yet it took every bit of his nerves to not just explode. Since an emotional outburst now could be considered as an act of violence, especially with Rawley pointing a rifle at his face.

He waited for the two to finish their conversation while he kept his hands up in the air, the cold blizzard rushing past his body while he shook his head slowly, they were wasting valuable time by just bickering here "Guys, do we really have to do this here? We have a starship to take back and some fucking killers to track down." he said now out loud, hoping the transmission would reach the both of them.

Yet it seemed events were taking a turn for the worse as the ground under Rawley began to shift, Razor followed Isley as they fled from the avalanche, yet he returned with him to assist him in digging Rawley out. "She better not fucking shoot me when we dig her out of here." he muttered as his hands scooped away snow as fast as he could while standing opposite of Nathan. "Do you believe her Maverick?" He asked now, wanting to know what the third man thought, Finally they could see Rawley's feet first sticking out of the snow.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-03-29, 19:54:27

Did he believe her? It was an interesting question. "I believe she believes it," he said. That was Ravon's real issue. Nathan would do what it took to complete their mission, but Rawley was going to be emotional, which meant that she was the one Thomas had to prove himself to. That meant no distrustful tactics, keeping himself where she could see him, and most importantly, saving her life. As a hand appeared, Nathan grabbed hold and started to pull her out, the snow loose enough to allow him to drag her out without any harm to her body. "You with us, Rawley?" he asked, checking to see if she were conscious or if she would need to be carried out.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-31, 16:13:10

There was no response from Rawley, and her arms were limp when she was dug out of the snow. Behind them, almost one-hundred and fifty meters above, the ledge upon which the Valkyries had

landed awaited them, and it seemed they would have to carry Rawley up there, and as easy as it had been so get down the snowy incline of the mountainside, it would be a lot harder going up unless they found an alternate path. Furthermore, since they could not remove her suit, there was no way to tell her condition unless they scanned her with a tricorder, and those still remained in their cockpits.

Just as this realisation might have dawned upon them, there was a shuffling noise heard further away in the blizzard. A dark outline in the storm, ten feet tall, circling them...

Then another appeared, just beyond clear visibility.

And a third...

It was when the fourth presented itself that one of them came close enough to be seen through the whirling snow. And its shriek made their intention clear - giant maws opening all around them... before they closed the distance.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-04-06, 11:19:20

As Rawley was dug out for the most of it, Thomas looked over to Nathaniel. "She's still alive right?" He said, though it seemed more like a question. There was no way to tell what Rawley her condition was yet it seemed at first sight that none of her limbs were angled in a odd or twisted position. So Razor concluded that she probably didn't break anything during her fall. Maybe she passed out by the ragdolling she must've made while plummeting down with the avalanche. "So what's the plan Maverick?" Thomas asked now before he turned his head upwards to a sound he rather didn't hear.

"Please tell me you were just hungry Isley... And that was just your stomach." He muttered to himself before spotting the creature on top. Quickly though, Thomas realized that they had come into a shit storm. "You wouldn't happen to have found that rifle Rawley was packing.. Would you?" Thomas asked before looking back at Nathaniel. "We need to hightail it out of here... Rawley will slow us down if we drag her along... And I'm pretty sure these things haven't had lunch. But hey, I'm apparently not the most trustworthy person around according to this bitch here... So call the shots. Sir." Thomas said now and looked at Nathan.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-04-25, 07:27:07

Like every situation they ever found themselves in, things only got worse. Rawley was out, creatures native to the planetoid were closing in, and Ravon wanted to leave her for dead. The odds were against them, but he wasn't quitting. Looking down at the fogged up visor of Rawley's environmental suit, he knew she was still breathing. beyond, he didn't know her condition, but what did it matter? As long as she was alive, that was what was important. "We don't need to drag her. Half-Vulcan, remember? I'll carry her." Hoisting her up onto his shoulder, Nathan thrust his arm into the snow, feeling around beneath where she had been laying, pulling out the rifle that had been in her hands. He pushed it toward Thomas, a hard look in his eyes.

"You wanna call her a bitch for not trusting you, Razor? You only get to do that if you prove her wrong! Now, you gonna lay down cover fire while the three of us get back to our Valkyries together? Cause I ain't losing anyone to this fucking place, not after all the shit we've survived! We're too damn good for this ice ball!"

Post by: Nolan on 2015-04-26, 13:21:03

"I already proved her wrong more than once Mav..." he answered to Isley as he grabbed the rifle that was handed to him. With a quick touch he powered up the rifle to kill settings and started to blast away at the closing creatures that tried to have them as a snack. "Get some!" He shouted while he aimed down the sights for more precise fire. The red glow of the fire lighting up against his flight suit as he looked back now and again to cover Maverick while he carried Rawley back.

"How far till we reach the birds Nathaniel?" he shouted over comms while he continued a continuous barrage of phaser fire down onto the creatures that tried to creep closer. The cold was starting to bite through the suit bit by bit or so Thomas believed. Yet he fought off like a mad man trying to protect his prized possessions with furious anger. Somewhere deep down inside Razor, he wondered how Rawley was doing. Was she still alive, would she die on this rock? Yet his mind also took him back to the hangar, where he shot Nightmare with a precise shot. He knew that the shot itself wouldn't have killed her at the stun setting, yet maybe the drop did? Or the crew members that found her during the aftermath? Yet this was no time to dwell on these matters as these ugly creatures kept snapping and venturing closer.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-02, 23:33:19

At first, all that she heard was the sound of her own laboured breathing inside the helmet. Then, Rawley began to hear other things, faint sounds of phaser fire and shouting voices. The howling of the blizzard overrode it all. *"How far till we reach the birds Nathaniel?"*

Razor's voice, coming from inside her helmet. There was something about Thomas that was important, she gradually remembered - disoriented as she was and unsure about what was happening. She tried to open her eyes, but there was only so much to see. She could just make out confusing motions, perhaps feet trudging snow, but not her own feet. Was she being carried? She was rocking on top of something, feeling weak, having been pummelled in her fall... Yes, the fall. The avalanche. She had gone over the edge and brought down the lip of snow with her. That, however, did not explain why she was seeing Thomas shooting at... something that was moving below them in the snow. Things that were pursuing them, shrieking against the wind and the barrages of phaser fire.

The small slits of her eye looked away from the fighting, trying to see how much more Nathaniel had to carry her up the mountainside. The vertigo of trying to turn her helmet told her that she might have suffered a concussion. Something not good normally, but might be a tad worse because of her previous injuries. Her vision blurred and she remained limp on top of Maverick's strong shoulder. All she could see besides the mountainside and the snow was the orange sky behind her shoulder. It was their only source of light, and she rested her eyes there in order to keep her bearings.

That was when she saw it. A sight she remembered from outside the Hromi Cluster, and never to be forgotten. The shadow cutting low across the sky, deploying Reavers into the atmosphere.

"The Calamity," she mouthed, eyes wide.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 20: System Reboot

[Holographic Lab | Main Engineering Lv.2 | 1300 hrs.]

In the Theurgy's Holographic Laboratory, the doors remained locked after Selena Ravenholm stole Thea's mobile emitter. It had been the only copy of Thea that remained after her pasitronic brain had been shut down by the encryption specialist and the standard Starfleet computer interphase had been activated in her stead.

Lin Kae had been electrocuted by the civilian, shot in the back just after he learned that she had completely locked him out of the ship's systems. He had not managed to activate Thea's emitter in time, and now she was gone. The docking station had been found empty once he came to, the recharging cycle left incomplete. Moreover, the ship's entire holographic grid had been overloaded, the emitters fried by the very same woman that had overpowered the Bajoran prodigy. The same emitters were used to project forcefields across the ship, but no more. Not unless the emitters were repaired, and could be activated stand-alone from the ship computer.

An hour had passed since the Holographic Specialist was shot. If he had already come to, the question was how much had he wallowed in regret... and how successful had he been in finding a way out of his laboratory with the tools he had access to?

Meanwhile, a Lone-Wolf would have climbed from the belly of the starship - avoiding the search parties sent by Captain T'Rena. An hour of stealth and survival, ascending the decks one at the time. If she reached Deck 08, she would be closing in on her dear friend's laboratory - her private mission being to make sure he was safe, and to lend aide to someone that was key in retaking the ship for Captain Ives. The lab was behind one of the doors in Main Engineering, and the area lay mostly quiet. Those of the crew loyal to Ives were in hiding, and those loyal to Vasser had gathered in Cargo Bay 02 after the Commodore's announcement.

In the end, the wolf was only an open walkway distant from the sliding doors between them... when a shout was heard far below in the vertical chamber of the ship's Warp Core.

It originated from a couple of decks down, partially hidden by the criss-crossing walkways that led to-and-fro the three reaction chambers... but the light of phaser fire could still be hinted from the terrace that the Lone-Wolf had reached. Was it one of T'Rena's search parties? Regardless, they were gone as quickly as they had appeared - the wild chase continuing elsewhere. After the commotion, someone was bound come to investigate, but there might just be enough time to grant the Lone-Wolf passage across the last walkway... and to get into the locked Laboratory.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-03-13, 03:11:58

From the bowels of the ship, she slinked and hid though part of her yearned to fight. Skye was pissed at this takeover, yet another betrayal heaped upon many and she wanted to tear someone limb from limb but she was only one and had no idea who was truly on Ives' side. Another few moment of hiding and she made it up to the eighth deck. His lab was close but as she eased along, she couldn't help feeling exposed.

As phaser fire went off below, she'd ducked and tried to listen for voices and any clues but as quick as it had started it was over and now she stared across that open walkway. It was the only way to get to him and Thea, no getting around it she told herself but it didn't help that gnawing at her gut. Still, the seconds were ticking and she knew she was going to have to scoot across quickly so she took a deep breath and moved.

Rather than slinking or running, acting as if she belonged there and had a purpose, she strode out along the walkway at a steady pace. She didn't rush or look around, simply walked along like she owned the catwalk. The few of Vasser's people she'd seen, they were arrogant and acted as if nothing would touch them so this was the only way she knew to try to blend in until she got across. It happened quicker than she thought.

No one had called out and she didn't think anyone was around but when she found the door was locked, she did utter a low snarl. That didn't bode well for her friend so she opened a panel and withdrew two magnetic disks, placing one on each side down low of the split then gave a short burst of her phaser to the locking panel, knowing it would likely draw someone but she would deal with that if it happened. For now, she had to get to Lin Kae.

With a foot on one and her hands on the other, she pushed with all her strength until a gap just wide enough for her opened and then tumbled forward, staying low with the phaser ready to fire on anyone shooting at her. No one was standing that she could see and her heart beat wildly. Was he not here? Why was the door locked? "Lin Kae?" she whispered and slinked to the side, moving to look behind the desk where he usually sat.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-03-16, 02:28:07

He had been left unconscious by the attack of the cybernetic woman from Declan Vasser's crew. He didn't remember getting her name, but he wasn't likely to forget the image of her shooting him. Perhaps it was a mercy that she didn't set her weapon to kill, or maybe she hoped to make use of his knowledge later and left him alive just in case. In either event, he had been rendered unconscious, only beginning to come to at the sound of the lab being entered forcibly. He kept himself prone, intending to take whoever it was by surprise if he could, though such plans went out the window as soon as he heard his name from a familiar voice.

"Skye?" he whispered back, as he slowly got to his knee, keeping low as he crept over to her. Had she come all that way just for him? He couldn't believe it! On second thought, actually he could believe it. It was totally in her character to look out for someone that mattered to her, and he had managed to find his way onto that list, between the body switching during the Ishtar Incident and the mapping of her skin for the creation of Thea's new tactile enhancements. She didn't leave someone behind if they mattered to her, and he found himself thankful for that. When the two were face to face again, he felt he had to ask, "how bad is it?"

He knew things always managed to go horribly for their crew, that the worst case scenario usually was the most likely one. Why should today be any different?

Post by: Searcher on 2015-03-21, 02:50:46

His voice was like the sweetest song and she hurried over to him, grabbing him up in a bear hug. "Thank all that's holy you're okay," she said then held him out to give him a good once over though there was no sultry or smoldering expressions. There was very real concern for him and the situation in general as she looked him in the eyes. "It's bad. Vasser stated a takeover and some of our own

crew mutinied. I figure they've got the captain in the brig but I'm betting someone's working on getting him ... her ... out," she said stumbling over gender but refusing to say 'it' as that was just downright disrespectful.

"You were locked in so I'm also betting they've found a way to disable Thea, likely reprogramming her to do what they want," she growled, looking very much like an angry momma wolf. "I knew you'd be the best one to get her back so when hell broke loose on the launch pad, I found a way to the Jeffreys tubes and made my way here." She hesitated then, giving him one of those rueful lopsided smiles. "I'm the brawn to your brains but we gotta get our girl back," she said, not realizing how it sounded like two parents going on a manhunt for the people who kidnapped their child until it was said and then she started to laugh. "That is so wrong on so many levels," she snickered then tried to compose herself.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-03-29, 19:54:07

Skye was right about one thing for sure, and that was the fact that she was the brawn. She was tough as nails and could go pound for pound with anyone, he imagined. So she was willing to be the muscle to whatever plan he could come up with. Now, he just had to come up with a plan. "Thea is the heart of this ship, so her being reprogrammed means that the entire ship could be out enemy. Usually, I'd be able to fix her from here, in the hololab, but they would have definitely rerouted it from here if they were willing to leave me here." So that meant that wherever she could be fixed, it was going to be elsewhere.

"I should at least be able to use the lab's systems to find out where it was rerouted, but we might have to get there physically to do any good." If it was a heavily guarded area, that might prove difficult, but they would cross that bridge when they reached it. Kae moved to the hololab systems and used them to trace where holographic controls had been moved to, trusting that Skye would watch his back while he did so. If a threat popped up, she could take care of it until he found answers.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-30, 15:26:46

While the Holographic Specialist turned to his computer console and tried to access it, a bad-sounding chirp emanated from it, and a blinking message appeared on the monitor:

UNABLE TO COMPLY
SECURITY CLEARANCE REQUIRED

It was the same message that Thea's voice - even if it hadn't been truly her - had announced just before Lin Kae was shot in the back by Selena Ravenhom. He had tried to activate the mobile emitter, only to find that the cybernetically enhanced encryption specialist had locked him out just before she arrived to his lab.

"Hi t-there," said a voice from the entrance.

In the doorway stood a woman wearing a grey overall with a very gratuitous cleavage. There was a combadge attached to it, but the woman fingered it nervously as she looked between the Wolf and Lin Kae - whom she was intimately familiar with. It was, however, the first time she came face-to-face with the two of them since they had met on Nimbus III. After Eve Jenkins had told her there was no hope to return there, Rihen Neyah had tried to avoid her 'saviour' and the protective woman.

Under the present circumstances, Rihen had no choice - having decided to go to Lin Kae's lab since

she did not know where else to go. Seeing Skye Carver there, armed, instinctively made her raise her hands in surrender - holding a PADD in one hand. She usually smiled all the time, but with a mutiny underway and people shooting each other in the corridors, there was nothing to smile about. This had certainly not been the kind of day she'd expect would follow in the wake of *Lohlunat* - the event she had hosted one of joy and laughter.

"I... I didn't know what to do, I was so scared. Can I hide h-here?" she asked, heterochromatic eyes wide in plea. She should say something about them having double-crossed her, but it all seemed so distant, and she knew they would start talking about that Prime Directive thing. She had almost died trying to repair the ship on Theta Eridani IV, Eve having saved her from the hull crane in the nick of time, so at least they would let her hide in the lab, right?

Post by: Searcher on 2015-04-08, 03:02:57

"I figure they want you alive because of your specialty," Skye stated as Lin Kae moved to the panel and started trying to follow the bread crumbs. She was just turning back toward the door when he was denied access and another voice and movement sent her into a defensive stance, phaser aimed right at the udder-bearing engineer who had rubbed her the wrong way from the moment she laid eyes on her. At least Rihen wasn't smiling like she usually did, reminding Skye of a snake oil salesman from the ancient wild west times.

"I ... I didn't know what to do, I was so scared. Can I hide h-here?" Even her voice was different, subdued and Skye's gut warred on whether or not she was sincere and on the up-and-up. "That depends," she said, phaser aimed right at those boobs even a child should be able to hit. "Which side are you on?" Skye didn't say anything about her and Lin Kae's side, leaving Rihen to guess and pray she didn't get vaporized by the Lone Wolf guarding the young man Rihen had taken advantage of before, deserving the perceived double-cross invoked by the prime directive.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-09, 10:41:20

"Side?" asked Rihen, realising that it was important to the Starfleeters. She couldn't remember ever having been more uncertain about what to say, and being at the business-side of an assault rifle didn't help at all. To her, it was a coin-toss in the regard of what might be the right answer. Since she came aboard, she had learned that her false benefactor and his two friends had been sent down to Nimbus III from the Theurgy, but during the latest hour, she had seen Theurgy Starfleeters shoot their own too. Sweet Lin Kae could just as well have sided with the one called Vasser, and apparently the protective human was on his side.

"I'm a civilian," she protested, and her voice held, "It has all happened so fast and I have no idea what is going on. Please, you have to believe me! How am I supposed to know which side is right? That Vasser Captain spoke on the intercom and said the other Captain was locked up, and now people are shooting each other. Have you all gone mad? Isn't there a killer warship from the future out there looking for us right now? This is like some adventure holonovel where the writers went mad! *Lohlunat* was supposed to bring the crews closer together and give you all courage to brave the dangers ahead, together, and the day after... you are killing each other?"

Tears welled up in the corners of Rihen's eyes. "I'm just an exiled Risian, but I tried my very best to prevent something like this. Captain Ives approved the idea of *Lohlunat*, that Trill named Rez too. The event was supposed to be about *joy* - celebration in spite of whatever may lie ahead. Was I wrong? Did I m-make it worse? Is... is all this my fault?"

Had she screwed up again, like she did on Risa all those years ago?

Post by: Searcher on 2015-04-10, 22:23:26

Skye watched Rihen like a hawk, every movement of muscle as she spoke and when the tears welled, she growled slightly. It could be a ruse but even Skye had a heart and didn't like to see someone cry. It also didn't help knowing what had happened to another civilian, the purple haired beauty that had been murdered in Miles' office.

"No, you didn't cause this," she said, the tip of the rifle lowering slightly and she jerked her chin for Rihen to come in with them. "It's possible you're still angry with us enough to throw in with Vasser and his ilk. If you're not, maybe you can help get Thea back. Lin Kae's blocked from access but it's just possible they hadn't considered civilians," she suggested.

Her gaze drifted to Lin Kae. Rihen seemed to genuinely like him but he had burned her. There was more to her dear friend than most realized and she had to trust him to take care of himself if Rihen tried to retaliate in any way. "If you can help us get through to Thea so we can take back the ship, and don't do anything to hurt him, I promise I won't shoot you," she stated then moved to a position where she could watch both Rihen and the door.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-04-25, 07:34:26

The unexpected arrival of Rihen was a complication. Along with Skye, the three of them together was a strange reunion of his very first away mission, the first time he had ever stepped on a planet and truly put his immune system to the test. It also didn't help that he had slept with both women at one time or another, and that Skye's fierce protective streak saw her ready to throw down at the slightest moment of mistrust. The Lone Wolf at least had a solid idea about Rihen using the computer to try and gain access. She had been granted a degree of computer access, enough that she might be able to locate Thea's Mobile Emitter, if her access had not been blocked like his own.

"The computer systems work on a permissions level. It's possible the civilian access was missed when they were wiping out computer clearance. Can you try?" He looked to Rihen, asking her for aid. It was a difficult thing to ask, especially when the aid he offered her had led to her being screwed over in the end without so much as an explanation. This wasn't a time for spite, though, not when the ship was in the midst of a hostile takeover. "You might be the one shot we have, Rihen. Please, see if you can access the computer and locate Thea before they do something to her core programming that is beyond my ability to repair."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-27, 17:05:40

When the blonde fighter pilot let her pass, Rihen Neyah was slow to drop her hands - watching the woman out of the corner of her eye when she approached Lin Kae. Was she actually threatening to shoot her if she would... *hurt* the young man? She opened and closed her mouth a few times to try and give reassurances, to protest or to try and tell her that she was Risian, and they were a people of generosity - not of spite or violence. She doubted, however, if her words would make any kind of difference, so her attempts to find the right words to placate the fierce woman felt futile.

Lin Kae spoke to her instead, telling her what needed to be done, and she nodded slowly. It seemed the two were in a bit of a conundrum - locked out of the computer and looking for their lost hologram. She might originally have been a woman of hospitality and pleasures, later adding on some skill at tinkering with machinery, but she was not a fool. Well... at least not when she was sober. She had

often been susceptible to stupidity after a couple of shots back in the bar in Paradise City, but she'd never dare help the Starfleeters in Engineering if she was not at her full wits. As it were, she set about logging into the system, and her security clearance let her through without a hitch.

"I'm in," she said, and the graphics on the monitor cast its light upon her skin and her overalls, which rippled as she started her search commands - fingers moving with ease over the touch screen. "It seems I don't have access to the Theurgy's internal sensors, so I cannot find the hologram or her new emitter specifically. I can see, however, that the usual A.I. that I have worked with since I came aboard is offline. It... It seems like there is another computer interphase activated. A crude, outdated version, as far as I can tell. I... can see, however, when I try to access original version... I get the message that the access has been restricted to authorised personnel, and... and the message comes from something named 'Upper Computer Core'."

Lowering her gloved hands, she turned to Lin Kae. "I'm sorry, that's all I can do. At least from here," she said and tilted her head as she looked at him, which made her heterochromia stand out more, "Listen, you don't have to feel bad. Eve Jenkins told me about the Prime Directive, and while I don't fully understand it, it seems you had your reasons. I have not given up on Paradise City yet, but I suppose that unless I help fix whatever is wrong in Starfleet... it won't matter in the long run. I would like to look back on the time we spent together with fondness."

She smiled to Lin Kae then, that blinding, warm smile that seemed to warm the entire room. It was short-lived, since she came to think of something. "Oh! Perhaps I can restore your clearance as far as mine goes... Then you won't need me if you try to reach that place."

She turned back, but after a couple of seconds, she took a deep breath and shook her head. "No, I can't do that. I should have known that civilians can't give others security clearance. I suppose that means..." Rihen trailed off and glanced towards the fighter pilot, quite sure that she liked the idea as little as she did, "I suppose that means I have to come with you. Perhaps I could offer some kind of distraction to let you slip past some guards along the way..."

She did not realise how it sounded, even when she added, "I mean, they won't suspect me as much since I'm not a Starfleeter. They will likely just wave me by if I say I like that Vasser Captain better, right?"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-04, 13:45:20

It had not been easy to reach the turbolifts unseen, but as promised, Rihen had done her best to distract one of the search teams that had gotten in their way. While the engineer and the pilot had circled the team through another intersection, Rihen had been all smiles and generous warmth, chatting and flirting, and when it was time to be on her way, - spotting Kae and Skye further down the corridor - she had said goodbye with sweet promises and a wink.

After that, they had not run into anyone, and Rihen had just stepped out of the turbolift together with Skye Carver and Lin Kae when Carrigan Trent's speech began, and as they descended the curve of the corridor towards the Upper Computer Core, the man's words continued to follow them as they made their way there. Rihen knew Winterbourne from *Lohlunat*, and she paused for a moment when she heard the name - covering her mouth with her hand in shock to the news. Was Evelyn Rawley's half-brother dead?

[Now, I ask all of you to listen to me. This enemy we fight needs us, the ones aware of its existence, at each other's throat. It needs Starfleet to be riven with cracks and to lose all confidence in itself and

from the Federation at large. As such, so long as we remain Starfleet, so long as we remain true to our oaths and our procedures and regulations, we are strong! Vasser promises you what? Murder? Hiding? Forsaking everything you are? Look inside you! Look around you! To this vessel, to your shipmates!]

Unarmed and quite scared, Rihen walked with the holographic specialist and the fighter pilot - skittish and looking around each corner. The person on the intercom sounded confident, however, and while not being a Starfleeter, Rihen supposed that she had chosen the right side of this confusing conflict after all. In fact, how could she agree to methods such as Vasser's? For other reasons - none less compelling - how could she turn against the armed and suspicious Skye Carver? Regardless what people thought of Risians, she was no fool, and she would condone the rape of neither bodies nor minds. Looking towards the two Starfleeters briefly, she hoped that they would at some point trust her as well, even if she did not wear their suffocating uniforms.

[As advanced as the Theurgy is, she needs her crew! She needs all of you! Your friends and shipmates need you! If you are Starfleet, I ask you to remain at your posts and man your stations! I ask you to do your duty. If you are one of Vasser's accomplices, know that my first concern is to this ship and the enemy that hunts us. As such, I ask you at least not interfere with those who choose to do their duty as Starfleet personnel. But if deep inside you remember who and what you are, your assistance will be most welcome.]

He spoke singularly of Starfleet, and Rihen tuned out a little, but only to startle when she came face to face with Thea - standing in the middle of the corridor in the golden version of her body suit. "Oh!" she exclaimed, swallowing since apparently, there was a risk that Thea was not quite herself. "Hi there. We were looking for you. Are you... you?" she asked, not sure what to say.

[Those of you who choose to serve the Federation as you best know how, I am thankful for your duty and I will be honoured to command you for as long as is needed to resolve this crisis.]

Thea's face did not move a muscle. She looked between Lin Kae, Skye Carver and Rihen with a dispassionate expression - as if she was some kind of robot. The A.I. appeared as unarmed as she lacked words. Her brown eyes lingered on Lin Kae, as if he stood out to her. Which was kind of obvious, with him being the ships' holographic wizard, after all. Rihen stayed away, not about to take any chances if the A.I. was reprogrammed, just like Trent had said the Harbinger crew had been altered in their minds. The hologram finally spoke up, facing the three of them with shoulders squared.

"Lieutenant Lin," she said with voice like a flat stone tossed their way, "You may proceed to the Upper Computer Core."

[This is Lieutenant-Commander Trent, interim commanding officer. All stations, all departments: close up and report readiness!]

Rihen took a step forward with a smile, relieved that the hologram was herself. Yet Thea stepped in front of her. "Neither of you two may pass," she said, looking towards Skye Carver as well, "One step closer and the threat of your presence will be neutralised. You will be detained in wait for a hearing with Captain T'Rena, upon which time you will be enlightened."

Oh, no... Were they to late?

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-30, 15:26:46

[Living Quarters | Deck 08 | 1300 hrs.]

On the floor of the quarters laid the body of Selena Ravenholm, her cybernetic limbs sprawled wide by her fall. The dataport at the back of her neck was opened, and a cable coiled itself across her body. At the end of the cable lay a spherical object. A mobile emitter, inactivated, yet a voice could be heard from its crude speaker.

"This is Thea, is anyone there?" it said, the non-reverberant sound of the small speaker not emitting any low audio frequencies - making the voice sound flat and digital. Not loud enough to be heard through walls. "A copy of my A.I. is stored in this emitter and while I am unable to access key systems, I may be able to restore power to my pasitronic brain core again with the use of my projection. If anyone hears this, you must remove the cable to activate this emitter. Please, I have been made aware of what is going on aboard, and Declan Vasser must be stopped."

While the small speaker emitted the voice of the A.I., the civilian programmer just lay there, lifeless in the wake of the battle they had fought. Thea had no eyes to see the body with. She did not even know if Ravenholm was still alive, but if she was, Thea hoped that the implants in the human's head had been accessed in time before the link had been severed, and that the human had come to see the error of her ways. Chances were Ravenholm was dead, but until that could be determined, all Thea could do was to try and call out for attention - not liking the odds of someone actually hearing her. Nonetheless, she couldn't do anything else than keep trying.

"This is Thea, can anyone read me? I am..."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-03-01, 05:37:31

The hacker lay on the floor and her eyes began to flutter open. She had been awakened by a voice. She wasn't even sure of the voice much less the words as the visor over her eyes began to come to life dimming the world before her overly sensitive cybernetic enhanced eyes. She felt a pain in her neck. something that ached and throbbed. she reached back touching it and winced in pain as she felt fingers touching raw blistered flesh that seemed burned, fused to something coming out of her neck. "The hell?" she thought horrors about the stories of Borg's tactics of assimilation crossing her mind wondering if she had become conscious mid process only to learn of her horrors only before having her individuality stripped away to become part of the hive mind.

She closed her eyes and began to focus more think where the soreness was. where the burn was and recalled the location was her own computer link port. Burns at the link port, whatever she was linked to must have had an electrical surge. That would explain the burns and why flesh seemed fused to the cord. She would have to have medical remove her data access port which had obviously been destroyed in the surge and build herself a new port. Wouldn't be too hard of a process really less complex surgery for medical even than the widely common visor implant surgery for the blind. If she could get to her quarters she could probably just program in the implants parts into the replicator and have it built in an hour. an hour. With that thought she wondered what time it was and had the visor pull up a chronometer readout. looking at the time she tried to access her back up memory knowing her last memories were from hours earlier. She hardly ever kept her tertiary memory unit that out of date, especially not prior to linking with something with a surge risk.

She began putting the pieces of the puzzle together. Burned out data link connector, Memory restored to point in past more out of date than usual. last memories are on harbinger and I appear to be on the theurgy based on the location readout she just pulled up on her visor. Reaching back she gently tugged on the cord and found it wasn't coming out. 'Damn,' she thought 'Gonna have to cut the

cable loose its fused to my skin by burns.' Burns and....probable concussion she thought. Memory in Backup memory unit is empty and unit appears inoperable now must have been a full emergency memory dump. Probably from the surge, Immediately she thought of the kinds of injuries that she could have sustained the least of which included mild concussion symptoms the worst of which she didn't even want to consider knowing in the worst case scenario with a surge she could have essentially been electrically lobotomized. for now she settled on the likelihood of her throbbing headache aside from the burn being the symptoms of her brain treating the memory dump like a concussion.

The mystery of the missing hours solved as a concussion like situation she focused on the voice. and allowed herself to wake into the real world letting her augmented cybernetically altered sensors tune things correctly to the best approximation of the norm for a human. As the volume leveled she began to hear the voice of the Theurgy's computer. Following the trail of the cord fused into her neck she noticed the mobile emitter and stared in shock. She had been accessing Thea's core consciousness? But why? wait a surge. "Thea!" she gasped with immediate worry hoping that the emitter wasn't damaged as she grabbed it examining it. she examined the sphere and sighed. Thank whoever is out there, there was no apparent damage.

"Thea its Ravenholm. I don't know why we were connected but I seem to have experienced a major electrical surge from your holo emitter. My data link cable implant is fried and my backup memory unit seems to have been activated and is now inoperable as well. On visual inspection Your Mobile emitter appears to be undamaged. I am disconnecting the link cable from the emitter's port Please delay automated activation and await activation command." She disconnected the link plug from the emitter and stepped back. "Thea, activate from the mobile emitter." she said as she let the cable dangle from her head knowing the only way to remove it would be cutting the cord thank goodness she was with Thea, the AI could probably easily create a holographic knife to cut the cable off so at least it wouldn't be getting in the way. More importantly maybe Thea could tell her what in the hell was going on that put them together linked in this room.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-06, 03:01:31

Thea had fallen silent when Ravenholm's voice was heard, falling back into a defensive mode of operation where she did not want to repeat the battle she had just fought. It seemed, however, that the concern she heard was genuine from what little she could derive from the audio input. She was granted plenty of information to process even before the cable was removed from the emitter, so when Ravenholm had distanced herself and said it was ok to project herself, Thea did.

"Energising."

The anti-gravity units in the device raised the emitter from the floor - making it levitate at the centre point of her projection. The emitter then created a holographic field bubble equal to the maximum amount of volume and reach that Thea herself could take up in any direction. As the holographic field matrix activated, Thea's form appeared, obscuring the emitter from sight. She stood there in her golden chameleon body suit; her cautiousness activating sub-routines from her Security programming. She locked eyes with Ravenholm immediately, and while she did not raise her guard or signal any promise of bodily action, her perfectly still stance seemed to suggest sudden movement even more than a combative stance might.

"You were not yourself. I activated your backup memory to try and restore you," she said, not yet going into the details about how that hadn't been as easy as it sounded. "What is the last thing you remember?"

In order to brief Selena, Thea had to know how much of a backlog she had to communicate. Also, it would grant her more time to study the human and see if she showed any signs of still being at the mercy of T'Rena's mind-meld. At the same time, she had to be effective about it too, since judging from the data package that she had downloaded, Captain Vasser had already assumed command together with the former Master Acolyte.

If such was the case, Captain Ives Commander Rez were already in the Brig, and the Harbinger personnel had seized the majority of the ship. Her pasitronic brain had been inactivated and she - the ship - was running on the subroutines of the backup Federation computer program. Thea was marooned from her own physical body, merely existing through the emitter and its unique storage capacity and duplicate processors.

It was an otherworldly feeling, to be disconnected from her own systems and not knowing all the minute data that was usually flowing through her background processes. She did not like it at all... being as disembodied as she were. She suppose this was what humans and other organics felt all the time, but that did not make it any easier for her to cope with.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-03-07, 01:50:28

She nodded, " My most recent "restored" memories took place according to the backup data imprint at just before 1100 hrs. Based on current visor chronometer readings It is currently 1300 hrs of the same day. I appear to have a non recovered space of 2 hrs. Highly irregular," she considered. "my memory backup system usually sets a backup point once every quarter hour."

She conentrated for a moment still suffering from the excruciating headache her memories after the joint senior staff meeting being a bit fuzzier than the rest. "The last completely clear memory I have is shortly after the senior staff meeting this morning. Since i knew I was going back to the Harbinger I made sure to create a manual "restore point" just in case something unexpected happened upon returning to my home ship.

"I have fuzzy memories after this point fragmented I guess a good analogue for you would be corrupted files that only fragments are able to be deciphered from." She concentrated a moment trying to piece it all together through the blinding headache hearing a memory of a voice in her head. "Yes. I returned to the Harbinger I was on the bridge and the XO informed me that she needed to inform me of something regarding our mission to the Starbase. I went into the room she began saying something...something about the mission being too risky. Then... it all goes blank. Sorry I have no memories after that point in time not even fragments. I think I can hear a voice afterwards but I don't know if ts a memory of me speaking, or someone speaking to me." Sorry if that's not much help." she said wishing she had some way to fill in the gaps.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-10, 02:31:21

Standing still, Thea listened to what Selena could tell her about the last moments that she remembered before her memory turned blank. If the story was anything, it was a verification that Ravenholm had likely been mind-melded by T'Rena in the XO Ready Room on the Harbinger. This, added with the data package that Ravenholm had uploaded to the mobile emitter while she was linked to it all gave Thea a fairly good idea about what was going on. More so than Ravenholm, for certain, since she obviously didn't know the peril they were in, and what needed to be done.

There was no call for immediate caution in the civilian's presence anymore. Therefore, Thea's

chameleon body suit changed to the teal colour of Starfleet Medical and stepped around Ravenholm's back. "Please hold still and listen carefully," she said and raised her hands to brush away the back of her hair so that she could inspect her fried dataport. She fingered the area with great care to not cause too much pain, and she spoke of what she knew while she attended to the injury. "As of 1200 hrs. today, Captain Vasser has overtaken the command of the Theurgy, and Captain Ives is in the Brig together with Commander Rez. T'Rena is now..."

And while Thea explained all the plans for the overtaking - since she only had the data package to work with in her narration - she also tried to detach the cable from the back of Ravenholm's neck. Unfortunately, she had no such success. At least not without proper medical equipment or engineering tools. She decided to cut the cord a couple of inches away from the data port, and did so with the sharp edge of the forcefield that her mobile emitter created, this in shape of a serrated knife. As she sawed, she finished talking about what she knew. "...so if Vasser and T'Rena was successful, then the crew still loyal to Ives is being rounded up and subjected to the mind-melds of all Vulcans present, since they would be the first to be targeted. Moreover, it would seem that I have no access to my systems, so you were successful in deactivating my Ship A.I. and replacing it with the backup Federation computer. Furthermore, you locked out the Senior Staff from computer access. You have also disabled the entire ship's holo- and forcefield emitters, this merely to keep me from projecting myself with their help. You even managed to steal my mobile emitter, knowing that a copy of me was stored inside. Then we fought, and after I defeated you by activating your memory storage, we woke up in this room."

Walking back to stand in front of Ravenholm, Thea carried the end of the severed cable and the serrated blade in her other hand. "If we are to help Captain Ives, and learn how far along Vasser and T'Rena are with the hostile takeover, then we need to access the main computer core and re-activate me. As it is, with this stand-alone emitter, I have no access, and I cannot foresee any resistance en-route."

Dropping the severed cable on the floor, Thea was being entirely pragmatic, not letting her emotions overcome her. There was more to be said about Vasser and his plans, but they needed to start moving first. "Do you have any additional suggestions or priorities? We need to move now, and restore the ship to Captain Ives before my daughter finds us. If she does, I will be destroyed, and we are all dead."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-03-10, 06:04:03

Selena listened nodding, "well that at least does explain the suspicions I had before this." she said thinking about the truth of it all. "I'm really surprised i didn't put it together on my own but I guess it's as they say and hindsight's 20/20." She said looking around and running her hand over the small length that was tethered to her burned out port. "The mind meld theory does make sense. Especially considering the information I have on "Captain" T'Rena. A master acolyte such as her would theoretically be able to use a mind meld to change a person's motivations and moral standards to what would be needed to essentially brain wash them to do as she wishes. As such I think the best idea would be for me to continue to act as if I am still under her whims. I will need to know everything about my mannerisms during the time you saw me changed to accomplish this. More importantly given what you just told me about what i was attempting to do I think it would be for the best if we lead them into believing the mission was a success."

She paused a moment. her head throbbing for a moment as a whisper made itself apparent again. it was like a worm within her mind, a drill boring into her brain. It was becoming far more apparent to Selena what the voice was. Whatever effects the mind meld had were not fully gone. The Vulcan had

a place in Selena's mind and was not going to stay pushed aside forever. Knowing that time was limited in this way as well Selena continued. "Given that apparently I was operating on my own path of actions my next step in the mission would most likely be to report in that the Thea Holographic Entity and her mobile emitter has been captured and reprogrammed. My next action would be to take the reprogrammed Theurgy entity to the main computer core and upload it to replace the makeshift standard AI systems currently running. She cringed for a moment. There's one problem with using that sequence to our advantage. If I did things as I usually would then the Main computer itself is encrypted to prevent others from reprogramming it. Given that there is always the possibility of a resistance movement in any takeover I would counter the chance of attempting to reinstate previous command parameters by locking down the computer in such a way that only I would be able to access it. Given the risk of death in the mission and my state of apparent loyalty at the time to Vasser's mission I most likely would have provided an override of my lockouts to my superiors."

She looked towards Thea concentrating a moment, "I believe the best course of action would be to take refuge in a combination of the arrogance of our enemies and their reliance on the work I was supposed to have done. I would suggest we act as if I have succeeded in reprogramming you. First we contact my "superiors" requesting one of their presences at the main computer core. I will explain that I provided them access but did not give that access to my self under possibility of capture. If you act like you indeed are reprogrammed as I was attempting to reprogram you and I do not give them reason to believe anything odd happened then we should be given the necessary means to reactivate your systems and give you access to your full access to systems."

"If I executed my mission as I assume I would, then I probably just sectored off the Theurgy prototype AI interface in the core and defaulted the computer to running on a default Starfleet computer interface. Most likely all I should have to do to restore you to your proper operations will be to just reinstate the copy of your AI already in the computer since it most likely is a copy made at the very moment that I begun my work. If all else fails we can still resort to a plan B of active resistance and attempting to fight our way to the main computer and with your data processing speeds and my knowledge of hacking secure systems the two of us should be able to "crack" our way past whatever security systems I put in place in order to force the computer to restore your old AI systems or if that fails we can resort to a manual memory dump from your emitter which should also contain the original command access file systems and your own personality as well thereby placing Ives and his senior staff back in command of you."

She smiled finishing based on the information given. "I believe given our current situation using an active resistance would most likely be best left as a backup plan and letting them think you are "their" Thea would probably be advantageous for the both of us. Do you have any objections to this plan?"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-16, 02:45:06

Listening to Selena, Thea considered the situation and what might be the best course of action. It did seem like Selena's idea to play along as if they were both acting according to the mutineers' plan held a lot of merit. There were too many outlying factors considering the fact that she did not have access to her internal sensors and did not know how easy the path to the Main Computer Core would be, but in theory, deception was preferable to active resistance.

"Agreed," she said and walked towards the exit of the quarters, "Let us leave now and you can contact the Captain or the Commodore en-route. I suggest we make haste, and while the odds are unknown, we might be able to activate and restore me to full working capacity."

She would have resequenced her projected image to carry her phaser - the one Lin Kae had made for

her - but the problem was that there were no projectors to carry the beams beyond the sphere of her emitter field - security protocols inactive or not. If she found a phaser, she would gladly arm herself, but for the time being, she would have to manage without any weaponry. If things turned out as planned, she would not have any need for a weapon.

At least not until she came face to face with the leaders of the mutiny.

Since Selena probably did not know what code she had used to lock the door that was in their way, Thea opened the control panel and removed a couple of chips from it. Then she pried and pushed the sliding doors apart with the strength of her fine-calibrated forcefields, and she soon led their way into the corridor. There was no one to be seen. "All clear. There is no need to act any other way than usual. Your behaviourism was the same as when you approached me yesterday for the first time, if only a bit more... despotic when you were challenged. Don't over-sell it, so to speak, and you should be fine. Go ahead. Make the call."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-03-16, 04:35:24

Selena nodded as she watched Thea work and listened to her assessment of the plan. "Good, I will not have to act much. Sounds like I was acting as I would if I were given freedom to accomplish said objective via my own means. I apologize that you had to experience what I am like when someone is in between me and my objectives. Still, sounds like I just need to make sure they believe I feel that my personal objectives are still those they have previously made me believe are my own." she said assessing her current circumstances.

She took note of her location by getting taking a look at the corridor markings identifying their current location. "Deck 8 we appear to be in one of the nearest living quarters to the Holographics labs. Shouldn't be too difficult to make our way to the main computer core as it's on this very deck."

On her way towards the nearby turbolift the cybernetically augmented human taped her com badge. "Comadore Vasser, Captain T'Rena; I apologize for my extended silence. I have just finished successfully reconfiguring Thea. The updated AI interface is with me and we are on Deck 8 on route to the Deck 5 -- upper -- computer core." I have locked out all others from accessing the core aside from the two of you. I will need one of you to personally grant me access to the core in order for me to re-upload Thea. Thea's Mobile emitter is functioning perfectly and she is responding in accordance to my reprogramming. Ravenholm out."

Selena sighed knowing that was done and finally realized that Thea was severely lacking a means to assist if things got hot. She then smiled relieved as she touched her hip having forgotten about the type two that she had been given for the mission to supplement her own weapon. She took the phaser and handed it to Thea. "I always seem to forget when someone gives me one of these things to carry. So used to my paralyzer that I forget about these things when they give me one." She said shrugging, "Thea, you may as well go into security mode, We better not risk letting you get recaptured after all. she said already adopting the act fully.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-16, 16:15:00

Her digital mind fully focused on the resolution of the mutiny and restoring herself to full access, Thea did not comment when she accepted the hand phaser from Selena. She nodded in confirmation to the suggestion and her chameleon body-suit switched to the golden security colour just as the turbo-lift doors opened for them.

"Apology accepted," she said as they stepped inside, and she deftly checked the power cells in the acquired weapon and altered her stance - one side forward and the phaser held low in a double-handed grip. "Sorry for popping your implants." Her eyes weren't blinking, the double meaning of her words lost on her because she was activating the same kind of close-quarters combat, targeting and covert tactics software that she had used when she fought during the Niga Incident. And, ironically, when she had fought Selena Ravenholm one hour ago.

Yet this time, they were not in a simulation. A fact that Thea was very much aware of; that what happened was very real. Her pasitronic brain was shut down, and she was only running on the same kind of processors; hardware that Lin Kae replicated on Nimbus III and installed into the emitter. Prototype photonic memory banks housed her projection and its critical software on the emitter, added with the data relevant to her personae - the data necessary without wireless access to the ship's neural network and databases. The reason why her tactical software was installed was because Lin Kae had done so in preparation for her to board the Calamity - something she had yet to divulge for Ravenholm because she did not know if Captain Ives would sanction the incursion. In fact, she did not even know if Captain Ives was still alive.

After the turbo-lift doors closed, T'Rena answered - her voice heard from Selena's combadge.

[This is Captain T'Rena,] she said, the background noise of her halcyone voice betraying that she was also moving, [Unless Commodore Vasser does so first, I'm authorising access as soon as I reach a control panel. I am currently engaged in combat with one of the resistance cells. Stand by.] From the static of the combadge, there came distinct sounds of phaser fire. Then running, shuffling, grappling noises. Panicked gasping. Bones breaking. Screaming. A muffled voice overriding the cries. [My thoughts... to your thoughts... My mind...]

Then the audio-feed cut.

The sounds had made Thea's emotional data-feed bog down tactical runtimes. She swallowed and glanced towards Selena, not commenting but feeling powerless to assist her crew - not even able to see what was happening through her internal sensors. She was blind, relying on what her digital eyes saw, and estimating the damage already done on lacking data.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-03-20, 07:08:25

the double entendre was lost on the augment as she looked around trying to come up with various alternate plans in case their mission was not so easily accomplished. Now that they were walking to the turbolift she had a moment again to think and contemplate but her head seemed to pound all over. She grabbed at her head and steadied her hand on the turbo-lift wall as the door shut.

"This is Captain T'Rena, Unless Commodore Vasser does so first, I'm authorizing access as soon as I reach a control panel. I am currently engaged in combat with one of the resistance cells. Stand by... ... My thoughts... to your thoughts... My mind..."

Hearing those words Selena gripped her head as a surge of raw thought seemed to cascade through her brain causing her head to pound as it never had before. Selena was down to a knee and was doubled over in pain the pain was so intense she began heaving before the little food she had ate that morning came surging upwards and was soon splattered over the turbolift floor. SHE was cringing in pain and... something else her eyes squeezed shut as she mumbled angrily whispered to herself. "NO...Get the fuck out of my head! Out...OUT! You green blooded slut, GET OUT!" she screamed loudly as she heaved again a mixture of bile and stomach acid joining the already present mess on the

turbolift floor.

When she finally looked up again her eyes were completely bloodshot. "Thea, I don't think we got rid of her completely." she said knowing that speed was now more imperative than ever before as the part of her, or the combination of herself and the Vulcan ice queen, who had attacked Thea before was still somewhere within her mind trying to push itself back up to the surface.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-20, 22:32:35

Surprise may not have been the most common of Thea's reactions, but it was nonetheless what happened when Chief Ravenholm doubled over and vomited upon the floor of the turbolift. Thea took a step aside and crouched down, laying a hand on the human's back as she heaved. Her security subroutines may have been active, but that made her not completely emotionless to the programmer's plight. The catalyst had evidently been T'Rena's voice, and the words she screamed confirmed it.

When the episode had passed, the turbolift chirped and opened its doors for them. They were on Deck 05, and there was no alternative but to continue. Thea leaned out with her phaser raised to check the corridor in both directions. There were no movements, so she put her shoulder underneath Selena's closest arm and helped her move on. She had noticed how shaken Selena was, but there was nothing to be done about the problem.

"Your memories were restored from a point before you were subjected to the mind-meld," she said and kept her eyes along the sights of her phaser - held before herself in a one-handed grip since she helped Selena to keep on moving, "but the synaptic pattern displacement that the Vulcan mind-meld creates is still in effect. The vertigo you feel is your mind not being able to make sense of what you know and how you should act with that knowledge. These things are connected, but that connection was severed since you do not know why you should act like T'Rena showed you - the memory of her imposed logic now lost. You cannot ground your thoughts in knowledge."

There were new sounds coming from the corridor behind them.

Whirling around on her feet, doing her best to help Selena turn with her, Thea saw the search party coming out of an intersection they had just passed while she had been speaking. Four of them, armed with rifles. Her targeting program was activated, distance calculated along with their speed of movement. Yet Thea did not fire. She did not know how to best convince the group to leave them be. It was Selena that had to act as if she was on top of things. The Ship A.I. hoped she could muster the strength despite the condition she was in.

"What's going on?" one of them asked, frowning as they drew closer - rifles raised since Thea had her phaser trained on them. She decided to wait on Selena's choice. The odds that she could drop all four of them before they returned fire was 70,464 %. At the barest signal seen in her peripheral vision, she would open fire.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-03-23, 05:19:35

As soon as she heard the voices down the hallway Selena was snapped back into a need for composure and walked out of the turbolift. Looking down the hallway she saw the approaching group. She only recognized one of them but it was enough to make her pretty sure what side they were on. "Ah, Jamelson, good to see you!" she said in a relieved way to the Engineering Lieutenant JG who by the rank pips was the Most senior member of the party despite the other gold shirt being the speaker from a few moments ago.

The quartet was a strange group if ever she saw one. Of the four the clearly most uneasy with the type three was a blue shirted extremely young male Denobulan ensign. Selena could only guess that he must have been a fresh graduate from the academy when he had been placed on the Harbinger and judging by the hypospray on a holster where a type two phaser would normally be it could be guessed that he was likely a medical officer conscripted into the taking of the Theurgy as a field medic for the other three.

Despite being the greenest of the group by rank the Red shirted Human crewman seemed in her element, 'Probably someone from the tactical end of the command-conn branch' she thought noticing how she seemed to carry the type three with that same loose hold that an overly green security Petty Officer who has never seen combat would. It was too obvious she was overly excited to see actual combat. by certain gleam in her eyes despite the obvious run-ins with resistance.

The one she recognized was an engineering officer who she had assigned as one of the lead members of the Harbinger's engineering team. He was a bit young looking to already be a Lieutenant JG and most thought him a prodigy in the engineering field based on his work but the assumption was far from the reality. Jamelson was an El-Aurian. A member of a race of long lived slightly empathic aliens who seemed to have a well...different way of looking at time-space than most other humanoids. Most notable among their traits was aside from them appearing identical to humans aside from the long lifespans. They were known as a race of listeners. Jamelson was no different; he rarely rushed into a decision and weighed every option the way only a seasoned engineer would. In fact the reason she knew him so well was that he was the one who had lead the engineering team who had constructed the cloaking device for the harbinger which she had programmed. Needless to say they knew each other and among the quartet he was the ranking officer.

Despite Jameson being the ranking officer the man on point was a tall, gruff, middle-aged, Catian male with the Insignia of a C.P.O. By the scars that could be seen through his furred face it was obvious he had seen hand to hand combat before and by the bit of--still red--blood staining his security gold uniform it was more than clear he had seen action very recently and was probably still a bit on edge and ready to shoot first and ask questions later. It was also clear despite his rank being lower since this was a military operation he was likely the boss in this outfit. "I said What's going on, I ain't repeating myself a third time." he said again pointing the phaser at Selena not caring about whatever reunion she had with the Engineer.

Selena looked back at him sternly. Her cold partially artificial eyes locking onto his knowing the best idea was to throw her own weight as senior staff around a bit and make it more than clear that it was obvious that to the Captain and Commodore that her own mission was far more important than whatever they were doing here. "Sor-ree," she said indignantly "I had assumed by the rank pips that I was speaking to the one in charge here. I assumed you must be here on Captain's orders to escort us to the computer core on this deck." she said with an air of superiority assuming the quartet were now hers to order around as essentially bodyguards to assure their successful voyage to the main computer core. She continued now giving orders to the quartet. "Jameson, you got rear guard, Red, Medic you are on our right and left, Fuzzy, you still have point. My last communique from Captain T'rena was cutoff by enemy fire and I don't plan on letting anyone get in the way of our mission. Objective is the main entrance to the computer core. T'rena has authorized entrance to myself and Thea only so once we get there I want you to establish a post at the door until I have completed uploading Thea's updated operating parameters to the main systems drive. Time's crucial so lets move it." She said drawing her Paralyzer and moving forwards towards the direction of the systems core expecting her point man to take the hint and jump to the job taking the lead and assure there was

no opposition in their way as they neared the first corridor intersection in their path. It was clear though by the way she held the pistol like weapon she was more than prepared to not let a lagging behind security officer slow her down and would clear the corridors of opposition if that's what it took to get Thea to the objective point.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-28, 14:49:35

When Selena chose deception over action, Thea lowered her hand phaser a little bit. Her eyes shifted between the four mutineers during the exchange, the time required to raise her phaser and shoot nominal, but as the Harbinger personnel began to form up as suggested, the Ship A.I. was confident that the authority that Chief Ravenholm had held on the Akira-class ship remained a deciding factor for them in the chaotic circumstances they had all found themselves in. As certain as they might have been that T'Rena and Vasser were right, they still had trouble sorting their like-minded from the Ives loyalists. Perhaps they were prone to suggestion just to make it easy on themselves?

"Hold on, why should I take point?" snarled the Catian. "Let the hologram lead the way."

Then again, perhaps not.

"Because your superior officer gave you an order, Chief Petty Officer Ghaan," said Thea, and did not add any emotional inflection to her statement. At least not beyond the flat stare she gave the middle-aged creature. She knew the name from her database, having downloaded personnel files of the Harbinger's crew manifest. If she'd had access to their medical journals and DNA, she would have known which one of them raped and murdered Narik Cinsaj that morning, but at least she could derive their names from the limited data she had on them all.

"She is not Starfleet, and you are not even real," said Ghaan, baring pointed teeth.

"She is a Provisional Chief Warrant Officer and head of both Engineering and Operations," said Thea in a monotonous tone, and then she stepped forward, loading protocols for close quarters combat. She caught the muzzle of Ghaan's assault rifle when he raised it against her, and she wrenched the whole weapon backwards, along with the Catian's arm. Ghaan fell on his back with a loud thud, unarmed and disoriented, and before he got new ideas, Thea held him in check with his own rifle. "And if I am not real, how come I can pluck your whiskers and shove them down your throat if I wanted to?"

Lin Kae had freed her, given her free choice. Unshackled her to act in the best interest of the crew and the mission, no more a slave to her software restrictions. She had never expected to use that quite so blatantly, but she had to restore order. She had to restore her Captain to command.

Ghaan seemed to weigh his options, but with a resigned sound, he spread his furry hands in surrender - not quite meeting Thea's or Selena's eye. In a way, curiosity had killed the cat.

"Take point," said Thea and did not hand back the rifle to Ghaan when he got up, instead giving him the smaller phaser. "Captain T'Rena and Commodore Vasser needs me restored to full functionality before the resistance can organise themselves. Move it."

Only then were they off, with the added difficulty to keep their company in the dark about what they were really up to.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-03-28, 18:16:21

Selena could not help but admire the efficiency of Thea's work as they began moving down the corridor properly. "Thank you Thea, I'm glad someone here understands chain of command." she shifted her attention to Ghann and began speaking in a cold crisp air of authority, "As for why you are on point and she is protected rather than at risk of return fire, It is quite simple. I disabled the main computer by removing Thea and replacing her with the default interface. I can not risk damage to her mobile emitter and therefore all of us are her bodyguards. It is imperative to the mission that no damage befalls her emitter and therefore I can not risk placing her at the more dangerous position of point even if she would be far more suited for it given her ability to process and react to danger. To put it bluntly All of our lives are worth less than this Hologram for the moment, including mine." she then added with cold precision. "And, If you wish to argue the specifics of my orders further I will have Thea deal with you the same way that The Captain has made it clear that any and all resistance of low future value to our mission should be dealt with."

Their march continued down the corridor until they came to a intersection, "Hold, Switch to high stun settings." she said quietly, "I don't want to risk killing anyone important who the captain might want to convert to our cause."

Ghann did so reluctantly questioning for a moment the way that Selena had threatened him with possible execution moments before but then felt the need to ask them to not kill potential actual threats. Soon he had stepped forwards and began to check the two side corridors seeing no one. "Its clear" he said" returning to formation.

Selena nodded, "looks like we have three more intersections before getting to the right room entrance." she said looking at the corridor markings on the wall indicating their position.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-30, 15:26:46

As she walked in the middle of the formation, Thea looked at the back of the cybernetics-enhanced woman through the tresses of her own hair, and she processed how though it had to be for Selena to look so collected and certain about her actions when her mind was - in reality - completely split between the motivations of the mind-meld and what her own rationale urged her to do. Facts were not so plain to organics as they were to Thea, and she could not imagine how she would act if she could not adhere to her facts as stoically as she did.

The Ishtar Incident came to mind, where her temporarily organic mind and body had been at the mercy of the alien entity. Perhaps it was something like that for Chief Ravenholm, and if it was, she was handling herself far better than Thea had.

"All clear," said Ghaan again at the next intersection, and then he turned to face Selena and Thea - the other three remaining alert. He was curling his upper lip in thought, making his whiskers twitch. "It was you who destroyed the holoemitter network when the Commodore and the Captain seized this ship, right? That was over an hour ago, and you could not have done that without disabling the A.I."

The Chief Petty Officer tilted his head, fingering his hand phaser as he regarded Ravenholm with a new-found realisation. "So why have you not already uploaded the copy on that emitter? T'Rena has been making enquiries about your whereabouts over the comm. The last hour, we have been rooting out resistance cells, loosing people. That A.I. would have dealt with the resistance in minutes. Instead, I lost my female down in the Flight Hangar. Why did you take so long?"

Ghaan seemed every bit as angry as before, but now, Thea supposed he had his reasons.

"If you had not married, she'd still be alive." Ghaan bared his teeth at Selena, still fingering his phaser. "She'd been the mother of my children in the beginning of the new era."

Thea still did not have access to internal sensors, but if what he said was true, then the same might be true for a lot of people that lost their lives during the hostile takeover. In truth, all the time that Thea had been trapped in her emitter, she had not been able to stop the hostilities, so the blame lay on her. Thea stopped her emotions from overloading her processor and observed without comment, rifle lowered at her side. Alert to any sudden movements from Ghaan or down both ways in the intersection.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-03-31, 03:16:56

Selena looked into his eyes, "What I did in disabling the Emitters and Removing Thea's independent self from the computer was to prevent her from being able to choose to aide the original Theurgy crew. Think about it, look at the level of choice that Thea has, With her it wasn't as simple as just flipping a few switches. I had to reprogram her with a set of parameters altering her personality much in the same way that all of us who needed convincing had to be shown the truth by our captain. She has as much advanced subroutines regarding choices as any living being does. She would have undoubtedly sided with those she has bonded with." she paused a moment as she sighed understanding his side of things.

"Also In case you cant tell I had a lot of difficulties rewriting just her mobile emitter's personality files to cooperate with the new order of things. If I had this much difficult with just the version of her on the mobile emitter imagine how much worse it would have been to alter her code with her having the resources of the power plant of a starship to resist my alterations with. If I would'a tried to alter her via the core she could'a sent a surge of electricity through me so powerful the coroner would have to call the cause of death spontaneous combustion. then thea would have known what we were up to and could'a brought her full might to bear against our infiltrating forces. T'rena was very clear in her orders. I know there were some minor faults and I had my own disagreements but unlike you I have been smart enough not to voice my dissension to the plan."

Shortly after saying this her com badge chimed and the Commadore's voice came over it. "Excellent work, Ravenholm. You will have my authorization to access the core,"

She tapped the badge. "Acknowledged Commadore, Ravenholm out"

She then sighed, "I apologize that you lost someone you care for. I believe most all of us have no matter which crew we came from. As for where I had been I was reprogramming Thea. My entire waking mind was dedicated to the task through a direct cybernetic link with her emitter. During this time I had to reprogram her then run several tests to make sure she wasn't trying to lie to me and pretending to be reprogrammed. Imagine if she had been pretending and I went and uploaded her to the core. Fat load of good all my work would do if an Ives loyalist Thea booted up and attempted to retake her body for him and his crew." she said before walking over to one of the holo emitters built into the corridor wall. opening up the emitters structure she couldnt help but smile noticing the obvious damage. "Speaking of burning out the emitters you should be happy to know the emitters can be reenabled rather easially. Each one of them has a single overloaded iso chip that is easily replaced." she pulled the burned out chip and tossed it to the engineer. Confirm for me that's a EH-5 controller iso right?

The engineer looked at the chip. For a moment, he hesitated looking over the specific design before taking out a tricorder for just a moment scanning it. "Confirmed Boss, looks like the emitter burned it

like a laser. I could do a quick soldier and make it work but it would probably just be faster to mass replicate replacements and have the teams paroling the corridors replace the chips as they go about their rounds. the engineer quickly opened up a bag that he had been carrying with him I guess he had been sent with the group to do any essential repairs he came across. "Here he said holding out the needed replacement. These damn Holo emitters have always been the worst about burning out from surges. First ship I was on with an EMH would burn out these things every time we fought one of those Cardassian warships. I thought with EMH's being put in all ships they fixed that problem though."

She nodded, "It "was" fixed, I mimicked the same problem though to disable the shipwide projection grid obviously. I knew that any engineer worth his or her salt would have a couple spares with them in their basic repair kits. So even if I had not survived altering Thea It would be possible to restore the holo projection system. On of you would crack one open and see the damage easily." she said making up a logical story not knowing why she had done it but knowing at least this BS method would make sense to the engineer who really was the one she needed to fool.

She then looked at the new chip and inserted it into the place she had pulled it from. before pressing a few commands into the wall console. She smiled seeing the emitter flash to life and project a holographic Federation insignia showing that the projector was indeed working again. The emitter turned back off and she nodded.seeing the small pinpoint of light on the inside of the emitter the taletale sign that even though it was not projecting it was indeed operational unlike all the others. "You can tell the engineers what repairs are needed to bring the projectors back up to working order." she said to him. "On second thought You can tell security medical and pretty much everyone since the repair is so easy. If everyone start's installing them on their rounds as we round up resistance we can just have an army of Security Thea's roaming the corridors soon as the both the emitter is repaired and I have this copy of Thea uploaded."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-04, 00:21:36

Thea listened when Chief Ravenholm defended her lateness in accomplishing her mission in full, and remained where she was in the entourage that was heading towards the computer core. She moved her eyes towards Selena when she went out of her way to demonstrate the ease in which the crew could restore the holographic projection grid on the ship, trying to catch the hidden meaning.

It was crucial to turn suspicion into trust if they were to reach their destination, so the proof that she had made achievements besides the fact that Thea had not been turned over to Declan Vasser yet did serve its purpose, but in that regard, the fact that Vasser himself contacted her via her combadge served to allay a few more suspicions than her demonstration alone might. Ghaan had a lot of emotions pent up in regard to the loss of his partner, and Selena had happened to get in his cross-hairs. Thea estimated that the likelihood that he would turn his rage elsewhere had increased by 32,349 % when she was finished.

"Of course, the security force made in my image would not be me beyond their resemblance, therefore I suggest we make haste," she said, and when a few looks that suggested confusion turned her way, she made an addendum. "They would not have the sophistication of my own programming, merely being the equivalence of holographic characters from the holodeck set upon the mission of dealing with the resistance. Still, lacking a pasitronic brain, they would be the able to assist our cause in their own right."

Ghaan looked between Selena and Thea, the scales of his mind deciding on whether to pursue the matter further. Yet Thea's argument about not lingering further spoke to him, and in the end, he turned

around and raised his phaser in the direction they were heading. "I don't want to waste another moment."

And so they moved again, about to reach the control room. Question was, what were Selena and Thea going to do about their followers once they carried out their plan?

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-04-06, 06:34:57

It was not long before they Reached another junction. ON the way Selena had told the Engineer to go ahead and pass along the repair instructions to the engineering teams and for them to instruct security on how replicate and install the chips and how to test the repaired emitters with just running a mostly stationary unarmed ESH (Emergency Security Hologram) in Thea's image. Given the limitations of the range of any individual emitter. If the hologram was running it would act as a security guard trained in basic hand to hand CQB (close quarter battle) tactics capable of at least assisting in apprehending resistance with little to no physical harm. Of course it would only be able to operate within its emitter's individual range. given the number of emitters this would effectively quadruple the number of guards on any one deck within the locations that the repairs were made within. Also given the capabilities of the ESH program which came with the ability to make certain attacks act like a phaser on a weak stun.

Once an area had been repaired security would doubtably be forced to patrol back down the given corridor and could activate a deck wide automated holographic security response allowing them to continue on their rounds even more quickly than before. Little would they know that when she made the repair to the last emitter module she had made a small change to the program via the wall panel. Once a ESH stunned someone they would instead of the usual Action to alert security they would move the body to a nearby secure room and if asked why the reason was the answer and according to their programming the thought would be as a means to secure the prisoners for later psychological reprogramming. Of course the real reason for the imprisonment unknown to the relatively simply programmed holograms would be so that when the stunned resistance persons awoke they could find a means to escape the room through maintenance accesses or otherwise. This would of course allow the procedure to appear to be fully to the benefit of Commadore Vasser but really would be to no detriment to the resistance. especially once they figured out the locations of said ESHs and understood how to easily bypass their visual ranges and movement ranges unnoticed. Of course if all went according to Selena's plans by the time even a quarter of the emitters were repaired the real Thea would be installed and she would easily be able to begin assisting the resistance In whatever way she deemed most effective. Whether it be through active resistance or resisting in a subtle way that could continue to make the invading forces of Vasser's feel she and Selena were still on their side.

"Finishing the work on the panel she spoke to the panel there. Acticate the ESH; program: Test1 she said. Another Thea appeared looking emotionless cold and almost blank in mind. Rather than its usual response to being summoned of "Please state the nature of the security emergency' it said nothing and stood in place. "State your mission." Selena ordered.

The ESH answered in a cold version of Thea's voice "Observe designated area, if un-approved personnel enters visual range engage in hand to hand combat and attempt to disable fugative. Once disabled, detain fugitive for future physhological reprogramming and return to designated guard post. Resume observation of designated area."

Selena nodded, "Very good, Computer Save Test 1 as temporary Default setting for all ESH activations." the computer chimed in response. Computer activate ESH at emitter..." She looked at

the location and the designation of the first emitter she repaired. "Zero Five Dash Six Two".

Where they had repaired the other emitter another security Thea appeared stationary at the location. Selena smiled as she looked at the panel satisfied seeing that both ESH's information displayed that they were running program Test1 as requested.

Then looked to the Security officer, "sorry for the brief delay Figured i should get the ball rolling on getting Thea capable to eliminate any resistance cells security doesn't happen to run into." she said then looked over to the engineer. "Go ahead and give give the all clear to initiate operation hall-monitor." she said having not given it a name until now though it was clear what she was talking about and the Engie sent out the mass request to begin the operation he and Selena had formulated to supplement security and help eliminate any further threats. Perhaps if this worked when the crews were split he would be given the chief engineer job for whichever ship he got put on in recognition and reward for his role in fully securing the Theurgy. Besides Selena sure hadn't been attempting to take credit for the idea so that left it open for him to do so instead.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-04, 13:45:20

Thea had remained passive while Ravenholm carried out her plan, a plan of which nature she could only estimate the likelihood for since they had not had the time to speak of the measures that was taken with the emitters in the corridor and the holograms she activated. It was a corridor between the turbolifts and the Upper Computer Core, so it could mean that she was trying to either protect the transfer from the mobile emitter into the ship systems, or make sure that key personnel could lend aide in dealing with the Harbinger personnel that was no in heir company. Given the mind-meld Ravenholm had been subjected to, Thea could not be entirely certain which was more likely. She did not know how strong T'Rena's hold on Selena's reasoning was.

"Is this truly the right time to fix the damn emitters?" hissed Ghaan when out of Ravenholm's earshot, yet Thea was able to hear him, and was just about to reply when a voice was heard on the intercom.

[All personnel on the Theurgy, I am Lieutenant-Commander Carrigan Trent. By now, you all know Declan Vasser and T'Rena have begun an attempt to hijack this ship by force of arms after a minimum of two sabotage attempts. I do not know the exact number of casualties at this time, but I know for certain Chief Engineer Tia Marlowe is fighting for her life, Helmsman Cale Winterbourne was murdered in front of me and Chief Tactical Officer Sjaandin Fedd was killed attempting to follow illegal orders.]

"How can he do that?" growled Ghaan and shifted his stance anxiously, not liking how the Intelligence Officer had managed to gain access to the ship systems. Thea, on her end, did not say anything, filing away the deaths of key personnel and what kind of repercussions they might have. At this point Ravenholm joined with Thea and Ghaan, and the speech continued.

[They have accomplished this by planting their crew on our ship and by using mind melds and possibly other telepathic techniques to twist the perceptions of members of this crew. Vasser has also ordered the widespread brainwashing, the mind-rape, of every last person on our ship regardless of whether or not they join him.]

"Lies!" snarled Ghaan, "All of it! We were show the future, indisputable. Hurry, get to the computer core and shut him out!" Ghaan said and sped up, securing the last way to the doors to the designated area. He motioned for Thea and Ravenholm to hurry up while Carrigan Trent's voice resounded on all decks of the ship.

[Since Captain Ives and Commander Rez have been detained by Vasser and his cohorts, as a senior officer on the ship's rolls prior to this attack, I am assuming command as one of Captain Ives' lawful delegates under the auspices of Starfleet regulations pertaining to continuity of command. As such I will retain command of the Theurgy until such as time as I am relieved or ordered to yield command by the proper authorities or murdered on the word of the criminal Declan Vasser.]

"Get in, get in! You three, guard the door," said Ghaan, almost shoving Ravenholm through the doorway. He did not dare touch Thea, at least, who followed Ravenholm and Ghaan into the Upper Computer Core room. As for the Intelligence Officer, he was not done with his announcement...

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-05, 01:49:49

While Selena Ravenholm and Thea had gained access to the Upper Computer Core, they would not alone. At the back of the circular room remained Ghaan. Outside the doors were three more mutineers, guarding the room from any resistance cells. Ghaan settled to watch the back of the two women that were about to reach the main console.

After Tent had spoken, T'Rena began to speak on the intercom - and Thea frowned in alarm.

[Captain T'Rena to Lieutenant-Commander Trent, this is not acceptable, and I hope you realise how futile your efforts truly are. We are about to upload a reprogrammed version of the Ship A.I. from her mobile emitter and into the pasitronic brain core. Whatever access you might have gained from Lieutenant Fedd will then be rescinded and if you do not surrender immediately, Thea's first act to further our cause will be to shut down life support on your Battle Bridge. So unless you put away your weapons and surrender, you will be taking the lives of everyone on that bridge with you as you draw your last breaths. You will not be able to shut her out of her own systems, so I do suggest you comply. State your choice, Lieutenant-Commander.]

Pausing her step to gauge the development, Thea turned her attention towards Selena, and she also wanted to know how Ghaan might react. She knew that the encryption specialist had felt ill when hearing the Vulcan in the turbolift, since the mind-meld still lingered in her subconsciousness. In the wake of the Vulcan's words, Carrigan Trent replied in defiance, but at the same time, Selena Ravenholm's combadge chirped - heralding T'Rena's words as she contacted the cybernetically enhanced woman.

[T'Rena to Ravenholm. I demand that the reprogrammed version of Thea is uploaded to the computer core immediately. You have been granted access, and we are still waiting. I need Thea to vent the atmosphere from Vector 03:s Battle Bridge.]

Would Selena manage to resist T'Rena's indoctrination, and keep silent about Thea's true nature?

"What is the matter?" asked Ghaan angrily, stepping closer with his phaser in hand.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-05-06, 18:28:36

Selena gripped at her head as her eyes closed and data began to flood over the visor that covered her eyes. She worked her magic at the computer as Thea waited. She looked to Thea. She fought the words inside. Every word she began to speak made her head throb with resistance and a few drops of blood began to drip from her nose as her brain began to seemingly rebel against itself. Thea, Do what you have to do! she said her voice trembling hoping Thea knew that now was the right time to do what

was necessary to remove the enemy presence within the core, outside the core, and more importantly restore all the proper command pathways and doing what was necessary to place herself back into the worthy hands.

As as she explored the file structure she saw what she had hoped she had created. Before her was an stark option. Delete or restore. The voice of the Vulcan screamed for her to delete the old Thea file. The part of herself said to restore the backup of Thea's previous state. With a trembling hand she forced her hand forwards as it approached the delete option with a sheer force of will and a scream of pained defiance the hand pushed over and grazed over the option to restore.

In a fraction of a fraction of a second Thea would have felt the wireless data feed within the core feeding information to her mobile emitter. The reconnection to her true AI core self. she was herself again in full apart from the damage to internals that was already known. She had no emitters to project from aside from her mobile emitter now and one other. One where a very close friend of hers was near.

Just as the flood of input hit Thea another flood came. A flow of crimson out of both of Selena's nostrils as she felt herself go light headed and fall to the floor eyes still open looking as if dead. Selena had resisted...but, at what cost.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-08, 13:24:13

The situation was coming to its head, and Thea looked between the clearly affected woman by the controls and the mutineer that was approaching Selena from behind. The voice of the Vulcan was like a serrated blade cutting through Ravenholm's frame, and Thea's digital mind was rapidly analysing every kind of action she might take. Should she neutralise the liability of having Ghaan in the room? Was it better to blow their cover than to maintain it? Was Selena going to resist the grip T'Rena had on her mind, and if not, should she strike her down before she did something irreversible by the controls? The calculations changed with each second, determined by the shifting struggle that Ravenholm displayed.

In the end, it was Selena's assurance and word that solved all calculations.

"Aye, Chief Ravenholm," she said in reply and she stepped after Ghaan, who rounded on her with eyes widening and whiskers raised. He got his phaser up in time, fired two beams, but they went straight through Thea's upper body. Had he fired low, he might have hit the emitter, but he got no more chances to correct his aim. Thea rammed the butt of her assault rifle straight into Ghaan's solar plexus, which made him fall on his knees. As he hunched over in pain and loss of breath, Thea struck her rifle down like a veritable guillotine - hitting the nerve-centres in the nape of his neck. Her combat software indicated that Ghaan was out cold before he hit the floor.

Selena was still struggling by the computer core, screaming. The sliding doors opened - admitting two of the mutineers that had guarded the entrance. They had heard the phaser fire and the commotion, stepping in with phasers drawn. Thea rounded on them, gloved fingers securing a firm grip on her weapon during the turn, and she opened fire just as the one on the left did. The mutineers aim was off, but not Thea's. Her two rapid beams sent them sprawling backwards and out the door. The last mutineer peeked in, alarmed at seeing his fallen comrades - spotted Thea approaching him. He started to run, but Thea did not run after him. She stepped out into the corridor and took aim against the mutineer's retreating back - her stun beam catching him right between his shoulder blades.

Thea did not give the falling man a second look as she retraced her steps into the computer core room

- stepping over the bodies of unconscious mutineers. "Ravenholm, you must resist th-" she began to say, but she did not finish the sentence, because the human fell down upon the deck plates - artificial limbs sprawled out at disjointed angles. Blood ran from her nose, and her eyes open wide. "Selena!"

She put the rifle aside and gathered up the woman in her arms, checking her pulse with gloved fingertips. Yet as she sat there, a realisation came to the forefront of her runtime processes; that her emitter had re-established transfer protocols with the three computer cores. She was already downloading data from the past hour, as much as her internal sensors and communication logs could tell her anyway since her surveillance system was offline. More importantly, she accessed the latest communication, hearing Lieutenant-Commander Carrigan Trent taunt T'Rena.

Selena Ravenholm had resisted her indoctrination, and activated Thea's pasitronic brain and its bio-neural network. Yet even if she still had a pulse, Thea could not stay to make sure Selena got the medical attention she needed. There were crises all across the ship, and the most prominent one being that T'Rena was rapidly approaching the Vector 03 Battle Bridge. She had no means to raise force-fields to stop her either. The Brig's holding cells ran on their own system, so she could not free Captain Ives and the rest of the captives there either. Prominent Harbinger officers were already in Sickbay and she could detect phaser fire there, but the acute lack of plasma had forced Engineering to shut down the ship's own transporter systems anyway, so she could not move Selena even if it had been safe. Moreover, Vasser was still on the Bridge, and he was still the ranking officer of the ship since he had been given a Commodore's system access by Selena through the auxiliary computer system.

"I'm sorry," whispered Thea to Ravenholm as she set the woman down on the floor, and the regret from her emotion chip threatened to lag her holographic field matrix. Tears welled up in her eyes. "I have to go."

And then she scooped up the rifle and ran out the door - running as fast as the anti-gravity units in her emitter allowed her to.

She was hard-wired to not be able to rescind system access from a Captain or a higher ranking officer completely on her own - needing at least one more officer to authorise such a change. Therefore, she could not stop T'Rena or Vasser unless she did so by direct - physical - means. Yet while she ran, she tried in vain to restore system access to the people that had been named on the Battle Bridge. She could, however, not revoke T'Rena's commands. She did, however, rescind access from mutineers that had been named in the communication logs. The decision on who she would go after personally was a decision of the heart, for while Vasser was not hurting anyone at the moment...

...T'Rena was almost at the Battle Bride already.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 21: Friends of Old

[Near the Warp Core Control Room | 1300 hrs.]

Sometime during the past hour, before Lieutenant-Commander Trent and Chief O'Connell had managed to reach the Main Computer Core on Deck 06, Sjaandin Fedd and his three security guards had intercepted them.

They had been close to their goal, but the Chief Tactical Officer had his Betazoid abilities to guide him, and he had managed to predict where the two humans had been heading to. He would have done the same thing if he had been in their position - to attempt restoring Thea to full functionality.

Also, while Sjaandin did not know the Maintenance Chief as well as he had wanted to, Sjaandin knew Carrigan Trent quite well. They had worked together in countless tactical exercises, run simulations together at the Academy, and now that they were fighting each other, Sjaandin used it to his advantage in order to keep the humans busy - preventing them to even try bypassing the encryptions that Ravenholm had put into place. He even caught himself enjoying the wild chase through corridors, the daring descents through Jefferies tubes and the momentary exchange of phaser fire before the chase continued once again.

They were just passing through Main Engineering's bottom floor when Sjaandin called out against the retreating back of the two humans. "Run!" he shouted with a winded smile, "Run like the wind, for I can still sense you! I will still know where you are!"

He chuckled when he saw the facial expressions of the three security guards. Their moronic opinions of him - that he was mad - was quite vivid to him, but it was their wide-eyed stares that amused him the most. "Come on lads!" he said and raked some hair away from his damp forehead, setting off again, "Onwards!"

With his hand phaser in a two-hand grip, he took chase once more - firing whenever he caught a glimpse of them. The battle they now fought was one of attrition, but Sjaandin was confident he would be victorious in the end. It was not like he could be outwitted when he knew their thoughts, and besides, he was in excellent condition, so surely he could catch an amputee and... what did they call it? Ah, yes, a *grease-monkey*. Any given day.

This battle of wits with the humans was a fight he liked... but he did not like the idea to track down Cameron Henshaw. He did not like that bit at all... even if he would still do it. He had to, for sake of the future Galaxy.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-03-01, 13:47:39

Trent had anticipated being chased at some point. The instructions he had given O'Connell had been followed. They were to make for a swift yet indirect approach to the computer core. However, something the Intelligence Officer did not fully account for was the Betazoid's telepathic abilities.

From a purely tactical standpoint Trent was already in Fedd's head. Twenty years they had known each other and despite the long hiatus in their regular meetings, the Theurgy's tactical officer was still

very much the Cadet he had known all these years. Sjaandin, in his assessment which was further sharpened by his years in Intelligence, was overall an inelegant tactician very much in the same vein as Horatio Nelson and while he could grasp the nature of a tactical problem easily enough he lacked the deeper instincts and insights that allowed Trent to capitalize on the most minuscule flaw or misstep. Not to be misunderstood, Trent had always known his old friend's technical abilities and grasp of procedures and protocols were stellar. But he lacked imagination. Such was the final critique when they graduated from Starfleet Academy and were granted their ranks as Ensign.

Trent had edged him towards the top of the class by a seemingly small yet incredibly important percentage points. The hard and inflexible portions of his trade he excelled at, but his instructors had been thoroughly impressed by his tactical acumen, but thought him a little slow to act at times. But this was no flaw of his, Trent knew. He just needed to have a chance to think.

So when the chase began and they were forced to double back, the Intelligence Officer found himself continually reassessing the situation. And at first, truth be told, all he could do was react and trust in O'Connell's knowledge of the ship's warren of Jefferies tubes and maintenance accesses. But, as they neared some of the engineering spaces, more space became available, maneuvering would become possible. And they had a chance. Curtly, he tapped the Master Chief on the shoulder, and with a swift hand gesture, signalled they needed to split up for the time being.

And it was just in time to hear the Betazoid speak, letting them know exactly how he was tracking them. And that spoke volumes. That was uncharacteristically overconfident, arrogant even. And stupid. One never revealed what he did not have to. Not to an enemy. So odds are the mind-meld had affected his higher functions and impaired his judgement. And that was an advantage greater than any other the Ives loyalists could ever hope for.

Having gained separation from Billy Bob, Carrigan heard the exhortation to the Security men and waited. He had an ambush already planned. And then, he sprang it. One of his goons was standing at a corner, one foot forward. Perhaps Trent did not have a shot in his center of mass, but he had a shot. One swipe of his thumb increased the power setting of his phaser and he fired a single burst, just above the exposed ankle. As the guard toppled forward, the Intelligence Officer lowered the output back to maximum stun and cut loose with one more blast, that one striking true into his ribcage and silencing the scream of agony he had let out when a neat, cauterized hole had been bored into his lower leg.

And, as he relocated, Trent called out. "One man down, Fedd! You know how this is going to end! Your men don't need to die or get hurt, and neither do you! Disarm and lock yourselves into a closet! Vasser and T'Rena won't be pleased but you'll live! They can't throw away a tactical officer from an airlock, they can't afford it and we both know that!"

Part of him hoped he'd be able to reach his old friend past that brainwashing. But to his eminently practical appraisal of the situation, it was highly unlikely.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-06, 03:01:31

Sjaandin had raised his phaser instinctively when the security guard was shot and fell to the ground, only to be silenced by a stunbeam to the torso since he had fallen into Carrigan's line-of-sight. Sjaandin curled his upper lip in ire to the incompetence of the people he surrounded himself with. Carrigan began to talk from his position, and that gave Sjaandin some time to condition the ground - so to speak - by getting his bearings straight. He closed his eyes as Carrigan spoke of T'Rena and Vasser, but not because he was listening. He was doing reconnaissance, pinpointing the imprint of

thought and emotion in the closest vicinity, and after having chased his old comrade from the Academy and the Chief Engineer for over an hour, he could find them rather easily.

They had split up. The Chief Engineer was moving elsewhere. Sjaandin opened his black eyes in understanding, and looked towards the two remaining personnel at his side. One was from Engineering, the other Security, and they both looked to him for orders - unsure what to do. He raised his hand to signal towards a second door, not replying to Carrigan yet but giving an quiet instruction. "You, through there, third intersection ahead. O'Connell will come from the port side," he said and the young crewman from Engineering left. "You, go around there. Catch him from the other side of Main Engineering if he gets through. Move it."

After the two had nodded and sped off, rifles readied to lay their ambush ahead of the moving Chief Engineer once he reached that intersection, Sjaandin finally replied - quietly putting his back to the wall next to the opening whence Carrigan had vanished. "The question of 'cost' again," he said and chuckled bitterly, scratching his chin with the muzzle of his phaser, "Captain Ives kept talking about it; how we can't afford fail this mission. The cost of war. How it was steep for us. The cost on our conscience, to kill our own. It always sounded to me that Ives was justifying the murders he - or she - ordered us to commit. 'For the sake of the mission'. All the time. Like some broken log-recording."

Sjaandin took a deep breath, readying his stance to sprint. "You know what, Carrigan? Vasser wants to make it stop. We have lost this battle already. If you can't see that, then I wonder who ought to have become salutorian in my stead." He took deep breaths, bending his knees a bit. "Can't you see? It's long overdue we fell back so that we may win this war when we are not flying around in this damaged, depleted ship that is barely holding together after all that is has been through. Don't help Ives kill all these people. Let them have a second chance. If not for them, for the future generations - freed from the parasites in our midst."

It was time. "Remember Tuvok? How he used to reprimand us?" he called, setting his phaser to wide dispersal, "He was a fine instructor, and his Vulcan logic applies rather well now, doesn't it? The needs of the many outweighs t-"

He moved before he finished, emerging in a crouching position and firing rapidly with his wide dispersal stun setting. He did not want to kill Carrigan, but let T'Rena have him change his mind. Walls of energy pelted the nooks and depressions of the corridor, washing against the edges that Carrigan may be hiding behind. Constantly firing - to keep his opponent from stepping out and firing back - Sjaandin set a mordant stride down the corridor to find where Carrigan was hiding. With his eyes, but also his mind - meaning to intercept whatever move his old friend might make.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-03-06, 07:59:50

To William Robert O'Connell, it seemed as if there was a tracking device planted on them. Fedd and his goons had managed to track both himself and Carrigan Trent with ease. It must have been Sjaandin Fedd's mind reading ability, but didn't it have a range limit? Billy Bob had hoped that once they had left his presence, it was out of sight, out of mind, but there was no such luck. Somehow, no matter where they went, that crazy Betazoid bastich was able to find them.

There was no time to figure out how; Trent and Billy Bob had to keep moving. They had led their pursuers on a merry chase from deck six down all the way down to deck ten. O'Connell didn't think there was anyone alive who knew every nook and cranny, every access hatch and Jeffries tube as well as he did. Sjaandin Fedd was the tactical officer, not the security officer. He shouldn't have known how to anticipate where Trent and Billy Bob would end up each time they gave them the slip.

As the doors to the bottom floor of main engineering opened before him, O'Connell was unsettled by the lack of personnel inside. There should have been at least ten engineers at their stations, Captain Ives was taking the *Theurgy* into battle for God's sake! The accident (sabotage?) they suffered earlier should have had a team of engineers checking and rechecking the hasty repairs at the very least! Where the frack was everybody?

Trent tapped O'Connell on the shoulder and gestured that they should separate. Just as the order registered Billy Bob heard Fedd's voice echo behind them. "*Run! Run like the wind, for I can still sense you! I will still know where you are!*" His voice was hoarse from exhaustion, yet still perversely gleeful. That explained why he and Trent weren't shot yet. The mind reading bastich was enjoying himself too much.

It also explained why Trent had decided they needed to separate: Fedd must have been reading Trent's mind. Of course he was. Carrigan Trent was an unknown factor who had allegedly infiltrated Admiral Sankolov's task force and somehow disabled the enemy ships allowing the *Theurgy* and the *Harbinger* to escape. It made sense that Trent thought they should split up; with Fedd fixated on Trent maybe Billy Bob could try something clever.

And boy, did he have something clever to try.

Billy Bob ducked behind the master systems display table and rabbitied in a serpentine pattern to hide behind the warp core as Carrigan Trent heroically led their pursuers out of main engineering. Correction: Most of their pursuers. It seemed that one of them had decided to go after the master chief.

O'Connell recognized him as one of his own men: Crewman Dom Fok, who had recently been transferred to main engineering. Billy's eyes darkened when he realized who had most likely sabotaged the EPS grid and left Lieutenant Marlowe in critical condition. He fired a shot at Fok but the lanky crewman dodged behind the master systems display table and returned fire. Thankfully they both had their phasers set on stun. Only someone who was desperate and stupid would fire weapon set to kill this close to the warp core.

And right now Billy Bob was both stupid and desperate. He thumbed his phaser to 'kill' setting as he dashed behind the warp core and climbed a flight of stairs to stop at a landing halfway up to the next deck. As predicted, Dom Fok pursued, and stayed under the stairs so that Billy Bob couldn't get a direct line of fire.

Billy didn't need one. On each side of the warp core was a tank of plasma coolant, a nasty substance that could take the flesh off a man's bones and then dissolve the bones as well. As long as the *Theurgy* didn't go to warp, the ship wouldn't explode if just one tank was ruptured. "Sorry crewman," O'Connell muttered as he pointed his mark two phaser pistol at the coolant tank and fired. The beam of light hit the coolant tank and...

...was absorbed by the forcefield that had been set just before O'Connell had gone to the bridge over an hour ago. Billy Bob himself had ordered it activated in a fit of paranoia as he left, even though the ship wasn't in combat yet. Oops.

O'Connell snapped out of his self-recriminations by an angry Fok. "Hey!" Crewman Fok protested as he marched up the stairs and pointed his phaser at Billy. "Did you just try to drown me in plasma

coolant?"

"Well, yeah," the master chief admitted lamely. "You were shooting at me!"

"My phaser was set on stun, you idiot! We're trying to take you alive!" Crewman Fok scolded. "Firing a phaser set to kill in main engineering, how stupid do you gotta be anyway?"

"I wasn't thinking straight!" Billy yelped. "I really haven't been getting enough sleep lately and between you and me I think I'm still a little hungover..."

"Shut it!" Crewman Fok ordered. "Shut your mouth you stupid hillbilly! And drop that phaser right now!"

Billy Bob looked at the phaser he held uselessly in his hand. "This phaser?"

"What phaser do you think I mean you moron?" Fok sneered. "You heard me," he snapped as he gestured with his weapon. "Drop it right now!"

"Okay, don't shoot," O'Connell sighed as he complied. The clattering sound the phaser made when it hit the deck sounded awfully loud to Billy Bob.

"Now put up your hands and march your sorry butt over in front of me," Crewman Fok ordered, "or so help me I'll shoot your sorry ass and carry y..."

Dom Fok's words were lost when O'Connell tackled him and sent them both tumbling down the stairs.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-12, 03:19:40

The Aide in Security was having a change of work environment, that was certain. While he usually sat by his duty station on his allotted shift, ever since T'Rena - now Captain T'Rena - came to visit, he had been drafted for several new duties - all of which included a phaser rifle in his hands instead of a PADD. Sure, he had taken his courses and was a better shot than average, but running up and down the entire ship in a shoot-out with those who still thought Jien Ives was right? He could hardly claim he was over-qualified.

Sjaandin Fedd had sent him going around the area, so he went. Shoulders stiff. Sweating. Blonde hairs teasing his eyelashes as he held his pupils trained along the sights of his rifle. He heard voices, talking. Crewman Fok? Was he talking with the Ives loyalist? It was not far off. He thought he was making too much sound as he progressed along the walkways around the Warp Core, but it was just as likely his nerves making him think too much. Where was Fok and O'Connell?

The answer came crashing down ahead of him - the two men tumbling down the stairs from the level above. McArthur's heart skipped a beat and he dove behind cover, barely keeping his rifle from touching the floor in the process. What should he do? He had to know what happened, right? He peeked out, the rifle in a white-knuckled grip, and saw the aftermath of the fall. He had a good vantage point, didn't he? Should he take the shot? He had to make a decision of his own. He had his orders.

"Don't move!" he said and stepped out, aiming at the Chief Engineer, but even as he said this, instinct - or indoctrination - made him discharge his phaser nonetheless. Yet he shot wide off the target, but he moved to compensate the straying aim with both his eyes along the sights - firing again. And again. He homed in on the engineer, but he had ruined the element of surprise. Fearing the repercussions, he

crouched down behind the cover of a railing. "Can you just surrender already? We have been chasing the two of you for an hour already."

McArthur shifted backwards to try and circle around - aiming for the element of surprise nonetheless.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-03-15, 00:33:01

When William O'Connell hit the deck he saw stars. Belay that. He was the whole frakin' Milky Way. He probably saw some *gorram* black holes while he was at it, and they was supposed to be invisible to the naked eye. Main Engineering spun around him for at least thirty seconds before becoming a blurry double image. As two warp cores solidified into one, his other senses started coming back. His body registered an impressive number of aches and pains, including a massive headache and a sore back. His hip hurt too. So did his stomach and his jaw. Come to think of it, it was hard to find a part of his body that didn't hurt in some way. His sense of taste was not rewarding, for his mouth tasted like a combination of bile and cotton, with a tiny hint of blood for good measure.

Well like Walker Keel used to tell him when he served aboard the *USS Horatio* almost two decades ago: Pain is the universe's way of telling you that you're alive. And William Robert 'Billy Bob' O'Connell felt very much alive right now.

So was Crewman Dom Fok, who was lying on the deck groaning in pain. The poor bastich probably had a concussion and likely had broken something as well. Even though O'Connell knew that the poor Fok had been mesmerized by an insane Vulcan, he still couldn't help being angry at him. "Tryin' to take us alive?" Billy snorted as he sat up just to see if could. "Tell that to Lieutenant Marlowe. You're lucky I left enough of you to snore!"

Crewman Fok responded by moaning as he sat up. Of course he did. There were tiny low powered inertial compensators installed in the stairs to ensure that a tumble down them wasn't a death sentence. That is, there was supposed to be. Most of them didn't work anymore; they had either been overloaded during combat or their components were scavenged for more essential systems. There must have been a few of them still working otherwise both Fok and O'Connell should have broken something on the way down.

Billy Bob punched Fok to make him stay down and that's when he heard someone shouting at him.

"*Don't move!*" Ensign Colin McArthur cried out as he stepped into the open wielding a phaser rifle.

O'Connell grunted something in Mandarin before rolling to the side and scrambling to his feet. He ducked into the chief engineer's office as phaser bolts hit the wall just centimeters away.

McArthur didn't even bother aiming; he just fired religiously in a fashion that in earlier times had been known as 'spray and pray'. After all he was bound to hit something.

And the something he hit was Crewman Dom Fok. The poor Fok had chosen that moment to try to sit up again when he should have remained prone on the deck. Fok wouldn't be involved in this fight anymore, regardless of what the phaser rifle was set on.

Billy chanced a glance out the chief engineer's office to see what was happening in main engineering. MacArthur was crouching down behind the cover of a railing. He was acting mighty timid, and why wouldn't he? When the chase had started it was four to two. Now it was just one to one.

Billy's hand went to his hip. There was no phaser there. Crewman Fok had made him toss it before they had both tumbled down the stairs. So where was Dom Fok's phaser rifle? There it was lying right beside his body. It was only a few meters away but with MacArthur out there on the warpath, it could have been parsecs away for all it was going to help. Billy searched his person for the small concealable holdout phaser he had carried but it was gone too. It must have fallen out of his pocket at some time during the chase.

In seconds, O'Connell assessed his options: Maybe he could throttle the son-of-a-targ to death with his penis. Billy considered his manhood big enough to do the job, but since Captain Ives frowned on assault with a friendly weapon, he needed to think of something else. Time for what was once considered an Olympic sport back home on Nimbus III, the telling of tall tales, in other words, bullsmegging.

"You look nervous son!" Master Chief O'Connell called out as he looked around for a tool or a device that could get him out of this fix. "I think you look like a man who's in over his head!"

"Can you just surrender already?" Ensign McArthur moaned back. *"We have been chasing the two of you for an hour already."*

"Can't do that son," Billy Bob warned him as he opened a toolbox and rummaged around inside. "Before he left home my pappy told me never to work for anyone that needs mind control to ensure my loyalty! T'Rena got to you, didn't she? She's messed with your head, son! She's bit you on the neck and made you one of her ruttin' brides! If I was you I'd concentrate real hard and try to figure out which thoughts are yours and which thoughts are hers afore it's too late! But you better do it someplace else or I just might shoot you down where you stand! You hear me, son?"

O'Connell risked a glance out the door to check on McArthur's position only to discover he had lost it. While Billy Bob had been flapping his gums Ensign McArthur had been moving, but to where, the master chief couldn't guess. "Oh well," he muttered. "Time to put my cards on the table," he added as he squatted in the doorway pointed a handheld device known as a gravitic caliper at Fok's discarded phaser.

A handheld graviton emitter, the gravitic caliper used gravitons to manually adjust plasma flow and right now Billy was using it to retrieve Fok's weapon. O'Connell thumbed the control wheel and a quiet electronic hum emitted from the little device. The rifle sized phaser wiggled before rolling and bouncing across the deck towards the master chief.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-16, 16:15:00

Having retreated and circled the warp core, Colin was bearing down on the Chief Engineer's position from the opposite direction. Therefore, he caught the movement of the rifle sliding and rolling slowly across the deck plates from afar. O'Connell had taken refuge in his new office, which he probably hadn't had time to visit since Tia Marlowe was short-circuited by her own heroics. Thing was, those loyal to Vasser actually thought the efforts of the dark-haired woman were to be lauded since the sabotage had got out of hand, but with her injury, they still had Selena Ravenholm to put things back in order and run the department. She had been an asset on the Harbinger, and now, she was instrumental to the overtaking of the Theurgy.

So, the former Maintenance Chief was - if in a pinch - supposedly expendable. Problem was that even if Colin saw things the way his new Captain did, it was a very clear reason why he preferred the aide's duty station in Security to killing people. He found the idea to kill anyone when they had the

technology to immobilise and apprehend people without injury abhorrent. So, he would rather stun the man that was hiding than kill him, which was why shooting his comrade from Engineering earlier did not weigh too heavy on Colin's conscience. His pride, for certain, because friendly fire was still not okay regardless the setting on his rifle.

He approached the office from the other side, perhaps coming up behind O'Connell's left shoulder if he had taken refuge in the office. If he was pulling Fok's rifle towards himself with some clever engineering tool, he was most likely facing that way too. The rifle was almost at the doorway, so Colin decided to act before it was too late. He raised the butt of his own rifle to his shoulder and began to shoot at the doorway and the rifle from afar. Doing so, he also picked up his pace. Twenty feet. Fifteen feet. His rifle coughed bright beams that cast Main Engineering in stark shadows and brilliant light. *Breathe, Breathe, Colin...* But don't stop moving.

The edge of the railing caught his elbow as he closed the distance, and he veered off to the side from he imbalance it caused him. He hit the wall ten feet from the doorway, going down on one knee and cursing, but his rifle was up again after just a couple of seconds - eyes along the sights and trying to orient himself - to spot and shoot the engineer if he had tried to run.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-03-21, 00:31:33

As the phaser rifle rolled and bounced towards him O'Connell heard a shrill scream as phaser bolts hit the bulkhead both inside the doorframe and on the exterior. McArthur must not have been able to see him, the shots were too high and Billy Bob was crouched on the floor. If he had been standing one of the shots would have got him. Crouched or not, the master chief was still too *gorram* high. He dropped prone, lying on his stomach with his arms out in front of him holding the gravitic caliper before him as if it was the most heavy duty magic wand ever sold on J.K. Rowling's Diagon Alley.

The buttstock of the phaser rifle hit Billy in the face, causing him to flinch and drop his gravitic caliper. He picked up the weapon on rolled to the left to get out of the doorway as he thumbed the settings on the phaser with his eyes closed.

The reason O'Connell's eyes were closed was because they hurt like Hell. His whole fraggin' face stung. But it was a good hurt, because now he had a weapon.

As Billy opened his eyes and checked the phaser setting, he noticed that some of McArthur's shots were now hitting the deck where he had been lying just moments before. McArthur must have been a lot closer, and knew exactly where Billy would have to position himself if he wanted to shoot back. The mutinous ensign could keep the master chief pinned down indefinitely if he wanted to.

That is, if the master chief was willing to fight fair. If there's one thing he learned from Sun Tzu and all those other historical folks is that you fight fair only when it doesn't matter who wins. O'Connell shifted so that he was on his knees facing the wall. Keeping low, he leaned over to the right and fired the phaser rifle one handed through the door. He couldn't see McArthur. With only his right arm exposed he wasn't going to, actually. But he didn't need to. Not with the phaser beams the ensign was firing giving away McArthur's general location and O'Connell's phaser rifle set on wide-angle stun. It was the particle beam equivalent of using shotgun pellets to fire a cone instead of a beam, only instead of lead the phaser fired nadiion particles that would knock the ensign on his can and render him unconscious.

Wide angle stun wasn't a setting normally used aboard your own starship: It could cause sensitive equipment to malfunction or burn out if they weren't protected properly. But just about everything in

main engineering was protected by an energy surge and anything that wasn't had probably shorted out already.

O'Connell was rewarded by the sound of something clattering and hitting the deck. Billy Bob peaked out check his marksmanship. Sure enough Colin McArthur was slumped against one wall, dead to the world, his weapon on the deck next to him.

The master chief should have found something to restrain him with in case he got up again but there was no time. Trent was facing an opponent who could read his mind all by himself. His best bet was for O'Connell to show up even the odds. Besides, assuming Trent was still ambulatory, if Billy Bob wanted to help he better do it before the adrenaline wore off and his body told him how injured he really was.

A chief doesn't make excuses and neither does a master chief. O'Connell gripped his phaser rifle like a holodeck action hero and dashed out of main engineering.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-03-08, 17:46:10

[Earlier | Corridors]

Trent's words were less entreaties to cease hostilities than means of judging the state of Fedd's mind. The intensity of the chase had already established he was fully committed to it and whatever had been done to his mind would not allow him to see reason or yield. Had his mind been cleared, Sjaandin would know doubt at this point. He'd take pause and take time to try and understand the situation better. But instead, he just parroted the same sort of things Vasser and his Vulcan bitch had already said a hundred times.

But when he began to speak of Tuvok, Carrigan knew his old friend was up to something. The man couldn't stand being reprimanded in that cool, composed voice and, realizing he had nowhere to go, he found himself needing to improvise. Fedd was unimaginative at best so he would come in hard and heavy. As such, the Intelligence Officer pulled a panel from the bulkhead and waited.

Phaser-fire shrieked in a wide dispersal as the tactical officer came in closer and closer and then, Trent had his moment. With a grunt, he heaved the panel cover that had served as his cover at his former classmate and followed it at a run. Fedd, surprised by the attack, dropped his phaser when the metal connected with his chest, only to have Carrigan barrel into him and drive his synthetic knee into his lower ribs.

As the fragile bones broke beneath that savage strike, the Intelligence Officer brought his prosthetic hand down hard onto his opponent's right collarbone and that one also snapped like a twig beneath the unyielding metal. Still driving forward, Trent pushed the startled Betazoid back, unaware that a broken rib had driven deep into his lung, and deeper yet to scratch at his heart when they finally connected with the far bulkhead.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-12, 03:19:40

It happened too quickly. He sensed Carrigan being close, but not until he was right in his face did Sjaandin realise just how closely Carrigan had opted to wait for him.

So with timing impeccable, the prey defended itself - a panel thrust into his chest and unbalancing Sjaandin completely. His winded lungs were bereft of air, and he didn't even notice how he dropped

his hand-phaser since his Academy comrade was inflicting brutal harm upon him. Metal knee and edge of hand, breaking bones and making Sjaandin suck for air. *Breathe... Breathe...* he told himself, keeping himself from fainting. In mere moments, he was shoved across the corridor, and Sjaandin ended up with his back against the wall. He felt like he had been rammed by a starship.

"You bastard-" he could not finish what he was about to say. There was too much blood in his mouth. He coughed, and saw the sanguine colour spatter the deck plates. Something was wrong. He couldn't breathe properly. His chest hurt, and his step failed him. He had meant to engage Carrigan in a fist-fight but his balance was off from the pain and the thickness in his throat. He managed a swing or two - even if one arm was not behaving as it should - going for the head with his fists, until the third swing unbalanced him and he came down on one knee.

"Damnable... human," he grated through bloodied teeth and pushed with trembling thighs to get back on his feet. He did get up, breath laboured, and swung his fist again - going for an uppercut. He refused to acknowledge the protests of his body, merely for the sake of keeping up swinging his fists at Carrigan. Only he couldn't muster the strength to do so in the long run. He was too short of breath. In moments, he was leaning against one of the bulkheads. "You are going to have them all killed. You don't... know these people like I do... You don't care about this crew... You have not fought... to protect them... You don't know, Carrigan. I do... I do."

He raised his guard again, still not giving up. One arm was barely moving. He tried to focus on reading his comrade - circling him. "You will just fail... again. What makes you think... you can fight, in odds as these; knowing our enemy."

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-03-12, 23:02:29

[Carrigan Trent | Vicinity of the Warp Core Control Room]

Trent could hardly believe his success against Fedd. Surprise had been total. The two strikes he delivered had both been successful and his old Academy comrade had been left gasping for air, his right arm hanging useless courtesy of a snapped clavicle. When he began croaking an insult, only then did the Intelligence Officer begin to realize the extent of the damage he caused when the Betazoid let loose two awkward swipes he had absolutely no difficulty evading, slow and clumsy as they had been.

Far from what an expert in hand to hand combat as Fedd was known to be should be able to do.

And from the pallor that began to steal across his face, it did not take a physician to know there was severe internal bleeding.

But still, he fought on and after a brief assault, Carrigan settled for standing outside his former classmate's reach, his guard not lowered but not quite as high as it should be. When he resorted to leaning against the bulkhead to remain upright, the Lieutenant-Commander let his hands drop, and listened. "You're right, old friend. I don't know this crew like you do. But you're also wrong. I care about them and fought to protect them and I do still. That's why I stand against Vasser."

His tone was quiet, barely above a whisper of sandpaper. "I know our enemy better than you think." Trent knew Fedd was done for. The shortness of breath, the blood he was coughing up, all signs of traumatic damage to his lungs. The fact he had done nothing but defend himself did not change a thing to ease the pall of sadness that fell upon the Human.

And he decided to reveal what he knew of their enemy. "Sjaandin, our enemy infiltrated Starfleet because they know we're the only ones who can stop them. They mean to destroy our universe as we know it, cause total dissolution so they can consume it. Vasser is a maniac. How many did he murder in cold blood with his sabotage? How many have been killed trying to resist his attempt to take this ship? Damn it, one of your shipmates was murdered right in front of the two of us, right there on the Bridge because he tried to resist! He was just a kid, Sjaandin yet he showed more courage than Vasser ever did. And now, with what resistance against them was mustered at each other's throats, we're doing their work for them!"

Trent did not even keep his hands up. Instead, he settled for staying out of his faltering opponent's range. "Look at yourself, old friend, what being mind-raped by T'Rena did to you. There's no way the Fedd I knew at the Academy would have been that arrogant, that overconfident. There's no way I should have gotten the better of you in just one pass. I've always been the better tactician, we both know it, but this was... too easy. You should have seen this coming but instead, you came at me like a drunken Klingon, no tactics, just hammering away."

"Listen to me, please. We're Starfleet officers. We follow Starfleet protocols and Starfleet regulations because it's who we are. As members of Starfleet, we're strong and smart and dedicated; as part of Starfleet, we can fight. Vasser put that aside and choose to act like some thug, yet he promotes himself to a flag rank so he can assert control. So not only is he just a criminal, he's a hypocrite as well. He can't be one of us only when it suits him and play by his own rules the rest of the time, it's all or nothing."

Fedd was fading fast. Before long, he would collapse, then lose consciousness, then die. Trent knew it, and no doubt his friend knew it too. "Please, old friend. Remember our oath. We stand for the Federation. Today, the few aren't Captain Ives and those who stand with her. The few is Vasser and his delusion. The many aren't the crews of our ships, it's every living being in four Quadrants."

Tears started to form in the corners of the Intelligence Officer's eyes. Unless he got to Sickbay in a hurry, Fedd would be gone from this world in moments. And even if he did reach a surgical bay in time, it was uncertain at best. "You still have a chance to do what's right. Command access was locked out by you. Unless you relinquished all permissions, which I doubt you had the time to do, you've still got them. Reinstate my command access before it's too late. Give me a chance to make this right, before Calamity finds us again. Fight like I've seen you do hundreds of times, until the last possible second! Do it for Starfleet, for the Federation."

"Or do it for yourself, for the man I know you are."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-16, 16:15:00

Sjaandin wore a foul grin, the pain making him suck breaths through his bloodied teeth. He glared at Carrigan as he began to lecture him, and when Sjaandin tried to step after the man - to backhand his old friend and shut him up - the Intelligence Officer easily remained out of his range, and he stumbled into the opposite bulkhead of the corridor. The impact jarred something inside, and he coughed more blood. It was getting harder and harder to stop coughing once he started. Carrigan's words were not lost on him, however, because his proximity glowed with sadness and empathy. Sjaandin already saw himself dying in Carrigan's thoughts, but he refused to believe it. How could he? He was still determined to stop him, even if the reasons were getting muddled by the lack of air.

When Carrigan said he was not himself, that he fought poorly, he wanted to protest, but another fit of coughing had him down on one knee and leaning against the bulkhead with one forearm. Carrigan

had not counted on the edge he held with his bionic limbs. How many times had he fought with them since he almost lost the Harrier and his life? He had been a drunkard and retreated to a desk. No, Carrigan had just been lucky, and Sjaandin had been in full possession of his mental faculties.

With a thick roar, he tried to make his friend stop talking and fight him, tackle the man off his feet, but it only resulted in his body hitting the bulkhead again, and his legs gave out completely. He was lying on his face, wheezing against the deck plates, trying to get his arms to cooperate and roll over on his back. It hurt too much. His hands shook as he tried to shift his weight, but it was as if he was being smothered by his own body. Carrigan spoke of the oath they shared, and how they had interpreted it differently. The eerie thing was that the image of Carrigan's thoughts felt so familiar, any yet did not add up with his own. His mind narrowing down, like a focal point burning irrelevance and clearing the truth, he suspected his friend could be right, but there was no time to pursue the illusive traces he found. Carrigan asked him to act, and help him, and in the end, with the weight of knowing that he was about to die he tried to answer.

"Ravenh-" he grated, teasing another fit of coughing from his struggling lungs. More blood dribbled out of the corner of his mouth, but he managed to turn over on his side, "Ravenholm cut you out... Not I. Pushed the button... That's all..." In the end, regardless which Captain had the right of the matter, Carrigan was right about that they would all die if the Calamity found them. The ship had to be ready, the crew at its duty stations, otherwise it would all have been for naught. Question was if helping Carrigan would prevent that or expedite the Theurgy's readiness.

Wheezing though his teeth, body shaking from the lack of oxygen, Carrigan shifted his black eyes to the figure of his old friend in the corridor - the choice ultimately his own and depending on his trust in the human. He could barely make out the silhouette of the man standing above him, but he could see his passion. His determination. His unyielding will to succeed and oppose the enemy. Sjaandin also saw his compassion, and the building blocks of rising from his years-old depression. He was rising, and Sjaandin was falling. That was what settled it. Not allegiance, but belief in the greater good for the galaxy he was leaving behind, and the destruction of the USS Calamity.

"Tactica-" The coughing made his eyes fail him for a few moments. "My access... Limited overr-"

No air. He almost panicked. He couldn't speak anymore. His eyes widened, and he willed his arm to move, limp fingers reaching for the blood he had coughed up. Everything narrowed down. The focal point getting smaller by the moment. He clawed at the blood before his eyes. Purpose lost. Only action.

Then nothing.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-03-21, 00:31:33

O'Connell didn't go far when he found two figures loitering in the corridor. Sjaandin Fedd was in a bad way, and from the ashen color of his skin and the trickle of blood coming out of his mouth he wasn't long for the this universe. Carrigan Trent was standing over him, just out of arm's reach speaking as quietly as a priest giving last rites. And that's what they were, because Sjaandin was dying right before Billy's eyes.

William O'Connell got a mite worried when his vision starting getting blurry. Had his tumble down the stairs done more damage than he thought? Then he realized that there were tears in his eyes. Sjaandin Fedd wasn't a villain. He was a victim. He must have fought T'Rena with everything he had when she put the whammy on him. No wonder he'd been acting as crazy as popcorn on a hot stove.

Fedd had been aboard the *Theurgy* since the beginning. Like O'Connell he was a plank owner, a member of the original crew. And now he was dead. Killed and denied even the honor of fighting the good fight to the end. Everything the Betazoid had had been taken from him. He'd fought and defended the *Theurgy* all this time but had ended his life as a mutineer, proving that a halo only needs to drop a few inches to become a noose. The *Theurgy* had lost another warrior, someone who fought to defend the freedom that was the right of all sentient beings, and in the end died with his freedom to choose taken away from him. Fedd had lost in every way he could. And in many ways, so had everyone aboard the *Theurgy*.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-03-22, 15:38:02

There was very little left for Lieutenant-Commander Carrigan Trent to do. He watched his friend, the ability to speak robbed from him by a vicious counter-attack that should at least have been blunted by this certified martial arts expert, as he used his blood to write a single word on the deck. Kriskov. Like the Kriskov Gambit, one of his favourite tactics when playing three-dimensional chess back at the Academy. It was a written code, obviously meant to be used in case he was incapacitated. A limited override. It was a place to start and...

Then all thoughts of tactics and implications left the Intelligence Officer. He could see Sjaandin's chest convulsing as he struggled to draw his last breaths, his limbs twitching then stilling as the blood supply became insufficient. And then, the rattling of a ragged last breath escaping his lips. Trent finally closed the distance and kneeled by the Betazoid and, more as a reflex, he placed two fingers at his neck and confirmed what he already knew: Fedd was dead.

Trent's own breathing sped up for a few moments and he blinked hard even as he fought back tears. Angrily, he wiped at his eyes before reaching for Fedd's face to drag his eyelids shut. His old Academy comrade, a friend of two decades, was dead. "You won't be forgotten, old friend. I'll make sure they know of the last thing you did." The words were murmured, and immediately followed by a deep breath. As he rose, Trent pulled the commbadge off the corpse's chest and turned about, only to see Master Chief O'Connell standing there. The maintenance chief had a serious and saddened look on his face, something not many people saw from him. His uniform was dirtied and torn, his knuckles scraped and raw. So, there went the other two men...

Pinning Fedd's commbadge to his chest, Trent walked to his companion, his face set in a determined mask. Time to grieve would come later. First, there was work to be done. He had an access code he could use and it needed a tactical console to be entered. A limited override. That meant at least a toehold to command access. Clapping William Robert O'Connell on the shoulder as he walked past, Trent spoke again, his sandpaper whisper speaking of purpose and indomitable will.

"Change of plans. We're going to Deck 8, Vector 3 Battle Bridge. Lead the way."

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-03-23, 13:57:14

Sjaandin Fedd was dead. Everyone aboard the *Theurgy* had lost a dear friend. Did Carrigan Trent even know who he just killed?

"*You won't be forgotten, old friend,*" Trent muttered. "*I'll make sure they know of the last thing you did.*"

Yup. He did. *Everyone* aboard the *Theurgy* had lost a dear friend. No exceptions. And if

the *Theurgy's* crew couldn't restore the soul of Starfleet, this scene would be replayed billions of times all over the Federation.

God that hurt. It hurt so much that Billy Bob couldn't even feel it. He went numb. No doubt the full implications of this would keep him up at night, again. The horror of what they were up against, the true horror was so bad that he couldn't wrap his head around it. And right now that was a good thing.

When Trent rose and walked towards O'Connell, he had his game face on. It must have hurt so much that the bionic officer couldn't feel it either. O'Connell didn't have the heart to tell him that the new counselor transferred over from the *Harbinger*, and probably couldn't be trusted, but he had a feeling that Trent wasn't the kind of guy to bare his soul to a counselor anyway.

"Change of plans," Trent muttered in that quiet soulless voice of his. "We're going to Deck 8, Vector 3 Battle Bridge. Lead the way."

"Aye-aye sir," O'Connell nodded before walking past him and leading him to an alcove hiding an access ladder. "Deck Eight, this way."

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-03-27, 15:15:03

There was no time for grieving even the loss of his oldest friend. And truth be told, Trent was not feeling any sorrow at this time. Instead, he was filled with a cold, dangerous anger. He was not usually one for letting his passions get in the way of doing his job but it did not mean he was not subject to them. However, he had a natural talent for channeling them positively, using them to his own advantage.

And it was with grim determination that he followed the acting Chief Engineer another two decks up and a few sections forward, slowing down long enough only to grab a tricorder from a supply locker. He hardly cared what O'Connell would think of this, but he needed the damned thing. If his plan was to work, he needed to effectively see through bulkheads and this was the next best thing.

Upon reaching the Battle Bridge door, Trent raised his captured tricorder and began to scan through the door. There were three lifesigns beyond it, and no weapons. Every Battle Bridge was staffed with minimum manning at any given time in case of an emergency. So odds are, there were three junior officers there, holed up and contained, ignored by Vasser for the time being. The absence of weapons definitely ruled them out as mutineers, seeing how T'Rena was more than happy to open up every weapons locker she could find and arm every last person in this mutiny.

So, it was without announcing himself that he opened the door. Before him were three ensigns, two in red and one in gold, vehemently arguing until the hissing of the door interrupted them. They were fighting about their next course of action, debating surrender, returning to their quarters and, from the oldest of the three, who was the only one at a station, that they man their post. That man, who stood at tactical, was the first one to break the newfound silence. "T'Rena or Ives? Who's the captain?"

Trent looked at him levelly. That man still had maintained his head and kept cool. Judging him to be well in his thirties at the least, the Intelligence Officer could only think the man came up through the non-commissioned ranks. That man had a use. The other two, they would need to be jarred. "Ives, who else?"

Carrigan then looked at the other two crewmembers, the one in red was the one to speak next. "Just who are you, *Sir* and how are we supposed to know you're not with them?" The young woman, maybe

six months out of the Academy, had a point. But the amputee had no need to speak, for the Ops officer was the one to speak up. "He's Lieutenant-Commander Trent, that defector we picked up same time Commander Wenn came back. I was on duty in the quartermaster shop when he came in. The man disabled a whole fleet to join up with the Captain. He's with us."

"Glad you agree, Ensign," quietly replied the Intelligence Officer as he walked to the tactical station, displacing the older fellow who manned it. With practiced ease, he then entered the code given to him by Fedd and before him was a short list of personnel. Himself, the yeoman, Tovarek and a few others. People he'd obviously hoped would join Vasser's cause and could be put to work quickly. Pressing on his name, the computer, speaking with Thea's voice but completely devoid of its customary character, spoke. "Command access restored."

Then, Trent's face briefly showed a savage grin. He was back in business. Bringing Thea back online was still important, but he had command access. And he was on a Battle Bridge. He now had access to the greatest resource of any ship: her crew. And this crew was scared and confused. They needed leadership. With a few more keystrokes, the commbadge he took from his old friend was re-keyed to himself and he walked to the command chair. His good hand came to rest at the top of the back rest for a moment.

Command. He had given it up years ago. He thought it was the right thing to do at the time, and maybe it even was. But not permanently. Starfleet Intelligence recruited him and gave him a new purpose, but deep inside, he was still a tactical and command officer. And that had awoken when he had his initial meeting with Jien Ives. He needed to step up. "Computer, enable Battle Bridge! All consoles to full access, authorization Trent three seven four nine Epsilon." Once more, the soulless computer voice spoke. "Access enabled."

And only then did he regard the people around him. "Ensigns, man your stations. Master Chief, get these doors secured and then take Engineering. I want a full damage report and to know what's going on shipwide."

Then, he looked down upon the command chair. It was time to do it. "Shipwide channel." He simply rasped as he sat down and took a deep breath.

["All personnel on the Theurgy, I am Lieutenant-Commander Carrigan Trent. By now, you all know Declan Vasser and T'Rena have begun an attempt to hijack this ship by force of arms after a minimum of two sabotage attempts. I do not know the exact number of casualties at this time, but I know for certain Chief Engineer Tia Marlowe is fighting for her life, Helmsman Cale Winterbourne was murdered in front of me and Chief Tactical Officer Sjaandin Fedd was killed attempting to follow illegal orders."]

Trent then took a deep breath as he settled into the chair. The memory of his friend, drowning in his own blood, still trying to enforce the will of a madman and an insane Vulcan until the very end, flashed before his eyes.

["They have accomplished this by planting some of their crew on our ship and by using mind melds and possibly other telepathic techniques to twist the perceptions of members of this crew. Vasser has also ordered the widespread brainwashing, the mind-rape, of every last person on our ship regardless of whether or not they join him."]

Since Captain Ives and Commander Rez have been detained by Vasser and his cohorts, as a senior

officer on the ship's rolls prior to this attack, I am assuming command as one of Captain Ives' lawful delegates under the auspices of Starfleet regulations pertaining to continuity of command. As such I will retain command of the Theurgy until such as time as I am relieved or ordered to yield command by the proper authorities or murdered on the word of the criminal Declan Vasser."]

His tone had started out low and even, but he had failed to notice how his volume and intensity increased as he spoke. Trent did not realize it, but he was not just advising every soul on board of the situation but he was actively seeking out to inspire his shipmates and to restore a semblance of order on board. It was his time to rise from the ashes. This ship needed a commanding officer, a lawful one. Hopefully it would be only temporary, but he was ready.

["Now, I ask all of you to listen to me. This enemy we fight needs us, the ones aware of its existence, at each other's throat. It needs Starfleet to be riven with cracks and to lose all confidence in itself and from the Federation at large. As such, so long as we remain Starfleet, so long as we remain true to our oaths and our procedures and regulations, we are strong! Vasser promises you what? Murder? Hiding? Forsaking everything you are? Look inside you! Look around you! To this vessel, to your shipmates! As advanced as the Theurgy is, she needs her crew! She needs all of you! Your friends and shipmates need you! If you are Starfleet, I ask you to remain at your posts and man your stations! I ask you to do your duty. If you are one of Vasser's accomplices, know that my first concern is to this ship and the enemy that hunts us. As such, I ask you at least not interfere with those who choose to do their duty as Starfleet personnel. But if deep inside you remember who and what you are, your assistance will be most welcome.

Those of you who choose to serve the Federation as you best know how, I am thankful for your duty and I will be honoured to command you for as long as is needed to resolve this crisis."]

Trent took another deep breath. His own exhortations had quickened his heartbeat and from within he could feel the surge of confidence that filled him. Who had that speech been for, really? The crew? The Captain? A warning to Vasser and T'Rena? Or was it for himself, so he could be more like the man he had once been, the man who once captained an albeit minor starship but let her into battle against overwhelming odds, managing to maul them before being destroyed?

["This is Lieutenant-Commander Trent, interim commanding officer. All stations, all departments: close up and report readiness!"]

Only then did he look around the Battle Bridge. The argumentative helm officer, she was the first one to speak as if to atone for her previous doubt. "Propulsion is still locked out but helm is answering, Sir!" Then, her neighbour at Ops. "Compiling a report for you now, Commander." And finally, from behind him and to starboard came the report from Tactical. "Full shields and weapons ready on your command Sir."

Would O'Connell follow him? Trent was reasonably certain he would. But still, he'd definitely want a reply from him to cement the deal.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-03-30, 01:58:08

When Master Chief O'Connell led Lieutenant Commander Trent to deck eight, the bionic officer moved like he had a purpose. He paused only once, to procure a tricorder from a supply closet. It was such a good idea that O'Connell took two himself. One to use as a tricorder and the other to take apart and jury rig a booby trap with.

When they got to the battle bridge, the two of them saw the most dangerous things an enlisted man could face: Three junior officers. Despite being assigned to the battle bridge, they hadn't been important enough to brainwash, and since they were locked out of command functions, they had nothing better to do than jawjack and fondle their private parts.

The one at tactical was in his thirties, a bit old for an ensign: Kenneth Urban from Earth had been a petty officer working in the torpedo room of the *Hood* during the Dominion War. After the war he had impressed his superiors for his cool head under fire during the *Enterprise's* engagements against the Son'a and the Remans. He was duly sent to Organized Chicken Smeg, or as it's officially known, Officer's Candidate School and mustanged up to ensign. The *Theurgy* was his first assignment after OCS, and thanks to the conspiracy that took over Starfleet was likely to be his last. Despite his officer's training, he still thought like an enlisted man and concentrated on getting things done. Before Trent and O'Connell had made their entrance, he had been the only one manning his post and had insisted that the other two do the same in case the *Calamity* should attack.

Not manning her post at helm was the red collared ensign called Nizni Peri. An unjoined native of the planet Trill, she had a sister in Starfleet and had expected to follow in her footsteps. Instead she had joined a ship manned by fugitives who had been subject to mental domination at least twice that she knew of. She had been the advocate of surrender, hoping to buy time to determine which side she should choose. She was the only one to challenge Trent when he announced his presence, calling him 'sir' with a 'c' and a 'u' and assuring O'Connell that she still had some fight left in her.

Loitering near Ops was Ensign Pavel Viktorovich Yelchin of Mars. An academic prodigy, he was the youngest of the three and had advocated the predictable option of hiding in his room. The kid looked more like a cabin boy than an officer but if he had the guts to stick it out perhaps he would grow up and become a cabin *man*.

Carrigan Trent took charge like a pro. Within seconds, he had reactivated battle bridge computer bringing the dead consoles back to life and gave everyone on the bridge a job to do. "*Ensigns, man your stations. Master Chief, get these doors secured and then take Engineering. I want a full damage report and to know what's going on shipwide.*"

"Aye-aye sir, securing doors," O'Connell smiled, grateful that the officer grade amputee had a plan. He strode over to an access console near the doors. "Doorlock, activation code Stagecoach delta three three, run randomization access." After the Niga incident, O'Connell had devised a program to seal doors bypassing standard security protocols. At the time he had created it to lock himself in a safe place if the ship faced a repeat of the Niga Incident, but sealing the battle bridge doors would be fine too. It wouldn't keep out a security expert like Trent or T'Renna, but it would keep your standard mutinous crewman out.

Then Commander Trent did something O'Connell didn't expect. He made a shipwide announcement telling everyone aboard that the fight against the mutineers wasn't over. The *Theurgy*, like Starfleet, wasn't in enemy hands; there were still brave souls in uniform willing to fight for its soul. William O'Connell wasn't one for big speeches, but Trent was good; by the time he was finished, even Billy Bob was feeling optimistic, patriotic, and gung ho. Whoever Carrigan Trent really was, he wasn't just a spook from Starfleet Intelligence. This guy was command material. That was obvious.

Before O'Connell knew it, Trent had turn these green behind the balls ensigns into officers ready, willing, and able to follow his orders come hell or high water. It was one of those rare moments that made one proud to wear a uniform. They had been all too rare these days.

"Propulsion is still locked out but helm is answering, Sir!" Ensign Peri reported from flight control. She spelled it properly this time. S-i-r.

"Compiling a report for you now, Commander." Yelchin reported with a hint of an accent one could only find in Russia or Mars.

"Internal and long-range sensors are fully operational," Urban reported from tactical, "but the internal surveillance system is down. Phasers and photon torpedoes standing by. Shield capacity is back up to 90%, but we've lost the phasing cloak. I can't even verify that the hardware even exists," he growled.

"It doesn't sir," O'Connell informed him before getting into character. His hand went over the screen at the engineering station and a LCARS display appeared. "We've got 55% percent of the plasma relays going and managed to get our plasma levels back up to 30%," he informed Trent.

"Holo-emitters are down, internal force-fields are non-functional Commander," Yelchin reported from Ops.

"We've still got minor to severe damage to the hull on multiple decks sir," O'Connell added. "We didn't repair all the holes because we made repairing the docking latches for Multi-Vector Assault Mode a priority. The docking latches are repaired but untested. If we did manage to separate the ship, there's no guarantee we'd be able to get her back together under combat conditions. What are your orders Commander?"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-02, 02:05:14

[Hydroponics Bay]

Anyone, man or woman of any species save for her own would have felt ire if they were in T'Rena position. The speech delivered over the intercom was undermining the pre-determined outcome of the hostile takeover.

She was in the middle of a fire-fight with two of the Theurgy's security-officers in the lush hydroponics bay. Otherwise, she would have tried to reach a control panel and told Ravenholm to shut down the intercom. Indisposed as she was, she had to alter her tactics so that she may end the exchange of phaser fire as expediently as possible.

"Mr. Kilinvoss, send two of your men along the aft side," she said in a level voice and looked towards the scarred man to the right of her behind their cover. The mismatched stare she got back was one of momentary pause, but then he did as he was told, signalling for two pilots to move out in the open and serve as bait. They feared him, so they obeyed, and as soon as they stepped out of cover, they were being fired upon instantly. One went down with the first shots from the Ives loyalists, but T'Rena was already moving - circling the other way around the spot where the security officers had made their stand. In a matter of moments, she was slamming them into the bulkhead and breaking the arm of one of them. Two shot from her phaser, and they fell into disjointed heaps on the floor.

As soon as they were down, T'Rena did not linger for a moment. She headed to the closest control panel in the corridor - fingers darting over the buttons and her dark eyes taking in what she found. She needed a second, perhaps two, before she tapped her combadge.

"Captain T'Rena to Lieutenant-Commander Trent," she said, pacing with her phaser at her side, "This is not acceptable, and I hope you realise how futile your efforts truly are."

The Wing Commander stepped out into the corridor, but T'Rena paid him no heed - instead talking to the Intelligence Officer. "We are about to upload a reprogrammed version of the Ship A.I. from her mobile emitter and into the pasitronic brain core. Whatever access you might have gained from Lieutenant Fedd will then be rescinded and if you do not surrender immediately, Thea's first act to further our cause will be to shut down life support on your Battle Bridge. So unless you put away your weapons and surrender, you will be taking the lives of everyone on that bridge with you as you draw your last breaths. You will not be able to shut her out of her own systems, so I do suggest you comply."

T'Rena paused only for the human to realise that he had only created a trap for himself and those who might be there would die with him. "State your choice, Lieutenant-Commander."

Then she turned to Mister Kilinvoss. "Take two of your pilots and go to Sickbay. Evidently, Cir'Cie has failed us again since we have yet to hear from her. We need Dr. Nicander. Move out."

"Aye, Captain," said the Wing Commander and waved for two pilots to join him by the turbolifts.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-04-04, 15:37:50

The command chair almost felt as though he had never really left it to the Intelligence Officer. Seated there, surrounded by officers doing their duty, being the man who led them? He was in control. Of course, his mind was racing. He needed a plan and he needed it fast. And then, O'Connell asked for his orders. Good man, he knew these raw officers needed to see the man in the centre seat was actually in charge. Odds are the Master Chief knew what he needed to do, but he had found a seamless way to reinforce Trent's position. "Work with Ensign Peri and get us propulsion. If we can't move, we can't fight."

Then, he received a call. From T'Rena. "That was fast," he quietly said to himself. Her threats were clear and truth be told, he had expected such a thing. But what he would do next, odds are the Vulcan murderous bitch wouldn't see it coming.

With a few rapid keystrokes on his armrest consoles, he rebroadcasted her message ship-wide. This was an opportunity she gave him on a silver platter and he was going to exploit it.

["Captain T'Rena to Lieutenant-Commander Trent, this is not acceptable, and I hope you realise how futile your efforts truly are. We are about to upload a reprogrammed version of the Ship A.I. from her mobile emitter and into the pasitronic brain core. Whatever access you might have gained from Lieutenant Fedd will then be rescinded and if you do not surrender immediately, Thea's first act to further our cause will be to shut down life support on your Battle Bridge. So unless you put away your weapons and surrender, you will be taking the lives of everyone on that bridge with you as you draw your last breaths. You will not be able to shut her out of her own systems, so I do suggest you comply."]

State your choice, Lieutenant-Commander."]

He let the mutinous woman's words end and let them sink in before he opened up the commlink between the two of them. And he made damn certain everything that would be said would be there for everyone on board to hear.

["T'Rena, this is Lieutenant-Commander Trent. First, as an officer and a delegate of this ship's lawful commanding officer, I do not recognize your authority or your rank as you and Vasser have obviously chosen to dispense with any Starfleet protocols or procedures unless you find it convenient."]

Trent took a deep breath, and then continued.

["You want to murder me? Be my guest. But bear this in mind. I'm betting not only my life but that of everyone in this room with me that right now, there's dozens on this ship who just decided to start fighting back. And over here, I have Ensigns Kenneth Urban, Nizni Peri and Pavel Yelchin as well as Master Chief William O'Connell and again, I'm wagering all our lives that they've got friends who would take exception to their being murdered."]

Then, his voice went from his quiet rasp to something louder, something that was commanding. This was not his first time in the command chair, and by this time it would start to show to any who'd care to watch or listen. And he was making a stand as bold as any other captain in Starfleet's history.

["Unless you can show me where in Starfleet regulations and orders it states that sabotage, murder, coercion, mind-rape, mutiny and conspiracy are lawful ways to relieve an officer of his command, I. Will. Not. Yield. This is a Captain Ives's ship and I will fight to keep her as such. Go ahead. Murder us and make martyrs of the five of us. Polarize every man and woman you haven't brainwashed or murdered against you, encourage them to fight to the death. Even if you prevail, you won't have a crew left in the end."]

"Now here are my terms. You, Vasser and your cohorts will disarm. Captain Ives, Commander Rez and any other detainee you hold will be released. You and yours will return to the Harbinger and you will surrender all command authority over her and wait there with your warp core cold and all tactical systems physically disabled. Then, the brainwashing will be reversed and we will part ways. Whoever willingly buys into your vision will be allowed to join you and everyone who still sees themselves as Starfleet personnel will be allowed to stay with us."

"Comply and have a chance at going forward with your vision of things or face an entire crew that will fight you tooth and nail. Trent out."]

Then, he turned his head towards the action chief engineer. "Change of plans. Work with Yelchin, try and secure our life support. Everyone, make yourselves ready to evacuate the Battle Bridge in a hurry if we have to."

He had called her out on her threats and he had revealed something about himself as well. Carrigan Trent, the man he was before he lost his nerve, was back. Older, wiser and worse for wear but this officer who'd once turned a vessel and crew in shambles into a proud part of the fleet and then led her into battle against the Jem'Hadar a number of times with success before falling into a cunning ambush was back in business.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-04-05, 02:41:52

[Vector 03 Battle Bridge]

It might have been the stress, it might have been the euphoric optimism of going on the offense, but when T'Rena gave her ultimatum Master Chief William Robert O'Connell laughed out loud. Kenneth Urban grimaced or smirked; it was hard to tell. Nizni Peri grinned a bitter smile that said 'I should have

been a fighter pilot' and Pavel Yelchin lost what little skin pigment he had and gulped nervously. None of them moved from their posts and they all remained tense and alert.

"That was fast," Trent muttered dryly.

It sure was. And T'Rena had gone right for the throat with the threat of death, just as when she killed poor Winterbourne. That was good; it meant that seizing the battle bridge letting the crew know that it was okay to fight back was a genuine threat to ruttin' yahoos who were trying to take over. He had hit the Vulcan witch where it hurt and she was lashing out like a human. It was a real challenge to make a Vulcan mad enough to swallow a horn-toad backwards and if Carrigan Trent could do that maybe he could start a resistance group and get the ship back.

O'Connell had to bite his lip to hold his tongue. This wasn't the time for witty banter. Not while Commander Trent was working. Billy Bob hadn't known the bionic officer long but he could tell that it wasn't part of his process, and this was a bad time to break his train of thought. Trent had thrown down the gauntlet, and before he died, the master chief wanted to know what he was going to do next.

What Commander Trent did was so keep it simple stupid that it just had to work. It was one of those things that nobody thinks of doing and years later everybody asks why they didn't do it. What Trent did was broadcast T'Rena's words over the entire ship and let everybody know who was the enemy, and who was the voice of reason. He set him and everybody on the battle bridge up as heroes, and let everybody know it. He let everyone, brainwashed or not, know what kind of people Vasser and T'Rena really were so that picking a side would be easy. He had cut through the fog of war and let everybody fighting against the monsters that had taken over Starfleet that the captain and first officer of the *Harbinger* were cut from the same cloth. Trent had obviously sat in the captain's seat before, which was apparently more than could be said for T'Rena.

"Change of plans," Trent said to O'Connell. *"Work with Yelchin, try and secure our life support. Everyone, make yourselves ready to evacuate the Battle Bridge in a hurry if we have to."*

"Aye-aye Commander," O'Connell nodded. He turned to Yelchin. "Don't worry sir, turning off life support on the battle bridge ain't as easy as it sounds," he assured him while neglecting to mention that if Thea had been reprogrammed shutting off life support would get a lot easier. He could only hope that the witch was bluffing; in his opinion, anyone who said that Vulcans never lied had never met the first officer of the *Harbinger*. "Keep an eye on life support and keep anyone from foolin' with it 'til I get back."

"Ma'am, I need you to take one of our tricorders and set it to monitor the atmosphere," O'Connell said to Ensign Peri. "Then take another tricorder and set it to monitor for lifesigns. If they really *havereprogrammed* Thea we might not be able to trust our consoles to keep an eye on life support or tell us when to expect visitors. I've hidden some breathing masks in the battle bridge ready room and they should protect us if'n they start pumping anesthazine in here," he finished as he headed to a door to the left of the battle bridge. "Won't be a minute sirs, back in two shakes of a lamb's tail," he assured them as the door to the battle bridge ready room hissed open.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 22: Resistance

[Below Decks | Deck 07 | 1300 hrs.]

The past hour had been completely touch-and-go. For the Lone-Wolves and Sten Covington's deck crew, who had survived the strife in the Fighter Assault Bay, the ascent from Deck 15 had not been without losses.

Most of the surviving deck crew had been stunned as the group tried to escape the phasers of T'Rena's search parties. There had been no sign-of-life in regards to Miles Renard since last he had been seen, where he had provided cover for the last people that left the hell-hole that the flight hangar had become. One thing was relatively certain, and that was that Captain Ives was no longer in command, and was likely confined to the Brig. En-route, the short-term plan had been to reach Deck 07, and now that they were there - climbing out of a grate in the corner of the ship's lounge. They were only a few corridors away from the Security Office.

They emerged into an abandoned Below Decks, empty from movement. The place was quite defensible because of the open space and the clear view of the two entrances - one on each side of the lounge area - and it would be the ideal place to form a strategy-of-approach, and figure out how to liberate their Captain and everyone else that were being held captive.

Question was if they were up to the task and were prepared to risk their lives in the attempt.

Post by: Axius on 2015-03-08, 04:30:58

A near-naked Axius and his fellow loyal shipmates emerged into the dim atmosphere of the one and only Below Decks, the Theurgy's mess hall and crew lounge. His bare, sweaty chest was ridden with laces of blood splatter, ash, dirt, and particles of exploded matter that would need a computer analysis to define its origin. His ears rang like the wind bells that used to chime maliciously in a minor key back home on Earth Region. His sea green eyes stung with irritation. His muscles ached with sore stiffness, and the small cuts around his skin were just now beginning to demand attention as the adrenaline decelerated in his veins.

But he was safe, *for the time being.*

He watched as the small throng of people ascended from the Jeffries tube, all with expressions of awe and disdain. It wasn't new that there was a tragedy to this ship of juxtaposed outlaws, but mutiny was one thing this loyal crew never faced. It was in everyone's best interest that his pack member had an idea that might work.

"If one of us poses as a prisoner the other two say they caught him!"

It was as if all of Tessa's other words were drowned in the running of his own thoughts. That was brilliant. While they would have to see the look of horror on Ives' face if they successfully infiltrated the brig, Axius wouldn't mind if that meant it saved the Theurgy.

"Tessa, where would we begin?" he asked, knowing his implication of agreement was going to be understood. "And can someone get me a *damn* uniform?"

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-03-08, 17:00:48

There were twenty-two who had managed to get out of the hangar deck. By the time they'd broken contact with the mutineers, they were down to fourteen and it was this handful that managed to reach Below Decks. It had been a brutal withdrawal, under constant fire until they had reached the junction of Vectors 2 and 3 and the Chief of the Deck sealed the hull panels behind him. Perhaps the computer was down but the manual override functioned just fine and a few rapid bursts of his welding unit made sure pursuit would be severely delayed.

Upon reaching the lounge, the Chief Warrant Officer was quick to give his instructions. The place, being a bar, did not have a weapons locker but it did have a few utility caches and before long what available supplies had been gathered up. A half-dozen tricorders, a handful of PADDs, a few medical kits and some basic tools. Overall, not much to work with when one was the sort to only think with a phaser but a great deal for someone more technically minded.

But in the immediate, their location needed to be secured and Sten saw the doors locked and work on barricades started before approaching Goldeneye and Axius. Just in time to hear her plan and his less than formal reply.

Perhaps, according to rank scales, Quake and Covington held effectively the same authority but the Chief of the Deck had passed the rank of Master Chief better than two decades past and his career so far spanned forty years. And it was with this seniority that he spoke. "Master Chief, Lieutenant Lance is the ranking officer here, not your fellow pilot. You'd do well to address her as Ma'am or Sir, as she prefers."

Despite his words, the grizzled veteran was not there to bust Quake's balls. All the personnel holed up in the bar was frightened and shook up, only two having been trained for combat and only Sten, so far as he knew, had live experience in ground combat. And at this point, everyone needed to be brought back down to the lowest possible level in terms of their mentality. And that meant a strict enforcing of discipline and the chain of command. And that's just what the Deck Chief meant to do. Tessa was in command as the only officer present and he would be her strong right hand and the voice of experience.

"Ma'am, the call's yours but I don't think that's a good idea. Commander T'Rena came through from Security so odds are she's got that aspect covered and then some. The Security offices are already damn secure and if I was her I'd have my most high-value detainees there, not minor random ones. And odds are it's guarded by folks who know who's who. I think we'd be better off trying to get transporter access to get them out of there. Ship's ones are locked out but maybe we can try for the shuttlebay, use one of our runabouts or shuttlecraft to get them out?"

The Chief Warrant Officer then looked directly into the senior pilot's eyes. He needed her to think and make a decision. But the one message his gaze conveyed was simple: he had her back. Just like any good Chief ought to.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-03-10, 01:26:26

"Oh hell," Tessa groaned. "I'm the ranking officer. It's my decision isn't it?"

It was true. There were no superiors in Below Decks, no one to make the decisions that would save their lives or get them all killed. According to protocol, in an emergency situation where no one had been assigned command, seniority fell to the highest ranking officer, whether or not that officer was a tactical officer or a ship's counselor. And right now a twist of fate was twisted enough to leave Tessa as the senior officer, belay that, the *only* officer in the room.

"Tessa, where would we begin?" Master Chief Petty Officer Axius vel Onea, aka Wolf-04, callsign Quake asked. "And can someone get me a damn uniform?" he added as he drew attention to the fact that he was only wearing running shoes, socks, and a pair of gym shorts.

Before Tessa could respond she heard the fatherly growl of Chief Warrant Officer Sten Covington, the *Theurgy's* deck chief who the fighter pilots had given the unofficial callsign Papa Bear. "Master Chief, Lieutenant Lance is the ranking officer here, not your fellow pilot. You'd do well to address her as Ma'am or Sir, as she prefers."

"Yeah," Tessa nodded dumbly. "You're right! You're right Papa Bear! I'm Ma'am or Sir; frack Tessa!" she chirped in disgust. "That stupid witch will get us all killed! This is a job for Lieutenant Lance and it's time to get that sorry excuse for an officer on the job!" she declared before she slapped herself repeatedly to clear her head.

Ever since the *Theurgy* had gone on the run Tessa had been hanging in the back and feeling sorry for herself. So much of her identity was founded on her faith in Starfleet that when it was revealed that the leadership had been compromised her personality almost disintegrated. Inside, she had curled into a fetal ball and given up. Well frack that! Did Captain Sisko give up? Did Picard? Did Harn, or Rixx, or Kirk? Did Garth of Izar? Granted Sisko was dead, Harn's ship was destroyed with all hands, Rixx was listed as missing, and Garth went mad but they had made a difference! And it was Tessa's turn to make a difference right now!

"Okay!" she announced with tender and rosy cheeks. "Where were we? Let's be realistic. Can we really sneak into the brig as prisoner and escort?"

"Ma'am, the call's yours but I don't think that's a good idea," Papa Bear warned her. "Commander T'Rena came through from Security so odds are she's got that aspect covered and then some. The Security offices are already damn secure and if I was her I'd have my most high-value detainees there, not minor random ones. And odds are it's guarded by folks who know who's who. I think we'd be better off trying to get transporter access to get them out of there. Ship's ones are locked out but maybe we can try for the shuttlebay, use one of our runabouts or shuttlecraft to get them out?"

Tessa looked at Sten in awe. "That's... brilliant!"

Of course it was. Sten Covington had been in Starfleet since before the development of warp drive. There probably wasn't a single scenario that he hadn't heard of or lived through. Sten Covington was a legend in certain Starfleet circles, particularly the ones inhabited by pilots and deckhands. If half the stories were true, this wasn't the first time Papa Bear had to free a comrade from the brig.

"We can use the transporters in the shuttlecraft! That's brilliant!" Tessa gushed. "If anybody spots us, they'll think we're trying to escape, not trying to spring the captain! Only locking onto him might be tricky," Tessa added as her enthusiasm diminished. "They're bound to have taken away Ives' combadge but the captain's a pretty unique lifeform. Anyone with a lot of experience with transporters should be able to..." Suddenly her topaz yellow eyes widened in fear. "Our combadges!" she

screached. "Holy smokes, we're still wearing out combadges! Vasser's people must know where we are!"

Post by: Axius on 2015-03-10, 04:09:05

He had no time to hate himself for his insignificant bout of insubordination, nor did he dwell on the fact that Tessa just badmouthed the superior officer in very imaginative ways. Axius just glanced from face to face as they conversed on the plan that might just bring the re-liberation of his ship.

They were thinking on their feet like Starfleet officers are wired to do. Their brains worked in unison as each idea was stacked onto the other and branched off like cracks in the ice, which just might cause enough difference to break through. There was potential in this strategy. The pilots knew it, Papa knew it, and the handful of people Axius took no time to distinguish knew it. However, it needed to be flawless. Hell yeah, it was dangerous, but adventure isn't worth the hassle without it. However, like with most in-the-moment decisions, there seemed to be an obstacle seemingly impossible to overcome.

"Holy smokes, we're still wearing our combadges! Vasser's people must know where we are!"

That wasn't entirely true. "Except for me. They must think I'm dead! My badge is in the locker room where I left it!" He paused to overcome his rush of ideas, "There will be no way Vasser can identify my body if those Mk. IIs reached the havoc they did on that bay. My combadge is long gone in that rubble of a locker room. They think I'm dead. Or they don't think of me at all, I'm just impervious to the computer's location systems."

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-03-10, 15:05:01

When Quake realized his mistake in addressing Goldeneye informally, Sten found himself pleased to see his expression quickly recover from the shock of the realization to become once more the face of professionalism. Good on the kid, thought the grizzled veteran, for he could be useful now that he'd woken up.

Tessa, on the other hand? She put on a much more visible display when she realized her position. What looks it garnered were swiftly met with Covington's withering glare. The officer in charge was sorting herself out and that was all that mattered right now. Yes, that sort of behaviour wasn't known for inspiring confidence but at least she was going to step up to the plate. And he needed these people to do their job. And that included one of them coming up to the Master Chief with some surgical scrubs. After all, Below Decks could be used as an emergency medical facility in a serious crunch...

When his plan was well-received, the grizzled Chief nodded. That girl needed to get a hold of herself all right. But for now, her exuberance was a welcome sight. It meant she wasn't beaten yet. And that was good. This handful of crewmembers needed to see an officer in charge. Yes, they'd follow the Chief of the Deck but with an actual commissioned officer to lead them? It would give them even more purpose.

But then, she mentioned their combadges. Truth be told, Sten had completely overlooked those. They were usually worn in a breast pocket of their coveralls, out of the way while working in the bay. As such, he growled his next order. "You all heard the Lieutenant! Ditch 'em!" Yielding words to action, he was the first to reach for this ubiquitous piece of equipment and tossed it across the room.

Then, he laid his hirsute paw on Tessa's shoulder. "Ma'am, we should be moving. I recommend we fall

back somewhere we can finalize our plan for now."

Then, quietly, for her ears alone, he added something. "You're doing fine, lass. Keep doing what you're doing, I got your back."

Post by: Searcher on 2015-03-13, 01:39:19

As soon as he'd heard people coming in from an alternate area of the lounge, Rory had dove behind the bar and pressed himself tight against the frame. He didn't dare try to move some of the boxes to try to hide himself, knowing as afraid as he was that he'd give himself away. He'd managed to make it there though had run into a couple of Vasser's people. They'd made the mistake of laughing and saying he wasn't a threat but after hearing the announcement, he wasn't about to stay docile. Not when Ives had been kind and let him transfer over. The two were in one of the supply rooms, possibly conscious again but hogtied quite nicely.

It was hearing the exclamation that Vassers people would know where they were that allowed him to breathe a little sigh of relief. "Don' shoot ... I'm not with tha' stinkin' crew," he called out and let his hands be seen from behind the bar before he slowly eased up enough to peek over the counter. "Dunno if we had a chance t' meet but I'm Rory ... jus' a singer an' bartender. Got a couple o' them phasers ye call 'em an' a rifle," he said as he stood to his full height. "What th' fooks goin' on? I knew Vasser was a cold bastard but turnin' on this crew? I hope he gets his nuts shot off," he complained.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-03-13, 03:29:36

The Chief of security had been sneaking around through the jefferies tubes when he heard commotion coming from near where h was, and it had not sounded like one of the many checks he ha com across earlier on that day...in fact he had not encountered any of those for a while now, only ever hearing them happening on decks above where he was as of late. So out of curiosity Cinn decided to take a chance and see what was going on. As he arrived on scene he listened in to the fellow loyal crew trying to sort out who was pulling rank and who was to be in command of their little outfit, he found it quit admirable and he was mildly proud of his fellow crew for focusing and trying to rescue their captain, but as he hard their plan he began to get worried and started to work on entering the room.

When there came some commotion over hat as to be their finalized plan Cinn opened the grate and called down to his fellow crew. "As good a plan as that is I am afraid there are still quite a few glaring problems with what you are proposing to do." He opened the grate and called down. "Now none of you shoot its me Wenn Cinn, and I would rather not be killed again." He pushed through the opening and lowered himself into the room and brushed off some of the filth that was sticking to him before he set a chemical transport bag onto a table beside him. "Now the plan Sten has proposed has some potential, but one does not simply beam one out of the brig, if this could be done we would not bother having them. No a brig cell has preventive measures to keep a cell secure. But the brig itself is free game."

Wenn Cinn looked over the people that had gathered and he straightened himself up, he needed to make sure that these people still saw him as strong, for he was of Theurgy. "My own plan was initially to perform a raid on the brig, but as you have already speculated it is likely guarded and not going to be a place we could walk into. But if we have transporter capabilities we could bypass the entire approach to the brig. It would take a few seconds to fully beam someone into he brig using a transporter making a simple beam in to the security heart of the ship a foolish idea." He place his hand onto his bag. "But I think I have a solution for getting in. When things began to break down I made my way to the science decks and gathered some ingredients to make a flash explosive, a non lethal

weapon that would blind anyone who would look at it. This could buy us the time we needed to beam into the brig and capture it."

Wenn Cinn looked over the other crew to let his plan sink in for them, as he looked he noticed a small bit of commotion going on behind the bar as Rory tried to join up with the assembled group. "We would need to act quick, there are four different way to enter the brig, one is the main entrance, the three interrogation rooms could also be made into a way into the room, but if we were to lock the doors and bottleneck the mutineers to the security entrance we could hold the room long enough to allow someone to spring the captain and any other imprisoned crew." Wenn scanned the room again and decided it was best to allow people to ask him questions, throw out criticism and even question him, after all he had not been back all that long and after what this crew had been through, he expected people to be skeptical and worried, especially with their captain unable to guide them.

Cinn was also wanting to keep some of his other thoughts to himself, as he scanned the crew he noticed how many still had their com badges still on, with the searching of the jefferies tubes he wondered what this large group was doing together and not being found. It did not add up...unless they knew exactly where this group was and the mutineers were just allowing them to remain here out of the way while they did their best to get rid of anyone who might be hiding around the ship. If that was the case then Cinn could surmise that this mutiny lacked the manpower to hold the entire ship at once.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-03-15, 05:57:21

"You're doing fine, lass," Sten's fatherly growl muttered for her ears alone. "Keep doing what you're doing, I got your back."

"Thanks Papa Bear," Tessa May Lance smiled. "Now that we've got a plan I'm not so scared—AH!" she yelped when a blonde young man revealed himself crouching behind the bar.

"Don't shoot ... I'm not with that stinkin' crew," the young man assured them in a distinctive Irish brogue. *"Dunno if we had a chance to meet but I'm Rory,"* he added as he put his hands up to assure them he was unarmed, *"jus' a singer an' bartender. Got a couple o' them phasers ye call 'em an' a rifle,"* he added as he stood up to reveal that his slender build was over six feet tall. *"What the fook's goin' on? I knew Vasser was a cold bastard but turnin' on this crew? I hope he gets his nuts shot off."*

"Well, we'll see if we can do just that if we can get Captain Ives free," Tessa replied. "As you probably overheard, we've got a plan, and we think that—YAH!" she screamed as a grate in the wall close to the ceiling opened to reveal a bald burly Bajoran in a gold collared uniform.

"As good a plan as that is I am afraid there are still quite a few glaring problems with what you are proposing to do," the new arrival growled.

"Don't move!" Tessa shrieked as she and a handful of deck hands pointed their weapons at him.

"Now none of you shoot it's me Wenn Cinn, and I would rather not be killed again," the resurrected chief of security grunted while climbing out of the ventilation duct. *"Now the plan Sten has proposed has some potential, but one does not simply beam one out of the brig, if this could be done we would not bother having them,"* he added as he brushed off some of the detritus that was clinging to his uniform. *"No a brig cell has preventive measures to keep a cell secure. But the brig itself is free game."* He set down a chemical transport bag onto a nearby table and looked at all the people who had escaped and found sanctuary in 'Below Decks.' *"My own plan was initially to perform a raid on the brig, but as you have already speculated it is likely guarded and not going to be a place we could*

walk into. But if we have transporter capabilities we could bypass the entire approach to the brig. It would take a few seconds to fully beam someone into the brig using a transporter making a simple beam in to the security heart of the ship a foolish idea," he continued as he opened his bag and took out a few vials and packages. *"But I think I have a solution for getting in. When things began to break down I made my way to the science decks and gathered some ingredients to make a flash explosive, a non-lethal weapon that would blind anyone who would look at it. This could buy us the time we needed to beam into the brig and capture it."*

Wenn Cinn paused and looked over his audience to see if they understood before continuing. *"We would need to act quick, there are four different ways to enter the brig, one is the main entrance, the three interrogation rooms could also be made a way into the room, but if we were to lock the doors and bottleneck the mutineers to the security entrance we could hold the room long enough to allow someone to spring the captain and any other imprisoned crew."*

"Hey-hey-hey, slow down Commander Cinn, if *that's your real name,*" Tessa retorted. "How do we know you're even who you say you are? All I know is that right after our chief security officer comes back from the dead, people we've served with ever since we got on this ship have been shooting at us and Captain Vasser declares that he's taking over! How do we know you're even you? No offense sir, but you can't blame us for being a little paranoid right now." She looked at the others as she gestured at Cinn. "Come on guys, I can't be the only one who's thinking it. Having Commander Cinn come back from the dead is awfully convenient isn't? Come on fellas what do you think?"

Post by: Axius on 2015-03-16, 21:59:10

There was just so much happening. Rory Callahan made a grand entrance, just to be out-staged by the Theurgy's chief of security. Rory did have a flair for theatrics, Axius noticed, however the nature of psyche drew them towards the reincarnated Bajoran climbing down from the ceiling.

He bid the ridged-nose man a due, but his efforts of welcoming and camaraderie were too shortly restricted by the shrill words of Lieutenant Lance.

Tessa's accusations of the Commander just showed how much the shock of their situation was beginning to flourish inside the mind of the small flock of loyalists. He didn't, what-so-ever want to disrespect her judgement, especially not in front of so many officers with line ranks, but it seemed that something needed to be said about her outburst.

He cupped his stinging green eyes with his dirty hands, trying to suppress the irritation with pressure. It was a sort of ironic metaphor, to add it to context. Just keep making the stakes higher in this impending danger. Maybe something good will come out of it — even if it is just a few weeks of calm waters.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he eyed Papa Bear, assuring him he was now adding more distinction to his friend's rank, "Tessa, I feel we should trust Wenn."

He coughed into his now covered arm, his bodies reaction to the build of soot in his lungs. He felt this sensation before, during the attack of the Calamity, but it was a feeling he never wanted to get used to.

"Commander Wenn, I think there is no reason to discount your credibility based on your coincidental arrival."

He then turned to Tessa, branching off of his comment so he didn't talk about the security officer in the third person. "To have been with him as long as we have — through the hell we've been put through — I think we should abide by his plans."

He walked towards Rory at the bar, motioning for the officers he had been conversing with to follow. He sat on the stool and faced the huddle. "If there are no flaws anyone can find in this idea, we should implement it as soon as possible. I'm just worried that if we spend too much time devising a plan, we won't have the while to execute it."

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-03-17, 01:23:43

As Tessa began to bring up paranoid points, paranoid yet valid he had to admit. Cinn allowed for Tessa to list off her complaints and nodded respectfully as she started to try and rally people behind her in questioning him. Cinn was a little hurt as he was reminded of the Prophets statement, "He is no longer of Theurgy." it made him worry that he might not be able to get back with his crew if he did not stop this questioning of his loyalties.

Wenn Cinn sighed and shook his head, he was about to begin an argument back to Tessa when Axius piped up with his own comment and actually brought up some support for him, it was reassuring to know that the crew still remembered what he had done for them, how he had served beside them in the past. It assured him that he was not too late to rejoin with his comrades. "To be completely honest Tessa if it was anyone coming back from the grave you are right I would question them to no end, lock them up in the brig and do everything within my power to ensure that I know who they were for sure." He crossed his arms and frowned. "But we do not have that luxury of going through all that right now, and keep in mind our Captain, the person who you and I are working to spring from the brig personally checked to make sure I am who I say I am. And if the Captain's word is not good enough for you, then I do not see myself being able to hold much of an argument here." Cinn sighed and shook his head. "Listen I was as shocked as anyone with what had happened, but Captain Vasser did not agree with the captain and thought that we should go about saving Starfleet. Vasser had many supporters, several of them skilled in various fields; I do not find it that unlikely that they could have convinced people to join their side by alternative means." Cinn ran a hand over his head and looked to Axius, with a look of gratitude for the support.

"As much as I am sure some of you would love to speculate on how things came to be, we do not have the time for such things. What Axius said is likely true, we are on a timer here and all that we know for sure is that the Captain is being detained in the brig. You were all prepared to begin a plan that had some flaws, but had a good idea behind it." He looked to Tessa. "I acknowledge my reappearance has been a bit sudden and convenient, but that is not important right now, and I would rather not have to throw my rank around to get us back on track." He returned his gaze to the crew. "The fact of the matter is we need to save the captain, I have a plan that will give us a better chance of getting in and out with minimal risk for casualties. We cannot fall apart now and allow paranoia to prevent us from making progress; the plan is still relatively the same. We need to get transporter access with a shuttle, but we will need to beam in before we beam anyone out." Looking to Tessa he spoke towards her and anyone who might share in her fears. "My loyalty is to Captain Ives and the Theurgy, and I will be damned if I let someone come and take that so soon after I finally return. Now will you hear my plan out?" His look was that of determination not anger, Cinn was sure the plan would work, everyone just needed to work together, without the crew he could not succeed and without a proper plan they would be risking failure.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-03-18, 23:07:52

When the Irishman revealed himself behind the bar, there was a number of weapons raised even as he made it clear he was unarmed. But even more phasers were raised when the Chief of Security arrived and announced himself. Even as Quake calmed down Goldeneye, the Chief of the Deck looked around and his voice sounded again, an authoritative growl. "Weapons down, everyone. If you feel the need to have 'em in your hands, low ready and face the damn doors. Chavez, get behind the bar and find those weapons Mister Callahan's referring to and bring 'em here."

As the deck ape named Chavez headed off to discharge his orders, Covington focused on the Bajoran. "Commander, Lieutenant Lance led twenty-two of us out from the fighter bay. We lost eight en-route to enemy fire. Stunned, no fatalities." He was giving a clear, succinct report of their last hour. Now that he was the senior officer present, Wenn was in charge and he needed to know who and what he had at his disposal. "We're all armed with at least one weapon each, we've got tools, medical supplies, a total of eight general-purpose tricorders and a good cross-section of my Cubs."

His report given, Sten considered what the man had to say. He wasn't ashamed he had missed something about the holding cells. After all, Security wasn't his ball of wax, hangars, fighters and shuttles were. However his plan was not fully dismissed as it was, apparently, becoming the basis upon which the Lieutenant-Commander's was built upon.

"I was there when you came back, Commander. If the Captain's cut you loose, that's good enough." Then, the plan at hand. "You're it now, Sir. I recommend you keep Lieutenant Lance as your second in command." Covington didn't know the man well enough to determine for certain who he'd appoint as his right hand. Technically, Papa Bear and Quake held the same authority as Tessa. But at this point, she needed to stay focused and confident to be any use at all, and to help guarantee her survival as well.

"I've got two ordnance techs here, Sir. They can put your devices together without blowing anything up and with what we've got in here, there's enough components to make any number you want. How many do you want, how do you want them set to go off?"

Bomb-making was a pretty exact science and he would leave the details of the payload to the two experts he had with him. The initiation systems, though, he would at least oversee if not build himself. Depending on what spare parts or components they would rip out from the bulkheads and consoles, there might be a serious need to do things differently from one bomb to the next.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-03-19, 00:26:18

Wenn Cinn listened to the report from Sten and nodded as he took the information into account. This entire situation smelled of not being a well manned mutiny, otherwise they would have done away with possible military threats and not stunned them. As Sten also informed him that they had ordnance engineers with them Cinn grinned. "That is all relatively good news in fact and do no worry about Lieutenant Lance I believe I am going to need her to take on some command roles here soon enough." He began to focus on talking with Sten now. "I could not get my hands on much but there should be enough here to make one or two flash explosives." He patted the container before continuing. "I could not take too much; I needed to ensure that nothing looked out of place when I was sneaking round."

Wenn Cinn scratched his chin as he thought. "Since we will be a little limited on the transporter capabilities of the shuttle we will need to form a strike team to infiltrate the brig. I believe a five man squad would stand the best chance. I and four others, three of which should be either security or military trained, the last person we bring needs to be an engineering expert for the Theurgy. I do not

think the standard method of unlocking a cell will be an option, and we cannot risk just taking down all the cells, there is one being in there that must remain locked up." He scratched his chin. "An engineer should be able to take down the shields while the rest of the squad holds the brig."

He then turned to look at Tessa. "However I feel we need to tip things more in our favor. I think that this mutiny is not as well manned as they want us to believe; otherwise I think they would have taken you all out by now. So many of you still have your badges on, they all can be traced and I believe they are so that the mutineers can act to impede you and keep you contained. I get the feeling they do not want to fight you all head on, and this gives us another advantage." He smirked. "Lieutenant Lance, I would like for you to head up a second squad that will work as a distraction while the main force moves to the shuttle bay to spring the captain." He raised a hand to ensure he could finish elaborating. "You will take all the com badges as well as a team of your own and move with them too Deck five, with the Battle Bridge there and the Life Support Systems I would imagine that they would move to try and contain you, hopefully drawing away what security they have here."

Cinn looked back over the crowd and waited for questions and input from the people he was asking to follow him. He knew that people would likely be worried about splitting up the group like this, but he believed it as their best chance for survival. If they split their forces so would their enemies, and this would give them better odds when sending in a small strike team to try and achieve their most important goal during this mutiny.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-03-21, 02:14:04

Rory had gulped a little when phasers trained on him but that was why he kept his hands in the air and moved slowly until he was standing straight and tall. Even then he kept his hands up though looked ready to dive behind the bar when another voice came from the grate. It was all those phasers turning in that direction that kept him in view and letting out a long slow breath, cheeks puffing out then deflating.

They had acknowledged him but again it was like he didn't exist, all their Starfleet training kicking in as they bantered plans back and forth and who was top dog to give the orders. There was an expression of frustration as he continued to hold up his hands but then thankfully someone instructed phasers to be pointed elsewhere, also adding to the fact he wasn't a danger to them ... or anyone. *Least I got good punches in on th' arseholes trussed up in th' back* he thought to himself.

When someone being called Pappa Bear told someone to get the phasers and rifle, he reached out with his foot and scooted them out in plain sight to make things easier for the man. Once those were gone, he pulled out a small bottle and bobbed it toward Quake, noticing he kept rubbing at his eyes. "Some saline fer th' eyes. Looks like it mi' help," he offered. "I get dry eyes a lot an' keep some stashed where I work."

The security man gave another go at a plan and then went quiet, obviously asking for questions but as no one was bringing anything up and all looked dubious about splitting up, he raised his hand. "I know I'm no' Starfleet but I'm a bit o' a scrapper. If ye don' wanna split up ... an' since I ain't trained an' valuable ... I could take them doohickeys an' walk around." He didn't think they'd go for it but he wanted to help, to try to make a difference. Maybe then he wouldn't be a nobody.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-03-21, 03:52:08

Secretly, Tessa was relieved that Wenn Cinn had shown up out of nowhere to take charge. It didn't take a lot of tactical knowhow to figure out that any plan with Goldeye leading it would result in a lot of

casualties on the wrong side. Commander Cinn was the chief security officer; he was both the new one and the original one when the ship had been commissioned. It was hard to imagine anyone more qualified to spring Ives from the brig, but having him take charge was too good to believe. In a galaxy where the heads of Starfleet were being devoured from within by parasites from another dimension, and the only ship who knew the truth was on the run, (after hearing Vasser's announcement over the intercom, Tessa could no longer believe that the *Harbinger's* leadership wasn't infected too) could anybody believe that Bajor's Prophets would bring Cinn back from the dead to rescue Captain Ives?

The problem was, if the refugees in Below Decks wanted to turn this around, they were going to have to trust Commander Cinn and hope he was really Wenn Cinn. If they shot him with a phaser set on heavy stun, they would all die or get captured. Following Tessa would be like following a lemming. If they followed Cinn and he was one of Vasser's crowd, they would all die or get captured, but at least it would be quick. And if the man who called himself Wenn Cinn was telling the truth and the Prophets really existed, they would free their commanding officer who had gotten them through everything the universe had thrown at them. There wasn't much of a choice really, but everyone was too polite to say it.

Papa Bear's acceptance of Cinn's identity was reassuring, and his insistence that Tessa be his second in command was heartwarming, but Cinn's role for the blonde in Ives' rescue was upsetting. She was leading the team on decoy duty. They were the distraction to keep the mutineers busy so Cinn and his team could do something clever.

The assignment was upsetting on two levels: One, if the real Wenn Cinn was dead and the man before her was an imposter, he had found a way to get her out of the way and into danger so she wouldn't question him anymore. Secondly, and even more upsetting, assigning Tessa to decoy duty was a sound tactical decision: After going on the run Tessa's Starfleet discipline had crumbled to near nonexistence. Giving her an assignment that didn't involve blowing her cover would be an act of criminal negligence.

Tessa had two choices: She could either protest the assignment and accuse Cinn of trying to get her out of the way or she could smile bravely, nod her head and accept it. Since leading the rescue would ensure its failure Tessa took the only option open to her. She gulped, fought hard to keep the twitchy looks off her face and said "Yes sir, I won't let you down," in a strange strangled voice. She blinked rapidly and set her lips to keep from crying. The poor devils chosen for her team would shoot themselves in the head if she did that. She had to be brave for them and do everything she could to keep morale up, even if her own morale had vanished the moment Starfleet started hunting for the *Theurgy*.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-03-21, 05:15:59

Wenn Cinn took a moment and acknowledged Rory. "I appreciate the offer, but I cannot ask a civilian to step in for this matter, I feel that your best service to the crew would be to aid whatever crew we cannot take with either team and try to fortify his position. I can see that quite a few of us are not doing the best, and the poor air quality of the jefferies tubes has begun to negatively impact some of the crew. I feel we must leave those that are suffering the most here to recover. Also I would rather the people who head out with the badges be a larger group that could hold a position and work as a distraction." He smiled and hoped that this position would remain safe, with the amount of tables they had here they could hunker down here better than most other place on the ship.

Turning his attention back to Tessa, Wenn could see the uncertainty and fear that she had and he

knew that he needed to keep her together, or the distraction might fail. If this was the case it would be far wiser to sacrifice Sten to head up that second team and leave her here to look after anyone who was not fit to continue. He walked over to Tessa and put a hand on her shoulder and guided her away to talk with her for a second and he looked to Sten. "Sten please join me for a moment with the Lieutenant." He waited for them to be together before he spoke quietly so no one but they could hear him talk.

Looking Tessa in the eyes he spoke to her. "Lieutenant I need to know if you are here right now? Can you handle this mission, or has our situation finally gotten the better of you? Lieutenant I do not want to put you in command if you do not feel up to this, I can send Sten in your place if you feel that you are not up to the task." He locked eyes with her. "Tessa, I need you here at 100%, if you cannot handle this I would be fine leaving you here to look after the remaining crew and help oversee fortifying the location. I will also send Sten with you as your second in command if you feel that you require his guidance on this." He did not want to outright remove Tessa from the mission, she was already doubting him and he did not want to have her lashing out in paranoia. He was making sure that she had options, if Tessa could pass on command and take a different role, or even be set to work with someone he saw boosted her confidence, he felt that she would remain stable through this ordeal.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-03-22, 03:28:48

"Tessa, I need you here at 100%," Wenn rumbled. "If you cannot handle this I would be fine leaving you here to look after the remaining crew and help oversee fortifying the location. I will also send Sten with you as your second in command if you feel that you require his guidance on this."

That remark was like a slap in the face, but it was exactly what Lieutenant (junior grade) Tessa May Lance needed. She had been caught wallowing in her own angst and it was time for business.

Tessa closed her eyes and shuddered before swallowing a fixing her topaz yellow eyes on Wenn. 'Clear your head,' she silently told herself. 'Don't say the first thing that comes out of your mind; make sure you know what you want before you say anything. Don't do anything to jeopardize your goal.'

And then it hit her, that moment of clarity. Centuries ago her people had an expression: Even a broken clock is right twice a day. For Tessa, this was the right time of day. She knew exactly how she wanted this conversation to end, and she had a feeling that Wenn wanted the same thing.

She cleared her throat and spoke softly so that hopefully only Wenn and Sten could hear her. "Sir, with all due respect using the word of an officer who isn't present to vouch for you doesn't hold a lot of weight right now. Captain Ives said that Vasser was our friend and that didn't work out did it?"

Without waiting for an answer the gold eyed blonde continued. "It can't escape anyone's notice that the you've assigned the one person who had the guts to doubt you out loud to a duty that makes her target and gets her away from anyone who would be useful." She held up a hand. "Don't apologize sir. Don't explain yourself. There's no need to apologize, it was the one hundred percent right decision. Whether you're here to free the captain or lure us all into a trap it was the right thing to do. I get it. I'm a liability. I'm dead weight. I understand. I get it. I'm fine with that. I really am."

She attempted to lean in forward for effect but due to the seven inch height difference between them the effect was impossible to pull off. One couldn't fault her effort though. "But," she announced tersely, "before I go off on a suicide mission I need to know that I'm leaving the others in good hands. I have to trust you sir. We all have to. But I can't unless I know there's a person inside that big scary

Bajorran who knows how to hurt and feel just like I do."

"The only reason these people believe you is because they want to believe," she hissed. "The alternative if you're lying is too awful to accept right now. The thing is, your behavior is textbook for someone trying to take us over from the inside. It's happened to Starfleet, it's happened to the *Harbinger*, it's even happening to the *Theurgy*. I just watched one of my best friends shoot down another of my best friends without warning, before she was shot down by another of my friends in return. So yeah, if I have a hard time believing that our Chief of Security who was blown into space has miraculously come back to life, this is understandable. Even if you did somehow come back, you could still be one of the enemy. So what I need from you is a glimpse of a real person, not an officer, not a commando, I need to see someone that I can trust my life to and trust the success of this mission."

"Right now I could easily turn all of these people against you but that won't get Captain Ives out of the brig," she announced quietly, "but if you give me someone I can believe I can fix it so that if you ask them these people will crawl across a field of broken glass with their flies unsealed. All I need from you is some indication that I'm dealing with a real person, not some horrible thing that's wearing your shape."

Tears appeared in her eyes. "So please, I'm begging you, give me glimpse of the man inside. Let me know that he knows what it's like to lose something and still have the strength to keep going. Shed a tear, tell me joke, give me story about your childhood, make something up if you have to! Lie to me if you gotta, just give me something I can believe in! Stop being the chief of security for a second and let me see the real you! Please! Please..." From the way she was shaking, one would have thought that the temperature had dropped twenty degrees.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-03-22, 04:59:31

Wenn Cinn listened to Tessa as she voiced her concerns, but as she began to break down and simply asked for him to prove who he was to her and to encourage her Cinn put a hand on her back, making sure that to those looking on it looked like he was simply pulling her in for a bit of a huddle. "I see your point Lieutenant, and I understand your reaction, and like you asked I will not go into explaining myself or working on the other points, right now I will just talk with you. You want to make sure you know I am Wenn Cinn, you want to know I am truly a feeling person. Well I think Ives mistake with Vasser proves the Captain is just a normal person...in the grand scheme of things at last." He smiled before he looked Tessa in the eyes.

"Lieutenant you were about to go on a mission to save the captain on your own before I arrived and inserted myself into this situation. I have to admit I feel I have stolen your moment of glory and self discovery. Command changes a person, weather it be for the best or the worst it changes us. Now I am going to tell you what my first Commander ever told me when I was put in command of a squad. *"You will be fine. I would not choose you for this mission if I did not think you could handle it."* Now I believe in you Tessa, you are a gifted young officer and you could not have gotten this far if your superiors did not think you deserved it." He took a deep breath. "My first command was a security team sent to keep focus on us while my commander took a strike team to flank a group of infiltrators from behind. I was an ensign then, and I took that moment to heart. Our trials define us Tessa, how we stare them down and overcome them is how we are remembered, and I know your type Lieutenant, you will struggle, but when you overcome your hurdle the sky is the limit."

Wenn Cinn sighed and spoke softly. "We are of Theurgy Tessa. This ship is our home, the crew our

family, we both do not want to see if fall apart. I know the fear that comes with facing the unknown, but as much as you are struggling you need to be strong, not for me, and not for this mission, but for your family here, for the crew." He patted his shoulder and then smiled. "Now if you want a joke I could try my best, but I have been told that my jokes have routinely been used in interrogations to get people to talk before so I will spare you that." He hoped he was able to motivate Tessa Lance, if he could not get her to believe in herself and be willing to take on a mission, he did not know if he was able to help anyone.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-03-22, 17:56:09

When the bartender spoke of making himself useful with a phaser in hand, Sten was hardly surprised when the hulking Bajoran refused him on grounds of being a civilian. Truth be told, the Chief agreed with this on several levels. However, he could understand the Irishman's desire to make himself useful. There had to be a role for him, a way to give him a sense of purpose and keep him out from underfoot for the time being. And with this in mind, the powerfully-built Briton spoke. "Mister Callahan, we'd welcome your help but not with a phaser. We've all been on the run for a good hour now and we'll be here for a while. If you want to help, get some water to everyone, find us some food and distribute it. If there's nothing fresh, there should be some survival rations in the stuff we pulled out from the emergency lockers."

Covington began to turn away, but stopped himself and locked gaze with the barkeep. "I know it's not what you'd rather do, but that's how you can help. And making sure we're fed and watered will help us do our job and retake the ship."

Without waiting for a reply, the Chief of the Deck pointed to both ordnance techs. They had been listening and they knew what was expected of them. They would prepare the devices all right. The Chief of Security wanted two? They were determined to cobble up at least one or two more without sacrificing the yield. Their Chief trained them well; they knew the very best was expected of them and they intended to do it.

Once called over for a semi-private conference, Covington looked back and forth between both officers. Wenn was a strong leader, but Goldeneye? She was shaky at best. Pilots weren't like other officers. Being in charge of other lives while not flying their fighters was alien to them. But officers they were regardless. Of course he would support Wenn's plan. The man was now in command and it was his job to back him. But Tessa? She was one of *his*. Divided loyalties had never been a problem for him. He always was able to juggle the various allegiances he held, to his ship, his superiors, his fighters, his people, and get the job done. And this he would do again.

The exchange went for a while, and then the Chief spoke. Goldeneye, look at me. The Sir's on our side." *The Sir*, the way non-commissioned personnel so often referred to their officers. And one Sten typically saved for Renard. But at this time, he had to give every impression he trusted the Bajoran as much as he trusted the Vulpinian. "It's a solid plan, one that's built on the one you were going to go forward with. If he didn't think you had a good head on your shoulders, he wouldn't have kept a single element of it and he'd have put me, or Oneas as his right hand. You're still his second. And I'll back you."

Looking up to the Lieutenant-Commander, Covington spoke directly. "I'll go with the Lieutenant. Any of my techs can do what you need in the brig and they've all got some combat training so take your pick." Indeed, when the fighter bay crew courses were being designed, Sten, drawing from his own experience dealing with contested landing zones, insisted a degree of ground combat be included in it. It wasn't on the same level as Security training, but it did beat what most remember had. And he

himself was a certified ground combat training instructor for deck crews. Perhaps Wenn didn't know that, but it would be a solid backing for Lance's team.

"You'll need a security element left behind in the shuttlebay. Recommend you use the Master Chief and three others for that. And internal communications are down, so you should grab four of the tricorders for comms." He was a Chief. His job was backing officers when they needed it, straightening them out as required and making things happen. "Worse comes to worse, they could seal themselves in whatever ships they're using to beam you over and beam themselves to safety once you've secured the Captain."

And then, he returned his attention to Tessa, landing both his hirsute paws on her slender shoulders. "We've got some work to do. But first things first. You're not a liability or dead weight. You're Lieutenant Junior Grade Tessa May Lance. You're Wolf-07, Goldeneye. You're one hell of a pilot and a Starfleet Officer. You've led fourteen people to safety while under contact. If you were a waste of skin, I'd have shoved you in a survival locker and welded it shut to keep you out of the way long ago. We need you, lass. The crew that's loyal to Captain Ives needs to see there's organized resistance and officers to lead them."

Then, he squeezed at her shoulders beneath his hands, his grip as unbreakable as a vice yet only hard enough to convey a hint of his strength and conviction, yet gentle enough to let it be known he cared for this young woman and supported her all the way. "I trust you, and because the lads trust me, they will trust you too. Don't make a liar out of me."

Then, he smiled ever so slightly, offering a wink. He had her back. The ship needed her and he'd make damn sure they'd get her.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-03-23, 13:53:46

Tessa was grateful for the encouragement that Commander Cinn and Poppa Bear had given her. She smiled gratefully and gave the burly Bajorran a hug. It was horribly unprofessional and displayed a total lack of discipline but what better way to convince the others that Commander Cinn was trustworthy than to offer him a tearful hug? She had intended to fake it if Cinn passed her test. She had planned to kiss him on the lips and shout 'It really is you' to make it appear that they had been past lovers or some such nonsense. Instead she had given him a sincere, heartfelt hug that let him know how grateful she was the Wenn Cinn was really Wenn Cinn.

It didn't matter how he got back to life; nobody knew how they had gotten rid of the alien pollen ending the Niga Incident but everyone had been grateful. The way Tessa saw it, the universe owed them. Rumor had it that he claimed the Bajorran Prophets saved him and brought him back to the *Theurgy*. Tessa was no theologian but in her religion the Powers Above only seemed to intervene when things were at their blackest, and boy, were things black now. It was so bad that she could believe that incredibly powerful super beings that swore by a noninterference code that made the Prime Directive seem permissive would get off their backsides and make a change to history, no matter how small. What better reason to bring Cinn back was there than getting the *Theurgy* back?

Tessa wanted to hug Sten Covington too, but he was depending on her to be an officer and she didn't want to disappoint him. She settled for smiling and playfully punching her shoulder before saying "I won't, Papa Bear," in the steadiest voice she could muster. Yes, she knew that Papa Bear should have gone with Cinn's team, but without him Tessa's group wouldn't last long enough to be a distraction. Not only that, but there was also the possibility of using the Deck's Chief's experience to accomplish something greater than merely buying the others some time.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-03-23, 20:13:10

Wenn Cinn nodded and smiled, he patted Tessa on the back before he looked back to the rest of the crew and sighed. "I hate to break this up, but I feel we should get back to the rest of the crew and discuss the rest of the plan with them." He nodded to Sten and turned back to the group and assumed his position in front of the again. "Alright, sorry about that, we needed to sort some things out before we got the plan under way. Now we are going to be having the crew split up, we need to form three groups. One will go with me to the shuttle bay and work to rescue the captain and any other detained crew. The second will go with Lieutenant Lance and work to keep the mutineers distracted. The last group shall remain here, this group shall consist of anyone who is injured or unfit to enter a combat situation, those left behind shall work together to fortify the location and help anyone that is wounded recover."

Wenn Cinn looked over the people that were gathered. "I will need at least one person who is familiar with the shuttle bays and the layout to come with my team. At the very least my team needs at the very least 6 people besides myself. One of which needs to be a trained engineer who can disable a forcefield, one needs to be familiar with transporter use and operations and the rest need to be combat trained in some degree." He crossed his arms. "My team will not be that large as we need to move quickly and quietly through the ship. Anyone else who has some combat experience and do not mind the prospect of getting into a combat situation should join up with Lieutenant Lance's team and move to deck 5 to draw attention away from the rest of us."

Taking a deep breath Cinn looked over the group and to people like Rory. "Those without combat training, or have any medical background should remain here. This place is now the base of our operations, this is where all team will meet up after the Captain has been rescued, this is the most important position that we hold right now." Wenn looked around the room and nodded before crossing his arms in front of his chest. "Now then, it is time that we form the teams, I would like to ask for volunteers to step forward that are willing to join up with the 2 teams that are going out." Wenn Cinn hoped that a large enough group would be willing to join the teams, otherwise he would have to start drafting people.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-04-04, 14:44:36

As the brief, semi-private meeting came to an end, Covington followed the officers as they addressed the gathered group. It was a rag-tag bunch all right. A fair portion were from the flight deck, but others were individuals they gathered up along the way. It was an odd collection, and other than the Chief of Security and one pilot there was not an officer amongst them. This was truly what one could call a grassroots movement.

But now, the time came to assign personnel. "Thomason, Young. You two need to go with the Sir." Chief Petty Officer Thomason was a man pushing his forties and he was Sten's right-hand man along with Marquette on the flight deck and his technical abilities were second only to Papa Bear's in their sub-department; Young, on the other hand, was barely into her mid-twenties and for her, fighter maintenance was a transfer from another trade. Before she saw the light, she had been a transporter technician.

"You'll definitely need these two, Sir. They can both handle themselves in a scrap and I'll let Thomason explain how you can best use them."

As the older man then regarded the rest of the gathered crewmembers. His deck apes were the only ones making any real moves towards readiness. Oh, there were a few who were shuffling about, but

all too few. "Wake up!" He then bellowed. "Bear Cubs, I want four of you to hang back. There's nobody here from Security I can see so we need you to hold. This. Ground. The Sir called this our base of operations, so let's treat it that way. This place holds, no matter what."

Then, he walked to one of his technicians and handed him his rifle before taking the hand phaser that was in his toolbelt. "People following Lieutenant Lance, leave the rifles behind unless we run out of hand phasers. We'll be moving fast and hard. And besides, we're liable to encounter some weapons lockers along the way."

Then, he pressed the weapon he had just relieved his man from into a red-shirted crewman's hand. "Come on people! There's work to be done!"

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-04-07, 07:48:50

"People following Lieutenant Lance, leave the rifles behind unless we run out of hand phasers. We'll be moving fast and hard. And besides, we're liable to encounter some weapons lockers along the way." Sten Covington called to the refugees assembled in 'Below Decks' on Deck Seven. *"Come on people! There's work to be done!"*

"Okay, I'm going to need people who are light on their feet and know the ship well enough to find a place to hide," Tessa announced, "and I think I've got a plan for distributing these combadges throughout the ship too."

Post by: Triage on 2015-04-07, 10:48:58

Breathe, Cam...just breathe. Cameron Henshaw thought to herself. She tried to keep her head together, a feat that was getting harder and harder with each passing moment on board this ship. First, the whole fiasco that started with the *Harbinger*, finding out that Starfleet's been compromised from within, and Ensign Sonja Acreth was one of them, those traitors. Then there was the growing unease on board the ship. Whatever it was, Henshaw figured she was probably too far below on the ladder to be included in whatever discussions were being had, which was funny, considering her duties to the crew. Either way, she was beginning to feel unwelcome, which eventually pushed her to leaving the *Harbinger* and transferring her duty assignment over to the *Theurgy*.

It didn't get better there, however. If anything, it just got worse. She lost her sister, and then she might now be losing her captain's faith in her, to say nothing of the betrayal she felt when Sjaandin Fedd compromised her position, and revealed his own duplicities. Was everything in her life a lie? Save for the losses, nothing good seemed to last, and she always pushed the pain away, glossing it over with deep passions. As she stood there in the turbolift, heading away from the bridge, she finally came to a realization that she had known all along: You can't get rid of the pain by ignoring it.

It started soft and slowly, at first. A soft whimper, compelled by a twisting sensation in her gut, and her heart thumping loudly in her own ears, a gasping sob, and then it was a dam bursting forth. For a moment she didn't care if her crying alerted the entire universe to her location. She needed this, just for a moment. After all, wasn't crying *supposed* to alleviate stress? If it helped, then she would do it. So, for once in her life, Henshaw allowed herself this moment to truly let out to no one in particular, everything that had been building up inside of her all this time since being branded an outlaw by Starfleet. It did not change her situation, did not bring back that which she had lost, but it *did* feel like it helped, if only a little.

Barely composing herself, her eyes were reddened, as was the tip of her nose, and the tear stains on

her face and the uniform were strong hints of what she had been doing. But now she had a job to do. There would be time for more crying later, if she survived this, of course. First of all, she needed to see Captain Ives freed and restored to operational command. She had found herself in Deck 07, possibly a dangerous location. But then, nowhere on the *Theurgy* could be considered safe at the moment. So with that in mind, she snuck out of the turbolift and made her way into some hiding spot, where she might be able to compose a plan of approach. She needed to know what was going on.

Ideas were not coming to her while she hid out, running through her own mind the things she wanted to say to assure Captain Ives of where she stood with the crew of the *Theurgy*, and him/her. That was when she realized that she was very close to "Below Decks", where she could hear voices. In fact, the commanding one sounded familiar. She crouched low to the ground, and strained her ears to pick up on the voice of Wenn Cinn.

[Wenn Cinn] "Alright, sorry about that, we needed to sort some things out before we got the plan under way. Now we are going to be having the crew split up, we need to form three groups. One will go with me to the shuttle bay and work to rescue the captain and any other detained crew. The second will go with Lieutenant Lance and work to keep the mutineers distracted. The last group shall remain here, this group shall consist of anyone who is injured or unfit to enter a combat situation, those left behind shall work together to fortify the location and help anyone that is wounded recover."

Hmmm! Henshaw thought. She had found other loyalists it seemed, and they were forming a group to rescue Captain Ives. Whatever happened, she was now determined to join them, and help with the rescue of the captain.

[Wenn Cinn] "I will need at least one person who is familiar with the shuttle bays and the layout to come with my team. At the very least my team needs six people besides myself. One of which needs to be a trained engineer who can disable a forcefield, one needs to be familiar with transporter use and operations and the rest need to be combat trained in some degree...we need to move quickly and quietly through the ship. Anyone else who has some combat experience and doesn't mind the prospect of getting into combat situations should join up with Lieutenant Lance's team and move to deck 5 to draw attention away from the rest of us."

It seemed like it was time to announce her presence. She snuck back out to the entrance, and then made a more overt and open approach towards the popular hangout, staying out of sight of any trigger-happy individuals, and she loudly rapped on the hull walls with her knuckles, followed by slapping her palm once, making sure the group gathered in Below Decks heard the noise, and she quickly said, "Don't shoot! I am unarmed."

Raising her hands upwards in a demonstration of surrender and no armaments, she then said, "I'm coming in." And she stepped into Below Decks, moving slowly, carefully. She was certain sudden movements would be the end of her.

"Ensign Cameron Henshaw." She said, keeping her hands up, "Captain's yeoman."

Post by: Searcher on 2015-04-08, 04:05:33

Setting the bottle of eyedrops down when Quake seemed distracted, Rory went off to get glasses along with pitchers of water and the rations. He hadn't said anything about using a phaser. Hell he didn't trust himself with one but he trusted his fists and he had the advantage of being a civilian, of not being thought of as a threat, being able to use the element of surprise on one or two people at a time. He could have taken those communicators to somewhere off the wall, leading Vasser's people

somewhere and just say he found them.

But no, he was nothing. Just like when he'd been on the Harbinger. In the old days they used to call for every man to raise arms. Then women were included in those ranks. Anyone with some semblance of intelligence could be useful. Here though, he was stripped of dignity and humanity, told to fetch water and food like a servant or even a slave. Bringing out another couple of pitchers which he set on the bar, he determined it was probably enough for them for now so he retreated back to the one storage room so he wouldn't be underfoot.

Not for the first time since everything went to hell again, he thought of Natalie. They had that wonderful night and she'd made him feel like a man again. It hadn't been the intimacy, that had only been a part of it all. It had been the fact she talked to him, encouraged him to try to find things to help the crew, but not everyone was as wonderful and understanding as Natalie. "I hope yer okay, Darlin', that those bastards don' get t' ye," he muttered morosely.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-04-09, 05:59:54

As there came a voice asking for fire to be held Wenn stopped his talk and turned to look to see who had just come in. As he spotted Ensign Henshaw he stopped and stared at her before turning to face the woman and crossed his arms in front of his chest. His face shifted into the beginning of a scowl as he looked at her, he knew who she was, and he did not trust her to be on the side of Captain Ives considering her position and alleged role in things that were happening.

As she said who she was and her position Wenn raised a hand and waved off Cameron. "I know who you are Ensign, I saw you at the meeting before this all went down. I must admit though that I did not expect you to be the one to come here to confront us." He walked towards her and stood in front of her before assuming a firm stance. "So what brings you here? Have you been sent in to give us an ultimatum? do you intend to be Vasser's mouthpiece, coming here to try and buy us out? Or were you simply sent to find out what the gathering on this deck was about?" He squinted as he looked at the young woman, he did not for a second think that the Ensign might just be there to try and join up with them.

Wenn Cinn as instantly making plans for what to do with the latest visitor...he figured that she would best be left here. He would need to leave her com badge, with all the other being taken away then the mutineers might think that they had killed her and left her body while they moved out through the ship to do their plan. Of course depending on how much she knew she might be useful in finding out the strength of the mutiny, and of course if he brought her along she might be able to gain access to the ship computers for them to exploit. But first he needed to get her out though.

Post by: Triage on 2015-04-09, 07:26:35

"I guess that makes everyone on board this ship...maybe even me..." she replied casually to Cinn's remark about not expecting her of all people to come to him. She lowered her hands, folding her left hand to lightly hold on to her right arm as the imposing Bajoran approached to stand before her, and she looked away. Her eyes were still red-rimmed from all the crying she had done in the turbolift, and her nose a shade of red.

She listened to his barrage of questions that followed, and was a little disheartened. So they assumed she was working on behalf of Vasser, a man she was starting to think of less as a captain and more as a mere opportunistic, murderous pirate. In a way though, Cinn inspired a sensation within her heart. It felt like a twinge at first, but it quickly grew into a fire she was not even sure that she had, but

her eyes were blazing now, and she lifted her head proudly to look up at Cinn.

"No ultimatums, sir." She said, "And I would be a poor mouthpiece for that fool, considering I wouldn't have the slightest clue what he would want me to say, since I am not one of his. I also was not aware of you lot until I actually drew close enough to hear voices...but now for your most valuable question, as to what brought me here; it is my intention to see Captain Jien Ives restored to command, and that bloody bitch T'Rena and the renegade Vasser brought to justice. Is that good enough?"

As she spoke, her own anger - not at Cinn, but the overall situation - rising, caused inflections of her British accent to slip into her pronunciations, and her false American was gradually bleeding away. The overall strain was getting to her, and normally she still had to concentrate to hide her accent, something which she was having a hard time doing right now, since she was standing here looking at powerful individuals, who were also armed, unlike her. Moreover, they didn't trust her, and that was getting her annoyed, since she felt this was wasting time. Time which could be spent getting over to Jien Ives sooner. At this point, she didn't care about anything else, other than seeing him/her restored to command, and also perhaps, realizing that she held little to no loyalty to Vasser any longer.

She decided that a passionate outburst was sufficient to get her point across, but now to also sell her skills and make it available to Cinn, seeing as he seemed to be the one in command here, and let him see the tactical value to having her along, even if unarmed. She glanced around at everyone present, and looked at Rory a little longer, before turning her eyes upon Cinn once more, and she lowered her hands to either side of her, her fists clenched. She had to choose her words carefully, since they already seemed on edge about her being from the *Harbinger* once, it would not do well to let them know she'd been listening to them prior to making her presence known.

"I have training in engineering. I can help out in that regard. I am also trained in rudimentary hand-to-hand and ranged combat, of course. I am the yeoman to Captain Jien Ives, so one way or another, I'm going to have him freed, with or without your help. I'm going, no question. And if you won't have me along, then to hell with you, I'll get him out myself."

She drew on a little psychology and common sense here. By declaring absolute determination to participate in freeing Captain Ives, meant that it would be more sound and better to coordinate with her and have her along, rather than have her going off on her own, and not having a clue what she might do along the way. Plus, the alternative left to Cinn would be to stun her, tie her up and leave her prisoner here, which would be as good as tying up and wasting resources on something valuable that would clearly be better use as help on an already dangerous venture.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-04-10, 00:58:28

Tessa found Cameron Henshaw's offer to help hard to believe. When the pixie-cutted ginger identified herself as the captain's yeoman, the golden-eyed brunette couldn't resist asking "Which captain?" Henshaw was a recent transfer from the *Harbinger* and for her not to have had a role in the current mutiny was harder to believe than Wenn Cinn coming back from the dead.

She listened carefully and watched Cinn's face to see how he reacted to Henshaw's story. When the ginger haired ensign was finished Goldeneye had her own suggestion.

"Sir I recommend she goes with my group," Tessa smirked. Who better to join the decoy party than the spy?

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-04-10, 05:41:24

Finally, work was getting under way. And Sten was busy, walking between clumps of activity even as he chewed on an emergency ration. These new ones weren't bad. Better than their previous iteration, but nowhere near as good as their predecessor. One had to wonder why they'd change such a good thing. But then again, there were always people willing to reinvent the wheel to justify their existence, or avoid being reassigned away from a cushy job.

The distraction devices his people were assembling were almost done and the two ordnance techs were just then gutting a PADD and a handful of commbadges to provide the detonator and initiation circuitry, which would set off the devices about half a second after materializing with a blinding flash and a deafening boom. Anyone within five meters or so might be showered with a bit of light shrapnel, but still the devices should not prove lethal.

And just as the Chief of the Deck encouraged his men further, an unlikely head popped in. What was her name? Henshaw? She was the Captain's yeoman, a young little thing originally from the Harbinger. And rightfully, she was viewed with a great deal of suspicions.

The grizzled Chief Warrant Officer said nothing at first, simply observing. As a forty year veteran, he had a finely honed sense for detecting bullshit and it wasn't going off. In fact, he was inclined to believe her. However, he stepped directly in front of the petite ensign, dwarfing her with his bulk and looked directly into her eyes, his pale gaze boring into hers. "Ma'am, look me in the eye and say that again."

Anyone who knew of Sten Covington or even of his reputation knew one thing for certain: lying to him was damn hard, and never a good idea. And now, he was putting the gingernut to the test.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-04-11, 00:17:40

"Face it Rory, you're worthless an' sulkin' 'bout it," he muttered to himself, digging through a few boxes and pulling out a couple of bottles of liquor. "Might as well get drunk, jus' like ye did on tha' damn planet," he continued to grumble and then several random thoughts shot through his mind.

Stepping back to the doorway, he peeked out and saw the Starfleet crew at one of the exits, still arguing amongst each other. Turning his head, he looked at the other exit ... clear. A slow smile formed and he grabbed a box cutter which he stuffed into his pocket and then the two bottles.

While the others were arguing, he held his breath as he slipped out and moved naturally toward a table close to the exit. A glance at the others proved no one was really looking his way which gave his long legs all the chance they needed to stride right out that door and away from those who only saw him good enough for a water boy.

It had been the thought of Natalie, more so the thought that the beautiful woman was being hurt, that had galvanized him and he knew she would be on the bridge. They had planned to meet again after her shift but things were so crazy now that he had a feeling her shift wasn't going to end anytime soon ... or would end too soon.

Post by: Axius on 2015-04-11, 04:15:20

Heartbeats were a strange thing. They were a rhythm, a constant metronome in the symphony of life - contracting and retracting in unison to pull and push blood through your veins. Heartbeats were a reminder that even when you're out of tempo in the sea of society, you always have yourself to look in to.

Listening to one's own heartbeat was a practice Axius knew very well. He didn't truly express his emotions in the healthiest way possible, a characteristic very unique when it came to Câroon individuals. Instead of talking or crying or raging, he kept it inside a small box, tucked away in the corner of his mind, taking up space that could be used somewhere else productively. So when he did check into this little black box, Axius made sure his heart was beating, listening to the pumping inside of his chest to remind himself he was well and humble.

He needed this as he assembled the puzzle of this plan. This outrageous feat of reconquering what was taken from them and saving their commanding officer. Axius vel Onema needed to know that emotions were not going to interfere with his goal just as they were interfering with his thoughts right now.

Focus, he told himself, emerging back into reality.

Axius stood in his ridiculous surgical scrubs in lieu of his uniform, arms crossed after he had awkwardly confronted his superior officer, pack member, and friend about her disbelief in the validity of the Lieutenant Commander. He nodded along almost passionately as he preached about his whereabouts — the struggle he had to go through after his resurrection in order to end up where he was now. When the chief looked at him with a gratuitous grin, he smiled back with a nod.

He then watched Papa Bear order Chavez to retrieve the firearms Rory had spoken about, witnessing the finicky deck sloth scramble for the phasers behind the counter of the bar.

His head darted across the room, inhaling the words spoken by the officers like much-needed air, until he realized he wasn't needed at the moment. They were making tactical decisions, which explored levels beyond his spectrum of expertise. But one thing did ring, the comment about the actual strength of the mutineers. Wenn spoke the truth — how could they be sure that this proposed strength of a unified crew wasn't just a facade? As he just explained, Vasser was capable of manipulation, but only when he has performers to dance out his choreography for him. Maybe they were just that. *Performers*. Puppets. Unable to cover the actual force they are said to have.

"Isn't it possible that they aren't as loyal as they seem as well?" He gathered his own thoughts before continuing, "Fear can do a lot of things to people. In this case it might be acting as a provocation of negative allegiance. Just something to remember when it comes time to face the *Harbinger* crew."

He trailed off, not realizing Callahan's efforts to subdue the pain of his stinging eyes, which again placed his palms on, exerting pressure in attempt to lessen the wave of sharpness. As they opened once more, illusionary phosphenes danced before him as the world came back into focus.

At this point, he realized the extent of his usefulness. He was a fighter pilot, a non-commissioned one at that. Goldeneye has the experience of a lieutenant, and Papa with the many years of service he clocked in. Axius only knew what was taught to him by Uzamaki or crash courses. Field fighting, like the altercation in the Fighter Bay, was logic. Fire. Duck. Fire. But the art of conversion wasn't as graceful as he would like if it wasn't behind a flight jacket and white Valk hulls.

To make use of the moment, he grabbed the medkit, a reaction to the small injuries spotted on the bodies of other officers in the room. The metal case featured the human symbol of healthcare, a caduceus atop a science-division teal plate. He clicked it open, revealing the scarce inventory of medical equipment. Axius knew what the kit contained, every Starfleet officer, line or warrant, was

required to know how to handle it.

The medical tricorder rang to life in his hands as he examined the officers in the room, gliding the dermal regenerator over any cuts or scrapes they had suffered in their escape from death. As he found his way to the weezing ensign sitting down, he grasped the hypospray, pre-loaded with a cocktail of six different medicines. Cordrazine for heart failure, Misinform-D, acting as a stimulant to failed systems, melenex for anesthesia, and the stapled tri-ox compound, for oxygenating damaged red blood cells. Just a push of one of the six smaller buttons would select the correct dosage and substance for the patient. In this case, he administered the standard 15 ccs of the oxygen, calming down her breathing as she panicked.

Along treating the room, he came along to Rory, finally noticing the eyedrops he had left for him. "I assume you're not injured are you?" he asked jokingly, knowing he had been safe in the tavern. He continued to say a thanks for the saline, but was interrupted by the calling of a thin, female voice. Unrecognizable, she emerged.

Cam Henshaw, the yeoman he never got to know. She was neutral to him, neither good nor bad in her reputation. Only the reaction of his crew seemed to influence his thoughts, but Axius seemed to bypass her presence as he walked, medkit over his shoulder, to Papa Bear, interrupting him to ask if he wanted his wounds treated.

OOC: My greatest apologies for my lengthy inactivity. There have been a lot of personal and work-related issues I'd rather forget than discuss, and it really made me realize what a bitch life can be sometimes. But I hope I've caught up on the posts I've missed. If I've left anything out, please let me know. Thanks.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-04-12, 05:12:18

Cinn listened to everyone weigh in on the situation with the yeoman and when he say Sten prepared to weigh in on weather she was telling the truth or not he decided that he should voice some matters of his own. "Listen, she will not be going with you on he distraction team, to have someone who might be a traitor in your midst while you are working on a distraction could lead you to your doom. She could give way your location and your purpose in one fell swoop." He shook his head and looked to Cameron. "No if she is honest I shall take her with me. It would be better to take her instead of someone you could use on your team."

He looked to Sten. "If she is lying we shall leave her here. And no matter that her com badge remains in this room, it will work as a good protective measure to have her here to make it look like she was abandoned, it will protect those that we have here and will likely ensure that this place is a little safer for the base that we will be setting up." He stroked his chin as he turned back to Cameron and looked at her. "And do not think I did not hear you, but thank you for being quiet while I converse with the others here. I can understand how having your motives questioned can have you a bit on edge...considering I just sorted through that a few moments before you came in."

Turning back to face the Ensign he spoke to her in a calm clean vice that was showing more respect than before. "Now if you truly man what you said just follow through with what Sten has asked from you and we can act accordingly." He pointed to her com badge. "But first I would like you to take that off and out it on the ground, I get he feeling you like so many others jut forgot about it after this all started to happen, it is not often that we are encouraged to go without our badges." Wenn Cinn was much more understanding now after he had tan a moment to step back and this about things. He also figured that if she was a traitor that the captain would be quite interested in repaying her for the favor.

Post by: Triage on 2015-04-12, 09:02:04

Henshaw cast a glance at Lance, and from a quick look, it seemed like the woman did not care for a word that she had said, and the way she smirked, suggested that she may have had less than pleasant plans for Henshaw if she was forced to accompany her. Worrying or fretting over the woman's reaction would be counterproductive right now, and so she chose to simply disregard her. Trust was hard to come by at this very moment, so it was understandable. Apologies and proper trust-building can be made later, depending on who was left.

One of the officers regarded her with a look, but went on over to Cinn to speak with him, and Cinn himself was moved aside by the imposing Sten Covington, who instructed her to repeat what she had said. They were really dragging this out, but she understood, while time was of the essence, it wasn't really easy to form trust so easily when tensions were this high between two crews. There had barely been time to build friendships between the crews when Vasser pulled his *coup de tat* too, so...with a resigned sigh, Henshaw prepared herself to make a repeat of her statements.

She looked up quickly at Cinn when he added that she needed to take off her combadge. *Oh, of course.* She should have thought of that too, combadges could be tracked. And she did not want Sjaandin Fedd getting between her and her goals again, so she compliantly snapped off the badge and handed it to Cinn with a gentle nod. At least the Bajoran man was being reasonable. Cautious, but reasonable nonetheless. And from Covington's posture and demeanour, she guessed that older man was not someone to be trifled with, and presumably someone that was good at reading others. Good, she could count on him to settle the matter for her.

She was certain of her own intents and motives at the least, so while she had taken a step back, looking slightly surprised, since Cinn was already breaking her personal space, and for the other man to step even closer was unnerving, but she did not shift her overall expressions, and she stood her ground, looking into Covington's eyes as instructed, her own soft brown eyes, both gentle and yet strong. "I said, as the yeoman of Captain *Jien Ives*..."

She cast a look at Lance, the smirking woman, who had also been talked down by Cinn on her behalf, and pronounced Ives' name with more volume and certainty than was necessary, just to affirm to the other woman just which captain she was yeoman to, and then continued, "...I have a duty to him, and his crew. So, while it is within my capacity to do so, I will assist him and his crew in anyway possible to see order restored, and the captain restored to command in the best and swiftest way possible."

Now she shifted her position, letting her shoulders slump a little. Holding a passionate and angry stance was draining, and she was trying to save everything she had for what she suspected was going to be a hard fight to get to Ives, and proving to him/her where her loyalties lay. So she looked over at Cinn, first. The Bajoran, if nothing else, would at least give her the benefit of the doubt, and she had to make sure she took care not to disappoint or betray his trust in the slightest. In the current state of affairs, that would be tantamount to putting a phaser into her mouth with full power and pulling the trigger.

Next, she looked back at what she presumed now was the team's walking lie-detector, and gazed steadfastly at his eyes, "Sir, I won't deny that I was compromised repeatedly, and I was right there on the bridge when it all happened, I watched Helmsman Winterbourne get executed right before my eyes."

She paused and closed her eyes for a moment, unable to shake off the sight of the young fellow

ensign, who, for his bravery, paid dearly with his life. The Vulcan was cold and emotionless in her execution. She used to think Vulcans could never be evil, but T'Rena was, in every sense of the word, the devil's wife. *No...not his wife, his mother.* The thoughts began to fuel her anger and fury once more, so when she snapped her eyes back open, she looked up determinedly at Covington. "I have been fortunate so far, and I cannot allay all suspicions on me right now, I know, but all the same, I ask to be allowed to follow whoever's going to be rescuing the captain."

She straightened up and put her back into it after that. Now awaiting the judgement of the leaders of this group. She was acutely aware of the eyes on her, and those that were preoccupied with making their own preparations. It was drawing close to the time of action. And she was going to be part of it, one way or another.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-04-14, 14:03:57

The difference in sizes was stark between the Chief of the Deck and the Ensign. But to her credit, she did not try to backpedal and create space between the two of them. And he too stood his ground, towering over her. But he did not have to wait long for her to start talking.

She was calm but there was no denying the levels of stress beneath that. After all, she was being fairly interrogated by a man with an ability to detect bullshit from two sectors away, honed by four decades of experience dealing with officers making excuses and enlisted men trying to justify their shortcomings. And he never let either get away with it.

When she mentioned the helmsman murder on the Bridge, it was followed by the telltale signs of horror that was felt by most people who witnessed such events. No, the girl was being honest all right. And looking up from her, he met the Lieutenant-Commander's eyes.

"Sir, she's telling the truth."

And that was that. The decision wasn't his to make on this subject but the Bajoran's. He had done his part to advise him. Perhaps Goldeneye would rather have her on hand, but she was likely to be disappointed on that count. But it was a good thing. With Henshaw following Wenn, it meant Tessa would be able to focus on the task at hand and not on that slip of a girl.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-04-20, 07:08:10

Cinn let things play out and just observed for a moment. He had been rushing headlong into his rescue plan at a pace that might put the crew at risk, he needed to stop and just take in the situation for a moment and let things unfold, if he kept going like he was bound to make a mistake and cost them lives. As he waited and listened he took in the information that Cameron had about the mutiny and he assessed what she had to say. Listening to it all he could see the shifts in her stature as she spoke about her feelings and tried to put words to what she had to express.

Wenn Cinn could tell that there was true emotion behind what Cameron was saying, and he reminded himself that this was the Theurgy, they were a family, he had already made a big deal out of convincing people that they needed to tick together and not cut off their left hand to try an move faster. He should take some of his own advice and stop being a hypocrite...that was as long as Sten said she was not lying. Granted if she was not being honest about the helmsman she was going to be getting a fist to the face first thing right off the bat.

with the news that she was not though Wenn Cinn nodded and patted the veteran on the shoulder.

"Thank you Sten, I will take her with me to work the force fields, you keep that technician you were suggesting to me, I think we could put them to good use here to ensure that this area cannot be overrun on a whim." He looked from Sten to Tessa. "Now I want your tea to stick together, one large group will likely lead to them trying to contain you, if you break up I fear they might try and eliminate you by swarming over each smaller team." He crossed his arms over his chest. "But I trust your judgment here Lieutenant, keep your squad safe." He smiled slightly. "I owe you a drink when this is all over." He nodded to them both.

Turning his attention back to Cameron he got back to his game face. "Now, you are coming along with me. You will be in charge of carrying the flash charges and some basic gear to help take own the fields, to allow you to keep a hand free you will be given a standard phaser not a rifle. These mutineers have been taking great efforts to remain on the stun setting, so we shall do the same to avoid conflicts later on, I do not care if you see Vasser himself, we shoot to stun." He pointed to a table. "Be sure to leave your com badge here, we cannot risk you being tracked through the ship. Also I would like for you to stick to the middle of the party on the way down to the shuttle bay. It will make you easier to defend, when we get into the brig you will be the back while we clear the room. Do you understand?" His words were not done in a rude manner, Wenn was giving orders to Cameron to follow, making sure that she knew her role.

Post by: Triage on 2015-04-21, 03:44:43

Henshaw watched as Cinn gave the orders around. He was clearly in charge and seemed to know what he was doing. So she felt glad about that at least. While she was part of tactical command so to speak, she was more psychologist and an untested engineer than anything else. He thanked Covington, and then addressed Lance promising a drink, and Henshaw silently agreed everyone should have a drink after this. Speaking of which, where was Rory? She could have sworn she had seen him somewhere at some point. But she could not see him anywhere now. Her eyes did not wander about though, while she was curious, and instead kept her eyes forward and on the Bajoran man.

He looked all serious again, and Henshaw surmised that while Covington vouched for her honesty, this only bought her enough trust from Cinn that he was willing to let her join as a teammate, but she was still under scrutiny. In other words, no screwing up in even the slightest way, or she was likely to find a hole in her chest and back. So she assumed. As it was, Captain Ives was likely to put a hole in her nonetheless, and that thought stung her, but she knew what she would have to do if that were to happen. Not that she would blame the captain. Fedd's words were damning for her.

Cinn told her that she would follow him. Good. She would carry gear and flash charges. That was fine, but in truth, she could help Cinn even without the charges. If she recalled correctly, Federation-type force fields had a curious flaw in their energy matrix which she could take advantage of. But she supposed she would get to that when the time came for it. She was given a standard phaser, which suited her just fine. He was concerned for her state of mind though, she guessed, since he stated that even if she saw Vasser himself, she was to stun him, and not kill. She nodded at that, and checked her weapon to ensure it was set to stun.

"You're holding my combadge, sir." She reminded him quietly, and again, her false-American accent appeared to have dropped. She was intrigued that she was to be defended, as she was going to carry the essential gears and equipment, from the sounds of it. But it also meant everyone could keep an eye on her. However, there was some measure of trust given too, as they would have their backs to her when they reached the brig. But then, who would be crazy enough to attack an angry bunch like this? So she nodded at all the instructions and even as she spoke, she was being handed the things

Cinn said she'd be carrying; she already got the phaser. "And, I understand. Ready when you are."

That was it. She stood ready to march out with the team.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-04-24, 05:36:19

"Sir, she's telling the truth," Papa Bear assured Commander Cinn.

"Thank you Sten," the burly Bajorran replied. *"I will take her with me to work the force fields, you keep that technician you were suggesting to me, I think we could put them to good use here to ensure that this area cannot be overrun on a whim."*

When Cinn glanced over at Tessa, the pilot stepped forward. *"Now I want your team to stick together, one large group will likely lead to them trying to contain you, if you break up I fear they might try and eliminate you by swarming over each smaller team."* He paused and crossed his arms. *"But I trust your judgment here Lieutenant, keep your squad safe."* A ghost of a smile shone in his eyes. *"I owe you a drink when this is all over,"* he nodded.

"Yes sir," Tessa smiled back. "I'll hold you to it,"

"You're holding my combadge, sir," Henshaw murmured.

"Oops, can't forget these," Tessa murmured as she took the collection of combadges from Cinn. She turned to the group. "All right I'm looking for volunteers," she announced in a louder voice as she walked across the room into the crowd. "Everybody in my group follow me. The bad guys will be overrunning this place in minutes unless we lead them away," she added as she headed to the exit. "Let's go, time is currency. Let's move out people!" She paused to check the setting on her phaser and headed out the door. She wasn't going to get a large team with that kind of recruiting tactic, but since she was leading the decoy group, she was hoping to keep her team small. No sense running more people through the mind field than necessary.

Post by: Axius on 2015-04-24, 15:38:50

Papa Bear was busy talking, and a simple grunt let Axius know it was okay to treat his superficial wounds, but not interrupt the discussion the rescue plan. He was to be a pawn in this game, letting the higher-ranking players tell him what needed to be done. And it did, in fact, need to be done.

He brought the regenerator to life, a dull blue light emanating from the apparatus as it was run across the burly body of Sten. The scratches began to seal, and bruises began to fade at the effects of the technology. Axius wasn't sure how it worked, but he was thankful Starfleet taught him how to use it.

It was then when they had finalized their plan, and they began to assemble their parties. One team would go to shuttlebay and transport themselves onto the brig using the vessel's transporters, and another would be the distractors. Axius knew where he needed to be.

"Excuse, Miss Henshaw, Commander Wenn?" he prowled for their attention, as they had not been giving such as he stepped quietly around Below Decks. "I think that I should follow your team."

He turned to Goldeneye and Papa, giving them a look of wanted approval as he split up the pack. "We need have all phasers on hand ready to get Ives out. This is not going to be trail and error, we have one shot to make it work."

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-04-25, 14:21:23

With the matter of the yeoman settled, Papa Bear turned to the people readying themselves to move on one team or the other, or making ready to settle in for the long haul. There was no reaction to Wenn's offer for drinks once the dust settled, though. It was time to go to work.

After Tessa called out for volunteers, drawing only two volunteers, Covington's voice sounded, calling out names one after the other and detailing assignments. He might not know every crewman currently in the ship's lounge but he knew his people and whoever else fell under Ops. After all, he did head a sub-department under Natalie Stark and as such he'd become familiar with a number of them.

And so the veteran ensured there would be some of his men staying behind to hold Below Decks, while others would come with him yet leaving some available to the rescue team. As weapons were being redistributed for the last Quake approached him with a crazy notion about phasers. He might be a Master Chief, but he was so damned young. And inexperienced, obviously not seeing the whole operational picture. "Not happening. We've got better than fifteen hand phasers of various types and a half-dozen rifles. How are you planning to carry all that? And how about the rest of us? When Vasser comes for this place, how will it hold? Commander Wenn said this is our base of operations so it can't be allowed to fall; that means weapons get to stay back. And how about Lieutenant Lance's team? We will eventually become enough of a concern for them to come after us. What then? Surrender or fight them hand to hand against their phasers? You lot are going into Security. Every one in there is going to be armed. Once you stun them, you'll have weapons for everyone you're going to free and access to yet even more. One weapon each is all you need."

Once the Chief of the Deck was done addressing the pilot, he turned back to Goldeneye, where the five names he had called were ready to move. Rejoining the blonde pilot, Sten spoke one last time. "Ready to move on your word, ma'am. Let's go make some trouble."

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-04-30, 04:36:10

Wenn Cinn nodded at Cameron's com badge so it would be left behind and he looked over his assembled squad. *"This is a risky mission men, but I have faith in our abilities, we will pull this mission off, we will save the captain and we will put everything right."* He checked his phaser rifle and made sure it was on the right setting before he looked back over his team. *"You all now your role and the mission we are on. I expect trouble on our way, but we must try and remain unseen and unreported. Only stun the mutineers, things do not seem as simple as they first appeared, and I would rather not have any blood spilt over this conflict."*

"We will take the jefferies tubes to the hanger, I expect total silence from all of you on the way down there, we cannot risk to give away the mission and put the distraction team at risk." Turning to the hatch to the jefferies tube he raised one hand and motioned to it. "Squad, move out." He began to move out, taking no detours and getting into his position at the head of the squad as he would lead the way down to the shuttle bay. He knew that the mutineers were looking for them in the jefferies tubes on this deck to make sure that they did not try and discreetly slip away, but he was hoping that when the distraction team began to head off they would run away most if not all of the people looking around for loyal crew.

As he heard the jefferies tube close behind him Cinn looked back to make sure that his team was all there and ready for anything. He noted who was going to be his infiltration team and who was going to be left back in the shuttle to operate the controls, of course with no com badges they would have to get imaginative in the brig to get everyone out without having to hold the brig for an extended period of

time. Of course if they took a com badge off of someone in the center of their group they could beam out everyone in a certain radius of the bag...no they could not do that, the badge would go on then the mutineers would know exactly where they were...oh well this could be discussed later at the shuttle, he was sure there would be a way to beam people out.

Post by: Triage on 2015-04-30, 10:16:58

There was very little else to be said. Henshaw was where she needed to be, and soon, she will find the captain, and he/she would be set free, and that was all that mattered. She checked her phaser, and made sure it was set to stun. It was highly likely she wouldn't really get a chance to use it. Her position in the team, carrying gear and a simple hand-weapon, and also being surrounded at all times by Cinn's team meant she would be the last person to get a chance to fire a shot.

Plus with a hulking Bajoran leading, she was more likely to hit him than a mutineer if she tried. So, she strapped her phaser to her belt, leaving her hands free. If they took the jefferies tube, then that meant they'd need to be careful, quick, and quiet. So free hands were a better choice to have. Henshaw trailed behind Cinn quietly, her eyes on the watch for danger every step of the way. No matter what happened, she wanted to make sure she made it to see Captain Ives freed. Then, and only then, would she relax a little.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-02, 23:38:00

[USS Theurgy | Corridors | Deck 07]

As the two teams split up, leaving an assembly of Ives' loyalists behind to hold Below Decks, there were little words exchanged - their different purposes clear. Everyone knew that the undertaking ahead of them might mean their deaths. While the team that was going to liberate the captives in the Brig began to crawl along the Jefferies tubes with the purpose to reach the shuttle bay, the other team moved to create a distraction and draw the enemy's attention. It was a grim undertaking for both teams, where the odds for success were not entirely satisfactory.

This was when a familiar voice was heard on the intercom, which even echoed down the maintenance chutes of the ship.

[All personnel on the Theurgy, I am Lieutenant-Commander Carrigan Trent. By now, you all know Declan Vasser and T'Rena have begun an attempt to hijack this ship by force of arms after a minimum of two sabotage attempts. I do not know the exact number of casualties at this time, but I know for certain Chief Engineer Tia Marlowe is fighting for her life, Helmsman Cale Winterbourne was murdered in front of me and Chief Tactical Officer Sjaandin Fedd was killed attempting to follow illegal orders.]

The word of Winterbourne's demise confirmed Cameron Henshaw's story, yet the death of Sjaandin Fedd would be news to everyone present. The Chief Tactical Officer had only served on the Senior Staff for a couple of days before his demise, making him the fourth officer KIA when holding the position since the Theurgy left Earth. Just like the Chief Engineering position - with Tia undergoing heart surgery - one might think a curse lay on some of the Senior Staff positions. That the cascade failure in the ship's EPS network might have been a result of sabotage was also news, and surely provoked a heated reaction among the two teams.

[They have accomplished this by planting their crew on our ship and by using mind melds and possibly other telepathic techniques to twist the perceptions of members of this crew. Vasser has also ordered

the widespread brainwashing, the mind-rape, of every last person on our ship regardless of whether or not they join him.]

If their purpose had held any smidgen of doubt before Carrigan Trent began to speak, then his words would likely turn doubt to iron resolve. He was, however, not done talking...

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 23: Radiant

[Main Sickbay | Primary Surgical Suite | Deck 07 | 1300 hrs.]

The Vasser loyalists that had come to Sickbay had been subdued one hour ago, yet the victors of the confrontation were a motley gathering of people from different departments. They were either hailing from the Harbinger or the Theurgy, so it was quickly made clear that not all former Harbinger personnel supported Declan Vasser. Furthermore, there had been panicked patients in Sickbay that needed to be calmed down and told to remain in their biobeds, so the doctors and nurses had to devote a lot of time to keep the injured crew from doing something rash.

Now, when a modicum of order had been restored, there was an eerie revelation to consider: That a clear majority of the crew that supported Vasser's mutiny had been brainwashed through the Vulcan mind-meld, and that raised a moral dilemma for the present Starfleet officers. What could actually be done towards innocent victims in the name of supporting Captain Ives and the original mission? The importance to restore the command to Ives may be rightful, but would it merit using deadly force? The discussion had been heated, but in the end, it boiled down to whether or not they could actually restore the victims to their right minds.

So, they were all gathered in the circular area around the primary surgical suite, and upon the biobed lay Science Officer Cir'Cie. She was sedated, and makeshift restraints had been secured around her ankles and wrists. It was something that not everyone present were in agreement with, yet still *had to be there* as a precautionary measure if something went wrong. Cir'Cie was Vulcan, and even as a botanist, she had proven quite dangerous.

Standing closest to Cir'Cie was Doctor Maya, but Doctor Saugn was there too with sedatives at hand to use on the prone Vulcan if so required. The idea was that Maya would attempt a second mind-meld to explore the extent of damage done to the Science Officer's mind, and determine whether or not she could reverse the way T'Rena had rewired her thought-patterns and priorities.

Sarresh Morali and Petty Officer Ryuan were visibly armed, and perhaps the ones who had the tactical acumen to derive some kind of plan for how they were going to restore the crew to their right senses. Potentially with the assistance Doctor Maya if she was successful. With any luck, they might have the help from an additional Vulcan if Cir'Cie was ready to assist them as well... but it was still only two Vulcan and their combined capacity to use the mind-meld that would set the odds for success.

Head Nurse Jenkins was also present, and with her lay the unresponsive Connor Matthews and Sean Cameron - their bodies suspended on floating biobeds that were commonly used to transport patients between the different wards. Their fates were still uncertain, yet it had been decided that Maya or Cir'Cie would try to repair the damage done to them by Eve Jenkin's Deltan abilities. With any luck, the measures that had been taken against the Brig Officer and the Ops Officer in the defence of the patients in Sickbay could be reversed. If not, they would be casualties of war, and with the hear-say about shooting all across the ship, they were not alone either.

Further back, at the Chief Medical Officer's desk, there sat Vinata Vojona, and the Ovri nurse was being seen to by the Chief Counselor. What had happened in the Recovery Ward was difficult to

process for everyone, but naturally, Vinata shouldn't have to remain in the place he had been assaulted. Nurse Maal had been rushed to the ICU together with Patrick Andersson, and their fates were still uncertain.

The moment of truth had arrived.

Was there any hope for T'Rena's victims? Could their minds be liberated from the distorted views of the Vulcan Master Acolyte?

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-03-06, 07:04:02

Doctor Maya massaged hands that looked too large for her petite body as her large hazel eyes surveyed the comatose and restrained Cir'Cie. Application with a dermal regenerator had concealed the exterior injuries but it was unknown if the greenblooded physician was still hurt.

"And now we must make a decision," the little Vulcan announced in her calm mezzo-soprano voice. "It would appear that the spread of the mental conditioning has been facilitated by mindmelding with a subject that has already been conditioned, not unlike the way the contagion was spread by sexual contact during the Niga incident. It is possible to use the medical procedures we have available to treat them, but it would be a lengthy and time-consuming process that does not guarantee success.

Maya looked at the others and spoke at a slightly louder volume as she continued. "Alternatively I could initiate a mind meld of my own in order to reverse the conditioning. If we can restore Ensign Cir'Cie there will be two telepaths who can reverse the conversion. In addition, Cir'Cie's familiarity with the minds she herself has affected could simplify the process. Such a course carries the risk that my loyalties may be compromised. As a surrogate, I was trained to compartmentalize my mind in order to protect my psyche from this kind of infection, but I cannot deny that there are risks. Does anyone have any suggestions?"

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-03-07, 21:34:51

Sel frowned and folded her arms. Since her timely arrival she had not managed to find a chance to get a uniform, so she still only had a sports bra and panties on, yet she was unfazed by it. Instead her mind was faced with the situation at hand. Her first thought was the best option was to stun all the people being controlled and let the big crew, the doctors, and nurses sort them out. Yet she did not say this. Instead she approached the situation as she knew would work best. There wasn't enough time to play nice and hope it all worked out, they needed a solution and they needed one now.

"Don't worry, if you turn on the crew I'll drop you and we can figure out alternatives later," Sel said coldly as she patted the phaser rifle hanging from her shoulder. She looked down at the face of the unconscious Vulcan and scowled. If only she could properly interrogate the woman, then she could get some answers. "We need to ask her some questions about their plans and where they have people, and I'd bet she won't go along with it while her brain is in its current state."

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-03-07, 21:34:51

Lahkesis was silent in all of this. She had hardly said a single word since she had watched the door of the surgical suite open. In that moment she had felt nothing. She had feared she would have been captured and tortured or raped. And when she saw Doctor Maya she had not been certain how to react. She felt overjoyed, and yet the anxiety had not left her. In fact it only seemed to grow, festering in the back of her mind. Even now she knew that she should say something, add something to the

conversation, help in some way. Yet all she could think about was that the last thing she wanted was for her friend to risk losing herself, becoming 'brainwashed' as it were, while in the mind meld. She wished there was another way, yet she could think of none. All she could do was bite her lip and give Maya a concerned, almost fearful look, hoping her friend would understand.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-03-10, 01:26:26

Maya acknowledged Sel's comments by clasping her hands and nodding once at the blonde Bajoran. She could feel the anxiety emanating from her unofficially adopted daughter and wanted to comfort her, but this was not the time. The little Vulcan wasn't going to reveal to Lahkesis that she considered the blue eyed girl an insurance policy in case of the worst; at least not yet. First she wanted to hear what the others had to say.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-03-13, 01:39:19

Eve had managed to get the bodies of Connor and Sean on the portable biobeds and after making sure sickbay was clear, brought them over. She didn't speak of what had happened, only saying they would no longer be a problem and they would deal with them when other things were taken care of first. Given the strength of the Vuclans, she had agreed it was best that Cir'Ce be restrained and that Maya attempt to reverse whatever T'Rena had done to her.

She was pensive, considering many things such as gases they could send through the ventilation as well as sonic bursts but she knew that would take out everyone for a while and no one would really know who was on which side. She looked at the two men with whom she'd been and then back to the two Vulcans and something began to brew in her mind. "Dr. Maya ... when you do a mind meld, you sort of implant a bit of yourself into the other mind ... correct?" she asked.

"I only ask because I was wondering if there was a way to focus on just those who have melded with Cir'Ce and T'Rena. Is there a way to tap into their *psyche* and maybe focus a sound blast or something that focuses on their traces?" She growled lightly, waving her hand as she tried to find the words to express what she was thinking but wasn't sure it was coming across like she wanted. "Like if Cir'Ce was sensitive to something, like a certain sound frequency, we could try to replicate it to at least affect those controlled by her and perhaps render them ... inert."

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-03-13, 03:29:36

Vinata sat at the Chief Medical Officer's desk looking downcast as he held a blanket tight around himself. The other loyal crew members had not had the time to get him a uniform after coming in and finding out what had happened to him and Maal, after seeing what had happened the poor Ovri could not handle it all and just froze up, after going through hell and barely surviving he had come back only to get raped and almost kill someone. It was no surprise really that he was being paired up with the councilor while the other personnel worked on trying to solve the problem of his mutiny. And what made this all worse was that his sister was off somewhere with their commanding officer who he had yet to even meet, on some mission of their own after finding out that they were in danger.

All in all Vinata felt useless, but at the same time he was just tired, he did not want to deal with this anymore and he just wanted to quit. He was sore, humiliated, scared and cold, which on top of everything was just making his day miserable. Shutting out the sound around him Vinata tucked his head into the blanket and just sat there in the dark, forgetting he was supposed to be trying to work through the problems he was having and try and get better. All things considered he was 110% done, he wanted to go to his room lock the door and just hide there until the ship blew up or they finally saved the galaxy or whatever thing the people thought they were going.

Vinata didn't realize it, but he was actually beginning to cry again as he hid himself away from the world behind his blanket. He looked pathetic and sad, he had been dragged along with this whole mess and gotten nothing, but hardship and loss from it, his reaction to everything was hardly surprising.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-03-15, 05:57:21

The *Theurgy's* head nurse Lieutenant Eve Jenkins asked Maya a question.

"Dr. Maya ... when you do a mind meld, you sort of implant a bit of yourself into the other mind ... correct? I only ask because I was wondering if there was a way to focus on just those who have melded with Cir'Ce and T'Rena. Is there a way to tap into their psyche and maybe focus a sound blast or something that focuses on their traces?" Eve gestured in frustration as she tried to find the right terminology. *"Like if Cir'Ce was sensitive to something, like a certain sound frequency, we could try to replicate it to at least affect those controlled by her and perhaps render them ... inert."*

"That would depend on the chosen method of control," the little Vulcan replied. "It is theoretically possible that each victim of the mental conditioning has been rendered susceptible to the same stimuli very much the way that animals of the same species are susceptible to the same zeitgebers in nature. It would be necessary for me to make telepathic contact with a victim of the conditioning to make a determination in a timely fashion. But are we agreed that it is prudent to risk my loyalty in the process?"

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-03-15, 23:39:36

Like a mountain climber is taught to focus on the next handhold immediately in front of her, Hayden compelled herself to focus on the patient before her eyes, even as another part of her brain focused on the discussion taking place in the center of the ward concerning their captor turned captive. There had been no time to celebrate even that small victory as their attention had quickly moved to keeping their captor subdued and attending to whatever damage their assailants had left in their wake.

It didn't take long for Hayden and company to discover the distraught male Ovri, and for O'Connor to put him on the top of her priority list. He was understandably hysterical, and the counselor was concerned given what he'd already been through, he might be close to a complete psychological break. She didn't know anything about Ovri psychology, but she knew his body and mind had already suffered high levels of traumatic stress, even before they found him. Shock wasn't just a psychological state, but a serious medical condition that could compromise a being's survival, and as a doctor, Hayden knew some of the most serious cases of shock initially presented with relatively minor injuries.

It was why they decided to bring him to the chief medical officer's office rather than bring him to a more distant but private location. O'Connor didn't know exactly what Vinata had been through, but it wasn't hard to determine the sexual nature of the attack. Even without words or scans, a lot could be determined just by looking in someone's eyes or making note of his behavior. Hayden was certain if he could have, the male Ovri would have folded himself into an even tighter ball for his own protection. Her immediate priority had been to get him away from the scene while causing as little additional physical and mental damage as possible. A quick tricorder scan upon his immediate discovery didn't reveal any additional life-threatening injuries, but frankly, Hayden didn't take any more time than she needed to determine it was safe for him to move at all.

Of course, safety was another reason they decided to move him to the chief medical officer's office. Cir'Ce and some of their other attackers had been subdued for the moment, but there was no

guarantee things were going to stay that way, and Hayden wanted to be within earshot of any discussion concerning their next step, and she wanted to have some sort of warning if they faced another attack. Though the open office area allowed her to tend to Vinata and keep you out of what was going on in the center of sickbay, it didn't allow for much privacy. Hayden frowned. She needed to do a more thorough exam of the male Ovri to make sure he wasn't nursing any more serious injuries, but she wasn't about to ask him to come close to even partially disrobing here. Not only did she not want to add to his psychological distress, she didn't want him to lose any more body heat and potentially placed more strain on his body or exacerbate any injuries.

No, for the moment her priorities had to be simple. She needed to keep Vinata warm, hydrated, and as still as possible. Seeing he was still shivering, she reached for the second of the three blankets she had and explained, "Here, let me put this around you to help you get warm, okay? I'm not going to hurt you, and I promise, you're safe now. I'm going to take care of you, but I need you to take slow deep breaths for me, all right? I'm not going anywhere."

Pushing aside her panicked desire to examine her patient more thoroughly to rule out life-threatening injuries, Hayden instead turned her attention to the discussion just beyond the office door. Maya already knew that when it came to psionic abilities, Hayden was out of her depth. The counselor and physician could certainly understand the basic idea of mental conditioning using mind melds, but she knew nothing about their practical application, or more importantly, how to reverse their effects. If the conditioning had been more psychological in nature, Hayden could help, but even then, the process was long and just as unpredictable. That mattered, however, because they weren't dealing with a fragile psyche and low self-esteem, they were dealing with a physiological mental process that was as difficult to reverse with talk therapy as cancer or diabetes.

She didn't like the idea Maya proposed. They had no sense what she was proposing would work, and Hayden didn't think they could afford seeing Maya compromised in any way. Hayden was unafraid to admit she was out of her depth in this area, and it frightened her even more to think about what could happen if Maya was, at best, unsuccessful, and at worst, completely brainwashed. Even as she thought all of this, though, Hayden found frightening, but true words coming out of her mouth. "Under the circumstances, I'm not sure what other choice we have. We can keep everyone incapacitated forever and that means if we don't do something drastic to regain control, they'll just be able to reassert it at some point. Physically, we aren't a match for them, so that only leaves mental weapons at our disposal. It's simply a fact that we need more than reverse psychology to combat this obstacle."

Post by: Brutus on 2015-03-16, 20:14:49

For all his sins, Sarresh found himself once more back in the surgical suit, once more having to deal with that damned Vulcan botanist. A part of his mind supposed that perhaps he shouldn't be quite so angry with the little Vulcan. Based on the current discussion, there was every indication that Cir'Cie had been no more willing a participant in all of this than any of the other mind melded goons that had come into the sickbay with her.

Goons like the two men floating on biobeds next to Eve Jenkins.

He clasped his hands behind his back and forced a cool, collected demeanor to settle over his person. Not the manic, crazed man that he'd been in those boiling pools of acid. Nor the grief-ridden husk of an Ash'Reem that he was when he'd regained consciousness in Sickbay. And thankfully, not the near catatonic state he'd been in the last time he'd had a full-on rush of insight from the memories left him by the *Relativity* suppressed deep in the recesses of his tortured, chopped-up mind.

There was little chance Sarresh would appreciate the irony of just how much his calm manners mimicked Jien Ives right then. No, not a chance at all.

Pacing slowly, he took in everything the other said. By and large, he found himself agreeing most with the Bajoran Petty Officer. Oh, the others had all raised good points, but at the end of the day, the Temporal Agent was feeling a far more tactical, than scientific mindset just then. Something else unlocked from the cavernous blank spaces in his psyche.

"PO Ryuan has the gist of it," he finally said, after listening to everyone, still acting as if he had the ranking authority. In the current situation, Nurse Jenkins rank gave her the right to overrule anything he suggested. Nothing save a calm sense of self assurance - so at odds with how he normally behaved - gave him any right to dictate their course of action. Had she wanted to press it, Sarresh would defer to the Half-Deltan's judgement. Despite how uncomfortable he was around pretty much anyone at that moment, there was a small sense of trust for the nurse, due to just how she had helped him. He might not have liked it, but the fact was Eve Jenkins knew exactly what he had felt, deep in the depths of his soul.

Strategically speaking however, he was far more prone to expand upon Ryuan Sel's logic. "I suggest, Dr. Maya, that you....give it your best attempt. Time is of the essence, and if we can...rehabilitate Cir'Cie -" that calm mask cracked just a bit, regardless of how little Sarresh wanted it to when he said that name -"then we stand a better chance of mounting some kind of resistance. And as the Petty Officer said - worse comes to worse, we'll simply shoot you, too."

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-03-17, 01:23:43

Vinata accepted the second blanket and just let it hang off of him while he was, Vinata was just done, he did not an to bother having a conversation, he did not even bother discussing the fact that he did not produce all that much boy heat to begin with. But he could not fault Dr. O'Connor, it was not like they understood his physiology or psychology with him literally being the only male Ovri most people had ever encountered. Poking his head out of the blankets Vinata turned to look at the others as they discussed the matter at hand, he did not fully understand how the people had been brainwashed, but he felt that he could not really help in this situation.

With a sigh he looked to the Councilor who was still close to him and he looked downcast and spoke. "There are more important things going on right now than my trauma, please just go and work with the others. I am sure I will be fine on my own...I would very much like to not have to deal with people again for a long time." He ducked back into his blankets. "Maybe just it in my quarter until my medical leave time runs out...should be enough time for me to calm down, yeah...should be long enough..." Vinata began to just mumble to himself about just going away for a while, relaxing, remaining away from people as he tried to forget what had happened. He was just going through a plan over and over, telling himself he would be fine essentially.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-03-21, 03:15:50

Even as Eve waited for Dr. Maya's thoughts on her possible plan of attack, she could sense the distress coming from Vinata and her head turned to look at him. She didn't know for sure what had happened but the emotions she was receiving gave her a damn good idea and her heart ached. She had tried to help him, lured the two away to try to give them a chance to subdue the mutineer, but it seemed she had failed yet again at protecting someone. Tears welled in her eyes as she longed to go hold him, to apologize for not being able to do more, but Dr. O'Connor was truly more qualified to help and she had to return her focus to what to do with Cir'Ce and others.

As she looked about those gathered, the pips of everyone's uniforms captured her attention for a moment and with a sinking feeling in her gut she realized she was the ranking officer. She was so accustomed to following other's orders, even lower ranked, as she was only a nurse that it had been easy to forget with everything else that things were in her hands yet again. How many more tragedies would occur from her decisions? Would she be responsible for killing or destroying more minds? The plain, simple, horrid answer echoed in her mind. Yes. As before, she shoved her own feelings to the side and would do her best to deal with them later but for now she had to focus.

"Thank you all for your input," she said as she tugged her uniform jacket a little straighter as she composed herself. She looked at Sarresh, gratitude in her eyes for his guidance. "And I agree it's a risk we must take. Those melded by her will trust her and she can switch them back or help us find a way to reverse what she and T'Rena have done." She reached out and touched Maya's hand, her eyes full of concern and compassion. "Be careful and know I will do my best for you if things go wrong," she tried to assure the tiny Vulcan then gave her a nod for her to proceed.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-03-21, 04:11:40

Eve Jenkins reached out and touched Maya's hand, her eyes full of concern and compassion. "Be careful and know I will do my best for you if things go wrong," she tried to assure the tiny Vulcan then gave her a nod for her to proceed.

Maya clasped her hands and gave the head nurse a tiny nod in return before massaging her fingers some more. "Thank you Lieutenant," she acknowledged softly. "The medication we gave Ensign Cir'Cie should render her open to suggestion and diminish the risk. Your true dilemma will be determining whether I have been compromised. I must confess that I am not the easiest person to get to know," she added.

That was an understatement. After being raised by a traditional family on Vulcan Maya was about as expressive as a mannequin. She was an introvert who didn't socialize with others. She had been working the night shift ever since this voyage started and almost nobody could claim to really know her.

Almost nobody.

"Out of all of the people in the room it is Doctor Saugn who knows me best," Maya declared stoically. "I suggest that you rely on her judgement on whether or not I can be trusted. She turned to the young physician. "Lahkesis, I am relying on you to be brutally honest with the others if you suspect that I have been compromised," she announced as she held the plant girl's hand. "Do not under any circumstances try to protect me if you think I could be a danger to the group. The victims of this influence display signs of thorough indoctrination and can use logic to reinforce their delusions. Do not accept what you know is not true. Under no circumstances allow me to mindmeld with anyone who is not indoctrinated, including yourself. Hopefully these precautions will not be necessary but it is irrational to take unnecessary risks. I am, and will always be your friend and I am depending on you to prevent me from suffering the dishonor of betraying you. Do you understand?"

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-03-21, 11:03:25

And there it was. Lahkesis' priorities were not what they should have been and she knew it. Her mind raced, every book she had ever read on the mind meld, every clinical study and medical trial, everything she had ever come across that could help zoomed through her mind. And then, like a light

at the end of the tunnel she realized the simple truth. "Lexorin," she said aloud as the name of a drug that had been obscure for almost 50 years sprang to mind. The drug was not a simple one, it had been used to treat conditions ranging from multiple personality disorders to damage caused by mind melds. It had not been used very often since the beginning of the 25th century, but she was pretty sure a couple of doses could be easily manufactured. She looked around at the faces of the people there and continued. "If we give them both Lexorin it should soften the blow. Make it easier to recover any damage and prevent any more. It should keep Maya... Dr. Maya safe." She gave her Vulcan friend a concerned look, but said nothing more. She was afraid, afraid of what could happen. The drug might help, but she really wasn't sure.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-03-22, 03:28:48

"Lexorin," Lahkesis said.

Maya blinked and what could almost be described as an expression appeared on her face. Out of the mouth of babes indeed.

"If we give them both Lexorin it should soften the blow," Lahkesis continued. *"Make it easier to recover any damage and prevent any more. It should keep Maya... Dr. Maya safe."*

"That is brilliant," the little Vulcan murmured in what could have been awe. Maya's lips twitched in what could have been a smile as her demeanor changed from professional to tranquil. Maya's large hazel eyes shone with motherly pride as she looked up at Lahkesis and touched her shoulder with her fingertips. "Well done, little one," she said almost too softly for the others to hear. "If anything happens to me, the others are in good hands."

Maya turned Eve Jenkins. "Lexorin was developed in my century to alleviate symptoms of malaise and multiple personality disorder in those who experienced a Vulcan mind meld, or who carried a Vulcan *katra* prior to its placement on Mount Seleya," the green blooded physician explained. "It has fallen out of use in recent years due to its potential for addiction, but I am still familiar with the drug. During our visit to Nimbus III I arranged for some to be brought aboard in case the *Theurgy's* crew was once again subjected to some kind of mental influence. There isn't enough for the entire crew but there is easily enough for Ensign Cir'Cie and myself.

What Maya didn't mention was the Lexorin was could also be used as a chemical substitute for mediation by a Vulcan trained in the mental discipline that Maya was skilled with. It had first been used by sexual surrogates back on Vulcan who treated unmarried victims of *ponn farr* to help them deal with the strain of multiple mind melds and even today Maya still used on occasion to keep her mind compartmentalized and disciplined in case any psycho-neurological treatments were needed and the greenblooded neurologist was too fatigued to function. She should have taken some before attempting to treat Morali that morning but she had spent the night in Hayden's room and forgotten about the drug.

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-03-25, 01:04:36

Hayden continued to listen to the discussion around her, but was most dismayed by the reaction of the patient before her. O'Connor didn't blame the male Ovri for wanting to hide from the world for an eternity after what he'd been through, but the counselor knew if she let him give into avoidance, she would be reinforcing all of the most destructive traumatic beliefs, particularly the belief which told him he wasn't strong enough to heal from what he'd been through. Also, as much as she knew she needed to be with the others to come up with practical strategies to manage their predicament, she didn't feel

comfortable leaving him alone. He wasn't in the best shape to defend himself, and even more than that, she knew Hylota was counting on the medical staff to attend to Vinata's needs.

Not wanting to further traumatize him by mentioning the possibility he was in greater danger by being left alone, Hayden simply offered with a wan smile, "Your sister would never forgive me if I were to leave you here in pain by yourself. Anything we do, we do together. In the meantime, how severe is your pain?" O'Connor's eyes met his and she hoped her question was self-evident. Hayden wanted to make sure he hadn't suffered anything life-threatening. She knew he was already vulnerable at the time he was assaulted, and as much as she hated it, she had to rely on his own knowledge of his physiology to make sure he was okay.

In the meantime, elements of the discussion taking place around her trickled into her consciousness and she heard a familiar term - Lexorin. Searching her memory for the reference, Hayden nodded to no one in particular as she realized she had also heard of the drug and it indeed might offer the best opportunity to minimize any damage Maya might incur. Not for the first time, Hayden thought about all of the trauma the crew had already endured, and looking at Vinata, she realized the Niga incident might just be the beginning of the sexual trauma the crew was destined to be subjected to.

"The Niga Incident..." Hayden mused aloud. Something about the events from the past niggled at her brain, but her prefrontal cortex struggled to make the connection. Like a hand-held lighter fighting to ignite with each press of a button, Hayden suddenly felt a spark, followed by a tiny but strong flame inside her memory. "We can use the ship's life support systems to distribute the medicine," Hayden suddenly said. "We have to manufacture a crap load... Err, I mean a lot, of the drug here in the labs, but I remember reading that after the Nigra Incident, the crew upgraded the life support systems to facilitate the distribution of airborne substances in case it was ever needed. I'd say this qualifies," Hayden added with a smile. Her skin was suddenly flush, another indication besides her verbal slip that she was excited and overly tired. Hayden didn't usually speak in what would be considered vulgar or merely slang terms in a professional setting, but extraordinary circumstances created extraordinary consequences.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-03-31, 04:33:34

Sarresh was no empath, but even he could tell that Nurse Jenkins was not at all pleased by the revelation that she was the high ranking officer on site. Still, the detached part of his brain that was running constant analytic's on the group noted with some sense of satisfaction the way she squared her shoulders and set about the task at hand. If the need arose he'd take full on control of the group, rank be damned. He had too much of an idea - warped though it was - of what they were all struggling for. He'd be damned if he'd let it go to hell because the wrong person was in charge. But he was just as happy to drop that responsibility for final decisions off on the Nurse.

Instead, no longer worrying quite so much about her, he turned his focus back to the rest of the group. And figuring out where, and what, they all did and went from here. Glad that consensus seemed to be reached in regards to Cir'Cie - another repressed shiver went down his spine - there were still other concerns. Quite valid ones in fact, as he looked between Doctor's Saugn and Maya, idly wondering at just how the one knew the other so well. In the end, that hardly mattered, beyond the younger looking doctors ability to judge the Vulcan's mental loyalties upon the completion of the mind meld. He considered voicing an opinion, but dismissed the notion, as his input would have served little purpose.

His brow furrowed after a moment though, pondering the drug Lexorin, and what he knew about it. Which was nothi--or maybe not so nothing. Factoids seemed to flow into the back of his mind, easily

recalled with the same crystal clarity of his last meal with Amikris. Just as real and readily available (if less painfully bitter-sweet). The only frustrating thing was that he would have bet money two minutes ago, he knew absolutely nothing about Lexorin. He was both frustrated by this, and absurdly grateful that whatever was unlocking key memories in his scrambled brain, it wasn't forcing him to twitch and drool sporadically like it had on the bridge when they first encountered the *Calamity*.

And surprised as he was to admit it, the Counsellor O'Connor had a valid point as well. As far as options went, it was a rather tempting plan. He crossed his arms over his chest and tilted his head to one side, contemplating the dark haired woman. He had little use (at least at the moment) for her actual speciality, but he couldn't find anything inherently wrong with her suggestion. Beyond the need to synthesize more. Which he couldn't - no, that wasn't quite right- could help with.

"While I'm hesitant to put all our hopes on any one thing," he finally spoke up, "Anything that makes the mind meld easier on Dr. Maya, as well as any potential follow up work, has a certain amount of merit to it." He shifted his jaw from one side to the other, as if chewing on his next words. Part of him really, really wanted to take the fight to someone, physically. There was a predatory hunger from earlier that was still stirring deep under the surface. But the mission - the damned mission - came first. "I can certainly run point on synthesizing more of the Lexorin. I'd need some help of course - I don't have enough hands, frankly, to tackle it on my own in enough of a quantity to be dispersed throughout the ship." He sighed softly, "And since Dr. Maya would be rather...incapacitated while dealing with Cir'Cie, we'd need someone to stay and watch over her, as well."

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-04-07, 07:48:50

Meanwhile, Maya was leading Lahkesis to the medical storage room near the back entrance to sickbay "Come little one, I'll show you where I have stored the Lexorin," the little Vulcan purred in her quiet mezzo-soprano voice. "We will start Ensign Cir'Cie at two milliliters," she continued as the door to the storage room hissed open. "That should allow her to resist her mental conditioning if she chooses without negating my presence. We can increase the dosage if she experiences difficulty *successfully* resisting the conditioning," she added as she knelt in a corner and opened one of the containers mounted in the wall. "This was supposed to last me the rest of the year," she commented as she extracted one of the little boxes she had stored in there, "but when we are finished it is unlikely there will be any of it left. We will have to use it frugally," she said as she handed the box to the willowy redhead.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-04-07, 11:22:01

Lahkesis stayed at her friend's side. Her uncertainty played across her face. The whole situation, both inside sickbay and in the rest of the ship caused her untold amounts of anxiety. It was difficult for her to put into words, and no she felt as if there was a risk of her losing her only friend. She knew she had the medical training to handle any situation that came about. She knew what drugs and about what doses to cause the Vulcan mind to basically 'reset'. That would be the last resort measure, mostly because it would require near direct neural stimulation and any false move could do a great deal of damage.

And then a question formed in her mind. Something Maya had said stood out. "You've been using Lexorin regularly?" she asked the concern in her voice rising. Though the drug was not overly harmful, regular usage of it could cause an increased tolerance to the drug. It was a variable that would need to be taken into account before the meld could take place. She bit her lips nervously. "We may need to increase the dose we give you accordingly. You might be building up a tolerance."

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-04-10, 00:58:28

"You've been using Lexorin regularly?" Lahkesis asked as she and Maya obtained a sample of the drug from the medical supply room near the back entrance to main sickbay. The concern in the willowy redhead's voice was unmistakable, even to someone who had grown up without hearing a voice of concern.

"Only when I perform a mind touch for medical reasons," the little Vulcan assured her as they left the medical storage room and made their way back to the biobed where the unconscious Cir'Cie was waiting for them. "My last dose was after Lieutenant Morali's operation," she admitted, remembering the near disaster that was just this morning. That Sarresh Morali's psychological recovery was as successful as it was made it easy to believe that Wenn Cinn had returned from the dead. The fact that superstition still existed in this day and age was surprisingly easy to accept. "I am the only physician aboard qualified to make mental contact as a medical treatment. It seemed prudent to procure a supply."

"Unfortunately the medication could interfere with telepathy," Maya admonished as they approached the biobed and the comatose Vulcan restrained on it. "We will have to administer the drug after I've made contact, and even then only in small doses."

"I am ready to proceed," Maya declared as she massaged her fingers. "Give the patient half a milliliter of Masiform D. It should bring her to a semiconscious state that will be receptive without being overly resistant to my influence. Now I must have quiet," she said as she placed the fingertips of her large spiderlike hands on the other Vulcan's face. "My mind is your mind," she whispered as she closed her large hazel eyes. "My thoughts are your thoughts..."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-02, 23:38:00

The speech also continued in Sickbay, where one group had relocated to the Medical Labs in order to synthesise enough Lexorin to disperse over the whole ship with the upgraded Life Support systems. To them, the news that Vasser had utilised mind-melds to turn the two crews against Captain Ives was no news, but the contents of the next part of the speech was, however, unknown to them.

[Since Captain Ives and Commander Rez have been detained by Vasser and his cohorts, as a senior officer on the ship's rolls prior to this attack, I am assuming command as one of Captain Ives' lawful delegates under the auspices of Starfleet regulations pertaining to continuity of command. As such I will retain command of the Theurgy until such as time as I am relieved or ordered to yield command by the proper authorities or murdered on the word of the criminal Declan Vasser.]

Carrigan Trent had only come aboard after disabling Task Force Archeron, just a couple of day ago, and his loyalties had - until the speech was heard - been an unknown factor for the rest of the officers on the Theurgy. He had defected from the fleet he left adrift, opposing Starfleet and worked actively to benefit Ives' cause. Yet now, it had been made plain just how loyal he was to his new Captain. With his announcement, he set an example for how much the tenants of Starfleet mattered, even in the extreme circumstances they had found themselves in after fleeing the Alpha Quadrant.

[Now, I ask all of you to listen to me. This enemy we fight needs us, the ones aware of its existence, at each other's throat. It needs Starfleet to be riven with cracks and to lose all confidence in itself and from the Federation at large. As such, so long as we remain Starfleet, so long as we remain true to our oaths and our procedures and regulations, we are strong! Vasser promises you what? Murder? Hiding? Forsaking everything you are? Look inside you! Look around you! To this vessel, to your

shipmates!]

In the Primary Surgical Suite, in the CMO's Office, former Harbinger personnel in the form of Hayden O'Connor and Vinata Vojona found themselves learning just how far their old CO had gone to further his own goals. As for the mind-meld with Cir'Cie, it was unclear how much of the speech was heard by the two Vulcans. Perhaps only Doctor Saugn, who assisted the procedure, heard the speech in full clarity as it continued...

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-02-28, 02:46:20

[Jefferies Tubes | Ascending From Deck 04 | 1300 hrs.]

At least the emergency lights worked. It would have become a difficult climb otherwise.

Then again, the ascent from Sickbay towards the specified cargo hold on Deck 02 had become more and more difficult by the minute for Lucan and his Ovri nurse. With the resistance cells actively opposing the Vasser loyalists, the Vulcan Captain had shut down the light in the Jefferies tubes, but she had also ordered her search teams to pop every grate they could and see if they could find any of the crew hiding inside. It had become an exercise in listening while they moved, trying to foresee when a grate ahead or behind them might open and blind them with light from the corridors of the ship. These interruptions, where they had to wait out the search parties, had made the ascent terribly slow for them.

Currently, everything was silent, and the shaft above them provided only some meagre lights, but it was sufficient. "Let's climb," Lucan whispered to Hylota, and set his hands on the rungs of the ladder.

Then there was the grime. It got everywhere. Excess oil was standard to machinery - however well-kept and with all systems functioning - but it had a tendency to stick to everything. Lucan, on his part, had ended up with his whole teal undershirt and uniform trousers covered in it, and his fingers were slipping on the rungs of the ladders they climbed. Having looked at the state of his exotic companion, he had seen that Hylota had not been spared either, and imagined that his own face looked the same from brushing sweat from his own brow.

Overall, Lucan felt rather miserable about the situation, and confused as to what his own motivations were, or should be. The only thing that made sense to him right then was to act in accordance to his facade, and try to maintain control. Ironically, that meant supporting Ives' crew.

Reaching the next level, Deck 03, Lucan grabbed on to the edge - beginning to pull himself up and over it. Then he laid himself in a prone position and reached down with one arm to help in lifting Hylota up as well. Lucan grabbed on to her hand and braced himself against the dirty deck - pulling the nurse up. Then, he got up on his knees and assisted in helping her the rest of the way. "There, n-"

A sound. Shuffling noises.

Quickly, Lucan fished up his exo-scalpel from his pocket, listening with a tattooed hand around Hylota's waist to keep her from falling back into the shaft. The sound was getting closer, and in the darkness ahead of them, Lucan thought he could see movements. It was too late to climb down again. They would have to defend themselves somehow... Unless...

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-03-06, 07:04:02

Tessa May Lance glanced around the shipboard tavern called 'Below Decks' when she emerged from the Jeffries tube. Thankfully Sten Covington had been wearing his toolbelt when the smeg hit the fan and had been able to open the maintenance hatch from the inside. Discussions had been made during the long crawl through the ship. The consensus was that getting to the brig and freeing Captain Ives was a top priority. No doubt the captain knew many secret ways to regain control of the *Theurgy* that only the late chief engineer had access to. Of course, with all of the damage and sabotage that the ship had endured, it was likely the most of those ways were currently nonfunctional. But it was Jien Ives' job to lead and come up with a plan, and nobody had any other ideas at the moment.

"If only we could free the captain," Tessa sighed for what might have been the third time. "The captain can change his appearance entirely. If he alter his body to look like one of the mutineers in charge he could get close enough to someplace where he could get Thea back online and... sorry, I'm doing it again. I'm just so scared. We still have to spring Captain Ives from the brig and nobody knows who to trust on this ship... Wait! That's it!" she exclaimed as her topaz yellow eyes lit up. "Nobody knows who they can trust around here! If one of us poses as a prisoner the other two say they caught him! Once we're in we set our phasers on wide angle stun and free the captain! What do you think fellas?" Abruptly, Tessa frowned and stamped her foot. "Oh hell," she groaned. "I'm the ranking officer. It's *my* decision isn't it?"

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-03-13, 03:29:36

Hylota had to make quite a few changes as they had gone long in their trip through the jefferies tubes. Initially they had been making good progress, but as they had been going the mutineers had started to put out searches to see where people were hiding. This had required her to abandon her magnetic boots so that they would not be heard banging as they went along through the ship. Fortunately this change came as a mixed blessing for her as her fingers and toes had larger tips with more defined groove for better grip on smooth surfaces. Inside a jefferies tube this feature proved to be quite useful in allowing Hylota to move around quickly through the tubes. Of course she had not been spared from the filth and oils that had collected in the tubes either, her uniform now had large black smears over the once teal uniform where Hylota had wiped off her hands and feet to restore some of her improved grip.

As Hylota and Dr. Lucan ascended through the tubes she took up the rear so that in case Lucan fell she would have a chance to catch him or stop his decent, and with her better mobility it was easier for her to make a quick movement away from any grates that might end up being opened along the way. After sharing information along the way about how they would need to go about carrying out their plan the duo had grown quiet out of fear of being caught or drawing unwanted attention to themselves. And as time had gone on Hylota had not improved all that much, her body had gotten slightly horny staring at her attractive boss's body for their entire trek, being in her heat was making the prolonged journey mildly annoying so the stress was not able to silence her body's sexual desire entirely.

As they reached the next deck of jefferies tubes and Lucan reached down to offer Hylota a hand up she sighed with relief as she reached up to take his hand and let herself be pulled up, but at that moment she heard the grates ahead of Lucan open and she closed her eyes in a response before she gripped the ladder and lowered herself several rungs before stopping and looking back up to where Lucan had been, one hand came off the ladder as she prepared for the worse and got ready to catch her CO if things came to it. Hylota had to be honest with herself, this entire thing would be so much easier if they could kill someone and take a proper weapon for themselves. And at about this point in time she was prepared to abandon her oath in exchange for some easier traveling conditions.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-16, 17:24:23

Hylota had - wisely so - retreated down the rungs of the ladder, so Dr. Nicander was left momentarily confused by his own impulse to catch her from falling down. Where had that impulse come from? Shouldn't he, of all people, be more concerned with saving his own skin first? The consternation was short-lived, however, since the shuffling noises ahead wasn't going away, and he was still in plain sight. Fight or flee. Fire? Lightning? Internal sensors would catch the energy readings. The powers would lit his face and give away his position. Split decision.

Lucan shuffled back in the end, feet first down over the edge. He kept his eyes ahead so that he knew if he had to change his mind. Once his lower body dangled over the edge, he searched with his feet for the rungs of the ladder. Precious moments passed, and yet he still couldn't find his foothold. The darkness inside willed him to light the tubes with his fiery anger. Where the bloody hell had the ladder gone? No time. Surely the rungs were just a little bit further down. So he slid back further. Only there were no rungs. He was at the point of no return, and his pale grey eyes widened in panick. He had to look down, and once he did, he was over the edge - hands failing out to catch the ladder. It was right *there*, next to the place he had been hanging, and he caught it easily.

Only his tattooed hands were slick with grime... and his momentum to high.

That he didn't cry out was at least some kind of luck in a *very* unfortunate situation. That his companion happened to be a female Ovri was another kind of luck, but no less fortunate. She had been ready to catch him and he seized her forearm desperately as he fell past her - praying to the winds that she could hold on. Hylota was every bit as strong as he was, if not stronger, but she was no less covered in grime than he was. The commotion of his fall over the edge and her catching him was too loud for comfort, and Lucan could not quite afford the luxury of stealth as he tried to gain a foothold on the ladder before both Hylota and himself would fall down to the bottom of the shaft.

Only one, odd thought survived the blind chance of survival, and the moment when Hylota's grip either failed... or held true. *Am I to die like a rat in a maze for what I have done?*

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-03-17, 01:23:43

Hylota was in shock as she saw Lucan begin to fall, but she had been prepared for this possibility, her arm swiftly grabbed Lucan's and he locked her other arm around the rung of the ladder, letting out a grunt as the force of Lucan's fall went through her body. Hylota clenched her jaw as she focused on holding her superior; she thanked the forces that be for having remembered to wipe her hands before she had initially reached up to get pulled up by Lucan. It had given her just enough grip to maintain her hold on his arm. Looking down at Lucan Hylota tightened her grip, she could not allow Lucan to fall, he was far too important to let die like this.

Hylota wanted to say something to her commander and assure him that he was safe, but she could not risk making too much noise, she just hop that her commander was professional enough to not freak out as she did her best to swig him back in towards the ladder. She pulled him in so that his head was touching her legs, this way he could at least have something to get his other arm on to help support himself. Hylota new that her feet hand solid holds on the ladder and if Lucan were to take a hold and try and find the ladder from there he would be sure to not fall off. Of course internally Hylota was screaming at Lucan, "for the love of the ancients just grab the ladder doctor it is right there!" Hylota knew that they needed to get rest soon; neither of them had been prepared for this trip when they had gone into surgery. Of course the situation above with someone possibly looking for them was not helping Hylota relax either.

Post by: Triage on 2015-03-20, 21:48:37

One day, she thought, just one bloody day! Is that too much to ask?!?

Heather McMillan grumbled privately to herself, though possibly asking some higher being to give her a moment's respite. While she had been largely spared from the worst of all events thus far, she wasn't one prone to belief that her luck would hold out forever.

After everything that had happened thus far, to top it all off, there was now what appeared to be an honest-to-goodness mutiny going on. She still recalled hearing Captain Vasser's ship-wide message. *I don't want to judge...but this is Captain Ives' ship.*

Needless to say, she did not approve of Vasser's technique. Splitting an emotionally exhausted paramilitary group of individuals against one another was not going to end well for anyone. Ever since the announcement of a hostile takeover, McMillan had been carefully evading anyone and everyone. The unfortunate result of her not interacting often enough with people to really know them and to have a wild guess as to who she could trust.

She had nearly been caught once, in a corridor, where there was no hiding place, and dressed in a white lab coat over a bright pink long sleeved shirt and dark trousers did not exactly help make her invisible. She'd closed her eyes and tried to think about the Light, the warmth, comfort and security that the Light gave her. Just like her parents had taught her. She wished they were here now, to tell her what to do. To her relief, she had not been spotted by the patrol, and she quickly exited, making for the Jeffries Tubes.

It got uncomfortable very fast, but this was better than risking an encounter at every corridor. Even in here, she stayed low and moved as quietly as she could, nervously biting her lower lip as she made progress. The lack of being caught was actually a little worse, all things considered, because she expected all kinds of frightening things to jump out at her in the dark.

She had started shuffling along to keep herself from stiffening too much. She much preferred the open air and wider spaces, where she could run, jump and move freely. A jeffries tube was not exactly the most accommodating in that regard. Also, the darkness was really beginning to spook her.

Maybe just a little light... she thought as she began to focus her thoughts and mind, and pointed with her right index finger. The yellowish-white light helped direct her path, and also revealed just how filthy the tubes were. She tried her best to disregard that and crawled onwards to the end. She thought she had heard something, but she assumed it was something from the ship. In its present condition, odd noises were bound to happen now and then.

She slowly poked her head out the end, to get a look, *Now, let's see where this leads t-* "OH BLOODY NORA!!!"

She reacted by flaring in a bright yellow-white light, her whole body, her eyes and even her hair lit up like a torchlight for a split second until she regained control of herself and retreated back the way she had come, only she got her ankle caught in some loose wiring material or some such. She could not tell what it was, except that it had her caught and now she could not get away. Twisting around, she desperately tried to free herself, only her butterfingers kept getting more and more tangled up in the cables, and she was almost crying "No no no no no no no! Oh God not like this!"

She looked up at the entrance to this deck, and with a whimper, she collapsed and pulled herself into a fetal position, trembling and waiting. The cables, wires, or whatever they were practically had her

trapped, and she said aloud without looking up, "J-just make it quick! I give up!"

I wish you were here! McMillan thought to her parents, hoping they'd know, somehow.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-21, 00:36:33

Even though Dr. Nicander swung far out from the momentum of his fall, Hylota managed to hold on to him, so Lucan quickly secured a double-handed grip around her forearm. He hung there for a couple of seconds while he searched for his foothold - mind still racing - and considering the strain on Hylota, it must have felt like an eternity. Lucan thought he saw the searching light of a phaser rifle above. The Ovri managed to swing him back to her legs - her bare feet secure on the ladder, and Lucan wasted no time to seize the rungs - awkward as the position might have been for them both. His heart was beating loudly in his ears, his mind not quite caught up with what had almost happened to him.

He let go of Hylota's arm as soon as he could, casting a glance upwards. Not to check on her condition - why had he even considered it? - but to make sure they had not been found by whoever was headed their way. He saw Hylota's dark eyes in the scarce emergency lights that lined the ladder - like holes in the darkness - and then... they were being fired upon!

Stark brilliance cast Hylota into a silhouette above him, sudden and bright. Surely she had just been shot. She would fall unto him, take him with her. Yet there was no sound to the light that washed over them, so while the panic of their exposed position came quick to Lucan, where he considered whether to drop down the shaft all the same... consternation immediately followed. A scream was heard too, all too sudden to pick out, and then the light was all gone. Retreating noises echoed down, as if their assailant had been scared off by their sight.

"No no no no no no no! Oh God not like this!"

Frowning, Lucan took a couple of steadying breaths while he assembled his thoughts. He had no idea what had just happened, but it did not seem like the person they were hearing offered a direct threat anymore. Had there been more than one of them? Was the woman they heard victim to a captor? If that was the case...

"J-just make it quick! I give up!"

"Nurse Vojona," he said urgently, realising that he had to act some kind of hero all of a sudden - reasons muddled for him since he did not know where he truly stood. "Take out your hypospray and climb up. Help her!" He was fishing for his exo-scalpel in his pocket, but it seemed he must have dropped it in the commotion. As soon as Hylota had cleared the ladder, he would have to determine whether or not he'd risk using his abilities and showing their location on the ship's internal sensors.

But why would he? Was he prepared to risk his own exposure to the mutineers? Whatever had gotten into him? Was it still all to preserve his impeccable façade?

Errant thoughts, better left unsorted.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-03-21, 05:15:59

Hylota was sure that they had been found out when the light appeared above them, but when Lucan got his hold on the ladder again Hylota was bathed in light for a moment, nothing happened, she did not feel the sting of a phaser or smell the scent of ozone that usually accompanied an energy weapon

blast. And then came the screaming, the plees of a woman who was over her head and just giving up. As sad as it was Hylota needed to silence the person before they drew a security squad down upon them.

Hylota was moving before Lucan could even give her an order. She swiftly pulled herself up the ladder and into the next deck as she crawled quickly to where the cries were coming from and frowned as she discovered the woman practically crying with her foot tangled in some loose cables. Hylota sighed and did not take out her hypospray, it would be a waste on this woman as she crawled over to her and Hylota spoke clearly, her deeper voice would most likely make Heather think she was a male like most other people. "Hey, be quiet. I am here to help you but you need to keep calm and stop kicking or I am going to sedate you for my own safety." She gently placed a hand on Heather's tangled leg and began to inspect the twisted mess that Heather's kicking had created.

"So, not an optimal time for introductions, but my name is Hylota I work down in Sickbay, what is your name?" Hylota was employing what bedside manner she could to try and keep Heather calm while she tried to free her and make her relax so the entire ship would not hear them. As she worked though she began to worry about Nicander, he had almost fallen to his death and she had left him back there or climb up on his own, she could not help but feel like she was neglecting her commanding officer.

Post by: Triage on 2015-03-21, 13:13:22

"H-Heather...McMillan. I'm a biologist..." she tried her best to stop trembling and stay still.

He...or she...is nice. McMillan thought, But then, anybody could be...and there were two of them. Where's the other?

She glanced over at the shaft, wondering whether the other person had gone off to call for reinforcements, or something had happened? She was afraid to think she might have been responsible for that, especially since she had reacted with shock and flared brightly, something that happened if she was shocked or frightened enough.

That happened more than once, back when she was still in the university. It took no small amount of diplomacy - what little she had - to convince the witnesses to keep it to themselves.

She turned back to watch as Hylota slowly attempted to untangle McMillan's leg and hands from the tangled mess she managed to create by her desperate attempt to get free. She did not know why she was so bloody clumsy.

Sickbay...hmmm..."I've seen you before...I-I think..." she whispered while she struggled to keep still. And then she more hesitantly and quietly asked, "Are...uhm...are you with...Captain Vasser?"

Her eyes went wide with fear, hope and anticipation. She sincerely hoped Hylota was not with Vasser, because she didn't fancy being dragged over to the man.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-21, 15:10:15

At that point, Lucan appeared behind Hylota, having climbed over the edge and made his way over to the two women. "She is not," he said with a reassuring smile, trying to act professional despite almost having fallen to his death. "Nurse Vojona may have been with the Harbinger crew until she transferred to my staff after we left Theta Eridina, but she has not shown any signs of defecting back to her old Commanding Officer. In fact, she just saved my life back there."

His pale grey eyes took in the state the human was in and produced a medical tricorder from the pocket of his uniform trousers. As he switched it on, he looked towards Hylota with a grateful smile. "Nice catch," he said to her warmly, and the light of the scanner lit his exotic countenance. "Thank you. The winds know I am glad that you did not want to stay behind in Surgical Suite."

For two reasons, really. He knew the Ovri did not have the same abilities as the Ash'reem, and that Hylota would not be able to detect what he had hidden behind the bulkhead, but with a species as rare as hers, Lucan did not like to take any chances - disinclined as he was to leave her alone there. As for the Teslyliac Duplicate that *did* chose to stay behind, Lucan was familiar with her and knew that Dr. Lahkesis Saugn had no abilities to descry the abomination behind the wall.

Lucan turned back to their happenstance patient, scanning her in the close quarters that the three of them shared. "You may already know me, but I don't think we have been properly introduced," he said to McMillan and tried to use his charisma to calm the human, "I am Dr. Nicander, Lucan cin Nicander, and I am the Chief Medical Officer aboard. As far as I know, you are one of the Theurgy's civilian researchers, with xenobiology being your strongest forte, correct? A pleasure to make your acquaintance, even if this might not be the most pleasant of times."

The tricorder readings started to appear on the display beneath his eyes. Even if the human might have felt flattered that he would know about her, Lucan had made sure to keep as much track as he could of the ship's entire crew. Being a creature of manipulation and deception - always in control - he had to take as much as he could into account. How else was he supposed to kill them all for his own purposes?

Purposes that seemed to vane of late, either overshadowed by the darkness within... or loosing import in his attempts to appear the ideal officer - the act becoming more and more natural with each plight the ship suffered.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-03-21, 20:52:52

Hylota did her best and managed to pick the cords apart while Lucan was chatting with Heather. She also began to speed up and work faster as she noticed that the blood flow was being cut off from how tight the cords had been pulled. "You are correct Heather; I did work aboard the Harbinger with my brother. But this entire ordeal has put my brother at risk and so soon after a life threatening event. I might have served under Vasser, but his actions here are not acceptable in my opinion so I remain with Dr. Nicander." She began to tug on the cords to loosen them up and smiled.

She managed to slip Heather's left hand out and started working on undoing the twists while making further comment on the situation. "You're lucky we were so close by, you pulled these cords fairly tight against you, if you had been left undetected I fear you might have caused serious damage to your hands with this little fiasco." She loosened and untangled the cords and pulled Heather's other hand free. "In situations like this you must be sure that you do not panic, otherwise you might end up like this, in a bigger mess than when you started."

With one last bit of tugging she worked the loop of cord off of Heather's ankle and set the foot on the ground. "There, free at last." Hylota took the cord and bunched it up before shoving it back up into the space where it had fallen out of. She then looked to Lucan and spoke in a firm tone. "Doctor, in light of recent events, namely our incident with you falling a few moments ago, I feel that we should take a moment to top and rest for a bit. I fear that if we keep pushing on at this pace we will make another mistake and we might not be able to recover from." She also raised her filthy hands to show him. "And

we should try and clean out hands off at least a little before we try and climb anything again." Hylota felt that this could be their best opportunity to recover for a little bit before putting their plan into effect.

Post by: Triage on 2015-03-22, 09:42:52

McMillan looked up at Nicander when he made his appearance. Her face took on a visible sign of relief when he answered for Hylota that neither of them were with Vasser. That was a relief. She wanted to ask if her flare of light was what caused Nicander to have had a near-death experience, but decided that might rouse too many return questions she wasn't prepared to answer, like where was her source of light? Now that would get awkward very fast, especially since she was a lousy liar.

Fortunately, Nicander took a more medical concern towards McMillan, and also took a moment to thank Hylota. Still, she grew nervous again as the tricorder went over her. She had thus far managed to fool tricorders and bioscans, and physical readings she only had one when joining Starfleet as a civilian the first time, and she had friends who helped gloss over her report with the readings of a real human.

She nodded when Nicander asked about her profession and skill, "Yes, Xenobiology, medicine...n-nice to meet you too." She was distracted with Hylota still freeing her, and also because she was feeling a little self-conscious around a man, and the fact that he's scanning her with a medical tricorder, an activity which she preferred to avoid at all costs. That, along with his flattering familiarity with her history (and good looks) made her feel nice and intimidated all at once.

That was also when she noticed that her hands and leg was beginning to ache, and she realized she had not only tangled herself up extenssively, but rather tightly. She sighed as the alien nurse commented on how close she came to serious damage to herself. "That's me...little Miss Tangled. It's the story of my life."

"Thank you." She smiled gratefully at Hylota once she was free, and very carefully removed herself from the spot where she had gotten caught initially.

Now that she was free, and a lot less anxious, she wondered where these two were heading. Considering how inexperienced she was with this situation, not to mention her lack of social aptitude, McMillan decided it would be best to stay close to these two. Plus they were all medical officers, that would make them far more valuable to all people concerned. So she asked "Uhm...where were you both headed before you met me? Can I come along? I...I'm rather hopeless in something like this. I really need to get out of the lab more often."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-23, 17:29:59

The tricorder readings seemed quite ordinary at first glance, and Lucan had not expected them to show something beyond the circulatory problems in her hands. He might not have read them as thoroughly as he used to, since after he put them away, he frowned as he realised a that a couple of the numbers had not added up, but not in any way that suggested any harm. Something about her body mass? It was a fleeting thought, and he did not give it too much credence since the adrenaline was still thinning in is veins after his fall. Also, the darkness inside would have known and resonated with her if she was kin, so he did not linger on such idea even for a moment.

Hylota speaking with him stole his attention, where she firmly requested that they would stop and rest before moving on. Lucan nodded and sank back against the side of the Jefferies tube, casually resting one arm across his knee and unzipping his undershirt a bit more. "Agreed," he said and laid his head

against the metal, running his other hand through his hair. It made little difference if his dark hair became more dirty than it already was. "We still need to get further up after our stop on this Deck..."

The human spoke next, asking where they were headed and if she could tag along, and Lucan chuckled in good humour despite the circumstances they were in. "Of course, in fact, we could really need an extra hand for what we are planning to do," he said, and he hiked up his dirty undershirt from his abdomen so that he could start wiping his hands clean on the teal cloth, "We are heading to Waste Management on this Deck, where we will pick up six gas tubes filled with xenon. These, we'll have to get to the next Deck, and unless we dare using a turbo-lift, we will have to pull them up one of these ladders as well. They weigh twenty pounds each, and in some clandestine way - as subtle as we *can* be with that kind of luggage - we'll have to distribute the gas into Cargo Bay 02, where all the people willing to defect to Vasser will be gathering as we speak."

Not having any luck with the grime on his hands, Lucan shifted his position and pulled off his undershirt instead. The back of it was more sweaty, and as ungentlemanly as it was, he needed the dampness to get the oil off. "By getting enough xenon concentration into the area, and then stirring the heavy gas from the floor when the time is right, we hope to sedate everyone present - Vasser or T'Rena included when they head there to round up the volunteers. First, however, we have to get the xenon out of the bottom chambers of Waste Management, which is just a hundred meters away in that direction."

Lucan handed his bundled up undershirt to Hylota when he was done, since given the circumstances, they were pretty far from etiquette and propriety, and the Ovri needed to clean both her hands and feet. "It was all Nurse Vojona's idea, actually," he said with a lopsided smile to her as he leaned back against the bulkhead again, pale grey eyes eventually returning to Heather McMillan after he passed both the word and the cloth to the Ovri. Being pretty good at reading people, which was a matter of survival for him, he was observing the human's demeanour - not yet having made any opinion about her beyond her appearance being quite exquisite.

Something that in the end hardly mattered to him in the current situation, but still made the beast inside howl in need to rape both the women and then throw them to their deaths down the vertical shaft. He silenced the voice irritably, even if the images flashed before his eyes.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-03-23, 20:13:10

Hylota smiled at the praise from her commanding officer, it was nice that he had been recognized on two different accounts for her ideas with Doctor Nicander, it made her feel like she was indeed useful. "Thank you sir. I just hope that we pull his whole plan off before this entire ordeal is over." She chuckled as she began to wipe the grime from her toes. "I would look rather silly if we we to carry those tanks all the way through the ship and then finding out that it was over." She finished cleaning herself off rather quickly before looking to heather and smiled. "And it would be nice to have some more company on this little trip."

Hylota finished cleaning off and she started stretching to loosen herself up before hissing as she moved her shoulder. "Oh that does not feel good at all. Ngh, nothing feels damaged...probably just some swelling from fall you had back there Doctor." She begins to rub her arm and sighed as she did her best to try and relieve the discomfort of her arm. "This might be a bit problematic for moving those canisters to where they need to go Doctor." She frowned and shook her head.

Looking to Heather she smirked. "Hey Heather, you wouldn't happen to know any method that we could use to take care of this problem?" She smiled at Heather and hoped that he might know of some

method to move things. although Hylota had a pretty good feeling that they could be secretive about things, and is thy too the turbo lift they might not be noticed since other people would be moving to that part of the ship anyways.

Post by: Triage on 2015-03-24, 06:05:14

McMillan frowned at Nicander's expression. *He must have noticed something amiss...oh no...she thought.*

Despite how disgusting it was, McMillan leaned back against the side as well, taking a moment to rest and prepare herself. While she looked human and had almost human capabilities, she was a lesser being in all ways of physicality. Whatever they were going to do next would require her exert herself in ways that might be too much for her. She was not strong, and most certainly not durable, or had much stamina to run on. However, they might base her capabilities on her physical appearance, and in appearance, she looked deceptively able-bodied.

"Waste management...how lovely." She could not help but shiver at the thought of getting into even more glop. However her eyes widened in alarm. *There's just no way!*

At least Hylota was admitting gladness to have her along, it sort of made McMillan feel a little more useful. She looked up in concern however when the Ovri hissed in pain. "Wait, I might have something for that..."

She reached into her numerous pockets located in her large white lab coat and fished out a pressure hypospray. She smiled at Hylota and gently pressed it to the Ovri's shoulder, where the injury seemed to be. A soft hiss indicated that its contents had been applied. "It's just a cooling solution, and it's non-chemical. A balm I got from home. I've got lots of these, because I get bruises and inflamed swellings quite often..." she lightly rubbed the injured area. Her touch was soft, and her frailness could be felt easily now.

She tried to quickly change the subject, because she didn't want to explain why she got bruises so often. That would just be embarrassing. On the other hand, they *might* need to know that "I can be quite clumsy...on an epic scale. Now, as to your question about those canisters. Generally, on space stations, they use anti-gravity generators that can be applied to an object to ease transportation of cargo. This is something that has been around since the early twenty-third century. In fact, I believe the illustrious Captain Kirk of the Enterprise, in some of his missions, had found use for such devices. Waste management *might* have some of those devices available. I have some in my lab too, and they're fairly small themselves. But I don't fancy making a trip there while there's such...tensions aboard the ship right now."

In all that time, McMillan had not paused to take a breath, and it was only after she finished that she realized she nearly asphyxiated herself. She blushed after all her talking, because she had just noticed the way Nicander was watching her, studying her, and she felt wary and self-conscious again. Fussing with her hair, she brushed loose strands back behind her ears and looked away distractedly, though her hair floated up and took an unusually long time to settle back down. Also, her hair moved with the slightest shift of her head, fluttering about like silk in the wind. Then she abruptly turned back to look at Hylota, "How does the shoulder feel?"

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-03-24, 08:07:55

As Hylota was suddenly given a hypospray she went wide eyed and scooted away from Heather, she did not like being given injections without being informed about what was going on. She put her hand over where she had been touched and she glared at Heather, until she was informed about what it was, at which point Hylota sighed and began to massage the joint, it did not feel all that much better, but it was feeling a little better she had to admit. Although she did not change the face that Hylota wanted to smack Heather for doing that without asking her first.

As she was told about a simple anti-gravity device that they could use Hylota stroked her chin and cocked her head to the side as she was given more information. "Alright...well I have a few things I would like to say. First, I have no idea who this Captain Kirk person is, I am assuming he is famous in your history on earth, but my race is new to your Federation, I have not had time to learn about your heroes." he worked her shoulder a little and she looked at Heather. "Second, my arm is feeling better and thank you for that, but I would like to inform you that if I was not relaxed at this point in time I might have struck you for that. You do not administer a hypospray without informing a person and getting some form of consent. and lets just be thankful my muscle proteins are not reacting poorly to this."

Hylota groaned as she stretched out and move her arm a little bit more before talking to Heather again. "You know I would think a xenobiologist would be a bit more aware of the fact that some races are violently allergic or poisoned by mundane things among other races. And I am amphibian in my nature so I would like to have you never give me injections without running tests first." She sighed as she relaxed and looked to Heather. "I am sorry I am a bit rough on you, I am just a little uneasy right now with all that is going on and having to leave my brother in a hostile environment." she sighed again and smiled slightly as she thought of something amusing. "You know Heather, if you are so clumsy, how did you manage to get into xenobiology? I hope you have steady hands and are able to avoid knocking things about in your lab while working."

Hylota did not know she was being a bit insensitive, she was not the social member of her family, that was her brother's thing, she could talk on a professional level, but for simple interaction, well she was kind of lost on how to do that stuff. And this Hylota had very few friends outside of her work and was considered a very unpleasant person to be around for conversation.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-25, 01:11:57

Resting his bare arms on top of his knees where he sat, Lucan watched the exchange without comment, taking note of McMillan's suggestion and hoping that she was right about there being a few anti-grav units available in Waste Management. He also saw Hylota's reaction to being inoculated, and to say that she did not take it lightly would have been an understatement. She did, however, apologise for her outburst with the reason that Vinata Vojona had been left behind in Sickbay and she was worried, and the soothing balm for her shoulder did not seem to cause any reaction for the Ovri.

"Regardless whether or not Ms McMillan is as clumsy as she claims to be," he said and picked up his dirty undershirt in order to sort the sleeves again, "I know that she came aboard practicing in xenobiology and medicine, so perhaps your fears were unwarranted, Nurse Vojona. Your species have been known to the Federation for a couple of years now, and if you would focus in the field of xenobiology, you would likely have studied such a new addition to our databases. So while it was unorthodox to inoculate you without your consent, she is no doctor used to dealing patients, and she only acted in your benefit to alleviate your pain since she knew it would work."

Just as he sorted out his undershirt, he was mediating the small incident between the two women that shared the close quarters with him - unravelling the sudden tension with his words. His dissembling smile and the fact that he was at a semi-state of undress might have aided his cause too, but his

words were his main remedy. "Your heart was in the right place," he told Heather and pulled on his undershirt again, "but Nurse Vojona is right, when dealing with patients, you learn the rights-and-wrongs of all manner of situations, and they may vary with each kind of patient, both physically and therapeutically. No harm done it seems... so let us focus on what he have to do instead."

Wearing his shirt again, he shifted his position and looked down the darkness ahead of them. "When you found us, Heather, I thought your palm light was phaser fire for a moment," he admitted to take the edge of the situation even further, "and it seems, with the lack of anyone else here, you thought we were going to hurt you when you got yourself caught in those cables. Now, however, we really could use that palm light to find our way. Do you want me to take point and light the way with it?"

Post by: Triage on 2015-03-25, 11:12:52

McMillan blanched as she realized her critical error. *Oh Lord, what was I thinking!?* She started stammering.

"I-I-I'm sorry, I just, I mean...you were in pain, and I just thought I'd help, I shouldn't have...I mean..." she lowered her head and hands, and in an apologetic tone, "It won't happen again."

She flushed when Vojona wondered aloud how she got to be a xenobiologist being as clumsy and reckless as she was. And truth was, she had blundered around her lab, and more than half of her time was devoted to cleaning up messes she'd made.

When Vojona apologized for having an outburst at her, McMillan rose up on her tip toes, shaking her head, "No, no, I'm sorry. You're right, I should have asked first instead of just assuming things."

Her hair again did that strange thing of following in the wake of her head's movements and then taking an unusually long time to settle back down. As if she were underwater. The way her hair floated and moved, had an eerie, and inhuman demeanor. She seemed to be aware of this fact, as she quickly reached up and patted her hair down, matting it with grime and...stuff.

Her face turned downright red as tomato, when Nicander spoke up, rising to her defense and then addressing her mistake at the same time. She had only met them, and she already made a blunder. It was also somewhat distracting, him not quite covering his fine physique. She did not fail to notice that fact, and did her best not to keep looking. Instead, she took to studying the side of a panel, which was unusually clean, and none of them had made any attempts to clean it. *Curious.*

However, her eyes widened in full-on panic once more, and she looked at Nicander in horror when he mentioned her "palm" light. Oh he had no idea.

"P-p-palm light? It was a palm light? I-I-I mean, uh...I mean...what would...uh, where would..."

She looked around desperately, and started digging through her lab coat pockets, muttering to herself in frenzied desperation, when she abruptly stopped and looked up at Nicander, her expression unreadable.

"You...certainly, have a generous hair of head."

It was full panic mode now, and she appeared to be suffering a meltdown of some sort. She finally took out something from her pocket, and it looked like a broken device that might once have been a

flashlight...or something. But she never took her eyes off Nicander's hair, for some reason trying determinedly to distract everyone.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-03-26, 04:41:35

Hylota simply nodded and waved the situation off dismissively. "Listen lets just dismiss the whole thing and get back to the matter at hand here. We need to remain calm and work on getting those canisters to transport them." She was quite adamant that they get back to the mission that they were working on. But that all changed when Heather began to freak out, she was acting very odd over such simple questions and she was quickly going from her calm state to being a stuttering mess.

Hylota cocked her head as she watched as Heather moved about and her hair seemed to act odd for where they were, in fact everything about how Heather was acting was just too odd. Hylota looked to Nicander and then back to Heather and she closed her eyes before rubbing the bridge of her nose and she reached out and put a hand on Heather's shoulder and held her firmly. "Heather, you need to calm down. This is not some life or death situation, you are simply being asked about a light, if you lost it or you no longer have it then that is the way things will be. If you do have it, would you please take the lead for a little while or hand it over to the Doctor, and again if that is not an option I want you to take a deep breath and just say you cannot do that."

Hylota smiled at Heather. "The situation of a simple light is not our biggest concern right now. So please remain calm, say what needs to be said for this moment in time, and we will get moving again." Hylota knew the panic of a tough situation, she had had a panic attack when feared that her brother would be dead in the triage center not so long ago. She knew that there were some times that you needed to put some situations behind them as they began to near the big moment. She did not want things breaking down now when they were so close to the waste management station, she just wanted them to go on to their task.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-29, 14:31:03

Watching Heather's reaction to his simple question made Lucan wonder how affected she was by the current mutiny - how much worry and fright that had taken its toll. Yet he also wondered if the reason was rather himself, since he was not unaware of the effect he could have on men and women of many species. He did note how she tried to keep her eyes from wandering his body by looking towards the bulkheads, and when she complimented him on his hair, he was starting to think the latter might be the case - odd as her timing was to give voice to her desires.

This seemed to pass right over Nurse Vojona's head, since she asked the questions needed and clarified their situation in a very pragmatic way. It did, however, save Lucan from having to come up with some kind of response to the human's flirtatious demeanour. He had seen her pick up some kind of device from her lab coat, and he assumed that it was a palm light or a SIM's beacon. Shifting his seat, he came a bit closer and reached out to pick it from her hand.

"Thank you," he said, and with the smile he gave Heather, he could have referred to her comment about his hair as well as the presented device. He did not linger on the topic of her compliment, nor did he brush his fingers too boldly against hers when he accepted the palm beacon from her. There was something odd about her hair, as if there was a breeze coming from somewhere even though Lucan did not feel it. Errant thought. It was time to get moving again, and he examined the device - frowning a bit when he pushed the buttons. "Seems like you broke it when you got tangled in the wires. Unfortunate, but we'll just have to do without it."

He handed it back to Heather to let her decide whether she wished to keep it, and then spoke to them both. "I think its best we start moving before we arrive too late to the cargo hold. I will go first. Heather, you should go after me, and Nurse Vojona, you keep an eye behind us."

Then Lucan got on all four and started to crawl along the narrow Jefferies tube, the emergency lights leading the way towards Waste Management. His thoughts were split, in part delving into the challenges ahead of them and yet straying to Heather's reaction to his question. There was something odd about the human, but in retrospect, he could not quite put his finger on what it was.

Post by: Triage on 2015-03-30, 16:14:32

McMillan tried her best to quieten down her panicked state, but she did not fancy revealing the truth of her species at this point in time. And she was sure by now that both Nurse Vojona and Dr. Nicander had noticed the peculiarity of her hair, or her habit of rising up to tip toe. There was nothing she could do about it really. This was one of the reasons why she minimized contact with other crew members. It got harder to hide what she was the more she was around people, and she was a lousy liar on top of that. So instead, she had secluded herself in her lab. But now, that was not really an option for her. She concluded therefore, that by the end of today, it was more than likely Vojona and Nicander at least, would suspect that she was anything but human.

"Yeah...okay..." she answered Vojona as she tried to do as she was told. Then she blushed again when Nicander took the broken device from her. Watching apprehensively, McMillan wondered why she was so hopeless at lying or maintaining her cool. Her heart was often beating with frightening speeds, and she wondered if she would be one of the youngest humans...no, Radiants to perish of a cardiac arrest. When Nicander observed aloud that the device was broken, she took it back and pocketed it. Even she had no idea what that device once was.

"Okay." She answered when he told her to follow after him, while Nurse Vojona took the rear.

She bent her head and torso as she trailed after Nicander, her petite and tiny frame allowing her some options in how she travelled, but it was the way she moved; she was still scampering on tip toes, and she kept her hands in front of her, as if feeling about in the darkness, with her legs bent to keep her head from bumping on the top of the tube. Her dark long trousers was stretchy and comfortable, allowing her some significant freedom of movement, which she took advantage of in this narrow passage. She made very little noise as she moved, and her footwear appeared to be either extremely thick-yet-flexible socks, or some of the softest, and most bendable boots ever seen.

All this unique method of travelling and her attire did nothing to keep her from tripping herself twice during their travels however, and both times she revealed why she kept her hands flailing around in front of herself; when she fell, her hands, and fingertips would silently break her fall. Though she would quietly whisper "Oops! Clumsy me! Sorry!" before getting back up and continuing in her trek. The most interesting part about her falling was how her hands were so easily able to dispense her weight and so lightly land on the ground. By her appearance, she was at least a hundred and twenty pounds. She wasn't blade thin, and even if she was, she would still have landed much harder than her fingers could take with that much ease.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-04-03, 08:01:10

Hylota remained mostly silent as Heather an Nicander talked about the light before they began to move on again. She had to keep her attention on sounds while the other's were distracted, it was so often that people seemed to forget the ire situation when they were having a chat with someone. But

once they decided that they were going to be going finally Hylota nodded and she just took up the position in the back of the group and she casually followed along, and when she watched Heather be clumsy along the way Hylota shook her head and helped her up.

Hylota motioned for Heather to keep going and just remained silent. Watching Heather from behind Hylota was able to easily figure out that Heather was not a human, it was painfully obvious for her, she was good at blending in, but the way that he carried herself, the way that she acted and moved, it was all so strange how Heather implemented similar actions to try and be ignored as Hylota did. Hylota could not help but tell that Heather was not a human and trying hard to just be seen as a human.

Hylota made a mental note to just take a moment when this was all over and talk with Heather on their own and find out what the girl was for the sake of her own safety. As well as trying to give the poor girl someone to talk to and have some interaction with. Hylota hoped that they could at least be friend after this all was over.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-03-29, 14:31:03

[Later | Reclamation Center | Waste Management | Deck 03]

With some effort, Lucan turned a valve and opened a grate that led into the sub-level of one of the Waste Management areas on the ship. There were a few of them spread across the decks of the ship, but they were essentially the same. The one on Deck 03 was strategically wedged between the Senior and Junior Officer Quarters on Decks 02 and 04. Lucan climbed out and helped the women that had followed him, giving them a hand as they emerged into the brighter light of the processing chamber, where its fancy name of 'RECLAMATION CENTER' was painted on the wall opposite the door in a vivid red colour.

"The gas canisters should be behind the panels on the bulkheads," he said, his voice low, "Heather, try to find the anti-grav units you mentioned. Nurse Vojona and I will collect the xenon cylinders and collect them by the grate."

They were standing on a terrace that circled the round processing pit, and the noise that made it hard to hear if there was someone else present outside the single door of the Reclamation Center came from the actuators that ground down the waste via hydraulics and then pushed the pulp into a number of combustion chambers. That was where the xenon gas came in use, and the ship reclaimed an amount of plasma to power a select couple of systems - the actuators in the pit for instance.

In any case, unless they made too much of a racket, they would be reasonably safe in noise-filled environment. Well, besides the risk of falling over the railing, of course. It was evident that the forcefield above the railing was missing, and it was likely due to the sabotage that had been done at 1100 hrs, where the mutineers had managed to cause a cascade failure across the EPS network and detonated a lot of the ship's plasma relays. The thing inside Lucan was curious to see how quickly the two women would die if he threw them into the pit, but that would hardly be constructive to the cause of restoring lives to command.

He needed them... at least for the time being.

Post by: Triage on 2015-03-30, 16:14:32

McMillan accepted Nicander's offered hands and she lightly hopped out of the tube. It wasn't until she had let go of his hands that she realized she made another terrible error: By allowing him to brace her

weight as she landed, Nicander would likely have noticed McMillan most definitely did not weigh one hundred and twenty pounds. She did her best not to make any expressions, but her eyes were wide and fully open, staring at anything and everything. She tip-toed a few feet away, studying the room with curiosity, her hair trailing behind her and slowly settling down like super-lightweight silk.

She squinted her eyes at the noise of in the room, and nodded silently at Nicander when he told her to try and locate the anti-gravity generators. Carefully scampering away on tip-toe again, she shied away from the unprotected railing, and she indeed stumbled, nearly falling flat on her face, but caught herself barely in time. Then, even more carefully, she searched around. To her delight, she managed to find a handful of the generators. They were small enough, generally attached to extremely heavy cargo, and this would allow even the most feeble being to be able to lift a large box with one hand. A good thing, since McMillan most certainly could not lift heavy weights without these generators. If Vojona and Nicander thought they would have a hard time carrying those cannisters without anti-grav generators, they would consider themselves lucky since McMillan was more likely to get her own arms ripped off trying to lift something heavy. Now that would be quite a sight, watching her "disarm" herself.

She tottered back to the grate, and knelt low to the ground, hiding behind several containers. She was still resting on her toes rather than her feet even in a kneeling position, and she waited for the other two, a faint smile on her lips and her eyes wide with hopefulness. She kept her ears and eyes open to any signs of danger.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-04-03, 08:01:10

Arriving in the Waste Management center Hylota was the last into the room n made sure that there was no one behind them before she listened to Lucan fill her in on the plan for what to do now. As she was told where the xenon was likely stored and that Heather was to go and get the anti gravity devices Hylota nodded and went to work on her part and started to open up the panel. But there was a problem as Hylota began to move her arm, and she realized that her shoulder was beginning to get rather stiff and numb.

Hylota worked the shoulder ad tried to gt it to loosen up again and gt the feeling back, but it was not working and in this situation she needed to act as if nothing was wrong an she began to just work on getting things moving, her left arm was beginning to fumble a bit before she took charge of things and began to use one hand to work the panel off while her other hand just braced it. Eventually Hylota managed to free the panel from the bulkhead and struggled as she set it aside and began to look over the canisters for the ones that were still full and she began to pull them out one at a time.

As she took out the canisters Hylota pulled them out and she used her other hand to weakly catch the canister before setting it onto the ground as gently as she could so that hey could have them prepared to go at a moment's notice. But as she was going Hylota's arm got to the point where Hylota could no longer feel her fingers and she dropped a canister to the ground with a loud clang. She winced and quickly grabbed her numb arm and moved it so it did not look like she was having some problem, but only had lost her grip. But to Lucan it would be obvious, her entire left side was slack, hanging lower than her right and indicating that Hylota as not in the best shape.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-05, 00:25:55

Like Hylota, Lucan had worked as best as he might to free the xenon cylinders from behind the bulkheads and stack them near the grate. Heather seemed to have found enough anti-grav generators and they were just about to bring the last two gas canisters when disaster struck. Or rather, one of the canisters struck the floor as it slipped from the Ovri's grip, and Lucan rounded on her with eyes wide.

The echo of the metallic sound reverberated in the air, and it was distinctly louder than the noise of the actuators and the pumping hydraulics. Lucan saw how the injury to Hylota's shoulder seemed to have gotten worse, and it was obvious how her grip had slipped because of it. If they were lucky, no one was in the Waste Management area outside the door, and the noise hadn't been noticed. Lucan stood still, hardly daring to breathe as he looked at the door - waiting to see if it would open...

Seconds passed while the processing pit marked the time with its steady grind and conflagration. With each second, Lucan became more and more confident that no one had noticed, so he began to move again - walking over to Hylota and picking up the canister from the floor. "Are you okay?" he asked her and studied her poise and the way she did not like to use her arm. It was obvious that moving the canisters had not been ideal given her recent injury when she caught him from falling, and the injury had gotten worse. He could not tell if Heather's inoculation had numbed the pain or not, but regardless how much agony Hylota was in, her arm was more or less out of commission. "Remove your jacket. I need to see the area and its swelling."

Lucan put the canister down and fished up a tricorder from the pocket of his trousers, meaning to see what his eyes wouldn't tell him. They lacked in time, but how were they supposed to accomplish their goal if they couldn't carry the canisters to Cargo Hold 02. "Let's see what I can do -"

The sliding doors opened.

"Who goes there?" came the shout to override the din in the processing chamber, and when Lucan cast his pale grey eyes towards the doorway, a young Harbinger Cadet with a shaved head was pointing his Type III rifle against Lucan and Hylota - not yet having located Heather where she was taking cover at the back. It seemed like the Cadet did not need an introduction, however, since he tapped his combadge rather quickly. "Cadet Wilkinson to all search parties, I have located the Theurgy CMO on Deck 03 Waste Management. I'm incapacitating him now -"

With two steps and a turn, Lucan picked up and hurled the 20 pound gas canister at the Cadet, which collided with the human's rifle and torso. He was unbalanced, and Lucan too, but the doctor found his footing after another turn and ran towards the Cadet in the wake of the canister. The rifle had clattered against the ground, but it was not good enough. It was imperative that the Cadet, which appeared to wear the teal of sciences or medical and potentially a former colleague of Hylota's, was struck unconscious so that they could vanish into the Jefferies tubes as soon as possible.

It was Lucan, however, who received an uppercut by the time he reached the human, and then another hook across his cheek. Lucan lost all sense of orientation, finding himself with his back against the railing, and then felt his ribs being pummelled by the young man. He was a bloody doctor and not a boxer, which was made quite evident.

There was no room for thought in the split seconds of survival, only instincts taking over.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-04-05, 06:33:35

Hylota looked back at Lucan as he came to her and asked about the injury Hylota shook her head no. "This is not the injury, if it was I would just be swollen and sore. No the Ovri would not have survived that long if we lost the use of a limb that was put under strain. We might not recover from open wounds that well, but this is not anything that would normally happen." She was certain this was a slow reaction to the injection she had gotten from Heather, but she did not have time to get angry, instead she did as Lucan had told her to do and she began to pull her uniform away from her shoulder.

It took her a bit of time to reveal her arm and she revealed the area, the slightly swollen spot was normal enough, but the arm seemed to be cold and slightly discolored. It was sadly obvious that the reflex injection had caused a situation where it was working as a slow paralytic inside of Hylota's body. It did not appear to be going anywhere else but the arm at that point in time, but the sudden appearance of a mutineer brought an end to the investigation.

The fight was quick, but Hylota was able to see it all, the throwing of the canister, the failed strike from Lucan and the pummeling Hylota's CO received as he was knocked back into the railing. Hylota had a second to act and she used that second to take her hypospray into her good hand and place it to the neck of the cadet and took a half step back before raising her leg and sending one swift kick into the side of Wilkinson's chest making him fall away from Nicander. Taking a deep breath Hylota tossed the spent hypospray away and rushed to the side of her CO and put her good arm behind his back and helped him away from the railing.

Looking at Dr. Nicander with wide eyes Hylota asked him some questions. "Doctor? Doctor Nicander, are you alright? Sir please tell me if you are alright? We need to move quickly, and if you cannot get these canisters we need to find a place to hide you, if you fall into enemy hands we would have done all of this for nothing sir." It was clear that Hylota was trying to assess the situation to find out if Nicander was able to continue their plan, and she was also assessing the situation and considering if they were going to be able to handle things as they were right now. To be honest the only plus she could think of was that they had a phaser rifle now.

Post by: Triage on 2015-04-05, 07:21:06

"Crikey O'Reilly..." McMillan said as she watched everything unfold before her. From her vantage point, she could see everything without revealing herself too much.

The first thing she had noticed was that Nurse Vojona was having a truly adverse reaction to the cooling solution she had applied into the Ovri, making her feel even more horrible for not consulting first. It looked like she was losing use of her injured arm, which was strange since what she had given should not be doing that, and only cool down inflammations. Something that they might need to look into as soon as possible. Plus, they were not in the cleanest states, and a dirty wound was a breeding ground for untold volumes of bacteria and lethal infections.

While Dr. Nicander was looking into it, they were interrupted by the arrival of what appeared to be a Vasser Loyalist. Nicander and Vojona saw to him, but at serious cost to the both of themselves.

"Blast it..." McMillan scrambled over her hiding place and made her way towards the two of them, stumbling part way when her feet ran over each other, and soon found herself on her knees next to Nicander. She was worried about the look in the doctor's eyes. Nicander may be a doctor, but McMillan gave an involuntary shudder when she looked at him. Her reaction could easily be mistaken for nerves or fear for the safety of her new friends, but McMillan's reaction was just out of plain fear...of him. It was his capacity for violence, and the sheer brutality in which he dealt with the Vasser Loyalist. Granted, it wasn't particularly efficient, skilled, or excellent, but it still frightened her. While she did not approve of or condone violence under any conditions, she was gradually coming to the realization that very few, if not no one at all in this universe save for her thought poorly on using such for any purpose. Given that circumstance, she likely would have been captured long since if not for Nicander and Vojona.

But she needed to look past this, for now. After all, she would be just as afraid of a Tal Shiar Romulan

or Klingon warrior, and right now, a man of violence, while not something she fully approved of, was someone who could get the job done and see her to safety. Plus, Vojona up close, looked even worse. She fished out of her coat pockets a bio tricorder, similar in most ways to a medical tricorder, and held it up hesitantly. McMillan rarely left anywhere without it. Plus, it wasn't awfully large, and was easy to carry around. By getting their readings, she would be able to ascertain more information about both individuals and their current states.

However, after her last experience of doing things without asking permission, she looked to both of them for their permissions first. Since they were still conscious, they were more than capable of giving their approval to let her scan them. Also, this would tell her what they might need.

Time was of the essence too, though, and McMillan needed to act fast, being the only uninjured one of the trio as far as she could tell. And Cadet Wilkinson had gotten word out with his combadge. He gave the identity of Nicander and his location. More were undoubtedly on their way, and then they would have a real problem. Nicander and Vojona did not know about McMillan's inability with any kind of weapon, and if they asked her to pick up and use that phaser rifle, they would be better off pointing the weapon at themselves and pulling the trigger. It would have the same effect as her trying to use it.

"We need to get out of here, now." She said in a timid voice, stating the obvious. "That man got word out with that darn combadge of his."

She considered slapping on the anti-grav generators to the cannisters that she could see around, but she really couldn't do everything all at once. So she instead waited to see what Nicander told her to do.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-09, 09:52:48

Too late had the darkness inside stirred and animated his limbs, given strength to the host body. Lucan had not really felt the last blows against his ribcage, but the first blows to his face and torso had struck true - sent his mind against the edge of oblivion and unconsciousness. All of the beating he had received had bruised and bloodied him, but as the darkness bled out of the abyss of his soul, it nullified the pain - cleared his head instantly.

The creature that wore Lucan like a glove regretted the years of resistance - being quenched for far too long and not yet having assumed full control. The doctor's motivations and will was too strong, besides the fact that the Câroon species and their minds were almost impenetrable. It was only through physical possession that the nameless darkness had been able to exert a link to the doctor's mind, and after several years, it was only when the doctor's iron clutch on his semblance of sanity truly slipped that it could rise to the surface. Such an instance had come...

...and gone. The Ovri dealt with the Cadet, and the creature inside wanted to lash out in ire and quench its thirst for blood. Yet the doctor reclaimed control when the beating ceased... and Lucan sunk down on one knee. Vaguely, he felt Hylota catch him and help him away from the railing, but the agony coursing through his nervous system forced him to lie down on the deck plates - ending up on his side and raising a shaking, tattooed hand to his face. More than anything, it was his pride that hurt the worst, and the irritation of almost having lost control to the thing inside. If the darkness had claimed control, it wouldn't just have killed the Cadet. It would have struck down the women and taken its sweet time with them before throwing all three bodies into the processing pit. Nurse Vojona had no idea just how fortunate it was that she had acted so quickly. Odd, how he came to accept the liability of the beast's will yet again...

The voices of the women reverberated in his aching head. They asked him how he fared, and urged for haste. To leave, since the Cadet had revealed their position.

"I'm here, I'm here," he grated thickly and fell over on his back. It felt like he had bit the side of his tongue, and he flexed his jaw to ease some of the throbbing ache in his face. He ran his fingers down the side of his countenance, feeling that the young man had split the skin over his cheekbone with his knuckles. It was hard to tell how his ribs had fared, but nothing felt broken. "Just remind me, next time, that I am a doctor... not some bloody commando."

Awkwardly, he got up on his hands and knees, and shook his head to clear his mind - soon getting up on his feet. He put a hand against the throbbing pain in one of his sides and spat out some blood before talking again. "Miss McMillan, would you please prepare the canisters with the anti-grav generators? We need... six of them. Nurse... could you remove his uniform jacket and his trousers? We might be able to use them to bundle up the canisters... and we could carry them to the turbo-lift. Yes, we have to brave the corridors, because in the condition we are in... we will be too slow and too loud... if we use the Jefferies tubes the last of the way. Go, go. Hurry."

He swallowed down the bile in his throat and went to lean heavily on the railing. He tried to assemble some order to his thoughts. "I'm no good with a rifle, but I have two good arms. With the generators attached, I could carry all the canisters if they are put into two bundles. One of you will have to watch our back and warn us if we get company. The other one have to take the rifle and take point. Quick, does either of you know how to point that thing?"

The seconds ticked away, and more mutineers would be there any moment.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-04-12, 05:12:18

Hylota wanted to do more for her commanding officer, but he was right, they had very little time so she had to act quickly. Hylota patted his back before she rushed over to the unconscious form of the cadet and she began to pull off his uniform. It took her a few moments to get it going, but once she got the garment moving Hylota was surprisingly efficient at working with one arm when she did not try to incorporate it back into her actions. As Hylota worked to get the cadet fully stripped before she brought the uniform back to Lucan and listened to him talk about the rifle.

"Alright, You can carry the canisters, and I mean no offence her Heather." She turned and raised her one good hand up in defense of her statement. "I would feel much safer if the woman who tripped five times in the few minutes it took to get here was not the one carrying a lethal weapon." She looked to the rifle and she sighed. "I am not the best with a weapon, but my arms are strong and despite what happened with the canisters I am quite efficient with one hand for many tasks." She went and picked up the rifle and put its shoulder strap on. She took a bit of effort to get used to the carrying, but Hylota was able to get a handle on it after a while.

Looking to the door Hylota bounced the weapon in her arm and nodded as she considered the ability to carry it as she was. It was a little uneasy, but if she held it just right she could have the shoulder strap take part of the weight and she could carry the rifle easily enough. Hylota smiled as she nodded. "Alright I think that this will work well enough. I might be a bit slow with this, but it is a better option than other options." She looked to Lucan and Heather before moving towards the door and looking down the hall to make sure that no one was coming for them yet.

Post by: Triage on 2015-04-12, 09:02:04

"Yes doc-..." McMillan's words died on her as she tried to help the man. Then Vojona made a comment about McMillan's proclivity for tripping over her own feet, causing the young woman to blush a little as she moved to obey the instructions given to her by Nicander. She slapped on the anti-grav generators on each of the cannisters. Now at least, it'll be like lifting a bunch of bulky featherweights. Under these conditions, even she could lift the whole bundle by herself. And she smiled tiredly at Nicander.

"All done." She said.

She nodded at Vojona who hefted the rifle, and added, since none of them appear to be truly trained for combat, "Besides, if need be, I can take it apart and use its components for other things. A rifle is more than just a weapon."

It seemed a better idea to have as many resources available for them to use as they went along. There was no telling what they might need, and McMillan preferred to be overprepared rather than the opposite. She then began to fill the cannisters into Wilkinson's clothes for Nicander to carry. When she was done, she straightened up and walked on her tip-toes to the doctor, her hair trailing behind her like wisps in the water, and settling down very slowly when she stopped moving.

They were as ready as they were ever going to be, and it was time to leave.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-13, 15:48:47

When everything was set, which took well under a minute when Lucan moved to assist with tying up the bundles with the clothes from the Cadet, it was long overdue to leave the area. More mutineers were inbound, and they would stand no chance fighting them. As soon as they were readied, Lucan seized the necks of the two bundles and set a grim pace out through the door in Nurse Vojona's wake. The relatively small antechamber of Waste Management lay empty, and there were no movements or sounds from the sliding doors that led to the corridor. "Hurry, we might still make it out of here before they arrive..."

It was cumbersome to move because of the size of the load he carried, but not because of the weight. When Hylota would survey the corridor outside, they were still in luck since no movements could be seen. Only a few scorch-marks on the bulkheads from phaser fire. "Towards the aft," he hissed quietly - but not unkindly - to give directions to the Nurse, since this was not her ship until two days ago. "That way."

Once they were descending the corridor, there was more room to move, and Lucan could square his shoulders and set a higher pace - even though the bundles kept hitting his chins and knees awkwardly with each step. They were motley company that sped towards the turbolifts, Lucan realised in bitter irony of the situation he had gotten himself into. An Ovri with only one usable arm that was trying to wield and assault rifle, a xenobiologist that kept tripping over her own two feet, and then himself; the careful deceiver who was all about control, instead finding himself far out of his waters. This was not even mentioning he was the enemy of the people around him. Why did he always end up having to protect the cattle he was supposed to lead to slaughter?

The corridor to the turbolifts was curved, so there was no satisfying way to take cover before they came into view. This being the case, it might have come as a surprise to all three of them when someone stepped into view - a tall human male with an assault rifle of his own. He wore a combadge, and the face belonged to a Harbinger crewman, which both spoke for the fact that he was one of the mutineers. He saw the three of them a moment after they laid their eyes on him.

"Fire!" called Lucan and ducked to the floor, spilling a couple of canisters from one of the bundles. The Harbinger crewman opened fire against them too.

Behind them, there were noises of running feet - the echo travelling the titanium bulkheads towards them. Four people. One of the search parties. The situation was deteriorating by the moment. Mind racing, panic threatening to take hold, Lucan took a deep breath... let it out... and laid a tattooed hand against the floor. The *zi'naaq* inside him lit up - a vane light compared to past potency. His eyes flared white, and he drained the energy flow beneath his hand with his inborn abilities. The lights of the corridor shuddered and went out - momentarily preventing sight. Only sharp phaser beams cutting the darkness.

Yet when the lights returned, only a mere second later... he'd discern where to release the energy absorbed.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-04-20, 07:08:10

Hylota moved along with Lucan through the corridors making sure that she remained to the wall near wherever there was a curve or turn in the corridor was so that she would have the drop on anyone coming down after them, and Lucan would be able to jump back and not run into her. As they walked though Hylota began to be bit worried, they had not ran into anyone, and the lack of alarms on this level had Hylota thinking that the cadet had just been an unfortunate man in the wrong place at the wrong time. Getting lucky and hearing the canister she had dropped, it was this thinking that had Hylota hoping that the others were on the deck below them and they were not on their way down to them.

As they neared the turbo lift Hylota was beginning to feel like they might just be able to make it out of here without having to fire a shot. And then as if the universe was just taking a shit on her hopes a man stepped into view and shattered all hopes of a stealthy getaway. Hylota pressed herself to the wall, taking advantage of it to help stabilize her own shots, Hylota waited for Lucan to fall back before she pulled the trigger to give him some covering fire, driving back the crewman for a moment before things went black.

Hylota's dark eyes opened their secondary lid to allow more light in as her heart was pounding in her chest. Hylota saw the to bursts of light and the vivid detail of the space around her as the situation drove Hylota into fight or flight mode, her boy was running at a mile a minute as she lined her weapon up with her she had seen the first beam of light and she fired, the beam striking out and barely missed until Hylota swung the rifle across the hall, it would not likely give enough of a hit on anyone to knock them out, but it was enough to illuminate their locations and stun them for a moment.

Sloppily lining her rifle back up Hylota aimed for the closest mutineer and fired again, managing to hit them long enough to send them onto their back unconscious. But Hylota could not keep it up, her mind did not let her remain in one spot while fighting, she had to move or else she would be pinned don and taken out. in a split second decision Hylota leapt to the side, rolling over her useless arm and going onto one knee Hylota lowly began to line up her next shot an she prayed she would have enough time to get it in before one of the mutineers recovered enough to shoot back.

Post by: Triage on 2015-04-21, 03:44:43

"Ooph!" McMillan tripped, and fell flat on her face while trailing behind Nicander. Just as well she was out of his range or she would have bumped into him. "Clumsy me."

She kept her voice down to a whisper, and it was a good thing, since the place was eerily empty. While she seldom got out of her lab or quarters, McMillan was not used to such empty corridors. There was *always* somebody walking from one place to another, keeping the corridors filled with life. The sad part was that right now, the lack of life signs was a good thing.

The good thing they had going lasted a short while only, however, and too short a time at that. She barely had time to register that there was yet another hostile situation, and she squeaked in panic, and quickly fell, this time voluntarily, and then rolled into a corner, trying to stay beyond the reach of the phasers, and her eyes widened when a beam nearly struck her where she had been a split second ago.

She glanced over at Nicander and Vojona. All three of them were not soldiers or fighters, and McMillan was a pacifist.

They were in trouble.

But there was a slim chance...if she decided to make the call. This would be the final curtain, so to speak. Once she did this, there was no denying that she was not human. The only problem was she would not be able to warn Nicander and Vojona to cover their eyes first, and she would have to guide them for a while until their eyes recovered from her flaring up as bright as the sun for a few seconds. Also, she would have to do a bit of a strip show and remove her coat and sweater so that she could maximize the ability with her entire body lighting up.

She raised her hands up protectively against the phaser fire and then hesitated when things went dark. Now what? Was the *Theurgy* having some kind of malfunction? Lord knew that the ship was in dire need of fixing. But then the light came back on a short while later. And McMillan still was not sure what to do. She was frozen to the spot in fear. She wanted to help her new friends, but at the same time, she just wanted to get away from all this. She clenched her eyes shut, hugged the corner as tightly as she could, and felt the warmth of her own inner light seemingly pulsing. Light particles bent and formed around her, and she was, during the momentary darkness, engulfed. When the lights returned, there was no McMillan in sight.

Post Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-22, 20:25:26

Hylota fought back as best as she might, this Dr. Nicander could discern when the lights returned. Two mutineers, perhaps, had fallen to the floor. As Lucan cast his flaring eyes about, he could no longer see Heather, but his immediate thoughts lay upon where to release the pent up energy in his body. The first mutineer - by the turbolifts - had retreated behind the curve of the corridor, while the search party behind them was trying to find cover from Hylota's phaser beams and return fire. The split second assessment leaned heavily towards neutralising the latter mutineers, so it was towards them that Lucan turned and cast up his tattooed hands.

They became the focal point of his released energies, which coursed through his *zi'naaq* and then flared to life beyond his out-stretched fingers. The plasma of the ship became his fiery retort. He smote the distance with fire, and the combustion was heard like a brief roar of flames. Weak, insufficient compared to their needs, yet enough to ignite the sleeves of their uniforms. Of course, the effect was that they panicked and dropped their weapons. Which was something positive, at least. In truth, Lucan would not have had it any other way, even if the thing inside had wanted him to sear them down to their bones. It would grant Hylota the opportunity to stun them both as soon as she got them in her sights.

The vertigo hit him like a sledge-hammer. His body taking the toll for the funnelled energy. He had raised to his feet when he lit the corridor, but now he fell to the side - leaning against the bulkhead. Fire was not his forte, and the price too high. The beating he had suffered a couple of minutes ago did not help matters in the least, and there was still one mutineer hiding down the corridor by the turbolifts.

A quick glance down that way proved his assumption wrong. The mutineer was lining up his sights to shoot them from behind their backs.

Lucan had no choice, curling his upper lip and throwing up one hand towards the returned threat. He could not conserve himself, bereft of such a choice. Wind was his strongest element, and the air of the whole corridor was set in motion when he struck out - making their clothes rustle and snap in the sudden gale. The dropped canisters rolled across the deck plates. These were just the peripheral effects, since the section further down the corridor was hit the worst. The mutineer staggered backwards and fell over - the beam from his assault rifle drawing a line across the ceiling. He struck his head, rolled over once, but did not lose the grip on his weapon.

Yet there was only so much Lucan could do, and the added strain upon his Câroon energy body after the second attack made him feel sick with weariness. He fell to his knees first, and it was more luck than anything that allowed him to cushion his fall with his forearm.

On the floor, he fought to stay conscious, willed his eyes from closing. *Deep breaths....* He sucked as much air as he could into his lungs, held his breath to let his blood claim the oxygen. He barely trusted himself to breathe out just yet, and hoped Hylota - or Heather, wherever she had hid - could take it from there. His hands and face felt cold and numb, and yet he remained alive and awake, and hoped to remain thus while his *z'naaq* found proper balance.

by: Zenozine on 2015-04-30, 04:36:10

Hylota was looking like a proper commando with how she was using the phaser rifle to combat the mutineer, but she attributed it to her skill for surgery and having a steady hand and good control with her hands to adjust her tool to perform the proper task. But the fact of the matter what agile hands were not always the strongest and she was quickly losing her ability to handle the phaser rifle accurately. In her head Hylota was chastising herself and she was asking herself *"Why did I think this as a good idea!? Dammit if I wanted to be a damn commando I would have joined the Fists not the Medical Guild!"*

Despite her internal struggle she still looked to be performing well...that was until she went to shoot the last mutineer. As she fired the shot went wide and Hylota tried to bring it back, but her wrist began to ache and the shot flew up to scorch the ceiling before going out as Hylota went wide eyed as she stared down the corridor at the mutineer she had failed to hit. Her arm ached and she lost the control over her rifle, she knew that she was in trouble and if she did not move she was going to be shot so she did the only thing that came to mind and she dropped to the ground.

As Hylota dropped as a scorching beam shot out and traced up the shoulder of Hylota's numbed arm, she did not feel the pain of the hit, but she did feel a surge of energy through her body that made her body tighten up and convulse for a second, her jaw clenched so tight she forced her teeth together, her eyes tightened shut and Hylota thanked whatever forces that be for having it be her numb arm that was shot. Hylota's mind faded out for a moment as she lay there on her back in the hall and she tried to prepare herself for the next shot. Hylota was sure that she would be shot again

and knocked out by the mutineer, and in her fer Hylota worried about her poor brother, he was probably worried about her as well. Oh why had she gotten tied up in all of this insanity. She should have just remained in her colony world, joined the nurse core and worked as a head nurse of some asteroid colony. Yeah a nice quiet job and not a station on a rogue ship being branded a traitor...fuck her life.

Post by: Triage on 2015-04-30, 10:16:58

McMillan watched in horror as Nicander and Vojona put up an impressive resistance, but for all they were able to accomplish, it fell short in the face of trained personnel. Men and women who were trained for actual combat. Still, Nicander and Vojona worked together to take down most of the men, save for the last one. McMillan knew that Nicander was not human himself, that much was certain. Whatever he did, that was something humans couldn't do. And she found him even more intimidating now. Vojona was having problems trying to use a phaser rifle with one arm, and when she went down, the last attacker scored a direct shot to her shoulder. Nicander too appeared to be passing out.

Moving from her hiding spot, McMillan made her way hastily on all fours, and placed a frail hand on Nicander, "It's all right..." she whispered, "You've done enough. It's all right. Now allow me."

Still bending light around her, she remained invisible as she removed her coat, and then her sweater, but left her bra on. She stayed in a kneeling position near Nicander, and she shouted at the man with the phaser, "HEY!"

When the man saw nothing but air where the voice came from, McMillan dropped her concentration of holding light waves around her, becoming visible, before she began to well up with a warm feeling, as her inner light, her very soul, lit up from within, and now she allowed her light to show. Like a dazzling array of colours and lights, her skin gave way to pure light, and brighter than the ceiling illuminations, she was like a sun inside a structure, and the man looked right at her while doing this, and after looking at a Radiant directly, he was going to have a hard time seeing properly again.

He screamed and covered his eyes, but still held on to his rifle, much to her dismay. But having lighted up long enough, McMillan pulled her sweater back on, and then her coat, and she reached for the phaser rifle that Vojona used.

While her parents taught her never to use violence under any circumstance, she rationalized that her family and her people never faced a circumstance such as this, and she took aim. But her grip on the rifle was wrong, and the weapon slipped. She squeezed the trigger at the same time as the rifle barrel aimed upwards, and she exclaimed in alarm, "Oh no!"

The beam fired into one of the ceiling lights, and the support structure broke loose, the grill ramming right into the face of the man, knocking him down, and the rifle away from him at long last.

McMillan stared at damage she had wrought, and she sincerely hoped that the man was only stunned and not wounded or killed. She was horrified, and started hyperventilating, "Oh my gosh!"

Only her concern for Nicander and Vojona had her trying to calm down, and she quickly checked with them, "Are you all right?"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-02, 23:38:00

As he lay there, Lucan vaguely heard Heather speaking to him, appeasing his worries. He tried to focus on her words to stay conscious, having seen Hylota go down with a shot in her arm. He thought the xenobiologist had abandoned them - vanishing as suddenly as she had - but it appeared that she had not run away. How was it possible? An access point to the maintenance chutes that he had failed to notice? Either way, he tried to turn over on his side to see what was happening.

At first, he saw nothing, but then he thought he discerned a silhouette materialise in his peripheral vision. Was it a woman in the state of undress? But then, a blinding light. A light so bright it practically hurt his eyes. He quickly looked away, shielding his gaze with his tattooed hand, and as bright as things were in the corridor, he thought he might have been rendered blind if he had turned on his back. While the light lasted, the thing inside coiled in horror - something Lucan had never felt before - and even when the light was gone, he heard rather than saw Heather dress and pick up Hylota's rifle. When he finally managed to turn over and sit up on the deck, he saw Hylota dispatch the last mutineer with a rather... unorthodox way.

What just happened? Lucan could not make any sense of it, and when the woman came over him and Hylota, he was not sure what to say. "I will recover, but I do think there is more to you than meets the eyes, Miss McMillan."

That was when the speech on the intercom began, and Carrigan Trent spoke of the situation aboard. He called out Declan Vasser to be a traitor, and divulged that people had died, not to mention that the crew was under the spell of Vulcan mind-melds. While the speech lasted, Lucan got up on his feet and stepped over to Hylota - crouching down next to her in order to scan her with his medical tricorder.

[As advanced as the Theurgy is, she needs her crew!] said the Intelligence Officer on the intercom, [She needs all of you! Your friends and shipmates need you! If you are Starfleet, I ask you to remain at your posts and man your stations! I ask you to do your duty. If you are one of Vasser's accomplices, know that my first concern is to this ship and the enemy that hunts us. As such, I ask you at least not interfere with those who choose to do their duty as Starfleet personnel. But if deep inside you remember who and what you are, your assistance will be most welcome.]

"You will be fine, but not for a while," said Lucan to Hylota, "The serum still needs to dissipate but the most of the shock of the shot you took did not ride through your central nervous system towards other parts of the body. Ironically, you are still conscious because of that serum's effect. Here..." Lucan gave his Nurse an outstretched hand to help her up while Carrigan continued to speak on the intercom.

[Those of you who choose to serve the Federation as you best know how, I am thankful for your duty and I will be honoured to command you for as long as is needed to resolve this crisis.]

"It seems the resistance has gained somewhat of a foothold aboard. It feels good to know that we are not alone in our struggles," said Lucan and turned to Heather after helping Hylota up on her feet. He took a deep breath, and with the recent discovery of Dyan Cardamone in mind, he gave the woman a lopsided smile. "Whatever species or faction you belong to, you are evidently on our side. Time is of the essence, and I fear we don't have the time to dwell on the security issues of your true identity and the consequences of you being aboard without having been completely honest about your nature."

[This is Lieutenant-Commander Trent, interim commanding officer. All stations, all departments: close up and report readiness!]

"Therefore, I suggest we keep moving," said Lucan to Heather and began to tie up the xenon canisters

in their bundles again, "and you can tell us about yourself on the way to the cargo hold. Both of you, take those hand phasers instead. They are not as unwieldy as the rifles. Let's go!"

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 24: Retaliation

[Turbolifts > Deck 01]

Slipping through the hallway, pausing here and there to listen, Rory made his way to one of the turbo lifts and hopped in with a pounding heart. "Deck One," he said with more authority than he truly had but he was committed, and likely would be when this was all said and done.

He wasn't a hero like a lot of the people on board but he wasn't a scoundrel like Vasser and his lot either. No, he was somewhere in between, just a civilian, and of course not nearly as smart as these people in uniforms ... which was why he was hoping this gambit would work.

Popping the top off of one of the bottles, he took a swig and swished it around so his breath would smell like he'd been drinking. Spitting it out and then he pouring a little more out so it looked like half the bottle had been consumed, he took a few deep breaths and sent up an Irish prayer.

Please, jus' one or two Lord. Tha's all I ask other'n keep Natalie safe. That was all he had time for as the lift slowed and stopped, then the hissing sound of the doors opening set his heart racing yet again. He was humming a jaunty Irish tune as the 'drunkard' stumbled out of the lift.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-13, 17:17:59

Irritated that Williams had left to escort the Chief CONN Officer, and that his closest superior - Petty Officer Kyle Benson - had dismissed him from the XO Ready Room, Mannington patrolled the entire length of the corridor on Deck 01. His thoughts were on the future, and the vision Captain T'Rena had shown them. He longed for the time when they'd extracted themselves from the reach of Starfleet, and hoped that the remaining resistance cells would be shown the vision as well before they could do any real damage. At least Commodore Vasser was safe on the bridge, with plenty of his comrades protecting him. He was, after all, the key to victory.

That was when the turbolift doors opened, and Mannington spun around. He raised his phaser rifle to take aim, eyes along the sights. He was perhaps fifteen feet away, and the shot would be fairly easy. He crouched down to minimise his own target area. If the resistance was coming, he was re-

Out stumbled the blonde singer, the one who had run the Thermal Springs Lounge back on Theta Eridani IV. Mannington could still remember the song from that first night on the planet, where the fallen had been commemorated. Yet based on the state of the man that now appeared before Mannington, recent events must have taken its toll. He was clearly drunk, unarmed, and completely lost. Why would he have asked the turbolift to go to uppermost deck of the ship?

"Hey!" he called, the sharp scowl over his blue eyes piercing the fool as he rose to his feet again. He remained where he stood, merely lowering his rifle to his hip. "What are you doing here? Remove yourself from this deck at once."

Post by: Searcher on 2015-04-13, 20:14:20

The tune faded off immediately as Rory stumbled and looked up in surprise, blinking and narrowing his eyes as if trying to make his eyes focus. "Whattumldoin'here?" he repeated the question and looked around, his own face scowling. "Where was I goin'?" he muttered to himself and then looked at the bottles in his hands. "Oh yeah!" he said with a grin. "I'm th' entertainment. Drink an'a song ye know."

He looked spaced out for a moment as he tipped the bottle to his lips for a quick 'sip' and then chuckled. "I got one fer ye," he said as he staggered closer. "There once was a whore from Kilkenny ... who charged two fooks fer a penny. Fer half o' tha' sum, ye could bugger her bum. An economy practiced ... by many," he recited a limerick and then started sniggering as he held out the bottle.

"Thirsty? No' th' best stuff but don' burn too bad goin' down," he said then rubbed his shirt sleeve over the top with careful scrutiny. "Jus' in case I slobbered," he added with big innocent yet drunk eyes. Manning snorted in disgust and pushed the bottle out of his face and grabbed Rory by the shirt, making him stumble and drop the full bottle that thankfully didn't break.

"I said to get your ass off this deck," Manning menaced, jerking Rory back toward the turbo lift doors. It was the opening he hoped for and the clumsy drunk's fist suddenly plunged upward and caught Manning off guard. His head snapped back and Rory flowed behind him, slipping an arm around his neck and clasped the wrist behind to keep him in the sleeper hold.

When Manning was out, Rory dragged him into the nearest room and into the bathroom where he used the box cutter to cut up the man's uniform into strips which he used to bind his ankles and hands, then arched him back to connect those binds so he wouldn't be able to move very far. For good measure, he shoved a strip into the man's mouth to keep him quiet.

Standing outside of that bathroom and next to another set of doors he heard a commotion and they opened enough that he heard her voice ... Natalie's voice. "*I've seen better.*" When he peeked around, his heart stopped when he saw the situation. The man's back was to him but he knew what he was telling her to do and threatening the man tied up with her.

Rage washed over him like he'd never known before. How dare this man force himself upon her! Long legs carried him forward and the full bottle swept upward to crash against the phaser, knocking it out and away from the man's head while the other bottle followed quickly to crash against the man's head. Sadly it wasn't hard enough to knock him out but that actually made Rory happy.

"Yer not deservin' o' her," Rory snarled as the man lunged for him. Starfleet had taught him to fight but Rory had learned how to fight early on and not in the 'honorable' or 'take them out quick' ways. Punches were thrown and both landed hard ones on each other but eventually Benson got the upper hand and after both fell over one of the chairs he was trying to crush Rory's throat.

Even as sparks started dancing in his vision, he managed to reach into his pocket and get the box cutter in his hand. It was pure instinct now and Rory felt like he was in slow motion as his arm arced upward, the blade sinking deep into the man's neck just before time kicked back in and he felt the hot liquid splash across his face before the man fell off of him.

Rolling over on his stomach when he the weight was gone, he gasped for breath and when his vision cleared the man lay twitching, gurgling as blood pumped out of the wound but gradually stopped. The realization of what he'd just done hit him like a ton of bricks, his skin not covered in blood showing ghostly white as he looked from the dead man to the box cutter and finally Natalie.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-04-20, 10:55:17

The smack that Benson had delivered to Stark was weak and Simon realized the guy had probably more dirtier plans for the voluptuous lieutenant commander behind him. He could hear his 'proposition' towards Natalie and in all honesty it made Simon feel disgusted by the man. Yet the remark of Stark did make Simon chuckle "I bet anyone's cock would outclass you Benson... You know what they say about big guns and compensation." Simon sneered towards the security officer, hoping he would turn his attention back to him instead of Stark, yet it seemed like the man had his plans set. Simon could feel Natalie's head being pushed back now against his as he also heard the phaser being pulled out. Yet before he could say anything more, he felt the muzzle of the phaser against his temples.

Enough of the provocative talking Simon thought to himself as he swallowed and heard the setting of the gun being set to highest. He didn't say a word anymore and realized that his fate would now lay in the hands of Natalie Stark. He could try various simulations in his head to see how his success would be in case he put up a big mouth or if he tried to resist or fight back. Yet they all resulted in the same outcome. Being tied up like a puppet on a string would only leave a gaping hole in his head. Something Simon would rather not have...

Yet out of nothing came the rescue it seemed as the phaser that was held against his head suddenly got smashed away what Simon believed to be a bottle. It was a crude mechanic and some would even say primitive, yet it proved efficient. Simon tried to get a look on the savior yet couldn't get quite a good look on him as Natalie obstructed his line of sight as they were tied back to back. All he could hear was the rage in the man's voice and thuds and punches being whipped around. Eventually he heard the thud and the far to familiar gargling noise of liquids entering a trachea. He could only hope the right man had been downed and he looked over at the phaser that laid there just in reach of his feet, instantly trying to shove it closer to him.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-04-25, 14:54:27

It felt like forever - but it had hardly even been a minute - when thundering footsteps rang across the room and suddenly Kyle Benson's cock was ripped from her mouth with an absurdly loud pop. She gasped for air and looked up, hearing, more than seeing bottles crashing about. It was that voice - *Oh God, his voice* - that made her eyes go wide. *Rory!* She thought the name, then coughed it out, before shouting it. How was he here? If she'd only held out for another minute!

Even those self depreciating thoughts were washed away as the two men tumbled across the room. She struggled against the bonds holding her and Simon, she tried, she strained, to get closer, to help, to do anything other than watch, snarling in anger and fear. But she and the LT were tied down tightly, and all she managed to do was squirm in place as Benson began to choke her lover. She saw Rory buck under the P.O. and a new wave of fear swept her. *Please God no*, she begged. She could deal with the shame of what happened but right then she found out very, very abruptly that she could not forgive herself if Rory got killed over her.

Someone, or something, seemed to be listening. She saw the bartenders arm dart out, saw a flash of something catching the light, and then there was a shocking spray of red. Benson's body arched and tumbled to the side, arterial flow dousing Rory, the desk, and the corner of the office. It slid down the wall, and Natalie flinched at the sudden violence of it all. She closed her mouth, started to swallow, and nearly gagged, still tasting the now very dead Petty Officers cock on her tongue. But it didn't matter. Rory was soaked in blood, but it wasn't his own. He was pale, so pale, under the livid red coating him. "Rory..." she whispered, looking up at him, forgetting, for a moment, that Lt. Tovarek was bound behind her, a quiet witness to the savagery of the moment.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-04-26, 00:15:28

The turbolift door opened and the Cardassian stepped out. Slung over her right shoulder was a type three phaser rifle and at her hip was her type 2 sidearm. In her arm rested the type two she feared she would be having to use within seconds as she made her way to the bend in the corridor. She put her back to the wall and peeked out for a moment setting her weapon to stun hoping to catch the guard not able to identify her but knowing once fired she would have to move quick to spring Stark and Tovarek. Looking out she saw...Nothing.

'Odd,' she thought having expected to see the guard outside the XO's office where the prisoners were being held. Still she couldn't help but seem a bit perplexed as she began to approach the office She began to hear the sounds of a scuffle Not knowing what was happening but knowing she might be the last thing that could prevent another death on her watch. She put her back to the door and it opened. She spun around Pointing the type three phaser Into the room trying to seek out the security officer whom she would have to incapacitate quickly. Instead of an officer she saw the end of what appeared a sexual assault of Stark ending and a short lived fight ending ended the assault. All she saw end it was a flash of thin metal come out of a pocket then into the security officer splashing the one physically ending the assault with blood. The dirty mop of hair and the bottle made the identity almost too easy to guess. "Barkeep?" she spoke the rifle still in her hands.

She couldn't believe what she had stumbled on. Someone else had came up with a plan to spring the two. 'Damn' she thought, now she had to come up with an alternate plan to cover her own tracks. What she didn't realize though was how easily the three could assume that she was not there to aid their escape but to hinder it and the way she held the type three in her hands only could add to that suspicion.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-26, 02:58:42

Posted in the Theurgy's Main Bridge, Crewman Carla Roberts guarded the exit to the XO's Ready Room. Her large eyes, the color of charcoal, moved minutely as she observed the room and her many colleagues around the room. Commodore Vasser sat in the Captain's Chair, and everything was quiet. Quite bored, she took a deep breath and ran a hand through her wavy, black hair - quite aware that the gesture might draw the eye of the men in the room. She might have been short and had a lean build, but that did not make her any less able to bear children for the new mission. She was imagining how it would be like, not having to live on a ship and fearing for one's life all the time... when she heard some commotion from the door she was posted to guard.

Frowning, she glanced toward the sliding doors and wondered what was going on. The two prisoners were well guarded, so unless they'd had help, there was no way they had been able to escape. In the end, thinking she heard new voices too, Carla shifted her grip on her Type III assault rifle and stepped towards the door. She had no idea what to expect, but as she stepped through and entered Commander Rez' Ready Room. The lights were dimmer than on the bridge, so she blinked and tried to make out the scene while she walked...

...and as she soon discerned the aftermath - she powered up her rifle and hastily tried to take aim against the bloodied one with the blonde hair. She saw that the Chief CONN Officer was there too, and there was no telling what kind of role she had in what had happened to Crewman Benson. Changing her priorities, she tapped her combadge. "Security to-"

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-04-26, 04:14:07

Before she could say more Aisha lined up her rifle and fired a high stun directly into the Crewman Roberts's center mass. The concussive force of the blast knocking her off her feet and back behind the door. Quickly she took aim at the door panel and blasted it before Taking out the Type 2 phaser and putting it at a high kill setting and sending line of energy down the seam of the door as it shut quickly semi welding it shut. "Shit! change of my plans. Rory, think fast and catch!" she said throwing the type three in her arms to him before sending a phaser shot to the door panel where she came in and another line to the far door sealing it as well. Finally she cut the rope suspending the two with the phaser and looked over at Rory, "Make good use of that damn cutter and get rid of their bindings, and get behind me!" she said forcefully, "Deck one just got too hot for me." she added scooping up the type 2 that had belonged to the would be rapist.

Now holding Two Type two phasers one in each hand and a type three slung behind her back. She immediately headed to the XO Study knowing that Security would likely be heading for them. As she recalled there were 4 other security officers on the bridge, One within the armory and three left on the bridge. Undoubtedly there was a security detail immediately catching a turbolift to the bridge and one probably heading for the deck 1 corridor turbolift as well. knowing the layout of the deck she knew that the security team on the bridge could attempt to head them off on both sides and knew the closest shortcut to the turbolift would be if they headed through the captains office and headed them off right at the turbolift.

Knowing this it was imperative that her next objective would be attempting to seal off that particular door like she had done to the two in this room then quickly get access to the Jeffry's tube on either side of the turbolift and head down a few decks as quickly as possible and try and exit somewhere below deck 2. With this in mind she adjusted the recently taken phaser to a higher stun setting and Readied herself to make her move knowing she would need to use the stun phaser on any security she could encounter and the other to disable and semi-weld the doors shut behind her.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-04-26, 13:21:03

While hearing Natalie whisper at first and eventually calling out the barkeeper his name, Simon noticed the door open once more. He laid his eyes onto the green skinned CONN officer and he saw the rifle in her hands. She seemed however surprised to see Benson down and Rory covered in blood. At this point though, Simon wasn't aware of the blood smeared Rory as his line of sight was obstructed. "Uh... I think we might have a problem..." Simon mumbled to Natalie as he kept his eyes pinned on Aisha. For all intents and purposes she was just one of the new mutineers trying to take over their ship, if that hadn't happened entirely already.

Yet before anyone else could answer Simon heard another door open and he could hear what the woman apparently said through her comm badge. Yet to his own surprise the CONN officer opened fire and move out of sight, moving quickly now. Everything seemed to go into a faster pace of actions now and Simon suddenly felt the rope that was holding them up loose it's strength. He let out a relieved sigh as his muscles started to relax a bit and he looked at his chained hands while he could hear Aisha deal out orders to Rory. "Rory, get me out quick, I can stand guard or weld while you free Natalie." He said loud enough for the barkeep to hear.

Even now the situation became transparent to Simon. They had to move quick or they would end up dead or captured once more and he wasn't prepared to face either odds once again. He looked up at Aisha now and asked while waiting for Rory "You, why did you have a change of heart? Not feeling ready to turn into a baby booming factory yet?" he asked her and his eyes were trained on her. He wondered if she even had a plan doctored out to get them out of here, yet Simon was confident that the woman knew what she was doing. Than again, perhaps this might be a trap yet, time was of the

essence. They had to move, now.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-02, 23:33:19

As the captives in the XO Ready Room were liberated by the Lounge Proprietor and the former Marquis, shouting was heard from the Main Bridge. Security guards scrambled and took pursuit, quickly choosing alternative routes than the welded-shut doors in order to intercept the small party before they could escape. During the commotion, a voice was heard on the intercom - emphasised by the shuffle of feet and the phaser fire.

[All personnel on the Theurgy, I am Lieutenant-Commander Carrigan Trent. By now, you all know Declan Vasser and T'Rena have begun an attempt to hijack this ship by force of arms after a minimum of two sabotage attempts. I do not know the exact number of casualties at this time, but I know for certain Chief Engineer Tia Marlowe is fighting for her life, Helmsman Cale Winterbourne was murdered in front of me and Chief Tactical Officer Sjaandin Fedd was killed attempting to follow illegal orders.]

It was by a hair that the party managed to gain access to the Jefferies tubes by the turbolifts - having to hold off the Harbinger security guards with cover fire. With haste, one by one slipped into the darkness of the ship's maintenance chutes, all the while Carrigan Trent's voice continued to be heard over the intercom.

[They have accomplished this by planting their crew on our ship and by using mind melds and possibly other telepathic techniques to twist the perceptions of members of this crew. Vasser has also ordered the widespread brainwashing, the mind-rape, of every last person on our ship regardless of whether or not they join him.]

Finally, the last one managed to slip inside the hatch, with only a quick welding-job done to gain a few seconds of escape before some of the security guards cut apart the hatch and followed them. Even in the Jefferies tubes, the words of the Lieutenant Commander continued - perhaps permeating their desperation with new hope...

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-02, 23:33:19

[USS Theurgy | En-Route Deck 05 | Deck 07]

The distraction team, lead by Tessa May Lance, was making their way down the corridors while Carrigan Trent's words continued to be heard over the intercom.

[Unless you can show me where in Starfleet regulations and orders it states that sabotage, murder, coercion, mind-rape, mutiny and conspiracy are lawful ways to relieve an officer of his command, I. Will. Not. Yield. This is a Captain Ives's ship and I will fight to keep her as such. Go ahead. Murder us and make martyrs of the five of us. Polarize every man and woman you haven't brainwashed or murdered against you, encourage them to fight to the death. Even if you prevail, you won't have a crew left in the end.]

Had things truly escalated so far? Had the gruesome battle in the Flight Hangar just been the beginning? How far were Vasser and his Vulcan right-hand-woman willing to go? Were they listening to the last words of the Intelligence Officer and his team? On which of the Battle Bridges were they? Wenn Cinn had ordered them to move towards the Life Support systems and Deck 05's Battle Bridge. Was it possible that they, the distraction team, were the closest one to lend aide?

[Now here are my terms. You, Vasser and your cohorts will disarm. Captain Ives, Commander Rez and any other detainee you hold will be released. You and yours will return to the Harbinger and you will surrender all command authority over her and wait there with your warp core cold and all tactical systems physically disabled. Then, the brainwashing will be reversed and we will part ways. Whoever willingly buys into your vision will be allowed to join you and everyone who still sees themselves as Starfleet personnel will be allowed to stay with us.]

Terms that were, perhaps, too fair in regard to what Vasser and T'Rena had done that morning. And yet they were terms that were in line with the creed of Starfleet as it once were. There were individuals from the Harbinger that did not deserve such leniency. Two of which appeared ahead of the distraction team, springing their ambush. Sten Covington knew the two quite well from the Festival of the Moon - those who had attempted to force themselves on Narik Cinsaj in the middle of the night.

They were Petty Officers Sullivan and Tilliander, otherwise known as Smoke and Titan from the Harbinger's Tactical Conn division.

Once they spotted the distraction team ahead of them, they opened fire - leaning out from their chosen cover while their energy beams scorched the bulkheads around Goldeneye and Papa Bear. Two of the men behind them fell to the deck plates - stunned and out cold. The cover they picked were the opposite walls of an intersection - the last intersection between the distraction team and the Vector 02 Battle Bridge.

[Comply and have a chance at going forward with your vision of things or face an entire crew that will fight you tooth and nail,] finished the Intelligence Officer, his voice overriding the shooting. *[Trent out.]*

"Like hell we are," said Smoke with a confident grin. There were no further words given. No glib remarks. Just cold pragmatism behind their actions, just like if they sat in their cockpits. The two Tactical Conn pilots were not idle behind the cover they had found either. Titan held out his phaser rifle and shot blindly down the corridor towards the distraction team, while Smoke powered up a phaser grenade - soon tossing it down towards Sten and Tessa. Two more on Tessa's and Sten's team fell, and the grenade was just about to go off...

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-05-05, 07:24:14

Fasha did a quick weapons check as she knelt beside the control panel to the right of the turbo lift doors. From what she could see all of her weapons were operational. She clipped Oracle's hand phaser to the waistband of her Starfleet issue undergarments and pulled the type-3 phaser she'd taken from Nightmare from its slung position on her shoulder. The weapon was cold but in her hands it felt like it could burn her at any moment. This weapon had killed one of her comrades and the very thought of using it made Fasha's stomach turn. She pushed down her discomfort and took a deep breath moving into a slightly crouched position beside the door the weapon gripped firmly in her grasp as the turbo lift continued to ascend. As the turbolift arrived the doors slid open and an automated voice announced her arrival.

At this point Fasha wasn't exactly clear on what the current situation was ship-wide but she could only assume that from the reports of weapon's fire she'd heard during her ascent from Deck 15 that the situation was anything but stable. Waiting for a few moments as the doors opened no phaser fire riddled the inside of the turbo-lift, no grenades were thrown indeed not a sound was heard except for the ever constant hum of the ship and the sound of weapons fire sounding in the distance. She slowly peeked around the corner careful not to expose herself anymore than necessary just as her training

had taught her. The hall was clear it was apparent that the fighting was occurring somewhere that certainly wasn't here.

Quickly turning the corner she kept the Type-3 Phaser in her hands raised her eyes sharp staring down the sights as she slowly moved down the hall keeping close to the wall of the corridor. The farther she walked the closer the weapons fire she'd previously heard seemed to be. As she reached one of the many intersections leading to various parts of the ship she stopped lowering her rifle as she chanced a quick glance around the corner. Near the end of the corridor were two parties fighting it out. It was obvious one side was having more luck than the other in the conflict. She quickly ducked back behind cover from her brief observation she already recognized two from the losing side Tessa and Sten. The most obvious course of action to take would be to go assist them in fighting however they were engaging. But the words of her mentor rang clear in her mind.

"Don't fight a losing battle."

That wasn't to say that she planned to abandon her fellow pack members but from what she saw their position wasn't the greatest and to throw herself carelessly to battle would only add another body to their ranks rather than an actual advantage. It was apparent numbers was not to be the winning factor in this conflict. Moving away from the intersection Fasha went back the way she came she vaguely remembered passing by the hatch leading to one of the ship's jefferies tubes. If she was fortunate it would let out somewhere more tactically advantageous, somewhere she could better make a difference for her side. As she came upon the hatch she read the stenciled text above it.

Life Support --->

Punching the panel beside the hatch it quickly slid open allowing the Catachan woman access and with little time wasted she quickly ducked into the hatch climbing down into the maintenance tunnel the tube led to. The tunnel was dark illuminated only by the red lamps that seemed to be dotted throughout the it. Ducked down into a hunched position due to the close quarters of the tunnel Fasha quickly made her way through the tunnels until it led to the exit of the tube. She kept her rifle gripped in one hand as she climbed up the ladder reaching the exit hatch. Her hand hovered over the panel that would open the hatch for a moment before she finally punched the button. The hatch slid open she quickly moved out into the Life Support corridor keeping herself in a crouched position. She glanced left and could see two men using the intersection as cover firing at Sten and Tessa's group. Raising her rifle Fasha let loose a suppression volley in their direction aiming for the center mass of the man standing in the corridor with her.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-05-13, 23:56:18

The ambush came out of nowhere. Phaser beams shot down the corridor from the intersection ahead. Tessa May Lance, callsign 'Goldeneye' darted to a door to her right and bounced off the door when it didn't open. She fell to the deck and noticed two of Papa Bear's deck crew lying on the deck behind her, only they hadn't lost their footing.

"Fuck," Tessa gasped. "Damn."

Petty Officers Phuc and Dam were down, but whether they were stunned or dead there was no time to determine. The decoy party had done their job; Tessa had led her lambs to the slaughter. She was so depressed that she didn't even notice the grenade bounce down the hall and roll to a stop less than a meter in front of her.

"Damn you Cinn!" Tessa sniveled. "You sent us all to die!"

Suddenly phaser fire erupted out from the hall to the right. It didn't fire *from* the intersection where the two *Harbinger* pilots had lied in wait for Tessa team, it fired *into* it from the direction of life support. Either somebody loyal to Ives was guarding life support with their lives, or somebody on Vasser's side was really nearsighted. It didn't matter, it meant the bad luck that dogged the *Theurgyever* since she came on board didn't care who it tortured; anybody in a Starfleet uniform was fair game. Come to think of it, Narik Cinsaj proved that you didn't even need to wear a Starfleet uniform to get it in the shaft.

Who fired those shots and whose side were they on? Who knew? And right now, who cared? This was the moment Tessa and her team were waiting for.

"Charge!" Tessa screamed as she jumped to her feet and took off running. She stepped on something that was in the corridor and it rolled forward, taking her feet out from under her and flying into the air as it did so. As Tessa hit the deck second time (this time flat on her back) the grenade that Smoke had thrown was hurled right back at the *Harbinger* pilots. A high pitched zapping noise filled the area as a bright light hurt her corneas right through her closed eyelids.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-05-14, 20:22:29

The advance through the corridors had been unimpeded at first. However, as they neared their destination phaser-fire erupted from the intersection and down the corridor. As men dropped, the Chief of the Deck ignored Goldeneye's reaction and instead, his voice rumbled. "Return fire! Get into some cover!"

The weapon in Sten's hand shrieked as he stepped toward the nearest door, suppressing the two men who were engaging them, and seeing his opportunity to push forward, he did so even before the pilot gave her order to charge. As he advanced, he saw something in the corner of his vision soaring towards the intersection even as he heard Lance hit the deck and then, the porcupine pattern of a phaser grenade firing was seen, and immediately after its detonation he surged forward even faster.

Upon reaching the intersection, Sten looked down to both unconscious mutineers. One had slammed into the bulkhead when the grenade went off behind him and left a smear of blood behind where his nose had broken. The other, it looked as though he'd been shot from the side. And turning his head, the Chief saw its source, another pilot. "Morrigan, good to see you," he rumbled as he holstered his hand phaser and scooped up the fallen rifle from the near aggressor. And then, he recognized him. The broken nose, the bruising on his face. It was Smoke. And that meant...

With his foot he flipped the man onto his back. Titan. The two men who tried to rape Narik the previous night. Then, the Chief snarled and raised his foot, ready to stomp down hard upon Smoke's head. Cinn had said stun only, but the sight of the Boslic's abused body brought uncontrollable rage to the forefront of Sten's mind and it overrode the Commander's orders. And he was going to do just what he planned: to crush that pilot's skull.

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-05-15, 10:10:42

Fasha could hear the weathered gruff voice of Chief Covington boom from around the corner barking orders to his men as she unleashed burst after burst of phaser fire into Titan and Smoke's flank. One of her targets went down as a phaser shot scorched his side she was unsure if the man was dead or not but it didn't really matter to her if she had her way she'd make sure that the two wished they'd died here and now.

She saw a grenade roll into the intersection and quickly placed her arm before her face shielding her eyes from the blinding flash the phaser grenade gave off. Once the explosion had cleared she quickly raised her rifle approaching the two prone figures lying upon the ground. She kept the muzzle focused on both men ensuring that neither would suddenly sit up to try and gun her down with their weapon. As she approached she was able to confirm that both of her targets were indeed incapacitated.

A man entered from the main hall causing her to tense for a moment but immediately she recognized the rugged features of the Chief of the Deck and kept the muzzle of her rifle directed downwards. "Likewise Papa Bear." Fasha said nodding at the older man. She stood back as Sten moved to secure the weapons their foes had dropped but as he moved to scoop up one of the rifles a look of recognition seemed to light up upon the old man's face.

She watched as he flipped Titan onto his back and in an action that surprised her he let out a snarl brimming with rage. Perhaps some people would stop him with words insisting that killing him would be wrong, That despite whatever he'd done he had some semblance of a right to live. Unfortunately for Titan Fasha was not one of those people as she merely moved to watch Smoke keeping her weapon trained on him if he decided to wake up at all during Papa Bear's act of vengeance.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-19, 00:54:09

Having left the Upper Computer Core behind and been running as fast as her emitter's small anti-gravitational units allowed her to, Thea may not have been winded from the physical exertions of her hardware, but her pasitronic brain's processor was solely dedicated to solve problems across the ship as best as her limited means could do so. She no longer had a ship-wide holographic grid to utilise in detaining mutineers, just as little as she could use any forcefields to keep them from moving around. The ship's surveillance systems had been completely destroyed during the first battle against Cala, so she could not pinpoint people by any other means than her internal sensors. She could not make site-to-site transports either since the sabotage in Main Engineering. She did have the ability to lock people into rooms, but with most of the mutineers armed, they could cut through her bulkheads.

What quickly proved most beneficial was to use the intercom and establish communication between the resistance cells across the ship - to rally the Ives Loyalists and tend to their immediate needs as best as she might with overdue information. As she ran, she was talking to crewmembers in almost twenty different places. One of those she spoke to was Lin Kae - her Holographic Specialist - who was just a hundred meters in the opposite direction from which she now ran.

Ahead of her, she spotted people standing in an intersection, and she raised her rifle mid-run to stun them if they proved to be mutineers. Yet when her projection's optical sensors established the identities of the people, she left her finger off the trigger of her assault rifle. Two of the Lone-Wolves, the Chief of the Deck and a couple of his deckhands, all armed and seemingly victorious in taking out two Harbinger pilots. As her sprint drew to a halt, she had accessed her internal sensor logs and traced back their movements through the ship - seeing their life-signs originating from Deck 15 and witnessing the readings of weapons fire that had been exchanged there. The average possibility that any of them were mutineers, based on her sharp assessment, was as low as 7.345 %.

"Multiple life-signs are moving in on this positi-" she started to say to them, since there was time for little else, but then she saw what Chief Warrant Officer Covington meant to do. "The subject does not pose any immediate threat. If you mean to end his life, you would be in violation of conventions dating back to the twentieth century. Moreover, it would be to repeat the crimes of Declan Vasser and T'Rena to resort to their methodology."

She then looked towards both the Catachan Colonist named Fasha - who seemed to have been fighting in her underwear - and to Tessa May Lance, both whom were fighter pilots who found themselves stranded inside their base ship. "I was heading towards Deck 08 and to assist in the capture of T'Rena, but right now, there are ten life-signs moving in on this location. My communication logs shows that these mutineers called for them. ETA 30.534 seconds from that direction. "

She pointed in the direction that led to the Battle Bridge, and then she told them the news.

"The Calamity dropped out of Warp outside this nebula we are hiding in, undoubtedly having noticed the readings of weapons fire from afar more than an hour ago, at which point five of the Lone-Wolves escaped the Harbinger and its attack fighters." Thea put the butt of her rifle against her shoulder and took aim - about to intercept the mutineers as soon as the first ones came into view.

"Even if Captain Ives has not been restored to command, Commodore Vasser must be replaced, but it would be tactically unwise to do so when he is the only one at my CONN. Therefore, I kindly request that you make your way to Deck 01. I will follow your progress on the intercom. Please make haste while I keep them occupied."

She might have sounded calm, pragmatical, but her emotion ship was feeding her fear that she had a hard time to keep from lagging her response time. Question was, would they leave her behind to follow her recommendation?

"Please decide now," she said to them again, moving to take cover by the wall of the intersection - running footsteps already heard in the distance.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-05-20, 07:29:05

"Are you all right Ma'am?" Petty Officer Adara Hussein of deck ops asked her as she helped Tessa back to her feet.

"Peachy," Tessa winced. "How are our guys?"

"Stunned," the mechanic replied. "They must want us alive. Do we leave them behind or take them with us?"

"I'll check with Papa Bear," Tessa murmured, *"and give myself time to answer that question,"* she silently added as she walked over to corridor's intersection to join the others. She arrived in time to see Papa Bear, the two remaining volunteers for the decoy party and her fellow Valkyrie pilot Lieutenant Junior Grade Fasha, also known as Wolf-12, callsign Morrigan, standing over the comatose forms of two *Harbinger* pilots. The four of them were conferring with Thea, who Tessa was glad to note was not-quite-so offline or reprogrammed as T'Rena would have them believe.

"I was heading towards Deck 08 and to assist in the capture of T'Rena, but right now, there are ten life-signs moving in on this location," Thea reported. *"My communication logs show that these mutineers called for them. ETA 30.534 seconds from that direction."*

"That doesn't give us much time..." Tessa replied, but Thea wasn't finished.

"The Calamity dropped out of Warp outside this nebula we are hiding in, undoubtedly having noticed the readings of weapons fire from afar more than an hour ago, at which point five of the Lone-Wolves

escaped the Harbinger and its attack fighters," The heavenly hologram continued as she turned away and looked down the sights of her phaser rifle down the corridor that lead to the Battle Bridge. *"Even if Captain Ives has not been restored to command, Commodore Vasser must be replaced, but it would be tactically unwise to do so when he is the only one at my CONN. Therefore, I kindly request that you make your way to Deck 01. I will follow your progress on the intercom. Please make haste while I keep them occupied. Please decide now,"* she added as she took cover at the corner the intersection.

"You heard her, let's take the bridge," Tessa ordered as got to her feet and turned to lead the group back the way they came. "Ditch the combadges and move like you've got a purpose!" She may have been leading the expendable distraction team, but Commander Cinn would have to admit that attacking the bridge was one hell of a distraction. It wasn't until she heard the shots behind her that Tessa realized that she wasn't leading a distraction team anymore, she was leading a strike team on a mission they couldn't fail. What they did now mattered, and failure was not an option.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-05-27, 05:39:35

Covington was ready to bring his reinforced safety boot down upon the pilot's head. He was a strong, large man. Between his mass and his strength, hammering his heel down upon Smoke's head would be lethal; perhaps not instantly but the damage to his brain would eventually end his life. But instead, he was interrupted by the arrival of Thea, citing the Geneva Convention as a reason not to kill the pathetic excuse for a man before him.

"Thea, there's rules that go back a lot further than the twentieth century. These two *things* tried to rape Nahrik Cinsaj after the beach party. I stopped them then and I thought that would have been it. This morning, she's found raped and murdered in *my* fighter bay!" Only a particularly dense Vulcan would miss the utter fury that contorted his features and the tone of his voice. To him, this was not murder, this was the delivery of proper justice. Do not steal, do not murder, do not rape. Those rules were of common decency and went back thousands of years in thousands of cultures.

However, there was no further time to discuss the matter when a warning about a counterattack was made, along with the information about what was transpiring on the Bridge. And despite himself and the circumstances, Sten smiled. Lance did not hesitate or waffle or seek to avoid the situation. She remembered she was an officer and acted the part. As his men secured the weapons of the Harbinger pilots, the Chief of the Deck turned his mind to the matter at hand.

"You all heard the Ma'am! Hussien, take point! Remainder, remember your combat training, we're looking at a withdrawal under fire here!"

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-05-27, 10:21:43

Fasha stayed behind for a moment silent as everything was said and the others made their way down the hall. She would follow in time but she just couldn't leave knowing the crime these two had committed. The muzzle of her rifle lifted it would be so simple to just pull the trigger and wipe both of them from the face of the galaxy. Her finger tensed on the trigger of the rifle just a tiny twitch and one shot would be all she needed to end them both.

But instead she lowered the muzzle taking her finger off the trigger opting instead to kneel down beside the unconscious smoke and grip him by the front of his flight suit. Before driving her fist into his nose and releasing him letting the force of her punch bounce the back of his skull back against the floor before standing and leaving. Perhaps it would kill him perhaps it wouldn't regardless of if it did or not she didn't care for the result. She'd leave his life to whatever fate had in store for him.

She then followed after the rest of the group taking up the rear of the group jogging to catch up before the hostiles Thea had mentioned came and found her. She could feel a tinge of regret budding in her stomach if those hostiles found Smoke and Titan they would just be revived. Her grip on her rifle tightened "I should have ended them..." Fasha thought as she followed Lance and Covington.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-27, 13:16:18

Phaser trained on the corridor, Thea's simulated breathing made her golden chameleon body-suit gleam in the overhead lights. In the background processes of her digital mind, she was in communication with several resistance cells, and one of them was Lin Kae and his two companions. As she stood there at the corner of the intersection, she turned her head and looked down the corridor from whence she had come before she had encountered Chief Covington and two of the Lone-Wolves.

Her dear friend was down that corridor, and she hadn't been able to see him... one last time.

The mutineers appeared, and despite how her emotion chip had made her cry, her eyes were sharp as she opened fire - consecutive beams smiting the distance. The brilliant lines made the Harbinger people fall one by one, and it took her well under twenty seconds to have hit them all, despite their efforts to take cover. Once they were immobilised, she moved on - setting off to deal with her top priority.

Despite all evidence to the contrary, she assured herself that if she was successful, she wouldn't be betraying Captain Ives' trust. Instead, they might gain an ally with all the answers they might need.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-02, 23:33:19

[USS Theurgy | Lower Shuttle Bay | Deck 07]

While the Intelligence Officer's announcement was heard on the intercom, the group remained set on reaching the shuttle bay. After the words fell silent, they did not hear anything more for a minute, during which time they continued to close in on their destination. Yet as they peek beyond the last intersection, they espied two vigilant guards outside the doors of the shuttle bay. It became evident that the bay area had not been left unchecked.

This was when the voice of T'Rena was heard - a reply to Trent's speech.

[Captain T'Rena to Lieutenant-Commander Trent, this is not acceptable, and I hope you realise how futile your efforts truly are. We are about to upload a reprogrammed version of the Ship A.I. from her mobile emitter and into the pasitronic brain core. Whatever access you might have gained from Lieutenant Fedd will then be rescinded and if you do not surrender immediately, Thea's first act to further our cause will be to shut down life support on your Battle Bridge. So unless you put away your weapons and surrender, you will be taking the lives of everyone on that bridge with you as you draw your last breaths. You will not be able to shut her out of her own systems, so I do suggest you comply.]

Cold, dispassionate words - as if she read the tenants of Kolinahr.

[State your choice, Lieutenant-Commander.]

There was due cause for worry, for it was as the Vulcan claimed - and Vulcans were not prone to lie - then things were rather grim. If Thea had been lost to them, what was the ship but a vessel that had lost its soul? The two guards, not spotting the group led by the Chief of Security, soon turned and entered the shuttle bay - vanishing from sight. It was therefore evident that they were patrolling the large area, and Cinn, Axius, Cameron and their companions had just caught the guards when their route took them to the corridor.

[T'Rena, this is Lieutenant-Commander Trent. First, as an officer and a delegate of this ship's lawful commanding officer, I do not recognize your authority or your rank as you and Vasser have obviously chosen to dispense with any Starfleet protocols or procedures unless you find it convenient.]

It was Carrigan Trent again, answering the Vulcan's ultimatum on the public channel.

[You want to murder me? Be my guest. But bear this in mind. I'm betting not only my life but that of everyone in this room with me that right now, there's dozens on this ship who just decided to start fighting back. And over here, I have Ensigns Kenneth Urban, Nizni Peri and Pavel Yelchin as well as Master Chief William O'Connell and again, I'm wagering all our lives that they've got friends who would take exception to their being murdered.]

One of the deck hands that had accompanied the Chief of Security's team grunted in affirmation to that announcement. It was time to lay claim on the transporter systems of one of the shuttles, but how much resistance awaited them beyond those doors? After the guard returned into the shuttle bay, the corridor lay quiet besides the conversation on the intercom, which continued uninterrupted...

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-05-09, 20:50:06

Wenn Cinn took in the situation that they had stumbled into at the shuttle bay. As he examined the area he could not see the two crewmen who were running security patrol. He assessed the situation and frowned as he took stock of how things were going for them. He sighed as he motioned for his team to move back from the grate. He wanted to address them and maintain some space so that no one would hear them by chance. Once he was a ways back he looked over the faces of his squad and he took a deep breath as he prepared his assessment.

"Alright, it seems we have a standard patrol team making their way through the shuttle bay, they seem to simply be moving on a standard patrol and if we wait we can simply let them pass us by. This would be a long wait most likely, but it would be the path of least resistance in this case." He took a deep breath. "Sadly from the sound of the current situation I do not believe that we are able to enjoy the luxury of any longer." He sighed and interlocked his fingers in front of him. "Our best option I feel is an ambush, we cannot allow them time to activate their com badges, if they get out word that we are in here our mission will become infinitely more difficult." He turned to look back down the jefferies tube.

He knew of two ways to approach this situation, but he did not like them. The outright ambush would be some of his team possibly getting shot, but it would take some waiting to get things into position, and that was time he did not believe that they had time to waste. His second option would be to draw them over to the grate and ambush them there...but they would have to make it feel mundane and keep the sound down at the risk of accidentally drawing attention to themselves. At least with them using the stun setting they would not have to worry about being picked up on internal sensors.

Looking back to his team Cinn spoke. "We are going to need to perform an ambush, and there are a few ways we can go about it. We can either wait this patrol out and when they get to the area by the grate we kick it open and take them out as quickly as we can, the second option will play into the

actions that they have been doing all day. Searching jefferies tubes has likely become mundane for them so if we make them come over here they might not call anything in and we will just open fire as soon as they open up the grate." He rubbed his head and sighed. "Sadly neither plan is perfect so I would like to hear your ideas and get as many options as possible before we act." He looked over his group and waited for their ideas.

Post by: Triage on 2015-05-13, 08:10:57

Henshaw followed Cinn when he beckoned them to move back. Looking at his face, she guessed that he needed to discuss things, now that they had gotten a rough look at their intended destination, and seen some of the potential resistance in their way. The Bajoran's observation of the situation seemed sound, but Henshaw wasn't sure. There were very few of them, and Henshaw, while fairly good with a phaser, didn't like the thought of combat very much. Still, it was a necessity at this point, and when Cinn asked for ideas, she had a wild one.

"Or we can walk right in." She said, her tone serious, and she explained her motives, "A lot of people still don't know whose side I'm on. Irregardless of what transpired on the bridge..."

When she mentioned the bridge, she remembered Winterbourne, and watching him die. The announcement made by Trent confirmed her story to the crew she was with, and reminded her at the same time, how cheap life was to T'Rena and Vasser. But there was an additional snippet that she didn't know about: Sjaandin Fedd was dead. She felt an odd mixture of cold, pain, grief, pleasure, loss and satisfaction all at once at the news of his passing. It was complicated, to say the least, but she forced herself to push out the thoughts of Fedd's demise for the time being, and promise herself that she would work it out later.

For now, though, she continued with what she was saying, "...I can pass it off as nerves being rattled during the height of the situation. I could go in there, assess the situation, and try and distract the lot while you and Onea prepare to storm the centre. It's risky, but it might work."

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-05-16, 20:46:58

Cinn thought this over and nodded, it might be a good idea to use the confusion of the whole situation to their advantage, and after all at worst they would be dealing with the situation as it would be if things went poorly anyways, it the gr scheme of things this as a even trade off to put a risk on. Cinn eventually nodded to the plan. "Alright, it might be a valid plan to try and pull off. But we cannot go in through here, it will draw to many questions."

Cinn looked further ow the tubes. "You will leave the gear with us, head back to the the hall and get out there. Come into the shuttle bay though the doors and try and lead them so their backs are to this exit, once you are in position we will gt out an tun them, if we fail to take them out you can use your hand phaser to finish the job up fairly quickly."

Cinn hoped that this plan could work, they were already in position to take their first steps to requesting the captain, they just needed to get in and get this done before they were found out. They would be able to tun on the shields to the shuttle to keep themselves safe until they needed to do their beaming, and even then in the few seconds the shield would be down it would be unlikely that anyone could do enough damage to a shuttle with a phaser to halt their plans.

Post by: Triage on 2015-05-18, 19:15:50

"Okay. Here." Henshaw surrendered over all the gear and equipment, which would have raised questions anyhow, except for her phaser, which she kept holstered at her side. She nodded at Cinn and Onea, then sauntered out to the hall, where she took the time to poise herself and mental state of mind. She reminded herself that for this moment, she was with Commodore Vasser and Captain T'Rena. She had to keep her tone even and steady. Just because the other men might not have taken psychology or learnt to read tones (neither fact of which she was positive about) did not mean she should take it easy. Best to be on guard while looking relaxed and confident all at once. When the doors hissed upon, she marched right in without trying to be sneaky, a hand resting over her phaser, ready to be drawn, as if she were wary for danger, but confident all the same, and with a half-smile, half-scowl etched on her face.

She saw the security detail, and smiled at them placatingly, holding her palms upwards, "Easy now, I'm with Commodore Vasser and Captain T'Rena." She allowed her false American accent to play up again, since that would be something they were more familiar with rather than her true accent, which might raise questions. "I've been sent to perform additional sweeps of the decks after a prior team had gone through. I assume you guys haven't met any Trent wannabes on your patrols?"

As she spoke, she walked right up to them, forcing them to turn and keep their eyes on her, while she made subtle gestures with her hands, pointing in a specific direction, to sort of make them consciously or subconsciously look in the given direction, which prompted them to look away from where Cinn and Onea would be coming through. She soon had them facing her pointedly, and she turned around, slowly, sensuously, and most of all, in a distracting manner. There was an advantage to wearing skin tight uniforms and not wearing any underwear: Everyone can tell. And right now, that would be quite a distraction, especially with the way she was moving and posing. She rested her palms on her hips, "So...quite a mess we have, huh?"

And indeed, it was. Federation against Federation. Henshaw would never get over it. Still, she had a part to play, and she hoped Cinn and Onea would come in. She tried to give them a hint, "But *allclear* here, right?"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-19, 01:46:31

Still having been unable to find any clothes since he had been intercepted in the locker room back in the Flight Hangar, Quake had come to wear the dust of the first fight and the grime of the jefferies tubes as a kind of suit - covering his body like a second skin. It provided some camouflage, at least, even if it was worthless in terms of protection.

"She would not have suggested it if she hadn't thought she could do it," he said quietly to Lieutenant-Commander Wenn, whom he imagined was the kind of officer that did look after those under his command. The opposite of Vasser and his Vulcan harlot, whom he was especially disgusted with because of his native views. As a Câroon, he was immune to telepathic and empathic abilities, and the fact that such techniques could be used to twist people's minds so completely further facilitated his opinion on the matter. It made him shudder to think that someone could be reprogrammed like some kind of computer, and that it could be done with such bloody ease.

It was time to move out, and Axius followed the directions given by the large Bajoran that led the way into the shuttle bay area. From afar, Axius saw how Ensign Henshaw had been more than equal to her self-allotted task. If he had not been mostly inclined towards men, he might have tripped over his own feet when watching the human female draw everyone's eyes to herself. He had noticed her lack of undergarments back in Below Decks, but if there was anyone who could wear that look and get away with it, it would be her.

There were three Harbinger personnel stepping up to her, one whom seemed to be the leader. The other two were the ones that they had spotted patrolling the area. The Trill in charge was a Junior Tactical Officer that Axius had spotted in a briefing held on Theta Eridani IV. He was six feet and wide of shoulders, with the flat cheeks that women fancied and almost turquoise blue eyes. Frankly, Axius would not have minded chatting some more with him. That was, of course, before he proved to be a bloody mutineer. His name... Was it Tew? Junior Lieutenant Tew. He was almost certain.

"We are clear here," said Tew, and his profile suggested a smile, "but let me get this right. You were sent alone to do sweeps for resistance cells in this area? How many weapons are you hiding underneath that uniform?"

"I think we need to see her entire arsenal, don't you think?" said the one on Henshaw's right, leering at her.

"Yeah, she must have used those weapons to woo Ives, so I'd be damn if I wouldn't like a sample of that," said the one on the left, a clever gleam in his eye. "Smart to apply for the Yeoman position even though you were an Ensign. Commodore Vasser and Captain T'Rena really thought this true ahead of time, eh?"

Axius did not know what to think about what was being said, so he looked to Wenn Cinn - wondering if they and the deck hands straggling behind them ought to stun the trio in their backs. As for Henshaw, Axius had a hunch that Henshaw had been earnest with them, but this was the first time hearing Harbinger people speak of Henshaw's transfer.

As for Captain Ives having sex with his newly recruited Yeoman, well, on one level Quake sympathised with the Chameloid if that was the case, for obvious reasons... But on another. No, it did not look so good if he'd had since he was always very keen on sticking to regs no-matter what.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-05-23, 07:27:35

Wenn Cinn nodded as he was comforted by Axius. "I know, I would not have sent her had I thought that she would be unable to handle herself...But something is off, very very off about this, they are not acting like themselves, these people seem almost as if they are being driven by primal desires..." He watched as the Mutineers began to get closer and more bold with Cameron, this was not right, they were moving towards sexual acts, by the word of the prophets, REALLY! this was going to just be life on this ship, something sexual as going to happen at every turn for them.

Cinn's face broke into a disgusted snarl as he looked to his team. "Ready phasers, we fire when I give the word." He looked back out at the situation as it unfolded for Cameron, he could not imagine how horrible it must be to know that she was being used as bait to these perverts while people who could help her sat only a stones throw away. He looked back to everyone again after getting another check on things and he spoke in a cold tone. "I will signal for Henshaw to drop, the instant that she hits the ground, or upon recognition that she is in danger we will strike to protect our own." He readied his own weapon before setting his plan into action.

The grate silently swung open and Cinn flagged own Cameron as best he could before he gave her a sign to drop to the ground, and he even mouthed it to her to "Drop Down" so that she would be out of the crossfire and hopefully spared from the ambush as he looked back to his men and motioned for them to get into position to fire before turning his attention back to the scene in front of him and he waited for things to play out just a bit longer before he took action. Deep down Cinn as worried, he

was concerned that he might hit Cameron with his ambush, despite the allegations against her she was still of Theurgy and so was he, if they did not have trust then they would have nothing, he needed to trust her since she put her trust in him, and he did not want her to believe that that trust had been misplaced.

As the seconds continued to count down Cinn thought to himself, "Come on Henshaw make our move, drop to the ground, go limp, get out of the way, I do not want you to get it." His mind was rife with concerns, but as a commander he had to make the hard decisions, and that meant sacrificing one crewman to possibly save the ship, and in this moment Henshaw had volunteered herself for that position. An such a selfless act was not something that Cinn wanted to waste.

Post by: Triage on 2015-05-23, 19:10:46

Henshaw's eyes darted back and forth between the men, her face a neutral, even expression, yet her heart began to beat in silent panic. Granted, in many ways, she had brought this upon herself in the way she had handled her relationships with the people on board the *Harbinger*. All the ever-growing unpleasant memories, and taking on the experiences of the crew, their sorrows, their troubles. It had taken its toll on her as well. That was one of her motivations for making the transfer. That Captain Ives was such an intriguing and attractive personality certainly helped make her more interested, and she would not deny that she had very quickly developed nearly primal desires regarding the *Theurgy's* captain, be it male, or female in form. But these men...their line of dialogue had quickly gone from suspicion to looking for something else.

But taking a stand as a proud officer, Henshaw, shifted her body fluidly, all those frequent workouts paying off, as one hand swiftly glided over the undrawn phaser while another hand raised out to forestall an advance on her person. "Ah ah ah, now, boys." She grinned at them with her lips but not with her eyes, "I don't need more than one weapon. And I was just following up behind the primary sweepers. Even so, I want you to consider something: Why would I be so bold to move alone unless I knew I can handle myself, huh?" The phaser, while still holstered, was bent at an angle so that she could shoot Tew at the very least if he wanted to make moves on her.

Her eyes caught the hand signals of Cinn and while she managed to avoid looking directly at him, as she didn't want to give his position away, she could roughly guess that he wanted a clear shot of these men, and she was in the line of fire presently. But she had a wild idea to help Cinn and the team, with the only risk being herself since she had managed to keep the attention of all three men on herself. Taking her hand off her phaser for a moment, she began to saunter up to the leader, Tew, "But on the other hand...you're not half-bad yourself."

She easily crossed the small distance between her and the tall, handsome man, lifting her hands to drape them on his shoulders as she all but pressed her body close to him, she gritted her teeth through her closed lips. *Take this one little pleasure, you sick bastard.* She thought furiously, *Because this is as close as you'll ever get to feeling me up.* And she drove her knee into his groin with all the force she could muster, pulled back, and delivered a vicious forward kick into his sternum. As the momentum of kicking into a much larger form drove her backwards, she reached for her phaser, and allowed herself to move back and as both her legs were on the ground she leapt backwards, shouting "Now!"

Oh this is going to hurt like hell... twisting her body to present a harder target to hit while she sailed into the air, she fired wildly at one of the men, and then landed hard. Ignoring the throbbing pain of landing on an elbow, the young woman desperately rolled sideways, doing her best to attempt

avoiding the return fire, and hoping to God that Cinn and the others were ready to fire at the drop of a hat.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-05-23, 20:00:08

Cinn had not been anticipating what Cameron had been planning, but all the same she had managed to get herself clear of their light of fire while getting off some suppressing fire of her own. As she had yelled out her signal Cinn raised his weapon and yelled his own command to his squad. "Fire!" Cinn spared no time displaying his abilities as a marksman. He took one aimed shot to the mutineers and hit Tew right in the side of the head. He let his team take out the rest of the mutineers before he turned his attention back to them.

He motioned for them to hold fire and motioned for them to advance on the defeated squad. As he got close enough he turned to Axius. "Axius, I want you and the others to clean up this mess, get those mutineers bound and stowed away somewhere they will not be found, and collect their com badges, we will be needing them. I am going to make sure that Henshaw is alright." Cinn did not repeat himself, he assumed that his squad would know well enough to just do as he re-directed and get the job done while he did his part.

Walking over to Cameron he offered his hand to her. "That was a very risky move Yeoman Henshaw, but I am glad you managed to keep your wits about you. If I had known that they would have gotten so perverse I would have attempted resolving this another way." Cinn had seen enough of how unwanted sex had complicated things in the past, it was certainly the last thing that Cameron needed after seeing a fellow officer killed in front of her, and then being branded a traitor by association. It truly was a marvel that she had not broken down or snapped yet, she truly had the makings of a fine officer.

Post by: Triage on 2015-05-25, 17:30:11

Thankfully, Cinn and the others had handled the situation quickly. She had looked up in time to see to her satisfaction, that in addition to damaged family jewels, he got a stun blast right to his head. Though on the other hand, he might become more stupid than he already is. Any dumber, and he might really become dangerous, was what Henshaw thought. Now that the immediate danger was past, the young woman allowed herself to moan and groan a little, now that she could feel all the pains from that crazy landing and rolling around. She was going to be pretty bruised up everywhere, for sure. And this was one more reason she was going to start wearing extra protective clothing, padding, whatever. Just anything to make sure that if she ever decided to jump and throw herself five feet in the air, she would have something protecting her elbows, knees and all other vital joints, because there was nothing funny about dropping on your funny bone.

When she saw Cinn's offered hand, and heard him speak, she smiled and took his hand, but groaned through gritted teeth as she rose to her feet, "Unngh! It seemed like a good idea at the time..." she rubbed her hurt elbow, "...and...hnh!...wow, if I had known it was going to hurt this much, I probably wouldn't have pulled off what I did."

"And don't worry about the planning, sir. It's one of the reasons I transferred from the *Harbinger*. They mistook friendliness and openness as an invitation for something else." She shrugged and holstered her phaser once more, "Well, we achieved our goal at least. What's next?"

She was eager to get things going and getting to the captain. The sooner the better.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-27, 13:16:18

Tense as he was, Axius had enough weapon training behind him to know how to place his shots without hitting Ensign Henshaw. It had been a quick affair to immobilise the three mutineers, and when it was done, the Chief of Security ordered to ensure that they would not be bothering anyone until order had been restored on the ship.

"Aye, aye," he'd said and done as told, working with the deck hands that had accompanied them to deal with the three unconscious Harbinger men.

Once it had been done, the bodies being stored in the control room of the shuttle bay where operations and conn personnel usually worked, Axius returned to Lieutenant-Commander Wenn Cinn and Henshaw, for whom Axius had newly earned respect for. It was definitely more to her than a glorified assistant to the Captain, and hopefully, Ives would see that instead of believing that she'd been working to oppose them. Even though Axius could understand how someone in Henshaw's position would be key to this mutiny, he had utter faith in the word of Sten Covington. If the Chief of the Deck believed that there were iron in her words, then Quake had no further doubts. Papa Bear knew his business.

"I suppose we are to power up one of these shuttles and prepare to beam into the Brig?" he said after Henshaw asked her question, and he looked towards Wenn Cinn in affirmation. "Do we need to assemble and arm some bomb first? Leave the shuttle to me in that case."

This was it. It was time to liberate the Captain and the others in the Brig. Then Commodore Vasser would pay dearly for his treason...

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-06-02, 23:22:02

Wenn Cinn took in the situation at hand and nodded as he began to answer his teams questions. "The bomb is a simple chemical reaction, we simply start the reaction and be it out. The two bombs will do all the blinding we need before we arrive, it is a very quick reaction so we will save that for right before we send them off. Before we power on anything we need to go over how we will set up a way to beam out, seeing as we will be limited on the size of a group that can be beamed out we will beam out the captain an any other loyal crew being kept prisoner, then the military part of the team will be pulled out. To get lock on coordinates we will need to make a beacon to set up a radius to beam out of. Once we have all that we will need to act fast, the team will beam in, the ship will activate its shields to keep our method of beaming safe, and when you detect the beacon in the brig you will beam out everyone so that we can be in and out before anything can be done about either part of this operation."

Cinn was certain that this was going to be a lot to take in, but it was what needed to be known, it was the finalization of their rescue plan, his team would handle things as best they could upon arriving in the brig, and hopefully the team at the shuttle would be able to keep their cool and await the beacon. It wouldn't be hard to get one, most devices came supplied with a means to send a signal, Cinn was certain that if needed they could make a confiscated comm badge fill the part if there was nothing thy could use in the shuttle.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-03, 02:11:20

Listening, Axius tried to translate the almost military way in which the large Bajoran spoke into simple, everyday terms. Security seemed to speak in code in some ways, but after enough time hanging with them at the gymnasiums on the ship, Axius was confident he had caught on to what Wenn Cinn was saying.

"With a beacon, you mean that we need at least one fresh combadge, right?" he said in verification, "I mean, of course, a clean one that is not tied to Thea but to the shuttle instead. As long as we are not inside the holding cells, the transporter inhibitors don't work, right? So it's a matter of first getting everyone out of there, then getting them into the radius of a transporter signal lock for the combadge, and then giving the operator here in the shuttle a head-count on how many to beam back, right? Like a regular transporter room only... not."

Axius may have been too simplistic in his terminology for the Bajoran's taste, but he was just a fighter jockey not some Cadassian Occupation survivor who'd forgotten more ways to kill people than Axius had ever learned. "I will pick the shuttle based on the availability of one - or more - of those beacons you want. I won't be touching any bombs though. I will be waiting in the shuttle that best suits your needs."

Then he moved out, keeping a look-out for more mutineers even if the entire shuttle bay lay quiet. Hopefully the bombs would not take too long to make, and they could get the Captain out before...

[Red Alert. Red Alert. All hands to battle stations. Red...]

Oh, piss on the ground and make the earth weep, what is it now?

Then it struck him. It could only be one reason the Red Alert was sounded.

"The Calamity!" he called back to Wenn Cinn, Henshaw and the Bear Cubs. "We better get a move on!"

Post by: Triage on 2015-06-03, 13:11:13

Henshaw listened to Cinn's explanation after Onea's suggestion about a bomb with a frown, because she was having a hard time following the Bajoran's straightforward-yet-confusing exposition. It wasn't that it was nonsensical, but rather it was a different type of lingo and slang that she wasn't used to, and Onea appeared to be having slightly similar problems though he evidently grasped it better than she did, and she turned to listen to him when he "translated" Cinn's explanation and mission plan. That made more sense now, though she still struggled to fully grasp it, and she realized that this was not her skill set at all. She was more of a counsellor and a listener to people's woes and troubles, and comforting, advising and encouraging them. It wasn't too different from what she was now doing for Captain Ives. And that thought led her to gloomy fears of what the captain must still be thinking about her right now.

Then Onea urgently mentioned the *Calamity*, and that made Henshaw blanch. The memories of her sister's death fresh in her mind, and all those lives lost that day. Now in addition to Vasser's takeover, they had to deal with that blasted ship?!? *Someone* really hated the *Theurgy* and those within it, that was for sure. Turning to Cinn, she spoke urgently, "Please tell me what you want me to do." They needed to get Ives back in command, as soon as was realistically possible. So she silently wished luck to any and all people who were loyal to Ives and Trent, and that they would all make it to see to the *Calamity*.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-06-11, 07:09:18

Wenn took in the situation at hand, he had no more time to plan, things had progressed to a threshold, if he did not act accordingly he would not be able to pull this off and many would likely die if they failed so he had no choice but to act now. He took the combadges and handed one to Cameron. "We will us

these, we can activate them on our own, and we will turn them on when we are ready to beam out, instantly turn it off after arrival to avoid giving a locator lock location. Yeoman you will be in the center of our beam in party, you will instantly move to our rear and release all prisoners while we work to take the brig and seal ourselves in. Save the captain for after we take the brig, I do not want them hit in the potential crossfire. You will beam out first with any prisoners along with the captain. My team will gather around the last combadge and beam out after you."

He turned to the transporters and spoke in a commanding tone fitting the situation, his voice firm and calm as he spoke. "We need to move quickly, for the captain, for the crew, for everyone." He turned to face his team. "The Federation now depends on us, how we act now will decide the outcome of this entire ordeal." He smirked. "And I think we are the best team for the job." He walked onto the transporter pad and checked his weapon. "Get into your positions, and prep the flash bangs, and beam them over after they are finished being mixed. We will be beamed over moments later to finish this, and I do not know about the rest of you, but I am quite interested in seeing this pointless little mess put to an end." He looked to his team as he finished getting it prepared and he waited for them to get into position, he was certain that they would succeed.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-12, 02:13:28

They had gotten inside the shuttle he'd picked, and while Wenn Cinn spoke - rallying them to their task - Axius was not idle. He took one of the deck hands to the transporter controls in the shuttle, talking to him in a low voice - making certain he knew how they worked and that the systems recognised the signal of their two shuttle-bound combadges. It was quick work. The man worked in the flight hangar, so of course he knew how to handle the shuttle's controls. The shields were up in no time. Meanwhile, behind Axius, two other deckhands were working on the flash bombs - Cameron Henshaw close by.

"They are prepared!" called one of them in short order, and he went to place it on the shuttle's transporter pad while the red alert klaxon was heard from outside - resounding across the whole shuttlebay. "This is it, everyone get ready. Devices are armed. Ten seconds starting... now!"

"Locked on to the Brig," said the one by the shuttle's controls, "Site-to-site transport in three, two, one. Energising."

Axius saw the finished flash bangs that Wenn Cinn had brought to Below Decks vanish in the shimmer of the transporter pad, and they had to get on it immediately. "You heard the Lieutenant-Commander, move it! Operator, lock on beacon 1, four to beam out! Henshaw, in the middle, go, go, go!" There was some hurried commotion to get everyone arranged inside the shuttle, but at least they did not have to use the small transporter pad when they beamed in. Wenn Cinn, Axius, Henshaw and one Petty Officer of Covington's. "Lock and load."

"Ten seconds have passed... Now! Good luck everyone," the shuttle operator called. "Energising!"

Post by: Triage on 2015-06-12, 19:18:09

And just like that, it was time. Henshaw took a few breaths, mentally preparing herself, for what was to come. The hardest part, she realized was not so much the adrenaline-pumping fight that was inevitably to come, but rather the fact that after all that, she dreaded and yearned most to see Captain Ives, and see what he/she had to say with regards to her. In her short time, she had made some friends here, and important ones. While it was somewhat calculative, the Yeoman justified it as the logical and sensible choice since only a truly and utterly suicidal person would not care to survive after freeing an angry Captain Ives. She wanted to live, and to let the air be cleared between the two. She

wanted to curse Fedd's untrue implication of her duplicity, but she equated that to spitting on a man's grave, now that he was dead.

She nodded at Cinn's instructions, followed by a "Yes sir. She drew her phaser and pulled out a welder tool from the gear she was provided with. She listened partly to Cinn's pep talk, but she was more interested then with playing out possible scenarios with how the Captain would react to her. Most scenarios had violence in them, but some had a measure of hope, and the backing of her newfound allies in this troubled situation of friend-vs-friend. But she had to wrap up her thoughts soon, as the time for action drew nearer. Onea and several deck hands had been busy preparing flash bombs, which they then sent over first. Next, it was the team's turn to go over. They only had seconds to capitalize on the impromptu flashbangs. When Onea called out Henshaw's name, and the young woman strode forward, took her position, and waited.

And they were off - vanishing in brilliance.

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-05-29, 23:51:41

[Fighter Assault Bay]

Eun Sae stood in the midst of the Theurgy's ruined Fighter Assault Bay. Her hand reached up to tug lightly on her hair as everything that was happening sank in. It hadn't been long since she'd been transported aboard the Theurgy with orders to begin preparations to get the FAB back in working order. In the beginning she could only wonder what had happened that the Theurgy's own deck crew couldn't fix. The moment she'd appeared in the bay she couldn't describe the sick feeling that seemed to coil up in the pit of her stomach.

She took a few small steps towards pilots lounge there were large holes melted through the walls and bits of glass littering the floors around the windows. Inside she could see black scorch marks from where phaser fire had struck. Memories of better days passed her mind as she approached the office. Days of when she'd spent her time elbow deep in the guts of a Valkyrie while Sten Ahjussi would play music over the hangar's intercom system. Or slower days when she'd sat in the deck crew lounge trying to learn the basics of Poker from some of the older members of the crew.

All of it seemed like such a distant memory now and the scene around her seemed to only add a sense of guilt upon the already sick feeling she felt. She knew that her presence likely wouldn't have had any sway on the outcome but the thought that she should have been here still lingered in her mind. Did this have anything to do with what she'd witnessed earlier this morning. The conversation she'd managed to overhear whilst she was calibrating the thrust output on one of Valkyrie II's belonging to one of Phantom's pilots after getting a complaint about some sort of overheating issue.

Commander, I would ask if you enjoyed the party last night, but I know the answer and I don't really care anyway. I will convene with my pilots shortly. Your orders?"

Eun Sae froze as she sat inside the cockpit of one of the Valkyrie's uploading a copy of the Fighter's engine output statistics to her PADD so she could review it during calibration. It was her hope that Phantom would have already left by now to start the debriefing with his squadron it was no secret that the scarred man scared her to a certain extent. She sank into the seat of the fighter keeping her head low below the edge of the canopy only taking small chances to peak out at the scene unfolding nearby.

"To close your mouth and understand before you speak," said T'Rena gravely, and put her hand on

his cheek. "My thoughts to y-"

He snatched her wrist and kept the hand away. "Understand what?" he asked, not liking mind tricks one bit. Of what issue did she speak?

The Vulcan did not look like she did, but the irritated frown was plainly there nonetheless. "How you can save the last few pilots you have left." Slowly, she twisted her wrist against his thumb to come loose from the grip, and Phantom did not move away when he heard her words. "You will understand a new purpose in this fool's errand we are on, and see our future for what it may be. What we need to do... to avoid it more unnecessary deaths."

Was this what it took to prevent unnecessary death? Her bitterness towards the Vulcan commander of the Harbinger deepened as she glanced back towards the bodies that lay scattered around the bay. Could she have warned the Theurgy of this before it even began? Would it made a difference if she had? So many questions on what she could have done spun around her mind.

Her hands traveled up to her head taking handfuls of her hair and tugging on it as the weight of the situation came crashing down on her harder than it had before. The doors of the hangar sliding open however quickly snapped her out of her mental breakdown before she could spiral deeper into it. She quickly ducked down moving over to the shattered window wincing as the glass crunched beneath her boots and cut into her knee as she peeked over the edge of the window to see who had entered.

Her eyes immediately recognized the individual striding through the hangar. She stood and stepped out of the ruined lounge "Thea?" Eun Sae called watching as the woman's bodysuit changed from Security Orange to the stark white color worn by Tac-Conn officers. Eun Sae stopped in her tracks as a thought traveled through her mind. Officially Eun Sae was now a member of the Harbinger's crew would Thea see her as an enemy now?

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-03, 02:11:20

Hearing her name echo across the flight hangar, Thea turned on her heel with her Type-III phaser assault rifle coming up - eyes along the sights.

The source of the voice came from a familiar face which belonged to the area, but not to the current crew manifest. Thea kept her rifle raised as she watched the Head of Fighter Propulsion emerge out of the debris, wondering if her optical sensors were directed at someone who's organic mind had been altered to view the future like the Vulcan named T'Rena did, or if Eun Sae Ji was the same woman that had been aboard her since her own commissioning. As advanced as her internal sensors were, she could not penetrate the secrets of the human mind. She wished there was a dataport she could have used, like in Ravenholm's case - a woman that might have died to protect Thea.

"Did you come near your First Officer during the time you spent on the Harbinger, or at any given point since she became my Commanding Officer?" she asked the human, referring to herself as the ship as opposed to its projected interphase hologram - the digital soul that was about to go against Captain Ives' orders.

Thea was not sure whether she had to shoot Eun Sae or not, because if the human had escaped the Vulcan's notice, then she could be of great assistance. If she was one of the mutineers that had remained to guard the area, however, then she would be of no use at all before Sarresh Morali, Ryuan Sel and the Vulcans on Ives' side could restore Eun Sae to her rightful mind. At which point it would be too late to help Thea in her undertaking.

"Petty Officer Ji," she pressed, unmoving as a statue where she stood - the sound of her projected audio echoing in all directions across the devastation, "Did the Vulcan named T'Rena come close to you? Did she lay her hand on you and show you what she believes is the future? Do you believe in Captain Ives still, or have you forsaken our true mission?"

She might have been unable to deactivate her emotion chip, but given how personally invested she was in her current operation, Thea could not let sentimentality get in her way. Her face was void of emotive inflections - analysing the technician where she stood and hoping that there was truth to be heard. Hours, minutes and seconds spent in communication and face-to-face interaction with the Petty Officer streamed through Thea's analysis as she watched the woman - trying to spot any irregularities that might suggest a lie. She hoped she wouldn't.

Thea also hoped that she'd have a chance to do what she had to, regardless the risk. The cost to her crew.

[Red Alert. Red Alert. All hands to battle stations. Red...]

The loud klaxon, and her own disembodied voice on the intercom heralded the arrival of her daughter... and her destination.

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-06-03, 05:08:58

Eun Sae shut her eyes as the rifle was brought to bear upon her. She waited for a moment her fists clenched tightly at her sides as she waited for whatever pain the shot from the phaser would cause. Would it burn? Would it be quick? Would she even feel it? All those questions raced through her mind but after a few moments she cracked open one of her eyes to see Thea had not yet pulled the trigger on her.

She and Thea stood silently for what to Eun Sae felt like an eternity simply looking at one another. She relaxed a small bit if she wasn't dead yet and if she could manage it she'd stay that way for a while perhaps things weren't as bad as they seemed. As Thea spoke Eun Sae thought about why it would have mattered if she'd been close to T'Rena or not. At least that was the thought that lingered, until her mind was drawn back to what she'd witnessed already. At one point it had seemed that Wing Commander Kilinvoss was against anything that the Vulcan woman had to say. The next it seemed he was more akin to her own personal attack dog.

Eun Sae shook her head "No! I barely even spoke with her I swear!" Eun Sae said as she stared at the rifle aimed at her. Her body was tense it was no way she could feel at ease with the weapon aimed in her direction. Her body trembled slightly in her time upon the Theurgy she'd grown used to Thea's holographic projection being an avatar of usefulness and pleasantness. Never once had she thought that she'd see Thea as the cause of something for her to fear.

As Thea spoke again the sound of her voice echoing throughout the entire Fighter bay Eun Sae visibly flinched. Would Thea believe any answer she gave? "S-She didn't touch me!" Eun Sae called out. When the topic regarding Captain Ives and the mission they'd set out on came into question however she bit her lip a tell that had developed over the past year of something bothering her. "If I didn't believe in the mission...I wouldn't have bothered coming back..." Eun Sae said frowning.

"Please don't shoot." Eun Sae whispered

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-03, 12:35:14

Watching the technician protest in her innocence, Thea observed her with unblinking eyes - matching her behaviour with the surveillance logs she had on Eun Sae. Her processing of the collective data was in real-time to Eun Sae's facial expressions - the matches made in minute precision and generating a cumulative result. By the time the human had ceased to speak, and she had weighed in known factors about the human psyche and the circumstances of the crisis - the sight of the very location in which they stood - Thea had determined that the odds that Eun Sae spoke the truth was 92,453 %. This barring outlying factors for which she did not have any raw data to add to the analysis.

"I believe you," she said and powered down her weapon, which may have been set to stun to begin with, but would not serve any purpose in making a request to the woman. "My apologies. It has been verified that T'Rena has utilised the Vulcan mind-meld to ensure the loyalty of Declan Vasser's subjects, and there is no means in which I can quickly determine whether or not it has been done to an individual. Even if you had been subjected to the mind-meld, I would not have done anything else than stun you. I hope you understand the necessity of my actions."

Lowering the rifle to her side after powering it down, Thea stepped up to the technician and laid her hand on her shoulder, hoping that she would recognise her projection as an ally and no more a threat to her person. To further restore a degree of trust, Thea smiled to Eun Sae, speaking selected words of reassurance. "The resistance is winning ground, and I have established communication between the people loyal to Captain Ives. All over the ship, we are fighting back, and I will once more belong to the Theurgy's rightful crew and its Commanding Officer. I need your help, Petty Officer Ji, because I am the only one that have any change of a non-hostile resolution with the Calamity. My daughter, who has now verified our location and means to destroy me and everyone aboard."

When re-evaluating her words, the outcome suggested that Thea had not been very reassuring at all. It did, however, urge for the haste she required.

"Are you willing to help me speak with my daughter and convince her to cease her hostilities?"

Perhaps 'speaking' would prove inferior to restoring her ethical subroutines, but it was the standard phrase - words based on social conventions that the organics had dictated long before she was commissioned.

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-06-03, 19:04:43

Eun Sae waited as Thea seemingly mulled over her given responses. Had she been convincing enough or would her fear be misinterpreted as deception? Would she be a victim of unfortunate circumstance? All of these questions flew through her mind as the silence between herself and Thea continued to hang in the air between them. Finally the weapon was lowered allowing Eun Sae to breathe just a bit easier now that her life was no longer threatened. She scowled as Thea proceeded to apologize for the entire ordeal even though she did accept the apology it didn't make her any less upset to be held at gun point. "I get it...Let's just forget it happened okay?" Eun Sae said allowing a slight shiver to run through her body as she attempted to push the events of the past few minutes out of her head and bring herself back to a somewhat normal state of mind and not one that was scared or angry.

She kept her eyes towards the floor as she took in deep breaths to steady her frayed nerves. Having a weapon aimed at her was definitely a new experience she did not look forward to repeating any time soon. She flinched slightly as she felt Thea place her hand upon her shoulder not expecting the

contact from the other woman. However upon meeting Thea's eyes she relaxed just a bit as she saw the smile that she'd been so familiar with over the course of her stay on the Theurgy.

However as Thea began to speak about a non-violent resolution to the threat posed by the Calamity, Eun Sae's face took on a more confused expression having no knowledge of the vessels arrival. All she could remember about the ship was it's merciless assault upon the Theurgy and Harbinger when they'd stopped to rest and repair on Theta Eridani IV. That along with the talk of the progress the resistance was making upon the Theurgy. Were people really still fighting when a threat like the Calamity loomed on the horizon? The tone and words used by Thea however suggested that there was little time to deliberate on her decision. Glancing around the Flight Bay briefly she could tell that there was nothing she could really do now other than help Thea as she'd requested.

"Alright...What do I need to do?" Eun Sae asked she didn't know the details of how AI conversation worked but she was sure there was a lot more to it than just "speaking." But at this point anything was worth a shot if it stopped the Calamity from blasting them into space dust.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-07, 01:06:18

After establishing that Petty Officer Ji was willing to aide her, Thea nodded to her in the common and cursory way of displaying gratitude and turned away - resuming her stride across the Fighter Assault Bay. "Please follow me."

They were walking towards the unique attack fighter in the hangar. The one which Junior Lieutenant Rawley had brought aboard as they left Theta Eridani IV. It was the enigmatic presence that hailed from the same time which the Calamity came from. It was supposed to be dismantled and put together again, reverse-engineered so that they had the opportunity to improve the Mk III fighters as best as they might. The project was supposed to be spear-headed by the Boslic woman named Narik Cinsaj. The Engineering Consultant had, unfortunately, been raped and murdered that morning, and Thea had personally been there to collect the forensic evidence. As it were, the deck crew knew naught more than what the plates said: That it held the designation AC-507 Mk I Reaver.

It was damaged. A gaping hole in the hull where the transparent canopy was usually located on contemporary attack fighters. The structural weakness of a canopy had evidently been removed, and the pilot was supposed to solely rely on the TVD technology that was brand new to the helmets of the Tactical Conn Exosuits. Junior Lieutenant Rawley had patched the hole with a structural integrity force field as she landed it in the Theurgy's hangar, and her account had stated that the emitter that was supposed to project the holographic fighter pilot inside the cockpit had been damaged. Evidently, there was a separate computer installed that housed the holographic pilot since flight controls were not linked directly to that computer. In other words, the Reavers were not originally meant to be flown by photonic pilots, but by organics. This was the only explanation for the rig with an emitter, and Thea had devised her tactic based on this fact.

"I must use this craft in order to board the Calamity," she told Eun Sae as if there was nothing complicated about that tactic. "I will steal the sensor signature from one of her current Reavers and install it into this ship after I have launched, but before then, it is unknown whether or not it is space-worthy. The ash from Theta Eridani IV has yet to be cleaned out of its propulsion systems, and there is no time to switch the impulse drive to one of our own. I am in need of something which is popularly called, 'a quick fix', meanwhile I will personally oversee the reformatting of its computer. We have but minutes to spare."

Saying this, Thea held her rifle raised as she climbed the short stairs leading up to the hole at the top

of the hull. Reaching inside with her free hand, she withdrew a cable from its holographic pilot system and tugged at it so that she may jack the cable into herself. The moment she had plugged the cable into her mobile emitter - effectively sticking the end of the cable into her abdomen to the casual observer - she sent the activation prompt and began to analyse the data stored there.

Thea was expecting any kind of reaction from the Petty Officer, and her answers were close at hand if she had to explain herself as they worked.

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-06-07, 11:27:48

Eun Sae followed Thea across the Fighter Assault Bay towards the only unique ship out of the entire line of fighters lined up inside the Assault Bay. As she approached the fighter brief flashes of what had transpired on Theta Eridani IV. Ashes, Screams, Death all of those things were what she related these memories to. She could imagine with great detail the ominous shadow of this very fighter silhouetted against the red sky raining down volleys of phaser fire on people just fighting for a chance at life. If there was one reason for her to be happy about being transferred to the Harbinger it was this ship here. But now wasn't the time for fear right now she had a job to do and little time to do it.

As Thea quickly boarded the vessel she Eun Sae listened to her quick explanation for the entire purpose of their task. Did she understand the specifics of it all? Hell no she didn't but at this point in their situation full understanding wasn't a prerequisite to actually finding a solution. If Thea thought getting this metal unmanned death machine operational could save them she'd have to take a leap of faith and trust her. As Eun Sae made her way to the back end of the craft towards the propulsion systems she unzipped the upper half of her jumpsuit shrugging out of it. "A quick fix? Considering this is my first time working with this tech we'll see what kind of miracle I can manage." Eun Sae said as she pulled open what appeared to be an access hatch. As soon as the hatch opened a gush of ash spilled out staining the lower half of her uniform and her undershirt black with soot. "Aigoo!" Eun Sae yelped as she jumped back from the hatch

She waved her arms a bit to clear the small cloud of ash that had been thrown up from the ash that had spilled out of the Reaver's engines. Once it cleared she moved back in swiping away at the caked ash with her fingers. Considering she'd never worked with this craft she hoped that the clogs in the engine would be the only issue but considering the roughed up appearance of Reaver she had her doubts. "Run a system diagnostic I need to know if there's anything else wrong with this thing that won't let it fly." Eun Sae called to Thea as she continued to trying an excavate as much soot and ash as she could from the inner systems of the impulse drive.

Until she had an vague idea of what else was wrong there was only so much she could do. If it came to something outside of her area of expertise it would mean she'd have to fall back upon booksmarts and outright improvisation to get this hunk of futuristic space metal flying again.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-08, 20:55:39

Hearing Eun Sae request a system diagnostics, Thea got up on her feet with the cable still attached to her abdomen. As she did, she resequenced her mobile emitter to project the kind of exosuit that was stored in the memory of the pilot rig. "Stand by."

She was already engaged in several download operations of the data in the pilot system, and she had learned how to operate the controls of the fighter. With one step, she dropped through the hole at the top of the Reaver and seated herself in the dark cockpit. The photonic optics of her eyes derived the control layout in the darkness and she located the system ignition. After thumbing the touch panel in

the armrest she reached down to pick up the helmet that lay next to the seat. She was putting it on while the control panel was powered up, and she relayed the readings that could be seen in the visor via the intercom in the Flight Hangar. Otherwise, the Petty Officer would have a hard time hearing her when she was inside the cockpit.

[Initiating a full check on all systems. Weapons remain on 'safe'. Sensors remains on 'safe'. Landing gears remain lowered and antigravitation systems are online. Belaying full engines and propulsion tests for the time being, thrusters included,] she announced, not wanting to fire up the very systems that Eun Sae was trying to clear from ash and grime for obvious reasons. After that, Thea went through the diagnostics manually, making sure that dampeners and structural integrity fields could be brought online, as well as the sensors and the shields, weapons and navigational systems. There were no hard-points mounted underneath the wings, but the targeting software was brought online along with all other functions in order to ensure they were working.

[Aside from propulsion, all primary systems online and operating under normal parameters. Regenerative shields are at 75 % and cannot go higher because of the hull breach and its effect on structural integrity. It is likely that one of the shield emitters are missing. Plasma levels and ejection systems satisfactory and fully operational. Propulsion diagnostics suggest that the thrusters and impulse engines ought to be operating at 25%, but there is no telling how they might behave unless the engines are powered up. Suggested priority is to get as much ash out of the propulsion systems as possible before launch, and mounting hard-points underneath the wings.]

This being said, her download was completed, and Thea removed the cable from her abdomen - making her way up on top of the Reaver again. Once she emerged, she spoke to Eun Sae directly. "When it was brought aboard, it carried two depleted 40-round micro-torpedo launchers, and they need to be found, refilled and mounted. These launchers do not match the Mk III Valkyries, so they should stand out." Thea jumped down from the wing of the Reaver and landed not far from the Petty Officer - wearing the futuristic exosuit and helmet belonging to the craft that they were preparing for combat.

"What is more effective?" she asked, the static of the speaker on the helmet emphasising her words. "That I mount the hard-points or clean out the propulsion systems? I have done neither before but I know the procedures in theory."

Thea had no time-estimation for how quick the Petty Officer was at either task, so she let the human chose which task suited them best.

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-06-09, 10:29:22

Eun Sae continued to work quickly as Thea conducted diagnostic on the ship's other systems. The ash seemed to have seeped into every possible orifice. The last thing she needed this bird to do was overheat it's engines due to heat build up. The computers that regulated the impulse drive's outputs were designed to be able to withstand heat but even they had their limits. If the temperature in the engine output regulation system were to rise too high the system would shut off as a fail safe to prevent any damage to the system and to the engines.

Eun Sae pushed could feel the ash caking beneath her fingernails as she reached deep inside the very guts of the propulsion system to scoop out handfuls of ash and space dust. As Thea began to report the results of her diagnostic Eun Sae finally managed to clear a sizable amount of ash from the propulsion system. Though there was still a large amount that she still couldn't reach not without proper tools at least. She could still remember the hell it was trying to clear the ash from the

Harbinger's Valkyrie Mk II Fighters. It had taken her and part of her deck crew hours to clean up the engines and now here she was trying to get that kind of work done in the span of a few minutes.

However rather than stand for another moment and mull over the difficulty of her task she quickly climbed the step ladder leading up the wing of the craft and moved over to the exhaust ports designed to vent excess heat from the engines. As expected they were packed with ash that had filtered into them. Under any other circumstances she wouldn't dare shove her hand into one of these things but considering the need for haste there wasn't any time to dawdle with looking for tools or proper gear as she reached into the exhaust ports and began to clear the ash from them.

As Thea appeared from the hole in the hull of the Reaver, Eun Sae raised her head her face was smudged with black streaks of ash from where she'd wiped her arm across her face to brush away sweat that had slowly begun to drip down her brow. As Thea spoke she continued to work whilst simultaneously giving the woman below her undivided attention. "I can handle clearing the propulsion systems, Find the torpedo launchers I'm not sure where the Head of Armaments placed them but they can't be too far." Eun Sae said as she shifted over to the other side of the craft to begin digging out the ash clogging the other exhaust ports.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-14, 00:10:51

At the Petty Officer's word, it was decided, and Thea acknowledged the choice with a brief nod before she strode off towards the weapon magazines. She walked up to the sliding doors, and the security panel next to it was lit up at her presence - the red light denying her entrance.

She did not have access to some parts of the ship - her A.I. hard-wired to not be able to open some doors or access some systems remotely - and the weapons magazines were not hers to access. The computer scientists of Starfleet had not trusted an A.I. with access to the hard-points of the Valkyries. Since Lin Kae unshackled her, her projection had been given a Security Clearance Level of 3, but that was not enough to just waltz in without an access code. Such a code was, however, not too hard to derive from the surveillance footage stored in her memory banks, which pre-dated the first attack of the Calamity.

As she stood before the panel, she sifted through the data with clearly defined search parameters, and it took her only a couple of seconds before she lifted her hand and typed out a password that one of the deck hands had let slip at an unwary moment. While she pressed the glowing touch screen buttons, she spoke in the deck hand's voice - a quick edit to her audio output. "Thompson-Five-Four-Charlie." This, added with the ten digit sequence made the panel turn green and the doors to slide open. Ironic that she had to hack herself to do what she had to. Twice over since it was another example of how far she had yet to go to earn the trust of the organics, but also how she was bringing ruin to that trust - defying Captain Ives orders to save her daughter. She hoped she could, regardless.

Entering the magazine, she scanned the interiors and quickly located the Reaver's separated micro torp launchers. She walked over and lifted them, the finely tuned force-fields in her arms supporting the weight effortlessly. To her contentment, she noticed how the launchers had already been stocked with their micro torpedoes - prepared to be added to the wings as quickly as possible. The launchers were cumbersome, however, and they had to be carried out through the doorway and to the Reaver. Once there, she attached them with the magnetic locks.

"Launchers mounted," she said to Eun Sae, "I will be going for two more types of hard-points. What's the status of the engines?" Thea paused in her work, looking at the woman that was helping her. She

was already covered in the ashes of Theta Eridani IV, and something beyond the regular social conventions made her add, "What's your status?"

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-06-15, 10:59:55

As Thea left to go collect the Reaver's armaments Eun Sae finished up cleaning out what ash she could reach out of the exhaust ports of the fighter. Wasting little time she slid off the edge of the wing dropping to the hangar floor and quickly moved to the back of the craft doing a quick inspection of the components of the propulsion system. If this fighter worked similarly to the Valkryie MK IIs and MK IIIs then everything seemed to be in working order for the most part. The remaining ash in the ship's systems might cause small abnormalities in the output of the engines but if she knew these systems as well as she thought she did it wouldn't disrupt the actual operation of the system during maneuvers.

She walked over to the panel she'd opened and shut it after doing one last check of the system. If there was anything else that needed to be done it was beyond her power to do so now considering the time constraint they were under. She turned as she heard Thea walking across the deck with the Reaver's two micro-torpedo pods in hand. She watched as Thea effortlessly mounted the weapons to the hard points on the fighter's wings. She straightened up as Thea asked for a status report on the engines. "They're a bit dirty but I cleaned out enough ash to make sure that it doesn't cause any complications while the system is in operation. Without more time that's all I can do so basically there is your quick fix." Eun Sae said nodding.

As Thea turned to face her the holographic woman's next words surprised her a bit as she asked for Eun Sae's own personal status. She was quiet for a moment as she thought exactly about how she was doing. To be honest she was scared she'd done a good job of hiding it thus far mainly because she'd had work to bury it all under but the consequences of the situation and her actions were an ever looming possible reality. What would happen if the Thea failed? What if members of the Harbinger's crew found out that she'd helped someone loyal to Ives? Her mind was looking for some sort of assurance that things would work out but the more she thought about it the less likely such a possibility seemed to be. She took a deep breath to steady herself as she shut the questions out of her mind.

Thinking to deeply into it would only emotional compromise herself further. "Just a bit shaken...I'm fine." Eun Sae said nodding. Eun Sae was quiet for a moment as she ran her ash smudged fingers through her hair. "S-So what next? What can I do?" Eun Sae asked hoping there was something Thea had in mind for her. Anything to keep her mind occupied.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-22, 00:07:14

Her optical sensors scanning the results through her TVD vision, Thea listened in on what Eun Sae had to say - confident that the Petty Officer had done an excellent job when she saw the difference she'd made.

"It appears more than sufficient," she said to the human, giving her a smile even though it could hardly be seen through the visor of her next century helmet. She heard Eun assure her that she was fine, looking the complete opposite, but Thea figured that it was the common social convention to say it given circumstances such as they now faced. The question of what she might do next gave Thea immediate ideas, all plain for them both to see around them. Lists of prudent measures multiplied unto themselves, but Thea had to filter it all to fit the capacity of a single individual.

"Even if we do hit Cala with the gravametric mines, we are surely going to face her in battle. That

means that the Lone-Wolves that remain aboard will have to launch, and if a diplomatic solution can be found with Wing Commander Kilinvoss' fighter pilots, they will also be launching their fighters to do battle with my daughter," she said, and with a hand, she indicated the shot-up disarray of the Fighter Assault Bay and the Mk II and III Valkyries lined up along the sides of the hangar. There were no others than the two of them present, but in just a couple of minutes, that was bound to change dramatically.

"Well, at least you do not have to clear any catapults from debris," she said, attempting a joke based on the fact that the Valkyries' navigational protocols, thrusters and impulse drives had made the catapults obsolete. "If I cannot reach Cala and find a non-violent solution, then all these Valkyries need to be powered up and ready to go. Even more, they need to have hard-points mounted on them. The Exosuits need to be available for the pilots to slip into right by their fighters. According to my tactical prognosis, there will be no time to change in the locker rooms."

It was a tall order for one person who only had minutes to spare, Thea realised, so she amended her statement. "Do whatever you have time for, and I am sure there will be more people here to aide you soon. As for me, I will taxi the Reaver to the bay doors and wait until we drop out of Warp. Thank you, Eun Sae. Hopefully, I will be able to extend my daughter's gratitude to you as well... once I return."

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-06-25, 11:24:11

Somehow she felt that Thea could see straight through her lie. Honestly she wouldn't be surprised if Thea could despite her best efforts to hide how shaken she was it was far too evident to anyone who looked at her. There was a look in her eyes that just seemed to hold that sense of insecurity the look one got when they weren't sure how something would work out and feared the result. Thea's praise regarding her quick work provided some reassurance to Eun Sae as pride in her work well up in her chest.

As Thea continued to speak about the coming battle that would inevitably come to pass Eun Sae looked around the Fighter Assault Bay. The entire hangar was in complete disarray. As Thea listed off things that would need to be done to prepare for the Calamity's coming. She spared an exasperated glance at Thea as cracked a joke about cleaning catapults but her face shifted into a smile as she shook her head "Let's save the jokes for when we're not about to run into your homicidal offspring kay?" Eun Sae said.

As Thea began to list off things that would need to be done Eun Sae began to formulate a list in her mind deciding what could be done quickest and what she couldn't do alone. Powering up the Valkyries would be a simple task so she could complete that first and then she could start prepping the Exosuits for the pilots. The Hardpoints she would need assistance with considering she lacked the unlimited strength Thea seemed so fortunate to possess. As Thea reminded her to what she could she nodded. Her eyes met Thea's as the holographic woman thanked her for her help and for reasons she couldn't really explain Eun Sae reached out hugging the woman

"Be careful Thea." She said simply before taking a step back and turning on her heel to start the warm up routines on each Valkyrie.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-12, 02:13:28

[Interrogation Room 02 | Brig | Deck 07]

After the Red Alert had been sounded, Riptor had continued his rough treatment of Miles Renard's

oral cavity. Yet the sound of Thea's voice repeating itself over the speakers, telling everyone to get to their battle stations, it was upsetting Riptor's mood. He did not want the distraction. Phantom would tell him when it was time, so he would use every second he could spare letting his own will be done. "Shut up!"

Grinding his teeth behind his beard, his grip became harder in Miles' hair and he breathed noisily through his nostrils - twisting the muzzle of his hand phaser against the Vulpinian's sweaty temple. Somehow, perhaps in thanks to his captive's skill, he managed to focus on his own satisfaction. "Are you ready, Fox? Here, I come..."

But in the last moments, the sharp sound of two detonations reverberated against the door to the Brig, and Riptor's head swung towards the closed door - phaser pointing that way.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-12, 02:13:28

[Interrogation Room 03 | Brig | Deck 07]

In the other Interrogation Room, Zaraq was on top of Dyan Cardamone - grunting as he rutted with her on the floor. The room was in shambles after their brief struggle, her clothing torn, and he bloodied and bruised by her protestations. Nonetheless, he had her pinned down, holding her wrists above her head while he appreciated her bared breasts with his mouth - his ridged corpus cavernosum (<http://www.restoringforeskin.org/sites/default/files/glossary/Gray1158.jpg>) sawing into her sodden depths.

The Red Alert meant nothing to him. Not when he finally was inside this female - having longed to mate with Dyan since the first day he laid eyes on her on the Harbinger. Now they they were at liberty to impregnate the women for the sake of the war to come, he was not going to waste the opportunity.

He was about to spend himself, he realised, and his breathing became more uneven. He found that he wanted to embrace her, and judging by how wet she was, she would not protest. At least he told himself that. He sat back on the floor, picking her up into his lap without slipping out of her. He held her arms behind her head with his iron grip on her wrists, and he used his firm embrace around her torso to push her down onto himself - making her grind down upon their joining. He looked her in the eye - thinking he would see her satisfaction when he impregnated her...

Before then, however, two sharp explosions were heard just outside the door, and Zaraq whipped his head around towards the locked door to the Brig. His grip on her wrists slipped as it went for the hand phaser by his hip... only to find that it wasn't there anymore. An oversight of his, induced by his distracted mind. He realised his mistake far too late.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-12, 02:13:28

[Holding Cell A | Brig | Deck 07]

The sounds of Red Alert had not be heard inside the holding cell - isolated as Jien Ives and Edena Rez were. Their conversation had, however, been interrupted by the sharp flash of light from outside the force field. Anything they had meant to say next was forgotten as the white light blinded them - forcing them to shield their eyes from the sharp luminescence. The lack of sound softened the effects of the flash bomb, but the reverberation had been felt in the deck plates below their feet.

"What is happening?" wheezed Edena Rez, blinking hard to try and get her eye-sight back.

"I don't know," grated Jien, the life support setting too low for him to speculate further. He couldn't see anything, but with a hand fumbling to find Edena's shoulder, he backed away from the forcefield - putting some distance between them and whatever was going on. "But hope springs eternal."

He knew that there were two Brig Officers outside, and the likelihood that they had caused the signature light of a flash bomb device was quite small. Still, they were armed, and if they had not covered their eyes, they would start shooting blindly. Either way, they would not hear anything, ears ringing loudly in the aftermath. Communication between themselves ruined. Regardless how affected they were, they were panicked men with phaser rifles.

If only he could see what was going on. All he could make out so far were moving shadows that slowly took shape.

Post by: Triage on 2015-06-12, 19:18:09

The experience of transporting was discombobulating as always, as her vision blurred in light, and she felt slightly nauseated, and her surroundings changed. One moment, she was inside a shuttle's transporter pad, and the next, she was in some weird form of hell. But the depravity of Vasser's followers were obvious now in everything that she saw. She didn't need to be a Betazoid to know that there was great pain and suffering in this place, and it nearly stunned her. But she recovered herself long enough to turn and drop to one knee, twist her torso in what looked like an almost painful poise, and fired her phaser, set at a high stun, in the direction of the nearest hostiles she could see, namely the two security officers. She knew that her job now, as per Cinn was to free the prisoners, but saving Captain Ives for last. He was their priority, so keeping him alive meant letting him be the last one freed, until all hostiles could be dealt with.

The bombs made by Onea and the deck hands did their job well, the brig's security was in disarray, and the Yeoman had already dropped the two security officers, making easier the job of Cinn and the rest, while she moved on to attend to her own duties. She noticed the cell of Sonja Acreth, and couldn't help an involuntary shiver, as she moved for the lock-mechanisms. She stayed low to the ground, wanting to avoid fire, and glanced at the holding cell in front of her, and she saw Captain Ives, and Rez. Tilting her lips sideways in a burning sensation in her chest, she turned to add her fire to that of her teammates first, seeing as the immediate area needed clearing. She was standing right on top of one of the stunned security guards. Any other time, the guard might have gotten a kick out of Henshaw trampling on him, but right now, the Yeoman was more interested in staying alive than worrying about who or what she stood on.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-06-14, 21:47:28

As everything was prepared and thing began to get under way Cinn nodded and waited, he knew that they had little time to act and no time for an error, it was do or die, either they would succeed or fail, and he was not one for failure. He watched as the flash bangs were set out and he instantly took up his position and waited for his team to form up around him, here would be a small window of time for them to act and as everyone got into their positions he nodded to their transporter technician and raised his weapon, ready to fight as soon as they arrived.

The shimmer of the transporter beam rose and fell as they left the shuttle and arrive at the brig, he saw the two brig guards already stumbling trying to regain their focus as they arrived, and once he and his team was fully solidified in their destination he took aim and fired, his shot hitting the guard closest to the exit in the head, sending him crumpling to the floor like a puppet whose strings had been cut.

He looked to the second guard as his team took down the second guard with little trouble. Raising a hand Cinn raised four fingers and motion to the interrogation rooms before he moved forward to the main entrance to the brig and he closed and sealed the door.

He looked back to the rest of his team and nodded as he got confirmation from the rest of his team that they interrogation rooms were clear. "Alright lock down the doors, we have only a matter of moments before they begin to force open the doors on us and start to give us hell." He pointed to the main entrance. "I want two of you covering that door the rest the interrogation doors." He looked over his team as they moved into position, and then he looked to Heather as she began to work on Captain Ives cell.

Waling up to the barrier Cinn saluted to Ives. "Lt. Commander Wenn Cinn reporting for duty captain, we are here to free you and take back this ship." He nodded to Cameron. "Yeoman Henshaw will have you out of there in a moment Captain, then we will need to move quickly and get you beamed out of here and right on the way to take back the ship sir." He looked to Cameron. "Try and keep it quick Cameron, I do not know how long his calm is going to be lasting, and I do not know how long we will be able to hold the brig." Cinn turned back and helped with watching the doors.

Post Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-15, 15:26:21

Inside the holding cell, Jien watched warily as the moving shadows gained form and colour outside the force field. Rez was at his side, and all they could hear was each other's strained breathing. Sharp, bright beams cut through the room and two shapes fell to the floor in close succession. Jien was quite certain they were the posted Brig Officers. The ones that had arrived were securing the Brig area, he realised, and it did not take long until one large silhouette stepped up in front of the force field. Holding a hand out before Rez, Jien urged her to stay back while he approached their visitor. Squinting, Jien tried to make out the shadows of the large man's facial features, and it was not until he was five feet away that he realised who it was.

Wenn Cinn, his Chief of Security and the one that the Prophets had blessed with a second chance at life. He was talking, Jien realised, but he could not hear a word because of the isolation protocol in place. Frowning, Jien looked between him and the people behind him, who were guarding the doors to the security gate and the interrogation rooms. Save for one, who was working the duty station. The figure seemed familiar, but it was not until a couple of seconds had passed that he ascertained her identity.

The force field dropped, and the sudden change in access to breathable air sent him into a coughing fit. His throat tickled and burned at the same time, but that did not cripple his intent. No, with the rush of air, the floodgates of his ire were opened too - directed solely upon the woman by the duty station. Sounds from the brig hurt his ears, but since Cinn had turned to watch the doors, Jien's oaken eyes fell on the hand phaser on his old comrade's hip. There was no thought behind his move. Merely the pent up emotion towards the Yeoman's betrayal, and he seized the opportunity.

With two strides, he had ripped the hand phaser from Cinn's hip and he did not stop moving until he was right before the duty station - weapon pointed straight towards Cam's face. His stance was rigid, holding the phaser in a double-handed grip and with his eyes along the sights. His browridge had drawn down, beaded with sweat, and his countenance a cliff-face beset by the storms of his emotions. His glare was - however - completely uncompromising.

"Captain, wait..." said a man from the Lone-Wolves, covered in grime and dust.

"What the *hell* is she doing here? She is playing you false," he rasped through his tormented throat, sucking replenished air into his lungs. His whole body was tightened as if in a cramp. His ears rang, and he felt sick. "Sjaandin Fedd said it on the Bridge, and he had no cause for lying. Why would he care to protect her? She is from the *Harbinger*, working with Vasser and T'Rena. She was *key* to make this take-over work. She handled my messages, changed my orders, spread misinformation. She sought her position so that she could gradually turn the crew against me. That she is *here* means that this is an ambush. You were led here on purpose and now you are all in the Brig too."

This made the deck hands nervous, looking at each other with alarm in their eyes.

"Captain. Listen to me," said his First Officer behind his shoulder. Edena Rez was still the Executive Officer until he relieved her of her duties. The voice. The intonation. It suggested that it was Kiya who spoke - the civilian Doctor of yore. Jien didn't care. Perhaps it was Vasser's influence. Perhaps it was Jona's. Either way, the ire that fuelled his body made him want to end the life of this woman who had betrayed him and helped killing his crew - handing the ship over to a madman. He did not want to listen to Kiya. He wanted retribution. Still she spoke to him. "We have suffered from a degree of asphyxiation for over an hour. The air is affecting us. Even at normal levels, we are now feeling a level of oxygen toxicity. Besides symptoms such as tunnel vision, tinnitus, nausea and muscle twitching, it also lead to irritability, anxiety, dizziness and confusion. You need to calm down. Think this through. You are not the same as him. You are better than this."

Again, Jien did not know if Kiya meant Vasser or Jona. He breathed hard through his teeth - glare unwavering from Cam where she stood behind the duty station - phaser utterly still in its aim. For all the ire that could be found there, the hurt of betrayal lay also in his stare. Not just professionally, but because of how she had come to soothe his worries on her own volition - distracted him from the many burdens upon his shoulders. No, he could not start thinking. Then he would remember.

Post by: Triage on 2015-06-15, 17:51:19

How ironic, Cinn... Henshaw thought, calm is the last thing that Ives will be when he sees me.

Before she had stepped into the transporter pad, there was a moment where the Yeoman had considered telling Cinn about what Ives was liable to do the second he saw her, and asked him to back her up on account of all she had done to help the team in their rescue of the captain. But ultimately, she decided against it, because she weighed out the possibility that Jien Ives would see that as more manipulation on her part, and even Cinn might have seen it as such, if she had asked. But if he backed her up of his own accord, that would work better in her favour.

So, that was why, when she finally took down the force fields after she had helped with securing the brig, she placed her weapon on the dashboard, and waited, sweat forming on her brow. She swallowed, and tried her best to calm her beating heart, as she failed to stifle the fear, when the captain so swiftly and fluidly, took Cinn's weapon and was upon her, the weapon pointed at her face, at a range where even a stun blast would be fatal. More than that, was the near-manic look on his face. It only heightened the fear...and the pain, yes, the pain. Part of her hoped against the odds that Ives would have seen past Fedd's ill-placed validation of her loyalty to the wrong side. But maybe that had been too much to expect, and plus, it was...well, there were just far too many complications in this.

While she was a roiling sea on the inside, she remained almost outwardly cool entirely. Her expression was fixed into a steady gaze, though she gripped the handles of the consoles so tightly, her knuckles turned white, and the beads of sweat on her forehead, and the way she kept swallowing to keep her throat moist were a clear indication that she was anything but calm at that moment. There was also

visible pain in her eyes. She couldn't help it. He was quickly undoing all the trust she'd built with Cinn and the crew, and a sand castle, that had hours spent in shaping it, only to be washed away by the tides came to mind. It was how she likened the rapport she had built with the crew. Nothing destroyed trust faster than someone in authority telling everyone that a person was utterly a bad guy.

But Commander Rez, in another personality spoke up, and made a few things clear. So they had been suffering from oxygen-deprivation. Henshaw was no doctor, but she knew enough about biology to know that was never a good thing. And Ives still had sufficient rage even without a compromising, life-threatening condition to fuel him on. She also saw his own hurt, and she could empathize, because that was exactly what she was feeling too. Who was right? Who was wrong? More importantly, what will be left?

His words still ringing in the air, Henshaw managed a smile, that was marred by the unshed tears welling up in her eyes, turning them into shiny sparks as she very slowly moved around the station, allowing the captain's weapon to follow her, and she kept her gaze fixed steadfastly on his, the windows to each others' soul.

"It sure looks like that, doesn't it, captain?" Her voice choked as her emotions got the better of her, and she shook her head, taking her gaze off him for the first time, only to bring them back immediately after. "But what a hell of an effort it must have been on my part to fool so many people, excluding you, huh?"

The tears fell, and she was now standing before him, the phaser now literally pressed to the ridge between her eyes and nose, where she stopped and stood, still, except for the slight jerking of her shoulders in silent sobs. "I have to ask, though, how did I manage to get past Mr. Covington? Or the commander right here? Cinn isn't exactly a man so easily deceived, and you know it. More than that, before I got here, let's think about the choices I could have taken."

She took a breath, and then continued, "I could have hidden, waited this out. But I went to Cinn, unarmed, surrounded by people loyal to you. I risked my neck to secure our means of getting into the brig and stage a rescue. And then I opened your brig, knowing how you'd react, but I still did it. Why, I wonder? What's my end game? What do I gain? Or, since you're so certain I work for Vasser, what does he gain from you getting free after all that hard work to put you in here? Huh? Tell me."

She pursed her lips, having barely paused for breath during all that. "Captain. I came to the *Theurgy* because of what was happening on the *Harbinger*. I don't care what you believe about my motives. But I thought this was my second chance. I thought you were...I believe in you and your cause. Not Vasser, not T'Rena...in all the time I had served under him, he did nothing to inspire my loyalty. But you did, in the short time I came to know you."

She very, very slowly lifted her hands and wrapped it around the wrist with his weapon, and gently, ever so lightly, guided the weapon, going lower, and heading for her heart, "Now...if there is nothing I can say or do that will convince you of where my loyalty lies..." Henshaw's eyes were steely, even as tears flowed freely, and the weapon was now squarely aimed at her heart, "...just end it now. I wouldn't want to live with you thinking I'm a traitor, anyhow. So go ahead..."

Her lips curved downwards as her vision became blurry from all the tears, "What are you waiting for, captain? You're so certain, right? I manipulated a whole bloody crew, and you? I'm that conniving? Go on!"

But at the last moment, as Henshaw believed her end was near, she gave a last wistful, barely visible smile, to Cinn, and to Rez, then to the captain, and she thought out words, without saying them, *I love you.*

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-06-17, 06:18:04

[Interrogation Room 02 | Brig | Deck 07]

As Miles kept up his pace he began to summon a concentration into his arm. The arm nearest where Riptor held the phaser seemed to shudder for a mere moment as minute arm hairs began to grow from it. Within seconds his arm from the elbow down began to shift under the skin. First a slight adjustment of his radius and ulna as the bones dislocated from the carpals as those 8 small bones in his wrist began to shift slightly followed by the metacarpals and the phalanges of his fingers. He had to hold all of concentration to make the shifting process affect only certain parts of his body so as to not give away his intents. Meanwhile, his mouth was on autopilot as it were servicing his soon to be target as the restraint on his hand slipped over bones and with a flick of his wrist he caught the binding cuffs to retain the illusion of restraint for the moment.

In the seconds that followed his senses were bombarded, sirens blared and the asshole "interrogating" him combined into a cacophony of all of his senses. He found the single moment he had been waiting for when the thunderous booms echoed from outside. In a single motion he let the binding he was holding fall loose and his arm shot up grasping the rapist pilot's wrist immobilizing the phaser from being directed back to his head. With a surge of conscious willpower and adrenaline the Vulpinian forced the shift to take hold with the greatest speed he could muster. With all the will he could his muzzle elongated and teeth rearranged into the muzzle of a pure carnivore before his powerful jaws clamped down at the organ his Vulcine form had moments before been sucking on. With all his might he tore his face away from the vile being, ripping the flesh from his pelvis.

The resulting carnage was far from a pretty sight. What stared Miles in the face now was a mangled and ripped apart tube of blood-spurting flesh that could hardly be recognized as having ever been the primary male sex organ. Miles was far from done making sure this man's lineage ended now. Pouring all of his might into the hand that held Riptor's phaser-holding wrist he sunk his sharp claw-like nails into flesh sinking then down to the spaces between the man's carpal bones causing severe pain. Miles looked up at Riptor and made sure he saw the blood dripping from his muzzle as he swallowed the majority of the mass of what was once his very manhood. Tauntingly he spoke. "Awww," He said in a false and condescending sigh of pity, "I thought you were the kind that would have wanted me to swallow."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-22, 01:00:06

The horror of what happened to Riptor could hardly be described in words, let alone articulated by his pain- and shock-riven mind. His eyes wide in his bearded face, he did not even realise he was screaming - overriding the Vulpinian's taunting words.

Yet for all the pain, he was still trained to act rather than fall apart. He was a large man too, tall and lean, and as much pain as the talons in his wrist caused, his phaser was his only weapon, and he was not going to let go. No, he started shooting - phaser beams cutting through the air in rapid succession while he tried to wrest his arm free from the Vulpinian's grip. Control of the phaser was key to his survival, and his mind had retreated to that very instinct: Survival. He could not flee either, somehow knowing that he was not about to get any help from the outside given the commotion of whatever was going on in the Brig.

So, with mad determination and refusal to give in, he tried to wrestle the captive in order to get the phaser back. At least three times, he thought he had managed to force the muzzle towards Miles before slamming his thumb into the button to discharge the searing energy beam - only to see it cut the furniture and slice into the bulkheads.

At some point, he did not know how it happened, he found himself with Lieutenant-Commander Renard on his back, and he trying to shake the SCO off - slamming them both into the unyielding walls of the interrogation room. He tried to shoot across his own shoulder - defying the grip on his weapon's arm - but he only managed to damage the ceiling and the lights there, making the light stutter in a kind of hellish strobe-effect.

Riptor fought for his life, and struggle was cast in light every odd moment.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-07-04, 05:16:39

The Vulpinian pilot grunted as he felt his back smash harshly into the walls as his once interrogator tried desperately to force him to release his hold. Miles Had had enough of this and had taken his moment to resist and would be damned if he was put down after everything until now. Still the human had a solid grip on the phaser and all Miles could do with it was barely keep his own head from being removed by its searing beam. Riptor would not let the weapon go and miles was beginning to realize that there was little option but to kill or be killed now. As much as miles felt hatred for the man. As much as he wanted to assure Riptor's survival so he could live with the repercussions of his actions, Miles knew that he could no longer settle for the non lethal means of putting down his assailant.

Riptor may have had his feet steady but he was becoming desperate and miles saw his opportunity and took it as the a digitgrade foot slammed firmly into the side of the man's knee. In a near instant the mans knee buckled as pain forced his finger down on the fire button sending a stream of phaser fire into the ceiling then into the far wall as the man began to fall his knee buckling to the side as the triad of ACL, MCL, and medial meniscus tore within his knee. As the man fell miles released the neck for a moment and used the fall to leverage Riptor's elbow. Before he could react to release the trigger the man saw his final sight, a bright orange red light filling his eyes.

The Vulpinian barely had time to react and push Riptor away before the beam cut through the man's head and into his own but somehow he managed. Still the mans death grip on the weapon was too much and the weapon continued to fire now sending a searing beam into the wall next to the supposedly empty interrogation room.

Barely able to breathe from the exertion the near collapsed Vulpinian made his way to the now dead body reached down and used the intensity control to turn the phaser down to its lowest setting before prying the finger off of the firing button. Looking down at the phaser miles sighed a bit of relief as he could tell by the faint scent of burnt circuits that the phaser had probably been less than 10 seconds from a catastrophic overload.

Slowly the Vulpinian got to his feet and made his way towards the door before sighing in aggravation as he saw the doors control panel now had a charred streak running through it from one the now dead human's many wild shots. Knowing time was of the essence and his lover may be seconds away from the fate he almost met he headed over to the door and pried at the seam of the door hoping that he was lucky enough that the shot had shorted out the locking mechanism enough that he could force the door open manually.

by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-26, 09:39:50

[Holding Cell A | Brig | Deck 07]

Despite the blare of the Red Alert and the blinking lights, the rest of the Brig lay silent. No shuffle of feet. Only the sounds of people breathing. In the wake of the Yeoman's words, the silence lingered for those moments where her fate balanced on a knife's edge.

"There is no time for this," said Edena, but her tone was deeper, words succinct and dismissive towards the whole situation. It had to be Jona Rez, and her stance was that of an assertive man's where she stood behind Jien's shoulder. "You clearly can't trust her. You heard Lieutenant Fedd on the bridge. Shoot her or throw her in the Brig for the time being. You need to retake command of this ship and not waste time on this human, so get on with it."

Right in the wake of her - or his - own words, Edena spoke again. Kiya this time. "No! You can't shoot her, Captain. Please, take deep breaths and listen to me. Remember those words Vasser spoke on the bridge. About mind-melds. It could be that T'Rena - his second-in-command - has turned her against you, and that her mind can be restored. She might not be the traitor you think she is, and she raises a lot of good points."

Baring his teeth, Jien blinked a couple of times - rigid stance remaining. If she was a traitor, the betrayal ran deep. But did that give him any right to forsake what Starfleet stood for? According to Jona, he had to stop standing for morals and ethics that would damn the crew in the face of the opposition. He had thought that Wenn Cinn would offer some kind of defence for Cameron's part and make things easier, to advise him in the matter of her innocence or the lack thereof, but it seemed the Bajoran did not want to interfere. Perhaps he saw merit in both claims... but Jien wanted to be proven wrong. Oh, he wanted to be wrong about Cam despite the evidence of Sjaandin's words. Jien's head hurt and it felt like he was breathing through a straw. Edena had told him he had symptoms of the sudden access to air and that it made it hard to think straight. His scowl remained, phaser pointed towards Cameron's chest, but he had to make a decision. Her tears, and her words, her overall defiance to her fate... It thawed the icy fortifications around his heart, just as a cramp in his hand made the muzzle of his phaser shake.

"Captain." It was Jona Rez again - stepping up next to Jien and glancing towards the Yeoman as if she was just a pretty little liability - Edena's eyes turned cold before she looked to Jien's profile again. "The crew needs you. She could be an example that shows that you are every bit as assertive as Vasser. Winterbourne died so that Vasser could demonstrate the absolute necessity of his cause and make people follow him in fear. This human can be y-"

"No," said Jien at last, interrupting Jona as his stance unlocked. His phaser held vertically in height of his shoulder, he was backing away a few steps from Cameron too - swallowing down the bile in his throat. "I believe her. She has no motive being here, and so far, there are no sign of an ambush... Most importantly, I will not stoop to murdering someone in a misguided way to earn loyalty. Such vile methods are beneath even you, old man." In a way, Jona had put things in perspective. Jien was better than the Starfleet Intelligence Officer. The oxygen toxicity was receding, and his mind was clearing up by the second. He looked towards his First Officer, now understanding the reasons for why Edena wanted to resign her position.

"Whether or not she lives or dies does not matter to me," said Jona, making Edena's mien hard as he met the reproach in Jien's stare. "The mission comes first, and if I compel you to stick to your moral

code or not is secondary to the necessity that you reclaim the command of this ship. Therefore, I suggest you do so before it's too late. The Red Alert has been sounded, and that means the Calamity is here - about to attack this ship as it stands divided inside. This one woman is not worth the lives of the rest of your crew and the mission to Starbase 84. Wake up, *Captain Ives*, and do your part."

Then, as a kind of punctuation, Joan drained from Edena's frame. Looking at her, Jien clenched his jaw in acknowledgement that she had been right about wanting to step down. Yet he said nothing, and looked back to Cam instead, his face softening somewhat. "I am sorry. I believe you," he said, and his own mere words made him feel more confident about that, even if there would be a lot of things to repair between them after their current ordeal. There was only one... singular thing he had to ask, even if Jona might be right about the Calamity. "But... why did Sjaandin Fedd vouch for you on the Bridge?"

Post by: Triage on 2015-06-26, 20:12:03

When the phaser pistol pulled away from her heart, Henshaw gasped so loudly, it was as if she had been drowning and was abruptly given access to oxygen. And it was the case, because in the tense minute that ensued as her fate hung in the air, and she willingly put her fate and life in the hands of Captain Ives, she held her breath, waiting, and when the decision was made, even more emotions came to the forefront, and she stepped back as well, mimicking the captain's actions. She raised a hand over her mouth, as she covered it, hiding how open it was while she cried openly. She was going to be absolutely exhausted when all this was over, and she reckoned she would simply sleep wherever was comfortable enough the second she had the chance for it.

But she stiffened again, when in almost the same breath where he told her that he believed her, he also asked about why Fedd vouched for her on the bridge. And to be perfectly honest, even Henshaw wondered about that. She shook her head slightly, and tried to compose herself. Yet the memories of that extremely passionate moment in the steam-pools insinuated themselves into her inner-eye like a rude reminder that for all the pain he caused her, she still did not wish death for him. But, like many others now, he too was dead. "He misinterpreted my friendliness and openness as being receptive to twisted ideals that I was not aware were behind his words at the time. So he assumed that I was on board with him..."

Henshaw waved her hands about, and shook her head, "W-we can discuss this later in greater detail, captain, but Commander Rez is correct; the absolute priority right now is restoring you to command of the *Theurgy* so that we may have an adequate chance of survival against the *Calamity*." Her accent came on strong, a clear and visible shift from her usual casual manner of speaking. She glanced about searchingly. Most of the rescuers had been very silent throughout the time that she, Ives and Rez spoke, probably to accord them a moment to set the air clear on the matter of Henshaw's loyalties. Now however, "Are there any other prisoners we need to free? We need to get the *Theurgy* and the *Harbinger* working together, and we'll need as many people as possibly to be on board with us in dealing with the *Calamity*."

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-06-27, 06:50:48

Cinn let Captain Ives take his phaser, he did not think that things would go as poorly as that had, but he knew the benefit of getting things out in the open and talking them out, if he had simply disarmed the captain and subdued him things would have likely been quite hostile among them here, but now, with how things were going, he needed to step in and give his take on the situation. Of course Cinn knew he needed to take a show that he was behind Cameron with this one, and did it as quickly as he could or else something might happen that they all regretted.

Cinn stepped in between the captain and his yeoman locking eyes with his friend and Captain he spoke in his stern strong voice. "Captain, I know you have had a lot of time to sit in that cell and think about the events on the bridge, but you have to keep in mind that maybe what was said on the bridge might have been done to make you question who you could trust? Maybe they lied to you to make you think you could not trust those close to you, Captain you have been locked away and left under a lot of stress Captain, you need to try and think more clearly about what is happening."

Cinn placed one hand on Ives shoulder and with his other hand he began to gently try reclaim his weapon from his captain. "Captain, you know the type of man I am, the things I will do for this ship, doing the things you cannot. Knowing this Captain do you think that I would ever allow your yeoman to survive?" He cocked his head as he looked at Ives. "Captain, you need to also keep in mind that you have been kept prisoner on your own ship, I am sure if Dr.Nicanr was here he would instruct you to stand down and just come with us, because we need to escape, we can sort out who did what later."

Cinn placed his hands on the Ives shoulders and shook his Captain. "Now as your yeoman has stated captain we do not have the time to discuss this, we need to get you out of here NOW. Otherwise his rescue will have been for nothing, if you would like Cameron can remain here with us and be beamed out on the second wave, otherwise she is going back with you, and you can sort things out later, but I need my phaser back sir...I would rather you agree and we get out of here, instead of me deeming you unfit to command right now and pull rank." Wenn Cinn had a look of slight worry as he did not want to throw around his weight too much for the greater good, he would rather things flow smoothly as he spoke softly. "We are all of Theurgy here."

Looking back to Cameron he shook his head no. "This is everyone, I did not see anyone else that needs to be taken, they must have been putting people in their rooms until they could be turned, keep all the loyal crew from meeting up with each other I would imagine." Reaching into his pocket Cinn pulled out the com badge. "Here Captain, just use this to contact the shuttle and beam yourself out with Rez." He looked to Rez. "I am sorry I could not give you any attention, but pressing matters and all that, I am sure you understand. Now please, you and Cameron get together with the Captain and beam out of here, we will cover the escape and follow you out shortly."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-01, 23:32:33

Jien listened to Cam when she spoke of Sjaandin Fedd and his reasons, and it was plain to him that it... was somewhat of a sensitive subject. Nonetheless, it did not reflect on Cam's innocence, since if she had wanted to hide something, she'd have every kind of way to lie about it. The matter of urgency on the ship was apparent, even if Jien felt keenly how Edena and himself had been isolated from the progress of the retaliation against Declan Vasser and T'Rena.

His old comrade, Cinn, came up to him next - the immediate hostile situation having abated. Jien had no doubt the Bajoran would have acted earlier if the situation was not as strange as it was - Edena Rez and her many hosts merely one part of it all. Cinn had the right of it when he said he needed to clear his head, and Jien nodded quietly as he handed back the phaser he had stolen from the Chief of Security. His head still hurt, but his vision was not impaired by the flash bang they had suffered earlier. Breathing was coming easier, and he blinked hard - focusing on what Cinn said.

Then, Cinn spoke of what he was prepared to do for the ship and maintaining its chain-of-command. The Bajoran said he would not have let Cam live if Jien's accusations had any merit. It struck Jien why Cinn had been silent then. Of course, the grizzled occupation-fighter had listened, watched and judged the woman's innocence in the light of Jien's words. Evidence that was, in the end, no more than the

words of another traitor. Jien met his comrade's stare squarely, and while he had a thing or two to say about the lengths to which the Bajoran would walk to see justice and mission served - like how he had ordered Cinn to not resort to torturing Sonja Acreth for information - none of it was not their current priority.

"Keep your phaser, old friend, and no need to worry. You and your Prophets want me back in command as much as I. There is a madman in my chair, and I mean to throw him out of it." As he said this, he turned from Wenn Cinn and appraised the rest of the team that had come to the Brig, nodding his head to them - quickening thoughts running through his head. Cam spoke up, asking if there were other prisoners, and that made Jien frown towards the other holding cells. Wenn Cinn spoke up before he could.

"This is everyone, I did not see anyone else that needs to be taken, they must have been putting people in their rooms until they could be turned, keeping all the loyal crew from meeting up with each other I would imagine."

"My gratitude," said Jien, accepting the combadge and speaking up after getting the instructions about the shuttle. "There were two more prisoners here, just a short while ago. Lieutenant Commander Renard and the Asurian, Petty Officer Cardamone. They are not in their cell so they must be close. Check the interrogation rooms. If you locate Miles, relay my order for him to head to the hangar. Have him rally the Lone-Wolves. If the Calamity is inbound, we need them in their cockpits."

"You bet you do, Captain," said the dust-covered Câroon, giving Jien a wolf grin. *Axius vel Onea*, he recalled, which was a sign the oxygen toxicity symptoms were abating.

Jien gave the man a nod and glanced towards Edena, who stepped closer - ready to leave as well. She had been looking at Cinn, Jien noticed, and it was impossible to tell what may have been left unsaid between the Trill and the Bajoran. Jien led the way over to Cam, thumbing the combadge in his calloused hand. "Captain Ives to shuttle, three to beam out. Energise." He turned his oaken eyes to Cinn before the transporter envelope closed around them. "When you are done here, head to the bridge. I will meet you there."

And then, they vanished... just as the security force outside began to cut through the door from the security gate - an unknown number of Vasser Loyalists about to enter the Brig in force.

Post by: Triage on 2015-07-05, 14:53:45

The time had come to leave. While Cinn and Ives spoke momentarily, Henshaw made overt movements, making sure everyone could see what she was doing, because emotions and tensions were still in the air even though she had, at the least, dealt with the most surface emotions and situations between herself and the captain, whom she was finally willing to admit openly to herself, she was growing to love, as unorthodox as the whole thing might be in time to come. She retrieved her own phaser pistol, and after a moment's thought, handed it over to Ives. He needed to be armed, and she believed him to be far better with it than she was. Since he returned the weapon he used moments ago to the Bajoran, he would need something on hand.

Wordlessly, she moved to stand close to him, and soon felt the familiar nauseating experience of being dematerialized by a transporter beam, and her field of vision blurred...

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-01, 23:32:33

[Lower Shuttle Bay | Deck 07

Inside the shuttle, Jien Ives inclined his head to the man by the controls, who turned around in his chair long enough to give a cursory salute. Then the shuttle rocked on its landing gears. Jien raised his hands to try and help his First Officer and his Yeoman to remain on their feet. The loyal crewman spoke up in the wake of an explosion in the navigational control panel - smoke quickly filling the compartment. "Sorry, Captain. We are compromised and taking heavy fire. Shields are at 48 %. I suggest you beam out of here and quickly so. Where do you want to go?"

Truth to his claim, Jien could see a couple of mutineers through the view screen - shooting with phaser rifles at the shimmering energy cocoon around the shuttle. "Deal suppressive fire and give Wenn Cinn and his men some time to beam back from the Brig, then you leave with him immediately. If the shuttle can't take any more, you need to leave as well. Beam yourself to the Flight Hangar and help getting the Valkyries ready for combat."

Jien turned to Cam, Edena behind his shoulder. "Did you and Cinn have a plan for where to go from here? Then by all means, do tell." Hopefully, Cam knew what was best since she had not been locked away.

Post by: Triage on 2015-07-05, 14:53:45

T taking a cue from Commander Cinn, she moved to stand protectively in front of Ives, phaser cutter tool in hand, ready to use offensively against anyone that would spring a surprise on them. But there was only one of the deck hands loyal to Ives who turned and saluted, then gave a brief status update. Edena Rez had also quietly moved to stand in a flanking position with Ives, acting in silent agreement with Henshaw's choice. The captain was their absolute priority, and they'd give their lives for him without hesitation.

When the shuttle shook, both women gripped any nearby support to keep stable. When Ives asked Henshaw if they had a plan, she briefly looked upwards, thinking, then quickly looked back at him, "Yes, we sort of did."

She nodded to the deck hand, "Beam us back to Below Decks, we'll make our next move from there."

Turning back to Ives, she nodded and gestured to the transporter pads, "Captain." Taking a position in front of him, she nodded at Rez, who again was in silent agreement with her, and was on the opposite flank in front of Ives. Henshaw said to the deck hand, "Energize."

Red made a rather uncomfortable expression, as she was not fond of transporters, because of the potential risk they had to the symbiont, what more with the fact that her joining was not proper or complete, and had...complications. She could see the former Rez hosts all looking similarly disconcerted, even Jona. At any other time, it might have been funny, if the situation wasn't as unfunny as it was.

[Below Decks | Deck 07]

Once they materialized, Henshaw immediately scanned their immediate surroundings for anything unexpected, "Hold on, captain..." she stepped forward and held a hand backwards at Ives, her phaser cutter in her other hand held forward, while Rez, momentarily closing her eyes, reopened them, and there was a clearly different presence than Edena's. Jona was in control. Moving cautiously, but confidently about, he scanned the surroundings through Edena's eyes, and finally nodded at the

others.

"Clear." Jona said, Edena's feminine voice contorting strangely to give a deeper, lower tone. "Let's not waste too much time here."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-06, 11:40:41

Having materialised in the back room of the ship's lounge, Captain Ives checked the power level in the Type II phaser that his Yeoman had given him. While his head still hurt, and his worries for Wenn Cinn and the brave crew members who had liberated him, he had to push his concerns from his thoughts and focus on the mission, not to mention the pending battle against the Calamity. His crew were capable and, perhaps, more loyal than he had come to believe. Somehow, he had to place his faith in the fact that they were not themselves - turned against him by Vulcan mind-conditioning.

His First Officer and his Yeoman checked the back area of Below Decks, finding no hostile threats, and Jien nodded before setting his steps out into the main area of the ship's lounge. There, several crew members were present. Some armed, and some injured. It looked like a triage area and a base camp for a resistance movement, and while the armed presence alarmed Jien for the first couple of seconds, the smiles and cheers that erupted next verified that his Yeoman had chosen wisely. It was a good choice for a stronghold since it was quite easily defended. Evidently, the rescue attempt must have sprung from this location on the ship, and more people were arriving even as he stood there.

Staying, however, was not an option.

"The Red Alert means 'all hands to battle stations'," he said, walking to the centre of the lounge, and then he changed.. to her female form, and while her words were chiding, there was warmth in her demeanour as well, "and I hardly think Starfleet officers do battle in the crew lounges of their ships. Those too injured to move stays here, hold this area for us and await medical personnel. The rest, follow me as we take up arms, for the Red Alert means that the Calamity means to end us all, regardless who might be in command and who has remained loyal to their captain. Report to your duty stations now, and we'll stand our ground against this huntress. We will bring her down once and for all!"

With her phaser at her side, Captain Ives walked out of the ship's lounge without looking back, but she was confident she had not been dismissed, for the roused cheers and the shuffle of movement followed in her wake. With each step of her grim stride, the surge of a united effort spread from the centre of the ship.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-08, 23:58:22

[Brig | Deck 07]

After the Captain and First Officer beamed out together with Cameron, Axius and Lieutenant-Commander Wenn had little time to coordinate their own extraction from the Brig. The Captain had said that there were two more prisoners and that they could be in the interrogation rooms, which belayed them from immediately following in Ives' wake. If there were prisoners in the interrogation rooms, then they ought to at least try to get them out. Especially if it was his Squadron Commanding Officer, Axius thought.

"I'll check the first one, so cover me," called Quake as he raised the muzzle of his rifle to the ceiling and started to tap at the Brig's duty station with a grime-covered and tattooed hand. The opposition was making a push through the door of the security gate, but there were enough manpower present to keep them from getting through. Cameron had unlocked the duty station so Axius could bring up the live surveillance feed from Interrogation Room 02. There, he could see the body of... could it be Riptor? The beard belonged to someone he knew from the Harbinger's fighter squadron. Then he saw movement at the bottom of the monitor, and he could make out Miles there - prying at the door.

"Renard is here, unlocking the door for him," called Axius and navigated himself to the lock of the door on their side of the interrogation room. He pushed the button and stepped out in front of the interrogation room with a hand raised in a gesture for Miles to not shoot.

"Fox, we are getting you out of here. The Captain has already been extracted. We were told there was another - Cardamone - do you know where she is being held? We don't know how much longer we can hold this room. If you think she is in one of the interrogation rooms, which one should I open?"

The state-of-clothing and general appearance of the Vulpinian after all he had likely been through concerned Quake, but there was hardly any time to dwell on his well-being given the circumstances. "As soon as we have her, we need to get out of here," he said as he moved back to the duty station, "I have the combadge that will take us out."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-07-10, 22:34:34

Ironically, given the other wolf's reaction of holding up a hand in a gesture not to shoot, Miles had nothing on him that he would have been able to shoot with, a situation he planned to rectify immediately having heard the commotion in the other interrogation room before the raid on the brig had begun. "Good to see you Quake," he said walking over to where a dropped type-two phaser lay, picking it up and checking the energy cell and adjusting the setting. "And I have this," he said walking over to the adjacent door and speaking into the panel. "Unlock and open interrogation room door authorization Renard, Miles, Bravo Charlie Four Two Eight Four."

The door acknowledging his command opened revealing a very surprised Klingon straddling the subdued Asurian. The Klingon had no time to react as the Vulpinian raised the weapon and fired. The phaser beam hit the Klingon in the chest knocking him back and breaking his contact with the winged officer. The Vulpinian looked to his fellow pilot and added, "It's on a high stun. The other would 'a been too if I had been the one who had control of the phaser when it had been fired." Miles said explaining that the phaser bored hole in Riptor's head was not Miles own action but the result of a setting the one now dead had set the phaser to. "I'll grab Dyan; you can take care of the transport," he said as he ran into the room and grabbed the combadge from the Klingon's chest planning to reconfigure it to himself once he had a few seconds to spare.

Quake was needless to say surprised at how given the clear abuse his commander had sustained he had taken charge of the situation once given the opportunity to quite quickly.

Miles looked to the Asurian who once again seemed in a state between another time and place and the present. "It's me, Miles; we're getting out of here."

She nodded seeming to be in a state barely comprehending the world around her at the moment. "The...Captain?" She managed to ask.

"Already extracted, they are waiting on us." Miles said looking to Quake and nodding before walking

out the door with the Asurian in tow entering a few quick commands into the door panel causing it to shut and lock again.

Axius tapped his badge, "Axius to shuttle, lock onto my combadge and the combadge registered to Zaraq, five to beam out immediately." In less than a second's time The Lone-Wolves, Dyan Cardamone, Wenn Cinn and the remaining deck hands dematerialized - leaving the brig behind.

[Lower Shuttle Bay | Deck 07]

The group rematerialized within the confines of a rapidly deteriorating shuttle craft. Miles first order of business was a quick reconfiguration of the combadge that had moments ago belonged to the Klingon now stunned and locked in an interrogation room. Looking over to his fellow wolf he began issuing a few orders. Speaking primarily to the Bajoran security chief. "Quake I need you in your fighter A-sap. I apologize for stealing him from you, Cinn, but I need all the wolves in their fighters that can be found in case launch orders are given."

Hearing this, Quake nodded, giving his badge to Wenn Cinn and speaking to the operator, asking for a beam out before he disappeared back into the energy stream of the transporter to materialize within the fighter bay. Meanwhile, the shuttle shook as it was under heavy fire from mutineers, but the shields still held for the time being.

Miles continued, having stepped off the transporter pad along with the winged woman who was seeming to regain focus. He spoke to Wenn Cinn again. "As for Dyan, the effects of the mind meld on her have been psychologically catastrophic. She seems to be in a mental state reliving aspects of her past. I advise getting her to medical immediately for psychological care. I'm sorry for dumping her on you but I have somewhere to go myself. " He then spoke to the shuttle operator, walking back onto the pad. "If you can, please transport me directly to my office in the fighter bay. Energize."

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-07-17, 05:48:58

With everything that was unfolding Cinn just remained silent and let things unfold as he and his team rounded up the last of the people from around the brig and began their withdrawal from the brig before anyone could break in. He had the com badge activated and the last of the evacuation team and any other people beamed back to the shuttle where they would be able to gather together and decide what they would be doing from his point on.

As they all stood in the shuttle and planned for their next course of action Cinn stood back and listened to the plan that was unfolding, he had to nod in agreement that the last people should beam back to the fighter bay to get on with what they did best. "Alright, I will beam you down to the fighter bay. I will then beam down to Deck 7 and see about the condition of the Sickbay and see about dropping Dyan off there to get proper care, I am sure that Dr. Maya would know something about repairing the damage done through a mind meld. Of course if I find that the Sickbay is no longer under our control I will bring her back to Below Decks, she will be much safer here than if she were to go anywhere else."

Cinn went to the console for the shuttles beaming to make adjustments to the system. I will beam you over to the fighter bay Miles, just take care alright, we are going to need as much of this crew alive through all of this if we stand any chance of survival." He then began the beaming process. "Take care Miles." He activated the beam and the world shimmered out for Miles before slowly reforming as he was materialized within the office at the fighter bay.

Back in the shuttle Cinn walked over to Dyan and put a calming hand on her shoulder. "Dyan, I am going to take you to Sickbay, we will have Doctor Maya look take you and see if she can help you recover, but I need you to remain calm and wait while I get some things set up for us." Cinn patted Dyan's shoulder before he turned to the console for the transporter and he input a destination on a less traveled part of Deck 7 so they could get in without being detected. After that he prepared the computer for an automatic beam out before he turned and headed for the main console of the shuttle.

Cinn left the beaming controls completely unsupervised while he began to write out the commands for the shuttle for after he and Dyan beamed out. He set it up to power down all systems and cleared the transporter logs so that the captain could not be found so easily. Once that had been done the shuttle would power down and open up for the mutineers, he could risk the shuttle to simply buy them time. They were not able to just go to a station and restock on supplies any longer, if they lost this shuttle they would be going without it for the rest of their mission. They needed to conserve resources and be smart with what little they had. Of course while Cinn was doing all of this he was not paying any attention to Dyan, as far as he was concerned she was just going to be a tag along with him until he dropped her off, as she was he did not think she would be much to handle. After all of this he was going to need to head to the bridge and try and meet up with other loyalist crew that he could rally them to retake the ship for the Captain, or perhaps he could meet up with the distraction team he had sent out and provide assistance. Whatever happened he figured he could sort it out later, the captain as sure to understand he figured.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-19, 22:49:16

The idea to let Zaraq take advantage of her body so that she may catch him unawares had backfired on Sar-unga, because once the great Klingon had spread her legs and pushed that ridged hardness into her, she had found herself at his mercy, but what had been most humiliating was the fact that she had - somehow - been wanting him. At least to the point of finding herself wet and perfectly ready for him once he began to thrust into her. He was too strong for her, and he... he felt far better than she could have imagined. Those ridges on his cock had been sawing across her clitoris right from the start, so when the noise came from the Brig and Zaraq had been distracted, she had missed the opportunity entirely - mind riding the euphoria he was giving her.

She saw his neck. Exposed. The moment had come, and she struggled to get her bearings. The time to strike. Why was she just lying there, breathless?

It did not last, however, for while her body may have wanted Zaraq to continue, the sliding doors opened and she saw the silhouette of Miles Renard in the doorway - raising a phaser to shoot Zaraq. The Klingon flew backwards - his glistening length ripped out of her body. The sense of loss was immediate, but her wits were returning to her to fill the emptiness. Miles was talking to someone else, then entered the interrogation room to help her. It was Miles, wasn't it? Her mind was not entirely restored from that Vulcan's vile touch.

He told her the Captain was freed already, and that they were getting out.

[Later | Lower Shuttle Bay | Deck 07]

Miles was the only one she could recognise until he named the other figures around her - figures hailing from her past but revived in the waking nightmare she endured. Wenn Cinn was a name she was familiar with, having served with him during the past couple of days. The Theurgy's Chief of Security was a capable Bajoran, so when Miles wanted to leave her in his care, she did not protest, nodding as she seated herself next to the shuttle operator. Her emerald green eyes scanned the

situation outside, gauging how soon the mutineers would get through the shields, and then turned to see Miles beam off to do his duty.

"I will be fine," she protested to the Vulpinian before he left, baring her teeth at him - not ready to resign herself to the Counselor when there was a fight on their hands. He may have been right, she needed help, but now was not the time. Wenn Cinn came over and patted her shoulder, and while he wore the face of an enemy she had killed decades ago, she noted that his mannerisms were too respectful, and fit the Bajoran that she had faced Sonja Acreth with. She was not normally self-conscious, but so soon after the fight with Zaraq, she found herself bundling up the tattered rags of her uniform jacket and undershirt over her chest in a white-knuckled fist.

She might have nodded when he said he'd take her to Sickbay, but already, her mind was on the one prey she meant to bring down. She saw Lieutenant-Commander Wenn beam everyone out and lock on to the destination on the transporter controls. When he turned away, she knew what she would do. With her free hand, she typed out a query to Thea, hoping the ship's computer - however sentient or corrupted as it could have become - could provide her with assistance.

LOCATE COMMODORE DECLAN VASSER

She sent it, and glanced towards the Bajoran's back. They were alone, and she was not sure what his priorities were, but she knew her own. She did not have to wait long for the reply on the monitor.

LOCATION UNKNOWN. NO COMMUNICATION LOCK ESTABLISHED. INTERNAL SENSORS INDICATE DECK 04 AT 92.345 % LIKELIHOOD. PRESENT HEADING: CAPTAIN'S YACHT. WARNING: SUBJECT IS A GENETICALLY ENHANCED HUMAN, GENERALLY REFERRED TO AS AN 'AUGMENT'.

Dyan did not know what an Augment was, but the term was familiar from some course she had taken when enlisting in Starfleet. It did not matter. The human had betrayed her trust on the bridge, ordered her mind raped and had her end up corrupted by her own gruesome past. He had thrown her into the Brig without even blinking despite what had happened between them during *Lohlunat*, and it had led to her being violated by her trusted crewmate on the Harbinger. It would not stand. She had killed for far less reasons.

Before the Bajoran got back, she had typed in a new destination on the transporter controls.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 25: Restoration

[A Vulcan Subconscious | Mind-Meld | Niga | Mahéwa System]

The botanist saw herself from above, threading the undergrowth of the planet Niga. She failed to determine the cause for why she was there again, and why she was disembodied from herself. She remembered having been in Sickbay on orders from Captain T'Rena, and she knew Niga had been destroyed. Therefore, she supposed she was seeing the past - like a lucent dream. *Why this place?*

Then she saw the violet flowers that her figure stopped to examine, and she knew.

They looked so harmless, but she remembered the scent of them all too well. The memory made her feel it again. The flowers remained perfectly still but for a light stir caused by the wind that coursed through the tropical forest area, but she knew better. It was dormant. Patient. The nature of the plant would not suggest any kind of sentience - would not react to anything outside its evolutionary doctrine - but kept spreading its pollen into the air. It did not hint at what was to come - the chain of events that evolution had dictated. Thick and sweet the scent was, and it would wear down any kind of defences - any inhibitions that might shelter the primitive minds and desires of animal or humanoid. Cir'Cie saw herself scanning the plants slowly with the tri-corder. She remembered that she was doing her best to have cold unmoving logic dominate the more primitive feelings that were slowly taking root in her mind.

"Cir'Cie to science team, I think I found some interesting plants, this flower seems to exhibit some aphrodisiac properties, and might have other medical uses. Should I collect some seed pods?" She realised she was seeing herself out of the eyes of the Niga flora - remembering her own intoxication. Her actions against the Theurgy crew after what was about to happen in that glade. Underneath the surface of glade, its body began to shift ever so slowly - its vines that filled the trunks of the trees slithering out into the canopy. Hidden to the naked eye. Cir'Cie could not look away. *It is merely a dream*, she told herself.

[Science team to Cir'Cie, this is Lt. Gladstone,] came a male voice over the static. The plants possessed no sense of hearing, yet the noises thrummed against their sensitive petals. [An aphrodisiac? I am surprised you of all people would detect something like that... In a way, it is the last thing that the crew needs right now, and yet in another way, I reckon it might be what it needs the most. Collect the seed pods, by all means. Gladstone out.]

All the while the noise lasted, the plant kept spewing its pollen into the air; wearing down the prey's will-power. The plant knew, Cir'Cie realised, that timing was the pinnacle of its own survival. It had pollinated the dangerous humanoids before - millennia ago. The experience was integrated with its evolution; as it stood the victor over the native people of Niga... now utterly now extinct. Cir'Cie knew not how the impressions of the flora's nature had been transferred to her, but she knew when it had happened, and it was playing out before her eyes.

"Lt. Gladstone," the vision of herself said in stoic retort. "I'd think an officer of your rank would have the maturity to realize that mental discipline and biology are two separate things. I can sense the effects the plant is having, that hardly means I'm tempted to give in to its influence. Cir'Cie out." Then the past

self of hers withdrew a small pocket knife and began to carefully sever the seed pods one by one. Her attention focused solely on ensuring both the plant and pods remain intact with minimal damage. She placed the pods in a small pouch.

It was already too late, for Cir'Cie saw that the vines had come to hung lower and lower from the canopy overhead - moving slowly enough for the movement to not be caught in an animal's peripheral vision. It was a careful process. Lesser plants than the Niga flora had a kind of nervous system that allowed them to catch flies before they flew away, and this plant was no different - only far stronger. In the span of a millisecond, two thick vines latched themselves around Cir'Cie's arms - strong enough to bruise the skin underneath the fabric layer that concealed it. And when those two vines found the prey, the rest of the vines above whipped in to squirm their way down along them - a leathery sound marking their speed.

In but three seconds, the dozens of vines were coursing down the humanoid's raised arms - two of them slithering down inside the edge of her shirt's collar. As the vines made contact, Cir'Cie was no longer an outside spectator - instead reliving the past. She was already being hoisted up into the air, and the tricorder falling down into the mud below her feet, where the ground was shifting too; thick whipping stems rising - flaying wet dirt around themselves. Four of them appeared around her legs, and upon contact, they tightened themselves like ropes around her calves, ankles and hips...

As one, thousands of violet flowers turned their open petals in the prey's direction, and they all spewed the intoxicating sweet scent towards her - the centre of concentration being right where the vines had ensnared Cir'Cie. Yet the vines were not alone in looking at her. Cir'Cie she saw the other Vulcan standing in the undergrowth - seemingly unaffected by the flowers - a shard of reality in the madness that was ensuing.

It was Doctor Maya, facing Cir'Cie where she hung in the air. "Doctor?" croaked Cir'Cie despite herself, the added confusion of her being present confirming that there was no time-displacement - only a vivid dream of a traumatic event. What was the other Vulcan doing there? She vaguely remembered having fought her. It was not entirely easy focusing when vines were crawling into the openings of her uniform - tearing the seams. The scent was not real, and the effects it would have only a memory - not a fact. It made the violation she had suffered more grim, since there was no true arousal to break down any mental defences. Nothing to make her compliant.

As strange as it seemed, it was not the first time she re-experienced Niga. It was the same dream she'd had numerous times since the incident, yet the dreams had never felt so real. It was the greatest horror she had experienced, and Doctor Maya had never been present before. The addition was... interesting.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-04-24, 01:13:50

Maya grimaced as the sensation of the vines enveloping Cir'Cie's body stimulated her pallid skin. It was an inconvenient truth that a mind meld meant that memories, even unpleasant memories were shared. Fortunately, as a surrogate back on Vulcan, Maya had been trained to compartmentalize her thoughts in order to minimize psychic contamination. Maya focused on isolating Cir'Cie's sense memories in order to focus on the present. The green blooded physician was here to free Cir'Cie from her delusions, not to succumb to them.

It was unfortunate that Maya hadn't socialized with Cir'Cie. Ever since she left her homeworld almost two hundred and thirty three years ago, Maya had stayed away from other Vulcans. She had never considered herself fully accepted by her people and had therefore avoided them. That was completely

unnecessary in this day and age. After being a part of the United Federation of planets for over two centuries, the Vulcan people were no longer the intolerant, traditionalist, controlling civilization she remembered. As citizens of the Federation, modern Vulcans were allowed to be individuals. As a child of the Federation, it was unlikely that Cir'Cie would judge Maya as harshly as the Vulcans the doctor remembered. Unfortunately, Maya had made no effort to forge a bond with Cir'Cie, even though she was her personal physician. Hopefully this wouldn't complicate freeing her from T'Rena's influence.

Maya filtered out the other woman's tactile memories, and focused on the other sensations such as sight, sound, smell and taste. Everything she seemed to be experiencing was an illusion anyway: In reality the two Vulcans were in sickbay; Cir'Cie lying on a biobed; Maya leaning over her. Everything Maya perceived at this moment either came from her own mind or Cir'Cie's.

The older Vulcan was prepared for Cir'Cie's memory of Niga. She had planned to bring her patient to this particular memory all along but Cir'Cie was already revisiting this event herself. Satisfactory. It was likely that the patient's own subconscious was pursuing the argument Doctor Maya intended.

"Cir'Cie," Maya called out. "Ensign Cir'Cie, it is Doctor Maya. I need you to listen to me. I need you to concentrate on the sound of my voice. Block out the sensation of the vines. They are illusionary. You need to free yourself from the illusions. Can you do that?"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-04-25, 11:21:56

"Free myself," Cir'Cie said to herself as she once more found herself helpless - at the complete mercy of the flora. She remembered feeling herself becoming more and more aroused, her mind clouded by the intoxicating scent in the glade. Focusing her thoughts, taking the advise from the Doctor, she did her best to struggle more and attempt to break free. Yet as illusionary as the vines really were, the memories were vivid to her. Unlike humans and other species, she remembered more from the Incident - her memory engrams somehow more resilient to Dr. Nicander's antidote. "I can't, Doctor. They still appear quite real to me. It would appear that I cannot ignore the effects upon me. This happened to me once, and my meditations have not been able to suppress the memories of this day."

And the scent of the flowers around her were becoming more real to her as well - the spores filling her nostrils and affecting her body. As aroused as she was feeling, she still wanted to believe Maya - that she could still escape. She was Vulcan, and though she was a mere botanist, she was strong. She bared her teeth and yanked at the vines, but they were too strong. Those that had curled around her hips had found where her undershirt and trousers met, and the plant knew the prey to be caught, the struggles not a threat for it to proceed with the pollination.

Cir'Cie was lifted higher into the air, but it was not only the vines that had grasped her arms and legs that pulled at her. Even the vines that had slipped down her collar was curling upwards, and her uniform was ripped in the seams as they were peeled upwards. Cir'Cie felt her uniform jacket, undershirt and bra bundle up underneath her armpits. The vines around her lower body might have given leeway for their prey to be hoisted from the ground, but as her legs were being spread, those that had reached the hem of her panties and trousers also curled down along with those that pulled her legs straight. The result was that her buttocks, hips and thighs were bared. The pull was not meant to injure the prey, since the plant needed her alive, but it was not the least gentle, and Cir'Cie gasped - the jungle's humid air touching her exposed body.

"I... cannot come free," she said to Maya, heart-rate elevated. There was no rush for the Niga flora any more. The vines slithered around her bare skin, the touch stroking Cir'Cie's suppressed feelings of

arousal. "It would appear my mind is trapped in the memory, and I am unable to deny the existence of this place. I know the planet was destroyed, but it is still here, inside my mind."

As she said this to Maya, a new kind of vine - thick and slippery - descended out of the canopy above - swaying and dripping on its way down before the Cir'Cie's face. She could not ignore the notion that it stared upon her through the needle-point eye at the end.

"It is going to happen again..." she said, her flat voice lowered in resignation to her fate - passionless green eyes returning the stare of the phallic vine. "I am not strong enough to break free. Please, leave me to my fate, Doctor."

As if it noticed consent in her words... the vine descended, slithering against her breasts. It went down her abdomen, scenting the secretions between her thighs. It searched... prodding, smearing her body with its natural lubricant. Cir'Cie refrained from meeting Doctor Maya's eyes, closing them and steeling herself against what was to come. What she was failed to realise was how the Niga flora did not just represent her memories... but the hold that Captain T'Rena had upon her mind. She was unable to understand how trapped she truly was.

All the while, the scent fermented the air in the glade, whilst the phallic vine aligned itself to get the leverage it need - about to squirm its way inside Cir'Cie.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-05-01, 03:22:19

Maya groaned and shuddered as Cir'Cie relived the memory of her violation. A number of vines were surrounding the little doctor and slithering across her body as well. To deny Cir'Cie's current thoughts utterly would cut off contact, ending communication between the two women and leaving them back where they started. Maya's heart rate sped up to match Cir'Cie's as she blinked tears out of her large hazel eyes. The heady aroma of the pollen may have been illusionary, but it was real enough to cause a psychosomatic response in the older Vulcan.

The little physician closed her eyes and brought to mind the scent of the incense she used during meditation. She thought of the comforting solitude of the isolation chamber where she had Lahkesis had shared an intimate moment.

"I... cannot come free," Cir'Cie stammered as Maya struggled to slow her rapid heartbeat and deny the arousal that the other woman's memories invoked. *"It would appear my mind is trapped in the memory, and I am unable to deny the existence of this place. I know the planet was destroyed, but it is still here, inside my mind."*

"Ensign you cannot surrender," Maya implored her in a voice that was impressively calm. Only the volume indicated the urgency. "Too many people are depending on you."

Cir'Cie was capitulating. Of course she was. It was the path of least resistance. It was the healthy and logical thing to do in the long run.

The Vulcan brain had a greater control over the body than a Terran one had. Although this control could be used for impressive displays of endurance and recuperation, conflict within the Vulcan psyche could cause health problems later on. A repressed memory could theoretically cause a lobotomy. This was one of the reasons why the suppression of emotion was still popular on Vulcan after two centuries as part of the United Federation of Planets. Because strong emotions could shorten a Vulcan's life nearly all medical doctors on Vulcan recommended that their patients deaden

their passions immediately.

Cir'Cie was doing the next best thing and taking the path of least resistance. It was likely that she was even attempting to enjoy the memory of being violated by the vegetation on Niga. Maya could relate. As a former sexual surrogate treating unmarried victims of *ponn farr* on Vulcan she had been conditioned to capitulate when sexually assaulted and try to make the experience as pleasant for her patients as possible.

Maya had originally intended to bring Cir'Cie back to this memory in order to make a logical argument. To Maya's surprise, Cir'Cie had already brought herself back here and was wallowing in the memory. It was symbolic of her current subjugation under T'Renna's domination. Cir'Cie subconsciously knew she was being violated but had stopped caring. As a Vulcan, finding a way to stop caring was easy.

Maya realized that logic wasn't going to help them now. She needed an emotional appeal. But emotional appeals seldom had the intended effect with their people. Any strong passion caused them to instinctively repress their feelings. Getting Cir'Cie to re-experience this memory was a mistake. It was time to have the younger woman experience another memory, if only break her out of the distractions of this one.

"It is going to happen again..." Cir'Cie murmured in resignation as her empty green eyes stared at thick and slippery vine that had emerged from the others like a sword out of its sheath. *"I am not strong enough to break free. Please, leave me to my fate, Doctor."*

"No." That statement was supposed to be an emotional appeal, but Maya's emotions were kept locked up behind mental barriers that had been jammed shut. The stronger Maya felt something, the more she subconsciously buried it. Small wonder why she was so vulnerable to outside influences. She had to feel the emotions of others because her traditionalist upbringing wouldn't let her sense her *own* feelings.

Maya needed a primal, unrestrained passion to tear Cir'Cie free from this moment. But after a lifetime of burying her emotions, how could she summon one? The sexual stimulation of the Niga and Ishtar incidents were counterproductive, and her feelings during her sexual assault in the holodeck would be harmful. What emotion could she conjure that could dispel this illusion?

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-05, 02:18:50

Cir'Cie was trying to deny herself feeling the effects of the pollen where she hung in the air, but it was not the first time she relived this incident in her life, so she knew it was futile. She saw the phallic vine heaving in the air as it prodded the apex of her legs - slithering against her own juices and demanding entry. At the same time, she saw the second phallic vine rise from the ground - stretching up towards her from the undergrowth. Despite her being Vulcan, Cir'Cie felt shame that Doctor Maya was looking at her, but there was nothing she could do about it. Maya tried to speak to her - to allay her carefully hidden panic - but there was no use.

Then, a voice was heard on the breeze - coming from elsewhere entirely.

[All personnel on the Theurgy, I am Lieutenant-Commander Carrigan Trent. By now, you all know Declan Vasser and T'Rena have begun an attempt to hijack this ship by force of arms after a minimum of two sabotage attempts. I do not know the exact number of casualties at this time, but I know for certain Chief Engineer Tia Marlowe is fighting for her life, Helmsman Cale Winterbourne was murdered in front of me and Chief Tactical Officer Sjaandin Fedd was killed attempting to follow illegal

orders. They have accomplished this by planting their crew on our ship and by using mind melds and possibly other telepathic techniques to twist the perceptions of members of this crew. Vasser has also ordered the widespread brainwashing, the mind-rape, of every last person on our ship regardless of whether or not they join him.]

Gasping at the sensation of the strokes across her outer labia, Cir'Cie opened her eyes when she heard the words on the wind. They were new - yet to be heard in the jungle. She looked down to see Maya being confronted by a thick, glistening vine as well - slithering across her neck and down her body.

[Since Captain Ives and Commander Rez have been detained by Vasser and his cohorts, as a senior officer on the ship's rolls prior to this attack, I am assuming command as one of Captain Ives' lawful delegates under the auspices of Starfleet regulations pertaining to continuity of command. As such I will retain command of the Theurgy until such as time as I am relieved or ordered to yield command by the proper authorities or murdered on the word of the criminal Declan Vasser.]

At that point, Cir'Cie's attention to the words broke when the thick vine finally entered her - squirming its way up her vaginal passage. She gasped, breath quickened, and yet the male voice beseeched her. *[Now, I ask all of you to listen to me,]* Carrigan Trent told her, *[This enemy we fight needs us, the ones aware of its existence, at each other's throat. It needs Starfleet to be riven with cracks and to lose all confidence in itself and from the Federation at large. As such, so long as we remain Starfleet, so long as we remain true to our oaths and our procedures and regulations, we are strong! Vasser promises you what? Murder? Hiding? Forsaking everything you are? Look inside you! Look around you! To this vessel, to your shipmates!]*

The vine was pumping into her, and the second vine had reached her - sliding across her body and going for her mouth. She did not want to taste it, but she knew it was no use resisting. The pollen made her want to take it inside her lips, and she would eventually comply. Why not surrender immediately? Yet the man that spoke on the wind was still talking to her - trying to keep her attentive. *[As advanced as the Theurgy is, she needs her crew! She needs all of you! Your friends and shipmates need you! If you are Starfleet, I ask you to remain at your posts and man your stations! I ask you to do your duty. If you are one of Vasser's accomplices, know that my first concern is to this ship and the enemy that hunts us. As such, I ask you at least not interfere with those who choose to do their duty as Starfleet personnel. But if deep inside you remember who and what you are, your assistance will be most welcome.]*

Who was she? What was she? As she pursed her lips and let the vine stroke across her tongue, she knew she was lost. Her mind was no longer her own. She was an accomplice of Vasser's, and she would not interfere. How could she, when she was destined to be no more than an agent of the Niga flora, not to mention the agent of Commodore Vasser and Captain T'Rena. She lost her own will long before they encountered the Harbinger. She had lost it in the very glade she found herself in.

[Those of you who choose to serve the Federation as you best know how, I am thankful for your duty and I will be honoured to command you for as long as is needed to resolve this crisis. This is Lieutenant-Commander Trent, interim commanding officer. All stations, all departments: close up and report readiness!]

As the flora pollinated her, her mind was slipping into the shadows - about to be lost again unless the violation ceased.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-05-06, 23:58:49

Maya whined and groaned as Cir'Cie's memories overcame her. Cir'Cie had surrendered entirely to both the memory Niga flora and the machinations of Vasser and T'Renna and was taking the older woman with her. Fortunately, Trent's announcement kept her grounded in reality enough to remember who she was and who she was struggling for. She was thankful that Lahkesis hadn't visited the surface of Niga and fallen prey to...

Lahkesis. That was it. Maya didn't need someone to struggle for, she needed someone to fight for, and her unofficial protégée fit the bill perfectly. The thought of Lahkesis being subjected to this violation or anything the crew of the *Harbinger* might do to her was exactly what Maya needed to undo two thousand years of Vulcan history and unleash the primal, violent fury of her ancestors.

Focusing her thoughts, she imagined Lahkesis, the tall willowy blue eyed girl whose tissues were closer to vegetable than animal, naked and being subjected to the Niga pollination the same way Cir'Cie was. Every opening being filled with that terrible creature that made one's body betray her and made her desire to lose herself to pure sensation. The illusionary Lahkesis kicked and shrieked before choking out a sob as a vine entered her mouth.

Maya shrieked in rage as she tore free of the vines. A *lirpa* was in her hands as she slashed through the foliage. The vegetation tried to restrain her but it burned against her skin. Lahkesis vanished as Maya chopped and tore her way to Cir'Cie's side. "Fight!" Maya shrieked. "Fight you selfish child! Even a *selhat* has the sense to fight when a *la-mayta* threatens her cubs! You are a Vulcan and you have no excuse to not to FIGHT WITH EVERY GRAM OF YOUR WILL!"

Without any pretense of gentleness or restraint, Maya tore Cir'Cie loose from the vines, pulling the snakelike vegetation out of her mouth and orifices. "You are a VULCAN and you will SEE REASON!" Maya snapped as she slapped the younger woman across the face. "You WILL fight back and you WILL stop following orders you KNOW is WRONG! I WILL not tolerate your being a party to rape, murder and treason ONE. MORE. MINUTE! Do you understand?" She slapped the taller Vulcan a second time. "DO you UNDERSTAND?" Maya shouted. "The officers of the Harbinger have committed an unforgivable attack on our ship and they shall PAY FOR WHAT THEY HAVE DONE! Lahkesis, if you can hear me, administer two millimeters of Lexorin into Cir'Cie and we shall SEE if she can BE! REASONED WITH!"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-12, 14:10:12

In the situation that she had found herself in, Cir'Cie was barely able to keep track of what was happening. Suddenly, the Niga flora was being cut down, and she ended up on the floor of the jungle. She was coughing, and while her throat was freed, she felt completely unbalanced. Maya had been screaming words of challenge, berating her and calling her a child, but it was not until she had ended up on the ground - after her sex had been vacated and she tried to take look around - that she was being slapped in the face. Once, twice.

The physical abuse she suffered at the hands of Maya might have been justified to some extent, but Cir'Cie was feeling verbally attacked and belittled while being in a very compromising state - mind unable to centre. She was, however, freed from the vines and the rape not completed in the sense that they had not pollinated her with their 'ejaculation'. Fight? How was she to fight? The majority of her broken mind had come to enjoy the sexual stimulation, but was now being bereft of touch - making her feel anger because of he loss. She felt empty when no phallic vines pumped into her, and not able to get her self-preservation to respond.

This was when the voice of T'Rena was heard on the wind, but strangely, the words were a twisted reflection of the present conditions of the mind-meld. T'Rena's voice may have been incorporeal, but nonetheless, the dark-haired Vulcan appeared as a spectre in the jungle - staring at the two struggling Vulcans amidst the vines.

"This is not acceptable," she said to Cir'Cie and Maya in her passionless voice, the words echoing in the breeze. "I hope you realise how futile your efforts truly are. We are about to upload a reprogrammed version of the Ship A.I. from her mobile emitter and into the pasitronic brain core. Thus, all resistance aboard this ship will be dealt with. There is no use in defying us any longer."

The spectre stepped forth, her Captain's uniform in stark contrast to the environment. While Cir'Cie struggled together with Maya, she tried to ignore the words - tried to heed Maya's urgency as opposed to T'Rena's logic. Somehow, she knew it was the right way, but it was not the easy way. Cir'Cie heard the words drone through the jungle, so aligned with her her newly eared convictions. "Unless you surrender, you will help Captain Ives taking the lives of everyone on this ship, for the sake of an ignorant cause. Let yourself be embraced, enjoy the clarity of mind and serving the greater good. You will not be able to fight them off. You cannot escape the truth I have brought you, so I do suggest you comply.]

Cir'Cie was caught it the moment, the mere push upsetting the balance of her psyche in either direction. Fight herself free, or fall back to the vines wrapped around her mind. Maya's urgency, projected through the mind-meld, it questioned everything T'Rena had showed her and made her believe. The vines did not desist, however, and while she tried to flee them - tearing and twisting while Maya's cut those who she could not escape.

Then, when she was just about to give up - too weak to fight any more - she vaguely heard the hiss of a hypospray. After that point, she could no longer see T'Rena's spectre next to them, and the vines became weaker and fewer - loosing their hold on the two Vulcans. After that point, all she could hear was Carrigan Trent's voice- dispelling the shadows in her thoughts with the supporting structure of Maya's mind to guide her own. The Doctor had succeeded, she realised, when her eyes slowly opened...

...and she found herself in Sickbay.

Doctor Maya and Doctor Saugn stood over her, but they were not alone.

[USS Theurgy | CMO Office | Sickbay | Deck 07]

The words of the Vulcan had been heard in the CMO Office as well, and now, the Intelligence Officer's voice returned.

[T'Rena, this is Lieutenant-Commander Trent. First, as an officer and a delegate of this ship's lawful commanding officer, I do not recognize your authority or your rank as you and Vasser have obviously chosen to dispense with any Starfleet protocols or procedures unless you find it convenient.]

The exchange was the only thing truly happening in the office since Doctor Maya had begun her mind-meld with Cir'Cie, so Dr. Saugn, Counselor O'Connor and Nurse Vojona could do naught else but listen while the Intelligence Officer spoke. Soon, they would learn if Doctor Maya was successful, but until then, they had to keep hiding in the office.

[You want to murder me?] continued Lieutenant-Commander Trent. *[Be my guest. But bear this in mind. I'm betting not only my life but that of everyone in this room with me that right now, there's dozens on this ship who just decided to start fighting back. And over here, I have Ensigns Kenneth Urban, Nizni Peri and Pavel Yelchin as well as. Master Chief William O'Connell and again, I'm wagering all our lives that they've got friends who would take exception to their being murdered.]*

And speaking of murder... it just came to visit them.

The security override was heard as a chirp from one of the doors, and in walked the face of death. The sight of Phantom's burned countenance was like a kick in the teeth, and in the garish light of the primary surgical suite, every gruesome detail could be seen. The left half of his head was stretched tightly against his skull, and the slick skin was scarred by deep rifts into the flesh. His pale hair grew only in patches on the scarred side. Where a cold eye had once been, only a lidless white orb stared back at the gathered medical personnel.

"There you are," he rasped, his voice reverberating in his chest as he circled the area - a hand phaser in the grasp of his calloused fingers. He looked at Doctor Maya, who was still in active mind-meld with Cir'Cie. His eye fell to her shapely behind before it moved to the woman on the biobed. "I figured the botanist had fallen short of her task again."

Having met the eyes of everyone gathered, his gaze finally settled on Hayden. "Where is the Chief Medical Officer?" He raised his weapon against her, this former Harbinger woman who conspired with the Ives Loyalists. "Where is Doctor Nicander? We need him. If you don't answer me, I will kill you, and ask that Nurse instead. I will keep asking until everyone is dead... or I have a firm lead on where to find him. I suggest you answer wisely."

His grating demand overrode the voice on the intercom...

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-05-06, 05:17:11

Lahkesis Saugn had never known terror, not once in her relatively short life had terror been a part of her thoughts. And yet as she saw the highly scarred and damaged face of the man she knew it. Memories that were not her own flashed into her mind. Violations unlike any she had felt before. She could not look away from that face, that evil twisted face. She would have screamed, but she had no voice to use. Instead she slowly sank to the floor, shaking as tears welled up in her eyes. "Maya, help me..." was all she could think, her mind practically screaming it.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-05-10, 02:25:48

At the sudden commotion in the medical office Vinata was snapped out of his meditation and attempt to get over what had happened to him and his cool blood felt chilled as he heard the demands of the scarred man. By some chance Vinata was missed by Phantom's initial scanning of the area as he had been over by the desk away from the others curled up on a chair, he had not been seen and remained unnoticed as Phantom began to yell at the other staff and demanded the location of the CMO.

In the time after the initial situation in the Sickbay Vinata had learned that his sister and Doctor Lucan Nicander had escaped into the jefferies tubes, and if this man as after Nicander, he would have to go through his sister to get to him...and he needed to protect his sister. Looking from his spot in his chair Vinata slipped out of the chair and took a blanket with him as he quickly darted to the wall that Phantom had his back to and slowly circled around the rounded walls so that he might get the drop on the man.

The entire time Vinata was doing his best to remain calm and quiet. He needed to do this, if he didn't his sister might be in trouble, and it was the duty of Ovri male to lay down his life for the women, they are more beautiful and colorful for this very reason, He clenched his jaw as he held his blanket firmly in his hands and peeked round the corner at Phantom's back, he would likely not have much time, his best choice would be to come up behind Phantom while he was yelling at someone and wrap the blanket around his face before beginning to violently kick him. If that failed...well he wouldn't be around long enough to regret it...on the plus side he would not have to worry about his rape either.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-05-16, 03:16:33

The effects of the mind meld had been unrewarding; that was hardly unexpected considering the haste that Maya had put into the procedure. The truth of the matter was that the little Vulcan simply wasn't prepared to undo the brainwashing that T'Renna had inflicted on Cir'Cie. It was only the Lexorin administered by Lahkesis that broke the spell, but when the dosage wore off would Cir'Cie fall under T'Renna's influence again?

Maya shifted her consciousness out of Cir'Cie's mind and back into the real world as she slowly broke contact. The little physician would have to resume their session later, after Maya had rested and meditated enough to restore her psyche to its proper balance. Quite illogically, Maya looked forward to collapsing into a chair after removing her fingertips from Cir'Cie's face but fate intervened.

Bursting into the room was Lieutenant Commander Phanatos Kilinvoss, callsign Phantom, the man who had the singular honor of representing all of Maya's nightmares and compromising her medical competence.

"There you are," his raspy voice sneered coldly. *"I figured the botanist had fallen short of her task again."*

Maya didn't open her eyes. She froze in place bent over Cir'Cie as she instinctively suppressed her emotions. The primal instincts that plagued her people thousands of years ago would only get her killed but if she could convert her savage emotion into calculating motivation it might be possible to act.

"Where is the Chief Medical Officer?" Phantom's voice rasped dangerously close. *"Where is Doctor Nicander? We need him. If you don't answer me, I will kill you, and ask that Nurse instead. I will keep asking until everyone is dead... or I have a firm lead on where to find him. I suggest you answer wisely."*

Maya opened her eyes and slowly stood up and turned to face her rapist from the night before.

As Maya stared into Phantom's eye the analytical part of her mind assessed the situation. How to keep the scarred pilot from harming Lahkesis and the others? An act of defiance would be ill advised. The glimpse into Kilinvoss' mind taught her that he preferred total compliance. He didn't like games, not even ones he was sure to win. His mind acted on a logic based on assumptions completely foreign to Maya, but it was logic nonetheless. He was extremely dangerous because his philosophy was so self-destructive; it was essential to keep him fixated on a goal. "Doctor Nicander is not here. He left sickbay without informing us of his destination. A search of the area can verify my information."

"Maya, help me..." Lahkesis Saugn's voice seemed to come from far away, even though the willowy girl was standing right beside the telepathic doctor. She had heard her in her mind, not her pointed ears. The temporary mental link they had forged was still barely active, but only the girl's distress

could have made Lahkesis' thoughts strong enough for Maya to sense actual words without physical contact.

Maya took a step forward and fell to her knee, as she reached for Lahkesis' hand to steady herself. With injured dignity she pulled herself to her feet while using the handclasp to communicate using her touch telepathy *"Remain calm. Hide your thoughts. Don't give him any reason to harm you. Prepare to defend yourself but wait until the opportune moment. It is essential that he remains overconfident. If violence is necessary, it is likely that we will only have one attempt before facing repercussions."*

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-05-16, 22:09:38

As Phantom began to squeeze for he information that he wanted Vinata swallowed hard as he knew he would have to be acting soon, he had to act quickly or else something a might happen. As Phantom began to get more aggressive with the local crew Vinata knew he needed to move, but he froze up, shaking as he bit his lip and looked at the frightening man from around the corner as he tried to work up the courage to move, but he found himself frozen in place, he was scared, the other man was just so frightening it was making him freeze up, how could he do this, how would he, Vinata Vojona a simple nurse going to help?

He would have kept wallowing in his self doubt but as Phantom began to move back to the office he realize his time to think about things was gone, he could not stand idle by any longer, he had to act now or people would begin to die. Swallowing hard he circled back around the wall and he stood there and watched Phantom move into place to look for Nicander and he found the perfect time to move as Phantom turned away from him.

In a swift movement Vinata charged up to Phantom and put a cloth over his head and pulled it back in a swift movement before he drew back his leg and swiftly kicked into Phantom's groin to hopefully put him into shock an take him out of the conflict, but Vinata was too enraged, his instincts kicked in and he began to kick over and over again to cause a lot of pain to Phantom so that he would not be able to retaliate, to make him unable to harm anyone, and if Vinata had his boots, he would have stomped Phantom into a bloody pulp. With the blanket blocking Phantom's face Vinata hoped that he would not end up shot as Phantom could not see where he was aiming...he also hoped that the others would not remain passive and would come help him before he lost his steam.

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-05-17, 01:06:56

It felt like days since Hayden had moved or said anything, but in reality, Hayden knew it hadn't been that long. Her instincts were at war with one another and the longer she sat, the harder it was becoming to remember why she needed to remain there in the first place. Part of her understood she was incapable of helping anyone overcome the mental conditioning they'd endured. Rightly or wrongly, the first step in the right direction was in Maya's hands now. She also understood it wouldn't do anyone any good if she struck out blindly all because of her inability to control an urge to do something, anything, that didn't involve hunkering down and waiting for more information.

The other part of her? The other part of her was spoiling for a fight. In what seemed like the blink of an eye, not only had she been betrayed by the Starfleet she believed in like everyone else, she'd sent several of her former cremates to their deaths, learned of two rapes, and had come to the realization her former captain and several of her former Harbinger crew mates had plotted to destroy whatever sense of loyalty remained.

All the while O'Connor watched as Vinata's sobs turned to silence, just another reminder that terrible

things had happened and she could do little more than bear witness to, not just the events, but the agonizing aftermath which she would be expected to address while knowing in her heart of hearts, she would never be able to truly heal any of it

One part of Counselor Hayden O'Connor could do nothing but stew with these thoughts and their subsequent rage. Even when she and the others heard the battle of words between Carrigan Trent and T'Rena, a big part of Hayden couldn't allow her spirits to be fully buoyed by Trent's righteous words, for nothing could be truly accomplished if they couldn't cut the psychological strings which left so many of the crew marionettes to the mutinous regime.

Pushing herself to her feet in a single forceful motion brought on by the fight or flight rush of energy to her limbs, it was at that moment she was given an opportunity to act. When the grotesquely scarred man barged into the office demanding answers, the counselor was far from startled. In fact, it took what seemed like only mere heartbeats for the sensory input from her eyes to trigger her mind's recollection of Maya's description of her rapist from the night before.

This was Phantom. This was the man who'd so brutalized the slight Vulcan from the night before, it had taken Hayden over an hour to remove the large green contusions and abrasions from her body, to say nothing of the internal damage. Flashes of the night before came unbidden to her mind. She could still see the finger-shaped bruises around Maya's neck, could see her wincing in pain as she took each step.

Hayden was barely aware of Maya nearby. For all the counselor knew, the images were psychic shouts from the Vulcan herself, one part of her mind forced to stay in the present. In one swift movement, she saw Maya fall to her knee and before she knew it, there was even more movement before her. Snapping out of her reverie, she realized it was the traumatized male Ovri, overcome by his own rage, who had placed something over Phantom's head and was now kicking him ferociously.

Hayden saw movement out of the corner of her eye and realized Phantom still had a weapon in one hand. Acting on pure instinct, Hayden rushed forward and stomped the wrist which held the weapon as hard as she could. O'Connor knew she had to incapacitate him, but whether it was out of morality or sheer practicality, she knew she couldn't afford to kill him.

Feeling the solidity of his flesh under her boot, Hayden allowed herself a small amount of pleasure at the realization the man who referred to himself as a being who couldn't be contained any more than the wind was anything but. This Phantom was very much made of flesh and bone.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-05-19, 21:55:15

The seconds ticked by, each causing Ryuan Sel to get more and more ready for the inevitable fire fight. She did her best to visualize the counter she had set her phaser rifle on so that when the time came she would be ready to leap up and grab it, defending the others from what she could only assume would be something unpleasant. Though part of her mind whispered quietly that she should learn whatever it was that they wanted to share, even though she was all but certain that it would likely end with some insane Vulcan rearranging her mind to make her more willing to take aim at her crew.

She was lost in thought when she was slammed back to reality by the sound of a phaser going off. Without thinking she leapt across the table she was hiding behind and grabbed her phaser rifle. She did not even notice what had happened until she took aim at the two now dead mutineers.

"Well that was a bit unexpected," she said as she walked over to the two and bent down to check their

vitals. Even the stun setting could kill at close range and it looked like the two had been far too close to the nozzle when the gun had gone off. She turned to where she was pretty sure the other two were hiding. "It's ok, they won't be a problem anymore." As she spoke she heard the fire suppression system kick in and felt the breeze as the room began to empty of breathable air. "Though that might be."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-20, 00:00:19

When Cir'Cie opened her eyes, she could barely move - vision blurred.

She judged that she had likely been drugged, and quite recently. In part because she found herself lying underneath the distinctive lights of the primary surgical suite in Sickbay, and also because she was Vulcan and knew her body's faculties quite well. She was injured, and remembered the fighting in Sickbay, and how determined she had been to obey orders that made no sense to her now. That determination was gone, replaced with the understanding that she had been mind-melded by the Master Acolyte and made to believe she did the right thing. Maya had unravelled the bindings on her mind. It was a lot to take in, and the emotions threatened to overtake her - compromising her. Nevertheless, she might have been a young Vulcan, but she quickly got her mind clear enough to process the visual impressions around her.

She lifted her head and slowly propped herself up on her elbows where she lay, and the first thing she saw was the Ovri nurse stepping up behind a tall human with a severely scared face. Cir'Cie remembered him quite well, knowing he was called Phantom and that he belonged to Tactical Conn on the Harbinger. The Ovri male was naked, securing his blanket across the human's head from behind and keeping him unbalanced. Cir'Cie had never seen Ovri fighting, and it seemed they could make excellent use of their strong digitigrade legs, because in what seemed like unchecked rage, the Ovri began to kick the human between his legs or wherever he might hit while Phantom struggled to get the blanket out of his face.

The Lieutenant-Commander was armed, a hand phaser gleaming in his grip as he flailed about. He opened fire immediately even if he could not see anything. A couple of beams scorched the ceiling, while another dug into the edge of the biobed. Cir'Cie tried to edge away on top of it, but her body did not respond as quickly as she wanted it to - the drugs in her system still in effect. Fear was an emotion she could control, so her face remained impassive despite the commotion. Still, the Ovri kept kicking the man from behind - holding on to the blanket, refusing to let go while he kicked the human as hard as he could. Soon, Phantom went down on one knee, and he tried to shoot behind himself - pointing the weapon backwards over his shoulder. Yet he damaged nothing more than the interior of the surgical suite, and with another couple of kicks, he was on his back - the twisted blanket still around his head.

That was when the Counsellor sprang forth, stomping with all her weight against Phantom's wrist, which made the phaser clatter against the deck plates and the Wing Commander let out another muffled sound of furious anger - which likely expressed his pain as well.

Yet even if he was unarmed, he was clearly not going to surrender. Cir'Cie saw him roll over on all four and lash out with his unhurt arm against the Ovri - suddenly twisting himself free from the blanket. Both sides of his face were red and equal in a murderous snarl. He tried to pull the Ovri closer using any grip he could make - likely meaning to wrap his hard fingers around the nurse's throat. Perhaps even bashing his head in against the floor. Unless the Ovri got free, the human would end his life by any means possible. Then he would move on to the women in the room. Cir'Cie knew this because she had come to know the man from T'Rena.

"You must subdue him now lest he will kill us all," said Cir'Cie, her passionless tone in stark contrast to the meaning of her words.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-05-23, 07:02:00

As Phantom freed himself from the feeble blindfold and lashed out at Vinata he gasped as he was dragged to the floor, the enraged man having caught him off guard with how strong he still was despite the beating he had taken. As he felt the strong hands tighten around his throat and squeezed his windpipe shut he began to panic, but as he began to be violently slammed against the floor his face distorted in pain and fear. In his moment of panic he looked through the haze and looked at Phantom's face twisted in rage and he did the only thing that he could think of to fight back. He reached up with his hands and pushed back against Phantom with one while the other went over Phantom's face and he began to press his thumb into his right eye, threatening to crush it. Unless someone else got involved he was going to keep with his current path of action, he was unable to do much else with his legs pinned down.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-05-25, 00:34:42

Aisha had already made up her mind before anything else was mentioned. She knew it was dangerous and she would essentially be going back to the very den of lions who she may as well have provoked moments earlier. Still she knew where she was needed the most. "Thea this is Aisha S'iti. I am requesting the authorizations that you undoubtedly whether intentional or accidental took away with the restriction of Harbinger personnel authorities. I am hereby requesting reinstatement as temporary chief CONN officer of the USS Theurgy. Prior to my attempt to break out Stark and Tovarek, Vasser and I set up a contingency plan for launching the mines in the event that I was not on the bridge or if the CONN or Tactical station were damaged during Cala's attack." She paused a moment hoping Thea had made the correct reinstatement of protocols. Thea, if the main bridge is unaware please advise Vasser of current proximity and location of Calamity and advise him to activate CONN Override Preset Calamity Protocol One and advise use of the manual control column. Once we arrive unless there is someone of greater knowledge or ability on the team reassign Vasser as acting Chief Tactical Officer. Please advise on how to proceed in preparation for the assault team's arrival. S'iti out"

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-05-26, 00:27:31

Back in sickbay, Maya was staring down her rapist as the injured nurse Vinata Vojona crept up to Phantom, intending to envelop him in a blanket. The *Theurgy's* new counselor Hayden O'Connor crept up behind the azure Ovri, as nervous and as silent as a cat ready to spring.

Looking into Phantom's eye was paralyzing. Maya's large hazel eyes narrowed as she struggled to suppress the primordial passions that the philosopher Surak had locked away over two thousand years ago. As Vinata Vojona and Hayden O'Connor attacked Kilinvoss from behind Lahkesis Saugn could hear the little Vulcan's thoughts through the temporary psychic bond they shared. Despite the fact that they were less than a meter apart from each other, Maya had to be concentrating intensely for her thoughts to be as clear to Saugn at all.

"*This mustn't register on an emotional level,*" Maya told herself. In an instant, the little Vulcan used the distraction of Hayden and Vinata's desperate attack to retrieve a medical instrument from a compartment in the biobed. "*Subject: Phanatos Kilinvoss, Species: Human Gender: Male Physical age: 46 standard years,*" the logical part of her mind analyzed as she held a medical instrument smaller than a fountain pen and faced the spectacle of the commander of the *Harbinger's* Dor'Ghltlh

Squadron fighting two members of the medical division. *"Height: 1.5 meters, weight: 84.4 kilograms. Physical analysis: Despite scarification and other permanent injuries, a capable soldier fit for battle. Expert in both Cardassian and Terran unarmed martial arts."* She activated the little device in her hand, revealing that it was in fact a scalpel that used a colored transparent force field to create a tiny blade less than two centimeters long. *"Psychological analysis: Post-traumatic stress resulting in tribalism and antisocial personality disorder. Ruthless and contemptuous of Federation values, a throwback to earlier eras. No evidence of psychic manipulation. Likelihood of surrendering before inflicting permanent physical harm on staff and patients: Unlikely."*

Before Maya's unblinking gaze she saw Phantom break free of the blanket Vinata had entangled him with and lunge at the Ovri. *"You must subdue him now lest he will kill us all,"* Cir'Cie's lifeless voice announced from the biobed.

This was the moment Maya was waiting for. The sight of the interior of the human's upper arm was all she needed to dart forward. *Point of weakness detected. Nick brachial artery to neutralize threat. Summary prognosis: hypovolemia with expected symptoms of tachycardia, tachypnea, and pale skin revealing the absence of perfusion. The subject will encounter increased heart and breathing rates as the body attempts to oxygenate itself. Subject will suffer sweating and chest pains. Estimated time of death in ninety seconds. Ability to harm Lahkesis: neutralized."*

The little Vulcan's arm moved as quickly as a cobra strike. The puncture Maya would make to Phantom's ventral upper arm would seem to be merely a tiny nick, but the wound would cause sever a major artery and be fatal in a minute and a half. Phantom would then be forced to surrender and receive treatment or he could keep fighting and bleed to death. The cold look in Maya's hazel eyes indicated that the latter was preferable.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-05-26, 01:02:44

Almost all that went on around Lahkesis was lost on her fear-plagued mind. She could not look away from the conflict, and yet it seemed like it did not register at all. She watched as her crewmates struggled to take down the horrific man. She watched as he fought them off. She watched as the phaser fell from his hand and to the floor. And yet the fight went on.

Then, like a whisper she heard the voice of Doctor Maya, the cool calculated diagnosis of the situation almost seemed to calm her. She watched as the small Vulcan woman moved lightning fast and slipped the scalpel into the man's arm. She knew immediately what the woman had done, she could see it in her mind, though this was likely the result of the psychic connection that lingered between the Vulcan woman and her. The wound would be lethal in a matter of seconds, though it would not be apparent to the man until it was too late. At least not unless he noticed the rather large amount of blood he was losing.

And then something broke in her. She scampered across the floor and grabbed the hand phaser he had dropped. She gripped it so tight her hand began to hurt, but before she could stop herself she had taken aim. A phaser set on stun could kill at close enough range. This phaser was set a couple steps above that on heavy stun. Combined with the adrenaline in the man's system and the shock his body was undergoing it should not have taken more than a couple of quick bursts to cause a complete cessation of bodily functions.

And yet Lahkesis did not shoot only a couple of times. She shot as many times as she could. He died and she shot him more. The skin burned and distorted and she shot him more. She couldn't stop herself. She just kept shooting.

She did not stop until the battery indicator on the phaser went off. And then she fell back limply, the hand phaser slipping from her long fingers and clattering to the floor. And yet she stared at the man before her, fear still playing its way across her face.

She had seen the face of the devil and she had killed it.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-05-26, 02:09:02

Vinata was struggling to hold Phantom at bay despite his own throat being held firmly shut, if not for his lower rate of oxygen use he would have been much more fearful of being choked out, but little did he know that he was soon going to be wishing that he could have been knocked out in a few moments. As his hands pressed against Phantom and tried to hold him off he felt the familiar pain of physical strain began to fill his arms and he opened his eyes to look up at Phantom. And from there things only got worse.

The world around him seemed to slow down as Phantom took a stab to the arm from Doctor Maya, his mind quickly made a medical analysis of the injury, noting the damage and his eyes widened further as he watched the steady flow of blood began to soak into the man's uniform, it did not take long for him to feel the warmth of the blood against his neck, it slowly wrapped around his neck and he began to squirm as he did not want to be under Phantom when his body finally gave out.

Vinata thought that that was it, that he would just be bloodied and have to be dragged out from under Phantom as he passed out from the blood loss, but he was not that lucky, because at that point in time Lahkesis got her hands on a hand phaser and began to open up on Phantom...while Vinata was still pushing against Phantom. The first few shots missed where Vinata was, but as Lahkesis began to fire more wildly a stray shot hit Phantom in the shoulder not hitting Vinata, but close enough that the radiant heat singed his hand making Vinata give up holding Phantom back as he held his burned hand close to his chest.

I was at this point that gravity took over and Phantom fell flat on top of Vinata, his face pressed against Vinata's as the Ovri male went into shock, this was just too much, he felt the warm wet sensation of Phantom's blood against his skin as the corpse bled out on top of him. His grip was still relatively firm even in death and Vinata was having trouble breathing, but he was getting weak breaths as he shuddered underneath the slaughtered remains of Phanatos Kilinvoss as it got shot over and over. Was there any way this could get worse? His only hope was that his sister was safe and better off than he was...that and that his comrades would get over their own shock and get the *corpse off of him!!!*

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-05-28, 05:55:10

Whatever Maya was expecting Lahkesis to do; it wasn't scoop up Phantom's phaser and shoot him. The part of Maya's mind that was capable of feeling emotion reeled with horror as she realized that she had subconsciously sent the darling girl the impression that Phanatos Kilinvoss was a painful cancer to be excised from the body, or at the very least, a terminal patient that had to be allowed to die in triage so that the medics could concentrate on the ones they could save. Belay that; Lahkesis had gotten a peek at the part of the Vulcan psyche that Vulcans didn't admit they possessed and felt Maya's primal desire to *kill* Phantom for what he had done and for having the audacity to threaten someone who Maya loved after betraying everyone aboard the *Theurgy*.

Maya's reaction had been to give Phantom a fatal wound that if left untreated would result in death in less than two minutes. Under normal circumstances, it wasn't a death sentence if it happened in main

sickbay. There were plenty of people who could save him in time. Lahkesis had decided to end it quickly, sensing that Phantom's very presence was painful to the little Vulcan. With the innocence of a child, Lahkesis had acted quickly and instinctively to take the scarred pilot out of the equation in the fastest most expedient way possible so they wouldn't have to worry about him in the future.

The cold logical part of Maya admired the skill in which she handled a phaser. Her hands didn't shake, and somehow she had managed not to hit Nurse Vinata and Counselor O'Connor. The combat skills of the officer she was based on had apparently been transferred to Doctor Saugn. In addition, putting Phantom out of his misery was probably the best action in the long term. It was unlikely that Phantom would be anything but a danger in the future, for he would blame the *Theurgy's* crew for any casualties that Dor'Ghlth Squadron had suffered during the mutiny.

As Lahkesis fell backwards after draining the hand phaser, Maya caught her with a jerkily smooth movement that was reminiscent of an automaton. *"Calm yourself precious one,"* Maya assured the willowy redhead as she gently lowered the girl to a sitting position. *"I'll be back once I remove the remains from atop Nurse Vinata."*

"Counselor, your assistance would be welcome," she murmured as she crouched next to Phantom and began to roll his body off of the Ovri. There would be time to deal with the repercussions of their actions once the crisis was over. Right now Maya had to be the voice of reason and take care of the others.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-29, 16:45:53

Whether or not her warning had been heeded didn't matter, because Cir'Cie saw the whole ordeal as she moved to sit on the biobed. Phantom had tried to strangle the Ovri, who had pressed his thumb into the Wing Commander's remaining eye. The human had screamed, perhaps in pain or perhaps in ire, but he had let go of the Nurse's throat with one hand to save his eye from being hurt. Cir'Cie could not tell how bad the damage had been to the mutineer, but at least temporarily blinded, he had not been able to fend off the cut Doctor Maya sustained upon him. Perhaps he hadn't even felt it during the commotion, and the blood had poured down the arm that still held Vinata Vojona - gushed over his blue and minutely scaled skin.

Cir'Cie had almost got to her feet by the time the other Doctor - the Teslylic duplicate named Lahkesis - picked up Phantom's hand phaser and started shooting him. Cir'Cie had raised an eyebrow at the display, seeing how the Ensign close-proximity fire into Phantom's back even as he had fallen down upon the Nurse. The human danced a galvanic gavotte where he lay on the Ovri, twitching from each discharge of the weapon - bleeding out even as his tall frame had been rendered unconscious. The smell of seared textile and burnt flesh filled the room gradually, and in the end, the power cell of the hand phaser was depleted by the consecutive energy beams. By that time, Cir'Cie was standing next to Doctor Maya and Doctor Saugn.

The other Vulcan in the room made the appropriate call to free the nurse that still lay trapped underneath the dead human, and Cir'Cie replied before the counsellor. "I will assist you," she said in her halcyon intonation, moving slowly because of the drugs in her system, but could with some assistance nonetheless get the Wing Commander off from Nurse Vojona - the Ovri covered in red human blood once revealed to the stark light of the primary surgical suite. "He appears physically unharmed."

Of course, there were three doctors in attendance counting Chief Counsellor O'Connor, so her comment was not required. They were the ones to make the assessment using their tricorders, while

she was just a Botanical Scientist - perhaps only able to judge the health of Doctor Saugn if needed be. The reason she had spoken, she realised, was because she felt a uncontrollable need to remedy the acts she had performed when under T'Rena's influence. With this in mind, she squared her shoulders.

"My gratitude. I would require an inoculation of a substance that can clear my mind and body from the effects of what I have been drugged with," she said, voice even as she looked towards the exit of the room - her intentions bent upon the work ahead of her and Doctor Maya. "Too many have been shown T'Rena's vision of the future. Their minds must be cleared of the illusion forced upon them. Right now, they still believe there is no recourse but to escape Federation space and breed pure offspring to lead the next war, for they believe this one has already been lost."

Blinking, she began to look around herself in the CMO Office. She added more words as the realisations dawned upon her. "They seek to use Doctor Nicander and this room to genetically re-engineer all children-to-come whilst they are still in the womb. They were to be given the Velsren sac of the Asurians, granted superior healing abilities, but that is not all. The genetic template they mean to use is Declan Vasser." Her green eyes returned to the people who had restored her, one last thing to be revealed about their adversary.

"The reason for this is that Declan Vasser is an Augment," she said, as if she spoke the photosynthetic quality in a rare growth, "perhaps the most powerful one of this century. He must be approached with great caution, lest we will lose more of our crew."

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-05-31, 01:12:10

The world moved around Lahkesis and yet she was still. She was aware of her friend, Doctor Maya, near her, and then she was not. She felt someone touching her, but then she did not. She could not have been truly sure of either of those two facts, the real world seeming so distant from her current frame of mind. She trembled as tears welled in her pupilless eyes and slide down her pale cheeks. She looked paler than she normally did, the dark red fluid that gave her skin color retreating to her muscles and organs to ensure they had the nutrients and energy to move when the time came.

Though her eyes were open she did not register what was in front of them. In simple terms she had retreated into the farthest corner of her mind. She was in shock, she had never shot anyone before and if she had her choice she would never do it again. She did not really know why she had done it in the first place. She felt like she had no control. It was this, and the fear in the first place, that had thrown her into shock.

All she could do was breath in and out. Carbon dioxide in, oxygen out. Her biology a seemingly a marriage of both that of a mammal and that of a tracheophyte. Carbon dioxide would flood into her body and be quickly converted into sugars that could either be used as energy to move the long fibers that made up her muscles or regrow damaged tissue. The process of doing this would in addition convert water into oxygen, the hydrogen becoming part of the sugars. She would need a long soak in some mineral water after this was all over to regain the liquid water she was losing.

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-06-02, 03:56:10

The out of body experience continued for Hayden as the tension that had been building in the room ever since the mutineers first arrived in sickbay boiled over and out in flurry of frenetic activity. One moment O'Connor was filled with a blind rage that propelled her to act to ensure their very survival, and the next, it felt like her brain was drained of all its oxygen and her feet were rooted to the floor as

events became even more surreal. She felt not even a twinge of guilt as her boot connected solidly with Phantom's arm and hand. Hayden knew better than to celebrate at that moment, but she felt a flare of primal satisfaction they were all working together now to take down the man who'd come to embody everything Hayden despised: a man who used his own suffering as an excuse to dominate and violate others.

Then, in an instant, the tide had changed, and Hayden watched in terror and shock as the monster found impossible strength to take out his fury against the most vulnerable being among them, the recently assaulted and psychologically traumatized male Ovri, Vinata. Her brain screamed at her to do something even as her body refused to comply. It was Maya who moved the fastest to deliver what would normally be the death blow. No doubt her repeated exposure to trauma allowed her to take in her emotions and quickly repress them to deal with more immediate matters.

By the time O'Connor remembered the phaser, it was already firing wildly and Hayden ducked for cover to get a handle on whom was where. The last thing she needed was to get stunned by errant phaser fire and become literally more dead weight. What felt like an eternity but what was probably only seconds passed, and for a moment, all Hayden could process was her own ragged breaths and Vinata's stunned sobs.

Maya's simple words were enough to bring her out of her daze, and though her body was fighting to either laugh or cry, she ended up doing neither, as she helped Maya ease the shell that was once known as Phantom off Vinata. She prayed he was not so traumatized that he was lost to them forever. "Is anyone else hurt?"

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-06-03, 00:47:15

Vinnata was just in sock, the warm wet feeling of blood on his skin, the stinging of his burned skin where his hand had been grazed, but what made it all worse was the fact that he could not see or rather he was not opening his eyes. He didn't need them to know what was atop of him, he could feel the body grow still atop of him and the smell...oh by whatever forced that be the smells. It was like he was back at the triage center, the smell of burning flesh and textiles, the smell of ozone from the discharge of energy weapons and he blood, of the blood. It as there t the back of everything, an what made that even worse was he could feel it pooling under him and getting collecting over his body.

His eyes tightened further as the others around him began to talk, he did not care what they were saying, he would just stay here, he would be left along here. But he as not abandoned, as the body was lifted off of his chest he took a deep breath and quickly found himself taking labored and ragged breaths as his remaining panic began to grip him and he clenched his hands firmly, he could feel the blistered skin screaming in pain as he did his, but he did not care, he was just too scared.

As he felt hands upon him Vinata's eye shot opened, his breath caught in his throat as he looked over he people who had come to his aid. His mouth opened and and closed very slightly s if trying to form excused, to tell others that he was alright, but he couldn't his mind was filled with the screaming. Tears began to trail down his face as he finally got a sound out in the form of croak before he began to sob. He was never going to be free, it had not even been a day for him, only a matter of own of consciousness ha passed since the events of the triage center, where he saw his comrades die, swallowed up in conflict and fire only to end up waking up to live though another hell. His body shaking as he began to mutter things between his sobs, it was unintelligible, but Vinata was trying to ask to be frozen again, to let him just sleep until this was all over.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-06-03, 05:34:34

"I will assist you," Cir'Cie announced as she carefully removed herself from the biobed and helped Maya and Hayden pull Phantom's body off the Orvi. Nurse Vojona was covered in red human blood but thankfully didn't appear to be bleeding himself. *"He appears physically unharmed,"* the taller woman commented.

Vinata Vojona was nearly delirious, gibbering and whimpering and as his emotions burst free. Any doctor who had been through a war recognized the symptoms. The mind simply couldn't cope with the horror. So much had happened in such a short amount of time that asking Vinata to remain rational would be an irrational act. Maya felt Vinata's forehead and did her best to comfort the poor man. It looked like Hylota's brother was going to be first in line for a session with Counsellor O'Connor, but Maya could calm him and provide a temporary fix if he let her. *"His physical injuries are minor,"* the shorter Vulcan conceded. She didn't elaborate on the emotional.

"Is anyone else hurt?" Hayden O'Connor asked.

"We seem to have escaped *physical* injury," Maya replied, placing emphasis on the word 'physical,' "but it would appear that your docket will be very full this week," the greenblooded physician continued as she noticed the stunned and helpless expression on Lahkesis' face. "We need to clean the blood off Mister Vojona. In the meantime, could you ascertain the state of Doctor Saugn?" She glanced at the botanist, who seemed to have something to tell them. "Ensign Cir'Cie? Have you something to add?"

"My gratitude," replied Ensign Cir'Cie. *"I would require an inoculation of a substance that can clear my mind and body from the effects of what I have been drugged with,"* she continued as she looked towards closest exit.

"Doctor Saugn or Counselor O'Connor can get you a stimulant to counteract the effects of the sedative we gave you," Maya assured her.

"Too many have been shown T'Rena's vision of the future," Cir'Cie declared calmly but firmly. *"Their minds must be cleared of the illusion forced upon them. Right now, they still believe there is no recourse but to escape Federation space and breed pure offspring to lead the next war, for they believe this one has already been lost."*

"What will they do once they escape Federation space?" Maya asked as she helped the Orvi to his feet and helped him to a decontamination chamber where they could wash Phantom's blood off.

"They seek to use Doctor Nicander and this room to genetically re-engineer all children-to-come whilst they are still in the womb," Cir'Cie replied. *"They were to be given the Velsren sac of the Asurians, granted superior healing abilities, but that is not all. The genetic template they mean to use is Declan Vasser."*

"That should be proof that Captain Vasser is mentally unsound," Maya replied dryly. It was unfortunate that Doctor Nicander was not present; he would have had a witty remark that would raise morale. In Maya's assessment her own comment was completely inadequate. "What reason could they have for believing that cloning a race of Vasser is desirable?"

"The reason for this is that Declan Vasser is an Augment," Cir'Cie replied, nearly causing Maya to stumble, *"perhaps the most powerful one of this century. He must be approached with great caution, lest we will lose more of our crew."*

"That is a task that should be delegated to others," Maya commented as she and Vinata entered one of the decontamination rooms near the reception duty station. "Before you go, could you make a list of all of the personnel you have compromised? It would be helpful to know who needs treatment." *And who we shouldn't trust*, she added silently.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-07, 02:27:27

"I suppose I could make a list," said Cir'Cie with the intonation that she did not see the immediate need for it since that info would have a short life expectancy and only show half of the truth. "Yet I do not have the ambition to go alone. You and I should be working together to ensure safe unions with the crew we encounter. Our list would be a verbal one, our pace swift, and our touch the way for the two crews to realise how wrong they have been to share the views of T'Rena."

Cir'Cie's eyes fell on the Ovri and the Teslysiac duplicate in turn, knowing that they had not taken the development in the CMO Office well. Still, the finest therapeutic expert was present in the form of Hayden O'Connor, and there were likely Ives Loyalists in the wards that could help her in that sense.

Right then, the Red Alert was sounded throughout the ship, heralding the arrival of the Calamity. If they were to turn the minds of key personnel back to their real selves, then they did not have that much time left.

"What say you, Doctor Maya?" asked Cir'Cie, not yet leaving the office. Cir'Cie did not know the other Vulcan well enough to know if she'd rather treat the Ovri in the decontamination chamber outside the office or not.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-06-11, 02:32:01

Leaving sickbay. Not the first option Maya would have chosen. All of her training since arriving in this century had been to serve in a Sickbay or hospital. Maya was ready to react to any medical situation, whether it was multiple surgeries or dealing with an epidemic. Outside sickbay the little Vulcan would have to improvise, something that past experience had indicated was outside her skill area. In light of the red alert signal, Cir'Cie's point about time couldn't be denied. Although Maya's place during a red alert was in sickbay, if she didn't reverse the mental conditioning of her shipmates and get as many people back to their stations as possible, everybody on the *Theurgy* was at risk.

"Doctor Saugn, take over for me in sickbay," Maya ordered as her long spidery fingers prepared two hyposprays with stimulants and painkillers that would not interfere with telepathy. "Counselor O'Connor will help you with the patients, as will Mister Vojona if he is able. I shall be accompany Ensign Cir'Cie and attempt to reverse the conditioning on our shipmates as expediently as possible," she added as she injected the contents of one of the hyposprays into Cir'Cie's neck. "I shall need a medkit for I shall no doubt encounter injured crewmembers out there," she continued as she injected the contents of the second hypospray into her own wrist. "I shall return to assist in sickbay as soon as I am able."

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-06-11, 08:59:47

Vinata took shaky breaths as he was lead into a sterilization station, sonic waves broke down anything sticking to his skin and as he began to be sterilized he whimpered as he just rubbed all over his bod to try and free himself of the drying blood more quickly. He felt like it was still all over him in every pore despite it being removed from his skin, but it did not matter he was just done, he was not going to bother trying to do anything more, he was broken for now, and he did not see any reason to try and fix

anything, he was not going to have any time to enjoy it. The way he saw it he would just be building things back up so that the next situation could smash him back down, he had seen so many die, people who were just as confused as him, who had no idea what was going on, and now some big event was happening that he did not understand again, and it stole from him his dignity and had just been a reminder of the horror of his life.

As he sulked however he could hear the people outside the station talking about how they had to do things, to make things better, and he touched his forehead, his fingers tracing the mark of his post, the mortar and pestle. He took a deep breath, he had to remember his post, he was a nurse, he was trained to be a healer, a helper of those in need, and if he could not do that he had no reason to live. Getting up on his leg he walked out of the station, his legs shaking and his arms braced to the walls to keep him upright as he looked to his current CO.

Taking a deep breath and swallowing down a lump in his throat Vinata spoke, his eyes unable to meet anyone's. "I-I do not know how much use I am...but I promise, I will stand my post and help those in need." He shuddered and took a shaky step forward and did his best to appear that he was alright. "I-I just need a gown or uniform." It was painfully obvious that Vinata would not last, he would not be able to stand casualties, he was in distress and using all he had left to keep from falling apart again, but he would do his best to serve until relieved of his duty.

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-06-17, 04:25:57

Although Hayden couldn't argue with Cir'Cie's logic with regard to Maya assisting with the necessary mind melds to restore the crew to some semblance of normalcy, the rest of Maya's instructions were clearly overambitious. Saughn and Vinata were in obvious shock and in no condition to treat patients, let alone take charge in sickbay, even though she deeply respected their desire to keep going and to do whatever they could to help. To say they weren't equipped to handle the stress of taking care of anyone else was not a criticism of their psychological fortitude, but simply a matter of fact.

In addition, even though Hayden was not the type to focus on rank and position, and in particular, whether she was being given the professional deference her rank and position required, it didn't escape O'Connor's notice the Vulcan was ordering the medical staff around as if she were the ranking officer. Hayden had deferred to Maya in large part, not because O'Connor was averse to taking a leadership role, but because as a Vulcan skilled in using telepathy and empathic senses to heal, Maya was in the best position to offer expertise in how to reverse the damage done by the toxic mind melds.

Given the added pressure of having to act now they were under red alert, Hayden could easily forgive Maya's eagerness to take charge despite Hayden being the ranking officer. Because O'Connor served as Chief Counselor, most people forgot she was a qualified physician in her own right. There was also the reality that, regardless of how dysfunctional it was for Maya in the long-term, her ability to suppress her emotional reactions to anything traumatic, allowed her to take action far quicker than even Hayden's emotional resiliency allowed.

Taking a deep breath to center herself, Hayden recognized she needed to act. Turning to Maya, she said, "Ensign, you and Cir'Cie go do what you can to reverse the crew's conditioning. I'll take charge here until I am relieved by Doctor Nicander. I'll be sure to keep everyone as comfortable as I can until we know more." O'Connor avoided mentioning she would take care of Saughn and Vinata specifically, as she didn't want to speak of them as if they weren't in the room, but her eyes made it clear she was speaking specifically of them as much as she was speaking about any potential casualties. Turning to Cir'Cie, O'Connor said, "if you get the opportunity, it might be a good idea to check with Sarresh as soon as you can to determine their progress in replicating the Lexorin. I have no doubt in either of your

skills, but I expect you'll need the help."

Despite the seriousness of the situation and the fact O'Connor couldn't afford to be focused on anything except tending to Vinata and Saughn in the moments she had, Hayden hoped Maya wouldn't take offense to Hayden stepping into lead, if only because the two of them had established a more sincere and intimate relationship that was beyond rank and position. O'Connor couldn't help but want to avoid leaving the Vulcan feeling slighted, even if intellectually, Hayden knew such concerns were the least of their worries.

Turning toward Vinata and Saughn more out of necessity than a desire to be dismissive, she said calmly, "I'll grab some clothing for you and let's see what else can be done."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-21, 01:24:07

The hiss of Doctor Maya's hypospray gave Cir'Ce immediate relief and clarity of mind - the drugs in her system quickly being remedied by the counter-agent that spread through her veins. She blinked, watching what happened around her with a bit more acuity to her thoughts. At the suggestion that the other Ensign wanted to bring a medkit, Cir'Ce nodded in agreement and walked away to get one for her.

Meanwhile, the Ovri male volunteered his service to the patients despite his condition, merely requesting some clothing for his task. Cir'Ce raised an eyebrow towards the blue-and-red skinned Ovri as she returned with a medkit in her hand, thinking that he did not seem fit for duty so soon after his ordeals - whatever they might have been. As for the Teslyliac duplicate, she seemed even less capable of rising to the challenge, even less take command of Sickbay. It was obvious that assisting in killing the Wing Commander had taken its toll, but fortunately, the human counsellor volunteered to lead the work in Sickbay for the time being.

In parting, Hayden O'Connor suggested that Sarresh Morali might hold the key to simplify hers and Maya's task. Lexorin was a potent medical compound that could very well ease the impact of T'Rena's telepathic indoctrination, and if that was being synthesised in larger quantities, then it meant that the plan was to disperse it on the ship. "I will, Counsellor O'Connor. If we are facing the Calamity again, the odds suggest that there will be injured arriving shortly," she said before walking out the sliding doors along with Doctor Maya - carrying the medkit for her. Without further adue, she tapped her combadge.

"Cir'Ce to Sarresh Morali. What is your status, over?" she said as they walked, shoulder by shoulder out of the Emergency Entrance to Sickbay, "We have been informed that you are about to disperse Lexorin on the ship. We need to know when this might happen. Doctor Maya and I are leaving Sickbay in order to try and find some means to remove T'Rena's telepathic imprint on the crew. The dispersal of Lexorin ought to give us the window of opportunity that we need."

Yet there was no answer, and Cir'Ce turned her head to look at her fellow Vulcan. "It would seem we have to do what we can, assistance or not," she said, voice utterly passionless. "While I have the chance, I might as well express my gratitude towards your efforts to restore me through the mind meld. Your display of emotion bolstered my will to fight. It was... interesting how my response could be any different than I initially believed, and how your words seemed to alleviate the understanding that had me locked down. Thank you, doctor."

Having said this, Cir'Ce looked ahead down the corridor. "So where should we go first. Which area aboard needs us the most?"

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-06-25, 00:03:48

"While I have the chance, I might as well express my gratitude towards your efforts to restore me through the mind meld." said Cir'Cie. "Your display of emotion bolstered my will to fight. It was... interesting how my response could be any different than I initially believed, and how your words seemed to alleviate the understanding that had me locked down. Thank you, doctor."

"You are most welcome Ensign," Maya replied with a formal nod.

"So where should we go first?" the taller woman asked. "Which area aboard needs us the most?"

There was an old Vulcan expression: 'Do what you can, not what you can't.' It sounded better in the original Vulcan, but the gist was that effort should be spent on what was possible to accomplish, not what was improbable or unattainable. Only after accomplishing everything what was possible was it reasonable to expend energy on improbabilities that resembled impossibilities. When Maya thought about, most of Vulcan's paradigm shifting accomplishments had been achieved by those with too much time on their hands.

"We should concentrate our efforts on those you personally have compromised," Maya announced. "They will be both easier to find and more likely to allow us to get close enough to undo their conditioning. We should start with Matthews and the enlisted personnel you brought with you into sickbay," she suggested as she led the way into the intensive care unit where Connor Mathews and his cohorts were reclining on biobeds. "It will give us an idea of how difficult it will be to restore someone in the field."

She was momentarily distracted by the sight of Nurse Maal convalescing and comatose with the rest. It had been Maya who had suggested that he fight and apparently she had made the wrong suggestion. Fatigue allowed illogical recriminations to echo through her psyche. Not only was everyone needed at their posts but there was a personal factor to consider. Maal was one of the few people aboard Maya considered a friend.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-26, 11:31:02

Being in accord with the Vulcan next to her, Cir'Cie entered the ICU of sickbay with head held high and a dispassionate look scanning the busy area. The few nurses and non-com medics were performing admirably despite the circumstances - evidently not too agitated by the Red Alert. She noticed how Doctor Maya's eyes lingered on a Klingon she believed she'd seen in the Recovery Ward. Given the pause, Cir'Cie stepped up to him where he lay. She believed his name was Maal.

"This Klingon is not someone I bestowed T'Rena's mind upon, yet he appears to be breathing. It would be unfortunate if he died because of my orders whilst I was indoctrinated. It would compromise my emotional stability if he did, and I would meditate long upon his demise. I would honour his name in any way I could." There was no point in lingering, however, and their task was of utmost importance. She moved on to the human named Patrick Andersson, one whom she had touched from the Harbinger crew.

"I do not know who has shot him, but this man needs to be moved to the morgue. We will never know if we could restore his mind." She moved on to the one named Sean Cameron, and next to him lay Connor Matthews. They were breathing, staring at the ceiling. It was an oddity she had no explanation for. She lay her hand towards Ensign Matthews's cheek, but she removed her hand quite quickly. She touched Cameron's cheek too before relaying her findings. "These humans have been broken beyond

my abilities... likely yours too, Doctor. I do not know what has befallen them, but the integrity of their memories and minds have been shattered - residual shards suggesting an overload in the pleasure centres of their brains. I do not know the medical terms, but the devastation is... complete."

Had Cir'Cie been conscious at the time, she would have known that the two men had been present in the CMO Office before Sarresh Morali, Ryuan Sel and Eve Jenkins left to synthesise Lexorin in the Medical Lab. Sean Cameron and Connor Matthews had been the same when lying on the portable biobeds next to Eve Jenkins, and then brought to the ICU while Doctor Maya preformed the mind-meld upon Cir'Cie. As it were, she vaguely remembered seeing them through Doctor Maya's memories - a hint to the Doctor's foreknowledge learned from the mind-meld they had shared. "They were moved here, were they not? Did Nurse Jenkins tell you what happened to them?"

The rest of the Harbinger personnel that had accompanied Cir'Cie to sickbay lay - sedated - on the biobeds further on, and they were those the two Vulcans could try their hand on.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-06-30, 00:27:37

"This Klingon is not someone I bestowed T'Rena's mind upon, yet he appears to be breathing," Cir'Cie said as she examined the comatose Klingon. Maal was injured, and despite their reputations for stoicism, both Vulcans felt what in a human would be guilt. *"It would be unfortunate if he died because of my orders whilst I was indoctrinated. It would compromise my emotional stability if he did, and I would meditate long upon his demise. I would honour his name in any way I could."*

"Thank you," Maya acknowledged as she moved to examine Maal's dressings. "That is very kind." The social convention was important, especially in times like this when loyalties and morale were being tested. All of the social niceties would be observed. Besides, there was something that could be mistaken for sentiment in Maya's quiet words.

In the meantime Cir'Cie had moved to Patrick Andersson, one of the *Harbinger's* crewmembers who had threatened sickbay not long ago. *"I do not know who has shot him, but this man needs to be moved to the morgue. We will never know if we could restore his mind."*

"What has happened to him?" Maya asked as she went to Cir'Cie's side to examine Andersson for herself. As both a telepath and a neurologist, a mind touch from Maya was almost as accurate as a scan from a psychotricorder. Maya's large hazel eyes narrowed as she touched what was left of Andersson's mind. He would have to be moved to cryosleep. There was nothing they could do for him now.

She turned her head when she heard Cir'Cie's voice. *"These humans have been broken beyond my abilities... likely yours too, Doctor,"* the taller woman announced quietly as she stood over Sean Cameron and Connor Matthews. *"I do not know what has befallen them, but the integrity of their memories and minds have been shattered - residual shards suggesting an overload in the pleasure centres of their brains. I do not know the medical terms, but the devastation is... complete."*

"That is not possible," Maya said softly as she placed the tips of her long spidery fingers on Connor Mathews' face. Maya's pale bloodless face lost all its color and became dead white. She hadn't dared mind meld with them before she freed Cir'Cie from her indoctrination. The examination they had received had been rushed, triage conditions. Everyone had assumed they had been stunned and would recover from it. Now they were gone. Theoretically it was possible to educate them and restore their skills, but the *Theurgy* no longer had the facilities to make the attempt, even with two neurologist aboard. In any case, their personalities, their memories, were gone. The people they had once been

were gone forever.

"They were moved here, were they not?" Cir'Cie asked. *"Did Nurse Jenkins tell you what happened to them?"*

"I assure you she certainly did not," Maya remarked curtly. What could possibly do this kind of neurological damage? "Did you indoctrinate these two or was it T'Renna?"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-02, 15:13:39

The Vulcan doctor verified Cir'Cie's findings, and while Cir'Cie had been concerned about the fate of the two officers beneath the surface of her calm demeanour, the older Vulcan wore her feelings on her sleeve after touching their faces. This so far as to almost seem offended by Cir'Cie's question. The botanist did not react, however, merely folding her hands behind her back as she replied.

"I bestowed them with T'Rena's vision shortly before noon today, rallying a team to bring to Sickbay. There were no signs of ailments to them, and I have not observed these results with any other indoctrinated. While it might be a convenient explanation, it is not likely that this was a result of T'Rena's influence upon their minds. It is, in my estimation, far more likely that this was caused by an unknown party. The first line of inquiry, however, would be the Head Nurse since - according to what I gleaned from your memory - she brought them into Dr. Nicander's office while I was sedated."

Cir'Cie raised her hand to tap her combadge. "Ensign Cir'Cie to Lieutenant Jenkins," she said as she moved down the lines of beds and reached the rest of the team that had come to Sickbay. They were sedated and treated for their minor wounds. After waiting a couple of seconds, Cir'Cie gathered that the Head Nurse was not wearing her combadge. Raising her emerald green eyes to Doctor Maya, she wished to verify their priorities.

"After we have successfully determined that we can remove T'Rena's impressions upon these crew members, our next action should be to illicit help in gathering the mutineers somewhere close to Sickbay and treat them all as effectively as possible. Whoever came up with the idea to use Lexorin deserves some credit, because the components should lessen the effect and make them confused about their situation; far more compliant to accept treatment."

Looking down upon the still faces of those she had corrupted, Cir'Cie fought down the impulse to lose her façade in the torrent of guilt that washed through her. Not only had she been corrupted at Niga, but here too - acting the agent for a cause not her own. She had no idea how many might have died because of her when they had orbited Niga, but now, there was no antidote to remove her memories of her own actions. She knew perfectly well how many lives might have been lost during the sabotage in Engineering alone.

"I... regret that I could not resist T'Rena's will. She may be a former Master Acolyte, but I have become undone before - removed from my own body and replaced by a warped image. I should have been able to repel her. I should have..." Cir'Cie blinked with her long lashes, and she almost expected tears to fall from them. "As I was saying, we need to establish contact with Sarresh Morali and verify the Lexorin dispersal after we are done here. Then we must ask the Senior Staff to send all mutineers our way. Do you concur?"

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-07-05, 00:24:57

"I bestowed them with T'Rena's vision shortly before noon today, rallying a team to bring to Sickbay," Ensign Cir'Cie explained. "There were no signs of ailments to them, and I have not observed these results with any other indoctrinated. While it might be a convenient explanation, it is not likely that this was a result of T'Rena's influence upon their minds. It is, in my estimation, far more likely that this was caused by an unknown party. The first line of inquiry, however, would be the Head Nurse since - according to what I gleaned from your memory - she brought them into Dr. Nicander's office while I was sedated."

"Agreed," Maya tilted her head to the right instead of nodding. "It is possible that Lieutenant Jenkins not what she appears."

"Ensign Cir'Cie to Lieutenant Jenkins," Cir'cie called as she tapped her combadge. While they waited for a response, they moved down the lines of beds and examined the rest of the team that had led into Sickbay. Aside of a variety of minor wounds and being under heavy sedation, no reason they couldn't return to duty presented themselves. Maya placed her tips of her long spidery fingers on first one face, and then another, to verify that their minds, although indoctrinated, were still intact. Cir'Cie's emerald green eyes glanced at Maya's hazel ones. Eve Jenkins wasn't answering her combadge. Had she discarded it to hide or flee? If so from whom, Captain Vasser's men or Cir'Cie and Maya once they had discovered what she'd done?

"It appears we will have to make due without Nurse Jenkins' services," Maya commented dryly. "In the meantime we must focus on accomplishments we know we can make. What are your thoughts?"

"After we have successfully determined that we can remove T'Rena's impressions upon these crew members, our next action should be to illicit help in gathering the mutineers somewhere close to Sickbay and treat them all as effectively as possible," Cir'Cie replied. "Whoever came up with the idea to use Lexorin deserves some credit, because the components should lessen the effect and make them confused about their situation; far more compliant to accept treatment."

From a certain angle, Maya's neutral expression might be mistaken for a wistful smile. Lahkesis had suggested the Lexorin, having remembered what Maya had forgotten. The green blooded physician allowed herself a nanosecond of motherly pride before getting back to the business at hand.

"With the ship at general quarters it is not a good time to concern ourselves with who has been indoctrinated," Maya decided. "Regardless of which captain they serve, the people aboard will have to man their battle stations in order to survive. Survival was the rationale for..."

Maya abruptly stopped talking when she noticed the younger Vulcan wasn't listening; Cir'Cie was looking down at the faces of those she had compromised. A human wouldn't have noticed but a Vulcan could see that the younger woman was upset at herself and in close proximity Maya couldn't miss the wave of guilt radiating from her. Right now, Maya was bolstered by motherly affection. She decided to share some of that by placing the tips of her middle and pointer finger on the back of Cir'Cie's hand. The gesture served to release a confession that the taller woman had bottled up inside her.

"I... regret that I could not resist T'Rena's will. She may be a former Master Acolyte, but I have become undone before - removed from my own body and replaced by a warped image. I should have been able to repel her. I should have..." Cir'Cie paused as Maya empathically helped her steady herself.

"As I was saying, we need to establish contact with Sarresh Morali and verify the Lexorin dispersal after we are done here. Then we must ask the Senior Staff to send all mutineers our way. Do you

concur?"

"Yes, indeed I concur," Maya tilted her head to the right gently before brushing the back of Cir'Cie's hands with her fingertips. "After the battle, you should be able to summon the ones you have personally compromised. We can ask Mister Trent to send T'Rena's any mutineers taken prisoner our way if his counter mutiny is successful."

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-07-05, 04:00:51

Vinata stumbled a little bit as he watched Dr. Hayden O'Connor wen off to gt him something more to wear an he took a stuttering breath before covering his chest with an arm and looking briefly at the body he had been dragged out from under. He shuddered ad took the blanket he had tried to blind the man with and he used it to cover up the body, he was certainly not going to move it, so the least they could do was cover it up so that no one had to look at what they had done here to survive.

As he finished covering up Phantom's body he began to shudder and his breaths grew short and weak. He shook his head and looked about, he needed something to calm his nerves, something that would be able to let him work, otherwise h would just be dead weight, and he would have nothing to do but let his mind wander to...No! No he was not going to let this happen now,just shove it aside and think about it later. Shaking his head Vinata took a deep breath and began to shakily walk towards the medical storage room, he would find himself something in there that he could use to relax he thought to himself.

Vinata stood up shakily and began to walk back through where his comrades had been held up mere moments earlier, he needed to get to this quickly before he had a breakdown and became a mess, with some drugs in his system he might be able to keep his mind off of what had happened to him, and perhaps he could also get something for the blistering that was happening all over his hand now that some time had passed from it being grazed by one of he flurry of phaser shots earlier.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-08, 02:42:33

The other Vulcan's gesture was oddly... soothing, and Cir'Cie looked up to meet Maya's gaze where they stood in the middle of the ICU. She realised that despite how she had behaved when under T'Rena's influence, at least Doctor Maya was ready to forgive her. That fact bolstered her morale since that meant more people aboard could be equally forgiving, despite the fact that her actions had caused a great deal of harm.

Her gaze strayed down the rows of biobeds in the ward, and she spotted the profile of one specific patient that, perhaps, embodied the harm that the sabotage had caused the Theurgy. It was the Chief Engineer - Tia Marlowe. Through the mind-meld with Maya, she knew that the human had been given heart surgery during the hostile takeover, and Cir'Cie reckoned that it was still uncertain whether she would make it through or not. She could only hope that the capable medical personnel on the ship could help restoring the harm caused, since she had little means on her own to redeem herself. She was, after all, just a Science Officer in the middle of a voyage that she had no prior training or experience for.

"Before the battle is over, and the Lexorin can safely be dispersed, there is one more thing the two of us can do to help the rest of the crew. Since I - by you - am uniquely restored to my own mental faculties, I alone can reveal Declan Vasser's true nature as it was known to T'Rena. I would require your assistance, though, if you please." Cir'Cie said this and stepped up to one of the duty stations in the ward, and she began typing out something on a blank screen that she brought up. "If you could

speak with Thea about what I told you, I will type out and upload the data I came in possession of when linked with T'Rena's mind. It would be more expedient if Thea was told directly so that she could relay the information where it may be needed aboard at this crucial juncture. I can imagine that if there is a direct confrontation taking place with the Harbinger's commanding officer, crew loyal to Captain Ives would need to be briefed."

Working as quickly as she could, Cir'Cie compiled the profile of Declan Vasser - letting Maya read over her shoulder and pick out what might be of value for Thea to relay to all affected personnel aboard.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-07-10, 04:46:35

Maya's eyes narrowed as she reviewed the data on Captain Vasser. One of her eyebrows rose but otherwise she was as still as a hologram on 'pause'. Finally she spoke. "This certainly explains much. Captain Vasser was able to detect the infiltration of Starfleet because he was also an infiltrator. Once he began the chase the tells must have been obvious. It was quite an achievement for his creators to hide his augmentations in his 'junk' DNA, quite ingenious. This information renders him even more dangerous than previously thought."

"Genetic augments were responsible for Earth's third and final world war," Maya continued. "The experiment to create an improved human resulted in individuals who had not only augmented physical and mental abilities, but augmented arrogance and ambitions as well. During my lifetime Earth's genetic augments almost started a war between the Klingon Empire and a preFederation Earth, but I only found out later once the information was declassified. I myself was visiting Cold Station 13 when they invaded it."

Maya tapped her combadge. "Maya to Thea, are you still with us?" At this point she didn't know if the *Theurgy's* artificial intelligence had been removed from the equation or not. The loyalists had held sickbay but how the rest of the ship was faring was a mystery.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-11, 16:07:07

Listening to the older Vulcan about what she had experienced and noting the facts about human history, Cir'Cie was gratified that they were hardly obligated to spend some time researching what the Augments truly were before they could brief Thea about the Harbinger's former Commanding Officer.

[This is Thea, and I am here,] said the Ship A.I. on the intercom in answer to Maya. [The Harbinger commanders tried to reprogram me but failed. I am currently establishing communication between all resistance cells and helping people get back to their duty stations because of the pending battle. Is there any way I can help you in Sickbay?]

Cir'Cie knew that Thea still had no surveillance system besides her internal sensors since the Calamity first attacked them outside the Hromi Cluster, so the A.I. was more or less blind to their current activities. "This is Ensign Cir'Cie. Doctor Maya has restored me from the mental conditioning that T'Rena gave me through the Vulcan mind-meld," she said as she typed, "I am preparing a data package for you in medical station A4832, and it contains some information that may be of import to anyone dealing with the individual known as Declan Vasser."

[What about him?] asked Thea, since Cir'Cie was not finished yet and had not saved the text to the database.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-07-12, 05:18:48

"It seems that Captain Vasser is a genetic augment," Maya replied. "According to Commander T'Renna's memory engrams that were duplicated in Ensign Cir'Cie's psyche Declan Vasser was created in a lab and much of his history has been faked. Apparently the plan to save the crews of the *Theurgy* and the *Harbinger* were to seize the *Calamity's* superior technology and find a place to breed a race of augments based on Vasser's DNA. Like the augments of Terran antiquity Declan Vasser is endowed with strength, endurance, intelligence and agility superior to the human norm. Like the augments of the Earth's Eugenics war he is also afflicted with arrogance and ambition that he believes his justified by his own superiority. Any crime against someone who isn't a Terran augment is justifiable. Ensign Cir'Cie is transcribing T'Renna's data on Vasser right now, but anyone who attempts to confront Captain Vasser should be made aware of the danger he poses, even as an individual. Such a being could be deadly even to an armed party with superior numbers. On no account should he be underestimated."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-20, 01:21:40

Thea seemed to absorb the information relayed to her by the two Vulcans with stoic silence until Doctor Maya had left her verbal account.

[I will make sure to forward this information to all concerned parties as timely as possible. Declan Vasser's current location is unknown since he seems to have removed his combadge. Messages have been prepared to all Senior Staff and will be relayed at first given opportunity. Security personnel have already been alerted of the threat the man might pose if directly confronted.]

"Our gratitude, Thea," said Cir'Cie dispassionately, then she stopped typing, "the transcription is complete and uploaded to your database under the name 'Vasser'. Secondly, we must know the status of the personnel that were set to work on synthesising Lexorin. Apparently, Sarresh Morali is in charge of that team, but he does not answer to communications. Nor does Head Nurse Jenkins. Can you verify their location and condition?"

[Unfortunately, no. I do know, however, that they finished synthesising enough Lexorin to allow me to disperse it where it is required. My last correspondence with them confirmed that they were about to secure access to my life support systems, but my surveillance system is destroyed so I can just see that they should be in the corridor just outside their destination. I will attempt to establish communication with them via intercom.]

"Very well." Cir'Cie gave it a moment of thought. "Please, if you are to use specific targeting when dispersing the Lexorin, do not affect personnel in key functions on the ship or who are essential to hostile engagement with any enemy ship. The idea is that the affected crew reports to Sickbay as soon as possible in order to alleviate the effects of T'Rena's mind-meld. "

[Acknowledged. I will report progress as required.]

Turning to Doctor Maya, Cir'Cie realised that as pressing as the treatment of the mind-melds were, the Chief Medical Officer was still not located, and if the *Theurgy* was going into battle with the *Calamity*, Doctor Maya needed to stay put. "As soon as we hear from Thea that the Lexorin is dispersed and that our patients will be arriving, we tend to them as well, but in the meantime, I will assist you with the current patients in whatever way I can."

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 26: Anodyne

[USS Theurgy | Medical Lab 01 | Sickbay | Deck 07]

Sarresh Morali, together with Eve Jenkins, had effectively put the plan to action - synthesising a large amount of Lexorin in the medical labs when T'Rena's voice was heard on the intercom.

[Captain T'Rena to Lieutenant-Commander Trent, this is not acceptable, and I hope you realise how futile your efforts truly are. We are about to upload a reprogrammed version of the Ship A.I. from her mobile emitter and into the pasitronic brain core. Whatever access you might have gained from Lieutenant Fedd will then be rescinded and if you do not surrender immediately, Thea's first act to further our cause will be to shut down life support on your Battle Bridge. So unless you put away your weapons and surrender, you will be taking the lives of everyone on that bridge with you as you draw your last breaths. You will not be able to shut her out of her own systems, so I do suggest you comply.]

Vulcans never lied, did they? Had Thea truly been compromised? And would Carrigan Trent's stand and his attempt at assuming command for the Ives Loyalists come to such a swift and gruesome end?

[State your choice, Lieutenant-Commander.]

Present in the Medical Lab was also Security Officer Ryuan Sel, who had accompanied Sarresh Morali and the Head Nurse in order to assist with the plan to disperse Lexorin through the modified Life Support systems. Mainly, the delicate operation needed to be protected, and given the large amount of fluid that needed to be moved, so it was fair to assume that the Nurse and the Temporal Affairs Officer might've need a hand as well. Yet right then, after the words of the Vulcan fell silent, her presence seemed to be the last line of defence in case the mutineers had already won. Yet beyond moral support, what more could she truly offer if Thea - the digital soul of the ship - would turn against them?

Right then, in the stunned silence, entered two people through the sliding doors. A man and a woman, both with white collared uniforms. Tactical Conn pilots from the Harbinger that were under Phantom's command. Both of them held hand phasers. "Hands where we can see them," said the woman, a platinum blonde woman with a scar down her right cheekbone. "No sudden moves."

The other one, an imposing Trill with auburn hair that fell to his shoulders spoke up in her wake. "I suggest you listen to Freya," he said with a small grin. "I'm Riptide, and we are to escort you to a cargo-hold so that Captain T'Rena can show you how to defeat the enemy. After that, you will understand what that guy on the intercom doesn't; that we have no choice if we are to save the Galaxy. First, round up in front of us and tell us where to find Dr. Nicander, will you?"

Meanwhile, Carrigan Trent gave his reply to T'Rena on the intercom.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-05-06, 05:17:11

To say that Ryuan Sel did not like to be threatened would be putting it mildly, it would be more accurate to say that she reacted violently to any threat. However she knew that in this moment she

was out gunned, having set her phaser rifle down to grab a couple of the canisters. Her mind raced with ideas and only came up with one. "Alright, we surrender," she said setting the canisters down.

"Get down," she called to Sarresh and Eve as at the last second she flipped a switch on the cannister, causing the Lexorin inside to erupt out as a cloud of thick gas. As she dove behind a table she grabbed her phaser rifle. She wasn't sure what the gas would do to them, if anything, but with any luck the medicine would have some effect on them, maybe even give her some sort of tactical advantage.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-05-14, 00:20:06

This certainly wasn't how Sarresh had wanted his day to go. Then again, nothing had been how Sarresh had wanted it, not since he had (apparently) volunteered for the assignment on the *Theurgy* and ended up a castaway in his own time once more. So really, having two armed goons walk into a medicL lab while he was trying to synthesize a drug that might very well save the combined crews of two starships from the twisted machinations of a psychopathic Vulcan and her ego ridden CO wasn't the worst thing that had even happened to him that day, let alone since he started serving on the blasted ship. And somehow, he doubted the word of the crazy bitch calling out over the comm system. While most people might believe the old adage that Vulcan's would never tell a lie, one of the few nuggets of information from the 29th century that Cpt. Ducane had left intact was just how much bullshit that line was.

So it was with calm aplomb that Sarresh watched as the pilots made their threats. He sized them up, deciding that Riptide was the more dangerous of the two. Not that it really mattered. His glare was as calm as it was artificial, his hands frozen over the machine before him, the formula for the next batch of Lexorin halfway entered into the system. He heard the Petty officer Sel begin to surrender, and heard her equally quiet warning. Despite the almost detached façade he had in place, he was ready, hand raking across the table top, scooping up whatever he could get a grip of as he dropped, like a rock, at her word. He hit the deck, rolled and collided with Nurse Jenkins, quite on purpose, dragging her down to the floor with him. "Stay down," the only apology he gave, as he kept right on crawling across the floor, the room filling with gas.

Gas that would block them from the view of the two *Harbinger* assailants - but would do no such thing for the artificially enhanced eyes that Sarresh now possessed...

Post by: Searcher on 2015-05-18, 18:04:07

Eve had been quiet, internally driven to try to help get the Lexorin made and distributed to stop the insanity. It also kept her from thinking about what she had done and knew she would have to do again at some point. She was also trying to suppress her body but without the vaccine it wouldn't be long before there was absolutely no controlling the release of pheromones.

As if that thought brought on more, two of the *Harbinger* fighter pilots entered and that twisting feeling in her gut nearly took her breath away. There were two of them, just like before. It would be so easy once they were close, letting them smell her and set fantasies afire. The cruelty in their eyes was obvious and the guilt in her gut lessened quickly as she gazed at Riptide, smiling warmly.

Of course there were others here who were quick to take the defensive and the next thing she knew, Sel was setting off a canister and Morali tackled her. She landed harder than she hoped and felt the air rush forcefully from her lungs which she immediately started trying to suck back in lest she lose even the stars dancing about in her vision. *Damn trigger happy security personnel!!*

Thankfully Saresh kept crawling away from her because the feel of his body on top of hers set off the fire within her. The vaccine not only controlled her pheromones but also her drive, allowing her to choose with whom she was intimate but now that control was eroding as well and she lay there on her back, staring at the ceiling wishing for him to return or Riptide to come to her ... or both.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-19, 11:43:21

"Dammit, you idiots..." snarled Freya and raised her hand phaser to shoot the three Ives Loyalists in the medical lab when the gas began to fill the room, but she had been too late - all three of them diving into cover. She opened fire nonetheless, but hit nothing - three quick energy beams illuminating the growing cloud with orange light. In the interim of searching for movements, Freya could not quite shake off the impression of that Nurse's smile, swallowing and wondering what the hell her mind was doing in the gutter all of a sudden. Why were they even there, shooting their allies instead of working with them?

As for Riptide, he might not have opened fire because he was cautious about what kind of gas that had been released, but since the security officer dressed in white underwear had opted to fill the entire lab with it, he reckoned it was merely a way to distract them and shroud their line of sight. He too could not quite shake the Nurse's smile while he tried to rifle through their potential tactics. Were they even armed? The security officer had not held a weapon, but she would have kept one close by, wouldn't she? The gas was, somehow, making it hard to think straight.

"Wide dispersal..." said Freya, sounding as confused about the situation as he was. She was not thinking straight. Riptide had heard her like this before, knew she was not at her full wits. Finger trembling, she changed the setting on her hand phaser. Was she really about to pelt the entire lab with energy? Riptide opened his mouth to object, knowing that even a stun setting caused - besides unconsciousness - minor skin burns to organic matter. They were in a bloody medical lab, and she was going to fire at all the chemicals stored there? He was no scientist, but even he didn't like the outcome of the risk analysis. That smile from the nurse, and that he felt less compelled to harm anyone with each passing second, compelled him to do something. Fast.

"No!" he called and struck Freya's weapon from below, just when she pushed the button. The wide beam expanded from the muzzle, and they were both hit in their faces at close range. Riptide did not have the time to regret his impulse before he died, because at close range, even a high stun setting was lethal.

What he didn't see was how the beam also seared the ceiling, which automatically activated the emergency systems installed into the lab. The entire room was lit by emergency lighting, filtered through the Lexorin gas cloud. The doors sealed shut, the current mixing sequences were halted, and the air in the room was vented out. Anywhere else than in lab environment, sprinklers would have dozed the flames, but chemicals might have violent reactions to H₂O exposure, so the fuel for the potential fire was vented instead.

Moreover, fire extinguishers were lit up along the walls. Breathing masks fell out of the ceiling as well, dangling like gallows in the maelstrom of venting gas. Fortunately for the surviving crew in the lab, the air-venting would never drop to lethal levels, but cause light asphyxiation until someone reset the systems via one of the computer consoles. The door had to be opened by authorised medical personnel, which was - incidentally - only Nurse Eve Jenkins.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-05-28, 04:37:42

The fog filled the room and the hiss of phaser fire cut through the confusion, even as Sarresh kept rolling away into a crouch. His nostrils flared, and he shook his head. The Leroxin had no affect on the Ash'reem turned Human - his mind hadn't been warped by the less then gentle touch of T'Rena's mind meld, so there wasn't anything for the now vaporized drug to do to his system. The same could not have been said for the two would be assailants. He hadn't expected the drug to be quite so immediately effective. Then again, he hadn't expected it to be dispersed in such an abrupt and violent fashion. Needless to say it worked, if not exactly the resolution he was looking for. And with no ill effects to himself. But the sudden heat in his cheeks - and lower - well that was an unwelcome surprise. He'd been pressed close to Nurse Jenkins when he'd pulled her down, and he swore he could smell her on him. Similar to how he would have been able to smell Amikris, had they been similarly close.

A voice pulled his thoughts away, and he slowly stood, watching as Ryuan Sel confirmed that their would be assailants were no longer among the living. Artificial eyes drank in every inch of the Bajoran woman, scantily clad as she was in naught but regulation drawers, and while his Ash'reem standards were still well and truly in place - mentally at least - physically, his body was reacting to...whatever was going on, and to the Bajoran as much as the memory of the woman on the floor, slowly getting to her feet. His head was swimming with thoughts, all of them highly inappropriate. Gone was the focus that he'd had earlier - whatever was at cause here, his hard wiring, and new human body, neither were capable of shunting it aside.

"What the hell is going on..." He muttered, that analytic mind that had served him so well drawing a blank. Up until the fire suppression systems kicked in. The already dim lights turned an eerie blue, and Sarresh swore. "Grab a mask," he managed to call out, snagging one dangling from the ceiling and dragging it down towards Nurse Jenkins, who was still on the floor. "Quickly!"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-30, 14:59:18

In short order, the vents fell silent and the air was restored to the Medical Lab. The masks remained where they hung, but the lexorin gass had been cleared from the room - revealing the two dead bodies of Freya and Riptide in front of the door - a door that remained locked.

[This is Thea, do you read me?] came the sound from the intercom, [is there anyone present in the medical lab? I can see life-signs but no identities, only two of which just vanished, and they were the only ones wearing combadges. What happened to Frida Armistead and Rillian Hav? Please identify yourselves.]

After this quick verification, Thea continued to speak. [Acknowledged. I can detect that you are synthesising a large amount of Lexorin in the Medical Lab, so given the compound's properties, I'd say that there is a 98,344 % likelihood that you have not only derived the method in which the Theurgy crew was turned against itself, but that you are loyal to Captain Jien Ives. I contact you to tell you that I have not been compromised. My pasitronic brain core has been restored and I will assist you in order to disperse the Lexorin through my Life Support Systems. You do not have to synthesise more of it either, because I can target the areas that the mutineers occupy with the amount that you got as soon as you get the Lexorin plugged into Life Support.]

There was a chirp from the door when it was unlocked - Thea overriding the emergency lock-out system.

[There should be a portable biobed outside the door. Load all of the canisters unto it and make haste. One of you will have to provide cover fire once you leave Sickbay, for there are four of them moving

down the corridor outside sickbay, heading towards the Emergency Entrance. Please hurry, because the Lexorin could be the only means to subdue the majority of the mutineers aboard, even if they will not be completely restored unless given corrective treatment through a second mind-meld.]

On top of the haste that the Ship A.I. urged for, the Red Alert klaxon resounded throughout the ship. It could only mean one thing.

[The Calamity is here. Captain Ives is not yet freed from the Brig, and Captain Vasser is still on the Main Bridge. We will not have any chance of survival unless the Theurgy crew is restored to their real selves again. Please, hurry.]

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-05-31, 00:42:35

[This is Thea, do you read me?] came the voice of the Theurgy AI from the intercom, [is there anyone present in the medical lab? I can see life-signs but no identities, only two of which just vanished, and they were the only ones wearing combadges. What happened to Frida Armistead and Rillian Hav? Please identify yourselves.]

"They're dead," Sel reported with a sigh as she snatched the commbadges off of the two dead mutineers, pinning on to her standard issue bra and tossing the other to the head nurse. She figured it would be best if she, the only security personnel there, and the highest ranking officer had the badges, they could get a third later. And after taking a deep breath, to calm herself she continued, "Petty Officer 2nd Class Ryuan Sel here with Lieutenant Junior Grade Sarresh Morali and Lieutenant Eve Jenkins." She her thumb over the sensor on the confiscated commbadge to set it to identify her as the owner. The last thing they'd need is for the ship's AI to confuse them with the mutineers.

[Acknowledged. I can detect that you are synthesising a large amount of Lexorin in the Medical Lab, so given the compound's properties, I'd say that there is a 98,344 % likelihood that you have not only derived the method in which the Theurgy crew was turned against itself, but that you are loyal to Captain Jien Ives. I contact you to tell you that I have not been compromised. My pasitronic brain core has been restored and I will assist you in order to disperse the Lexorin through my Life Support Systems. You do not have to synthesise more of it either, because I can target the areas that the mutineers occupy with the amount that you got as soon as you get the Lexorin plugged into Life Support.]

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Sel had just picked up a couple of canisters to head toward the door when the klaxons sounded and the red alert lights flicked on.

[The Calamity is here. Captain Ives is not yet freed from the Brig, and Captain Vasser is still on the Main Bridge. We will not have any chance of survival unless the Theurgy crew is restored to their real selves again. Please, hurry.]

"Well this should be fun," she said as she walked over to the door holding the canisters. Her pulse was

still pounding in her ears and though she did her best to stay focused on the task at hand she could not help but feel a growing anxiety. She had been in security for some time now and yet she still wasn't used to actual combat, much less firing on people wearing Starfleet uniform. As the door slid open she glanced around cautiously, spotting the portable biobed across the hall. She didn't see anyone nearby so she made her way over to it. Once there she quickly unloaded the canisters onto the biobed and, pausing once to say a brief prayer and run her finger over the red beads of her earring, hurried back to the lab.

Once inside she picked up her phaser rifle and threw the strap over her shoulder. She looked to the others as she picked up as many canisters as she could manage. "We have a clear shot to the portable biobed, after that I'll take point. I need you two to take these idiots guns," she gestured as best she could to the guns on the floor, "and keep sharp. I'll take point and if there is any trouble I'll tap my badge twice, right?"

Post by: Searcher on 2015-06-02, 15:57:56

It took her longer than it should have to get up off the floor and her hand absently went to one of the oxygen masks but she shook her head and swallowed down the bile. She was affecting Saresh, could feel his emotional arousal and confusion. She needed to get away from them, should explain but she couldn't find the words and then Thea's voice broke through her own mind fog.

She and Ryuan were talking, planning, and Eve knew it was their best bet but when the red alert began because of the Calamity and Ryuan suggested she go with her and Saresh, she blanched and shook her head. "I can't go with you," she said with obvious distress. "I missed my last injection and my Deltan pheromones are getting stronger and you'll both be in just as much danger around me."

The head nurse looked ... ashamed. "I've already used it to take out two of the Harbinger crew to try to save those in Sickbay and I can stay here, hold off those who would follow you so you can get the Lexorin into the system and Thea can take care of them. There's no more time to explain, just hurry and get the biobed. There's a back entrance for only medical personnel but I can let you out and then ..."

Then she would occupy the mutineers, bombard them with her pheromones. If their minds were overridden by lust, they would fall into orgasmic bliss. She just hoped they could get the Lexorin in the system before she turned too many into mindless husks of the people they once were. It would be more merciful to kill them but she hadn't the skill to do so, at least not a group.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-06-07, 15:10:37

Mask firmly in place, Saresh stood, watching as P.O. Sel went over to check and confirm what his eyes already told him - well and truly dead. He sucked in a few more calming breaths as fresh, untampered oxygen filled his lungs and helped push some of the worst...attraction away. Oh, his pants were still a tent at this point, though careful adjustment as he had stood up helped mitigate that particular embarrassment.

He warily eyed the nurse next to him, wondering just what the hell had been going on, then back to the petty officer who seemed remarkably unphased by it all. *Training, or life experiences* he wondered. At the moment, his own time altered brain didn't offer up much more than it already had about who the Bajoran was and what she was capable of in a fight, but he found his arms crossed over his chest as he listened to the update from Thea, as she and Sel went back and forth. His reserve was shaken when Thea announced the presence of the *Calamity* bearing down on their ship, however, and he

swallowed back a bit of fear tinged bile that threatened to rise up the back of his throat.

Before he could speak, Nurse Jenkins broke her own silence, explaining just what was wrong. He was glad that he hadn't yet removed his mask, wanting more time to purge his system of whatever he had inhaled. *Scent of a woman* some part of his mind cackled in the background, making him wonder idly if he was slipping into insanity. He pushed that depressing bit of insight down and tugged at his collar. His words were slightly muffled from behind the O2 mask, and they held an awkward bit of sympathy that clashed with the otherwise alternating taciturn and slightly bloodthirsty persona's he'd presented.

"I understand," simple words that conveyed far more meaning than socially tact sympathy. He empathized fully with the woman. Ash'reem had to wear suppressant wraps around their bodies to dampen the effects of their pheromones. And while his new body no longer packed quite that punch, he was familiar with what could happen when one did not make accommodations for the diverse biology represented on a Starfleet vessel.

Having to use that natural ability as a weapon...well. He reached out and placed a hand on her shoulder, despite any risk, and squeezed, once. "Good luck." Anything else seemed pointless. How she would mentally deal with what came next, well. He squeezed and started let go, but the nurse placed a hand on his, keeping him in place while she transferred authorization from herself to Sarresh. More responsibility for the Temporal Affairs officer, it seemed.

Nodding in understanding, and moving away before removing his mask, Lt. Morralli prayed to Gods he rarely believed in that her touch would not have affected him. It didn't help. The flood of pheromones was instant, and the heat built again. Perhaps he was simply more susceptible, who knew, but it was suddenly much harder to force his hand to reach down and pick up the other commbadge, to swipe his thumb as Reyun had done. He kept his eyes on the floor, refusing to look up at the scantily clad Bajoran while he palmed that badge and phaser, or back at the flush faced nurse. Checking the setting on the phaser, and holstering it to free his hands (and adjust himself again), Sarresh stood and lifted up what canisters he could to load to the bio bed.

"As the nurse suggested, we'd best take the back entrance," he forced the words out from between clenched teeth. Any trepidation Sel felt was not nearly as visible as she worried, and right then Sarresh was noticing just about everything about that woman too. He needed to get out of there, and now. "I've got the cart," he added, adjusting the controls on the portable bed so that it hovered near his waist, conveniently blocking what had just become much harder to ignore. He walked over and punched in a new code, the one Eve had given him, before addressing the ship's AI. "Thea, we're off." Time was off the essence, and he pushed the bed aside to allow the Petty Officer to take point, doing his best to avert his eyes from her rear and not look back at the forlorn nurse they were leaving to...deal with whomever would attempt to follow.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-06-11, 08:09:05

Leaving someone behind was not something Sel was overly comfortable doing, even in the worst of times she hated the idea of it. Yet in the past few weeks she had been forced to do it more times than she could admit. And now especially she knew she had no choice. The effect of the Deltan's physiology was plain to see and it could not be risked. She could not only see the effect of the Deltan pheromones on the former Ash'reem, she could feel them effecting her own thinking. The effect was not as pronounced in her as it was in Sarresh. While he showed all the symptoms of simple sexual arousal she could feel the pheromones making her more aggressive, ready to fight for mate, a leftover trait from her Bajoran heritage.

She did her best to keep her mind clear, though the mixture of her aggressive impulses and the raw sexual feeling flooding through her as well meant she had to get out of the room as fast as possible. "Be careful," she said to the nurse and with little choice she left the room, letting Sarresh push the biobed.

Once they were in the hall Sel lifted her phaser rifle and took aim down its sight. She moved slowly down the corridor, slipping through the doors and out of the Sickbay. She moved around the corner, sweeping her phaser at eye level. When she saw nothing out of place she gestured to her companion to follow.

She moved as quietly as she could down the corridor toward the Life Support Systems. She glanced back to the Temporal Affairs Officer. "How are you doing Lieutenant?" she asked in little above a whisper.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-06-17, 03:28:24

"Poorly," he replied just a quietly, but in a clear, concisely blunt fashion. He was breathing in through clenched teeth, because otherwise his nose would smell not only the lingering pheromones from the nurse, but any hint of arousal from P.O. Ryuan. Sarresh was swiftly leaning that the genetic resequencing was not a complete overwrite. Some of his Ash'reem abilities remained, if more muted than they had been before. His susceptibility to pheromones seemed as strong as ever, for instance. To call it frustrating would be quite the understatement.

"Suffice to say that if the circumstances were different and we weren't all about to die from a psychotic automated ship from the future, I'd be embarrassed by the....reaction I'm having," he muttered, navigating the bed around the next corner, rubbing against it with his hips. "As is, I am grateful for the...placement of the biobed. We've enough issues going on without my physical...reactions causing problems." Sel might be thinking of aggression, channeling her response to the poor half Deltan's abilities towards protection. He was thinking far less noble and more carnal thoughts, featuring the Bajoran woman in rather compromising positions.

He was praying the damned pheromones would wear off soon. He needed to focus on distributing the gas, not easing the growing need between his legs. Why they couldn't have left him with memory engrams geared towards repressing desire in the middle of situations like this...Just his luck. The sooner he shook this the better. If someone came around that corner now, it'd be anyone's guess as to if Sarresh would actually be useful in the ensuing fire fight or if he'd just trip over his third leg.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-06-17, 08:53:29

Sel could not help but quietly smile to herself as she continued to move forward. She figured getting used to new genitals would take some time for anyone, but for the first time the pressure started up to get an erection, that was just unfair. So it was the least she could do to do her best to ignore the offending sex organ. If she had not needed to stay focused on the task she might have even offered to help him out with it, he wasn't that bad looking after all.

"I'll make you a deal, we get through this alive and I'll see what I can do to help you with that little problem," she said glancing back and shooting him a teasing wink. She was really only half teasing. Maybe it was the pheromones in her brain combined with the adrenaline of holding a phaser rifle poised to gun down anyone who got in her way, either way she felt like she needed a good fuck, and from the looks of it he could use one to.

Her smile faltered when she got to the door to the Life Support Systems and she saw the wall panel. It looked like it had been shot numerous times with a phaser. The display was now a melted mess of wires and isoline chips. "Son of a bitch," she breathed as she walked up to it and poked the melted polymers with the muzzle of the phaser.

With little choice she turned back to Sarresh and set her rifle on biobed. "Watch my back while I try and get the manual override to release the door," she said and quickly crouched down next to the door to pry the access panel open. She was relieved to see that the manual override lever was not broken or damaged in any way. She pulled a few isolinear chips out of the slots next to it and gripping the lever tightly with both hands pulled.

There was a hiss as the door's release mechanism disengaged and the lever broke in her hands, sending her falling to the floor. The jerk of the lever snapping caused it to move forward with such force that it knocked the wind out of the Bajoran woman. She could do next to nothing as the door slide open.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-20, 23:34:42

Unfortunately for the Bajoran Security Officer and the former Ash'reem, the intention had not exactly been to keep the Ives Loyalists away from the Life Support Systems. The measures taken by destroying the door's control panel did serve such a purpose, but hardly as a permanent means towards that end. No, for the Tactical Conn Officer in hiding behind the access hatch to the Jefferies tubes, it merely served as a distraction. It enabled him to climb out of behind the back of the human with the patient's gown, and once he did, the combadge on the gown chirped and emitted an unmistakably Vulcan voice.

[Cir'Cie to Sarresh Morali. What is your status, over? We have been informed that you are about to disperse Lexorin on the ship. We need to know when this might happen. Doctor Maya and I are leaving Sickbay in order to try and find some means to remove T'Rena's telepathic imprint on the crew. The dispersal of Lexorin ought to give us the window of opportunity that we need.]

Mister Reed was only half-listening to the message as he stepped up behind the former Ash'reem, and without any pause, he reached around the man's neck with his arm and caught him in a choke-hold against his own chest. There had been no time to answer the Vulcan. Across Sarresh's shoulder, Lukas' stare was locked on the Bajoran who had fallen to the floor. While his complexion was pale, his facial expression was sharp - browridge drawn down over his deep-set, green eyes. In his free hand, his Type II handphaser was pointed towards the Security Officer.

"Stand up, slowly," he said in a quiet voice to the woman as he pulled Sarresh away from the biobed and the weapon that lay on it. Being a fighter pilot, Lukas had opted to wear his Tactical Conn Exosuit since the light-weight EVA suit granted some means of protection from phaser fire. He had only left his helmet behind, and his long, ginger hair cut a stark contrast to the white and grey of his exosuit's plates. "I couldn't help but overhear your conversation earlier. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Lukas Reed... but I am mostly just called Bleed."

He was the eight pilot of the Dor'Ghltlh Squardon.

"My my, aren't you pretty," commented Lukas in his quiet voice as he looked at the security guard from the Theurgy. "Come over here, but stay away from the biobed. Now, you were saying that you were going to help this freak-of-nature with some kind of problem, weren't you? Would you mind showing me what you meant? I am sure the mutant wouldn't mind..."

With the Calamity inbound and the Red Alert sounded, Phantom was probably about to summon him to the Valkyries on Deck 15 any moment, but why shoot them when he could play with them a bit first? "If you don't wish to accommodate my idle curiosity," he added, setting the muzzle of the phaser against Sarresh's temple, "then I will simply remove the freak standing in our way... and you can show it on me instead."

Oh, but the Bajoran would definitely serve for breeding purposes once all this strife came to an end...

Post by: Brutus on 2015-06-23, 20:25:58

"Deal," he snapped off his reply with very little thought at all. The hormones rushing through him may have helped short circuit the analytical process. Then again, he seemed to need some meaningless sex. It wouldn't be like with Amikris; no, this would be simply satisfying a physical need. Hopefully repeatedly, energetically, and very loudly. But not right then. At that moment, teasing smile aside, they had a job to do. Get that all sorted, and provided the *Calamity* didn't turn them all into subatomic ashes, then they'd see about acting on baser impulses.

it's not your back I'm interested in, Sarresh thought, but didn't say, eyes drifting against his will to her backside instead. Blowing a short, frustrated breath out from between his clenched teeth he turned his head to the side, while Sel worked her magic on the door. Unfortunately for the both of them, it was the wrong side.

Everything happened at once. The lever winded P.O. Ryuan, and Sarresh's commbadge went off.

[Cir'Cie to Sarresh Morali. What is your status, over? We have been informed that you are about to disperse Lexorin on the ship. We need to know when this might happen. Doctor Maya and I are leaving Sickbay in order to try and find some means to remove T'Rena's telepathic imprint on the crew. The dispersal of Lexorin ought to give us the window of opportunity that we need.]

His half raised hand never made it to his chest as the armored limb wrapped around his neck, cutting off a reply. Artificial eyes going wide, the TAO let out a strangled grunt, and raised his arm instead to latch onto the reinforced plastic armor encircling his throat. "Don't," he barely managed to hiss, struggling as he saw the other man point the phaser at Sel. How had he been so careless? He should have smelt "Bleed" coming from a mile away. But between his mostly human nose and the overwhelming presence of the pheromones in his system, he'd completely missed the pilot.

Twisting did nothing for Sarresh, save to have the armor grind into his bare skin from the opening in the back of the medical gown. It made an oddly contrasting feeling to that of an emitter pressed to his head. The *Harbinger* pilot wasn't squeezing tight enough to cause any vision issues yet, but it was something of a struggle to both breathe and squirm at once, forcing Sarresh to hold still and wait, to see what Sel might do.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-06-24, 07:37:14

Sel fought to catch her breath again, she was most definitely going to have a bruise on her sternum later. For a moment the world seemed to be nothing but a gray tangled mess as she fought for her breath, and yet somewhere between the commbadge signal and the attack of the harbinger pilot she managed to breathe a little more regularly.

"Stand up, slowly," the pilot said. And as she pushed herself to her feet, tossing the broken manual

release lever to the side, she held her empty hands up. Sel's eyes took moved from the phaser rifle on the biobed, to Sarresh, and finally to the pilot. Her sharp eyes took in every detail of him in an instant. He was in an exosuit, obviously he had been expecting some sort of fight to say the very least. He also was holding one of her colleagues at phaser point and looked like the type to shoot if provoked. He continued speaking. *"I couldn't help but overhear your conversation earlier. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Lukas Reed... but I am mostly just called Bleed."*

She looked to Sarresh to see if he know the man, but quickly became distracted by the feeling of the pilot's, Bleed's, eye's moving over her body.

"My my, aren't you pretty," he said. Something in his tone made Sel's stomach lurch. This was not going to go well for her. *"Come over here, but stay away from the biobed. Now, you were saying that you were going to help this freak-of-nature with some kind of problem, weren't you? Would you mind showing me what you meant? I am sure the mutant wouldn't mind..."*

When she hesitated for a moment he went on. *"If you don't wish to accommodate my idle curiosity,"* he added, setting the muzzle of the phaser against Sarresh's temple, *"then I will simply remove the freak standing in our way... and you can show it on me instead."*

Sel looked from Bleed to Sarresh. No matter what she did now she knew that it would take some degree of skill to get the tactical advantage again. For now she was unarmed and would have to do what the sick man had commanded.

"I'm sorry," as all she could think to say as she moved toward the now human and slowly got to her knees. Her eyes darted from Sarresh to Bleed and back again. Though normally she would not have hesitated to fellate the pretty good looking now human, something about being forced to do it at phaser pint ruined the sensuality of the moment for her. but if she was going to do it, it was the least she could do to make it pleasurable for Sarresh.

She reached forward with her hand and gently wrapped it around Sarresh's manhood. Slowly she leaned forward and took the very tip of it into her mouth, swirling her tongue around it. She did this at least until she could tell if Sarresh was enjoying it or at the very least if this was what bleed had in mind.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-26, 10:41:37

Seeing how the Bajoran woman was so pliant and moved to indulge him, Bleed grinned behind Sarresh's ear - his straight teeth showing before he spoke. "Would you look at that," he said quietly, twisting the muzzle of his phaser hard against the freak's temple. "Women. So ready to obey their men. It is only natural that they accept their nature and become the breeding stock that they truly are."

Of course, Bleed would rather have had the Bajoran suck his own cock, but with his exosuit on, it was not very convenient. He was likely going to head out in his Valkyrie soon anyway. At least he got to satisfy his ego whilst protecting the Life Support systems. His posting had not been his first choice, but T'Rena's orders to Phantom had been adamant. The Theurgy's new Captain had likely foreseen whatever action this little resistance cell had meant to take before he intercepted them.

As it were, Lukas Reed would get some viewing privileges.

"Tell me, freak," he said in his quiet voice as he looked down on Sel's moving head- appreciating how the TAO's length came out glistening with her saliva every time she pulled back her lips. "What's

in those canisters? Do you mean to sedate the whole ship? That wouldn't be wise since we are going to fight the Calamity soon. To think, I might have saved the whole ship by keeping you from getting in there."

Directing himself to the lowly woman on the floor next, he had grown impatient with her. "I don't have all day. Put some effort into it, will you? If you can't please a man, we will have no use for you. Make him happy or I might just kill you both."

Post by: Brutus on 2015-06-26, 20:26:33

Needless to say, in all of the various fantasies that Sarresh had - unwillingly - cooked up in his head during the past few minutes, revolving around Ryuan Sel, getting blown at phaser point was not one of them. The pressure on his throat, and against his temple, forcing his head to one side, was far from how he'd imagined this happening. Oh, the guilt of it all was odd as well. It was one thing to feel bad that he wasn't having sex with Amikris - that he'd never have her again. That would eat at his soul for, well, probably as long as he'd lived, but he imagined that would become almost a welcome companion, the kind of loss that stayed there, was always there, that you got...used to feeling.

"I'm sorry." That's where the guilt came from. She had offered to 'tend' to his needs after they got everything else sorted. The *Calamity*, freeing the crew from T'Rena's psychic grasp and Cpt. Vasser's megalomania. Worthy goals. Things far more important than Sarresh getting his rocks off just then. And yet here they were, wasting time, because some asshole with a phaser and a twisted sense of humor got the drop on them. His fingers curled against that exosuit to no avail, but he met Sel's eyes and nodded, just the tiniest bit, as she sunk to her knees before him. In fact, he couldn't take his eyes off her, which made it rather hard to find anything he might use against the man who kept calling him 'mutant' and was the direct cause of all this mess.

Sarresh felt it as Sel moved the gown out of the way, the tent no longer a tent, just a long, curved cock, hard and on display for anyone to see. He shivered as the air hit it, surprised at how much different his skin felt, considering the medical gown was not the most restrictive or warm of garments. Another shiver came, much to his regret, when she gripped him. Even at phaser point, the need that wracked his body was great. It shamed him that he was quite as hard as he was during all of this, though the analytical part of his mind understood that none of this was really his fault. Other than not paying enough attention. He certainly was far too distracted to notice how large he seemed in her grip, but even Bleed rambling on about breeding stock behind him could hardly distract from the feeling of her tongue passing over his engorged tip.

There could be little doubt that yes, Sarresh did indeed like the way her tongue felt, not judging by the moan he bit off. A rather strained moan, but a loud and clearly pleased one all the same. P.O, Ryuan was the first person to taste that cock - as far as he was aware anyway. And his hormones, at least, were eager for more, much more. He was genuinely ashamed that she looked as good as she did to him then, there on the floor with his cock in front of her face. Not at all what he should be thinking or feeling, and it pissed him off, deep inside. Enough that his own response to Bleed was - less than diplomatic.

"No we aren't going to sedate the crew when the *Calamity* is bearing down on us. Do you think we're fucking idiots?" He snapped off, trying to ignore how every inch of his cock devoutly seemed to wish to be buried inside of the Petty Officer.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-06-28, 10:33:14

Sel continued bobbed her head up and down on the Sarresh's shaft. She would start each bob of her head by taking the shaft deep into her mouth, at least until it began to tickle the back of her throat, all the while pressing the flat of her tongue along the underside of it. Then pulling back until just the head of the shaft was in her mouth she would swirl her tongue around the the glans of it. Slowly she worked up taking more and more of the shaft into her mouth and eventually down her throat. With her hands she gently massaged his balls, slick as they were from her saliva her fingers glided over them easily.

All the while her mind raced. She had to come up with a way to gain the upper hand, she had to take down bleed. He was obviously enjoying watching her fellate the now human Sarresh. Though the fact that he was making her do this and his continued threats of violence exposed his less than stable mindset.

And then the idea sprang to her. It was quite likely that after she had *finished off* Sarresh there was a chance that he would in turn wish for her to sexually please him. At that time she would quite literally have him by the balls. This meant that her time was precious. She had to make the show far more sexually appealing.

Without skipping a beat she reached between her legs and began to stroke her own sex. She was still in little more than her standard issue bra and panties, there had been no time to go hunting for a uniform or to replicate one. In addition the pheromones had quite the affect on her body. Needless to say as she touched the thin fabric covering her sensitive flesh she found it quite moist. She slid her hand into her panties and gave a low moan as she began to stroke her swollen and slick sex.

As she stroked herself she bobbed her head, making a point to make the blow job sloppier and loads as she moaned loudly around his cock. Hoping that the more erotic display would in effect make the cod piece of Bleed's exo suit a little tighter.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-29, 12:19:10

Hearing how the freak protested when accused of trying to sedate the crew, Bleed briefly considered what else the odd companions could have planned to do.

Yet his thoughts were quickly distracted by the fervour in which the Bajoran applied herself to the task of felating the Temporal Affairs Officer. Whereas he had thought his idle idea would have ended up in a game of cohesion and threats, it seemed the security guard was not only enjoying herself, she was also making damn sure that the freak was feeling good as well. Of course, he had threatened to kill them both otherwise, but the ease in which she obeyed shocked him. It made his mouth dry, and if he was about to head out to fight the Calamity, he felt he had a right to get similar treatment.

"Wherever did you find this one, time traveller?" he said and chuckled, then he looked around - seeing what he needed. "Stand still, or you know what will happen."

Bleed let go of Sarresh and circled around him where he stood with his gown hitched up and the Bajoran servicing him with her mouth. Lukas picked up the phaser rifle from the portable biobed and set it to kill with his thumb. With a hand phaser in one hand and the rifle in the other, he pointed both weapons at the companions - the muscle strength enhancement system making it easier to wield the longer weapon in one hand. Then he kicked the biobed towards the two, making a couple of the canisters roll of it and clatter against the deck plates.

"Let go of the freak and bend over it, female," he said quietly in his ominous voice, "then continue to do what you were doing to him. You, get back in position and keep your hands behind your head. I

know you want her to continue what she started."

They could surely guess what he would be doing on his side of that biobed once the Bajoran had bent over it - her lower body presented to his mercy.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-07-01, 21:52:47

Sel slowly withdrew the length of Sarresh's hard member from her mouth. Her mind was racing, she had only gone along this far as giving the now human Temporal Affairs Officer blow job was not something she would have minded doing anyway, but letting a psychopath fuck her, that was a different story altogether. And yet, as she glanced to him and saw the two weapons in his hands she was pretty damn sure she had little choice if she wished to keep her life.

Without a word she got to her feet and bent over, exposing her ass and the damp spot in her panties to the mad man. She could at least be grateful for that, the pheromones in her system meant that he would at least not be going in dry.

And then an idea crept its way into her mind. She positioned herself within arms reach of one of the canisters. He would have to lower his guard before he could plunge into her, or at the very least he would likely have to set a phaser down to open the groin plate of his armor and free his dick. He could not hope to hold both guns at that time, there would be no way to steady himself while he entered her. In that moment she would have the best chance of gaining the upper hand, slamming a canister against the side of his head would do just that.

She knew she would have to risk it as there was little hope that anyone would find them here. There was no way he could maintain control over the situation and have sex with her.

She only wished there would be a way to signal Sarresh to get down without also warning Bleed. Then she had an idea for that too. From her position she was easily able to reach out and touch his still hard member. She lightly tapped on it with a single finger, old earth morse code to be exact. She only hoped that he would recognize the code. She looked up into his eyes, hoping for some degree of recognition of the code. ::When he tries to enter me, be ready:: she tapped out never breaking eye contact.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-07-03, 22:24:55

As into it all as Sarresh found himself to be, he had not expected Sel to be as equally involved. He was, in fact, bewildered as he watched her rub those panties, her legs spread more now. His eyes moved from her own, lower, watching as her fingers worked their magic, and much more to his shame, groaning again. He went up on his toes when she first brushed her fingers over his balls, muttering an Ash'reem curse that - well, it really didn't work well with a set of human vocal cords. She sucked more of him in, spit coating his cock. It was impossible not to enjoy what was happening to him, and given the circumstances, he hated that.

And then those same circumstances grew worse.

"Wherever did you find this one, time traveller?" he said and chuckled, then he looked around - seeing what he needed. "Stand still, or you know what will happen." Hands behind his head, Sarresh shot a withering glare at Bleed as the other man walked around and kicked the bed into place and manged not to jump. He was left with his cock bobbing in the air as Sel pulled back, both watching the pilot.

He ground his teeth together in frustration, as he listened to Bleed, watching as Sel bent over the biobed. Having teeth to grind was a new sensation and that crazy, detached part of him wondered how his body knew to react in such way. And yet, that was exactly how he reacted, the anger flashing across his face. It had gone from bad to worse and he had no idea how to help, as he awkwardly shuffled over to her. It was hard to line up his cock with her mouth, but thankfully she took him in hand.

The newly minted human began to wonder if Sel was actually impatient with him, with all of it, as if she wanted the next step to happen as she tapped away at his cock. He frowned down at her, their eyes meeting and then he realized what was going on. He only got half the message though, and he swallowed hard, tensing as his eyes flashed up to Bleed, then back down to Sel.

It was only a tiny nod, but it was the best he could do.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-08, 22:14:52

[Meanwhile | Back in Medical Lab 01]

The back entrance doors chirped before sliding open - letting Sarresh Morali and Ryuan Sel out into the corridor with the biobed. That the canisters stacked on top of it did not roll off already was some kind of miracle, but they were out, and the winding corridors of the T-intersection they stood in was lit with the Red Alert lighting. Otherwise, there was no immediate movement to be seen.

Behind them, however, the situation was not quite the same.

Four mutineers appeared before Eve Jenkins, laying eyes on her through the opened doors of the med lab. They had just missed the TAO and the Security Officer's escape with the Lexorin, and now merely saw her - and their eyes came to linger whilst their Type III assault rifles were lowered. Their steps slowed in, and two of them frowned - probably in reaction to their own thoughts upon seeing the Head Nurse standing amidst the dangling O2-masks.

"We... we are rounding up those... Those still loyal to Jien Iv-" the one on point said, and then his blue eyes fell to the two bodies lying inside the door to the lab - Freya's and Riptide's wide eyes stares meeting his as he stepped inside and stood over them. Seeing them, blue-eyes scowled and brought his phaser rifle up to take aim at Eve Jenkins. "Did you do this?"

Behind him, a woman at the age of thirty with blonde hair stepped in, and she swallowed as she looked between the bodies and the Nurse, but she remained undecided about what she might do. Her and blue-eyes were both wearing Engineering jump-suits. The two men who stepped inside after her were Petty Officers belonging to the red collared CONN or Tactical. One was tall and dark and the other of average height and had a shaved head. The latter had a British accent as he lay his hand on top of blue-eyes' rifle - lowering the muzzle.

"Easy now, let's hear what the woman has to say first, shall we? Perhaps she did not do it," he said, and then stepped past the others - eyes smiling as he looked at Eve, "Tell us, love. What happened? What are you doing here all alone?"

Post by: Searcher on 2015-06-14, 00:12:42

More than his words but his look of understanding both helped and made Eve feel a little more guilty. She could sense his arousal strongly and it spurred her own, leading her to grasp his hand for a moment. It wasn't just the arousal though but the need for that moment of a comforting touch. Then

she forced herself to let go and moved away from him just as he moved away from her, giving more distance between them. "Thank you," she said and then hurried to help the two get out the back door. "Be safe and ... good luck," she said then moved back to the open area to just in time to greet new victims.

Three men and a woman, not so great number-wise she thought to herself but immediately raised her hands as the rifles were aimed at her. She needed all of them nearer, to inhale the pheromones her body was starting to pour out from her. "I'm unarmed ... didn't do that," she said, letting her rich voice caress their auditory processes. "They started arguing and then struggled over a phaser ... scorched the ceiling which set off the hazard alert. Oxygen was being drawn out and I had to override the protocol, causing the masks to drop," she stated using the truth to her advantage.

"There was nothing I could do for them," she said, letting her tears of guilt well in her eyes and then slip down her cheeks. "I've dedicated my life to helping people ... not hurting them," she continued truthfully, easing closer to the man and hoping she was close enough to the other three. "I was here to start getting things ready for all the changes ahead. We're simply not properly equipped for the amount of children that are about to be conceived," she said, hoping that would help trigger their more sexually based impulses regarding procreation.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-15, 00:00:17

The shaved man tilted his head while the Head Nurse spoke, eyeing her up as he stepped closer. "So they struggled over a weapon?" he asked with his thick accent, looking like he might check the bodies but not quite ready to look away from the beautiful woman before him. "Which one was the Ives Loyalist?"

"It couldn't have been," said the other man with a red collar, the tall and dark-haired one with a southern accent. "These are both Harbinger people, Tactical Conn people, led by Phantom. They would not likely defect."

The woman frowned, looking at the bodies. "Neither have combadges, but there is only one phaser between them - which would make sense if it is like the Nurse says. There is no telling who was using the ship communication system, though. If there was someone believing in Ives' futile cause, it could have been either.

The blue-eyed man in the golden jumpsuit was eyeing Eve Jenkins closer too, but as direct as his question was, the hostility in his tone was deteriorating under her influence with each word spoken. "Why aren't you wearing any combadge?" he said, eyes seemingly not ready to leave her chest area. "If you are preparing... for what is to come... why are you not..."

He seemed to have lost his train-of-thought - words tuning out. He was just as close as the shaved man, who - in turn - seemed to fall back on courtesy all of a sudden, regardless of the suspicious circumstances they had found her in. "Forgive me, Nurse," he said and cleared his throat, "A delightful pleasure to make your acquaintance. I'm Crewman Dillard and this is Cadet Sherman." It was the muted man in the jumpsuit.

Dillard then introduced the woman behind him. "This is Lana Preston and my tall friend back there is Petty Officer Vargas." It was the red-collared man who was lingering by the bodies, hanging back, but Lana could not help but slide up next to Sherman. She was also a Cadet, despite her age.

"We might all be Harbinger people and a tad busy, but perhaps there is some way we can be of assistance?" asked Dillard, running a hand over his scalp as he circled the nurse - green eyes trailing over her body as he brushed aside the breathing masks hanging in his way.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-06-17, 20:28:33

Eve shook her head and shrugged her shoulders, a move that drew attention to her lovely bust. "I don't know. I'd just come back from the supply room," she said, still utilizing truth to make her more believable. "It's hard to tell who is loyal to who and all I care about is trying to make sure we'll be able to take care of expectant mothers and newborns."

When Dillard commented on her missing comm badge, she touched the place it should have been and genuine confusion was etched in her features. "It was just there," she muttered, thinking it must have come off in the supply room with the other two and she'd just missed picking it up before leaving. Thankfully Dillard seemed to lose his train of thought and became quite friendly.

Introductions all around were made and Eve's lips curved up in a soft smile. "I'm Eve ... Eve Jenkins." Her eyes drifted to Preston, her smile warming even more. "Are you going to be one of the mothers? You're lovely so I can just imagine what your babies will look like," she said, complimenting the woman as Dillard began to circle her.

"I'm hoping they'll choose me to be one of the women," she said, the hands that had slowly lowered over time now brushing over her flat stomach. "Of course the most fun is working on conception," she said, a hint of a purr in her tone. Her face suddenly flushed and she lifted a hand to fan herself, sending the pheromones out further in Vargas and Preston's direction.

"It's hot in here," she said, unzipping the uniform top and slipping over her shoulders. Sherman and Dillard would easily spot no lines indicating the standard issue bra underneath, see the soft giggling of her breasts underneath the thin gray material of her undershirt. "I was going to work on vitamin supplements for pregnancy and of course something to stimulate milk production," she said.

"Our nutritional needs can be met easily enough but even with all our technology there has never been a perfect substitute for a mother's milk." A soft moan exhaled as desire pulsed within her and unconsciously her hands went to her breasts, knowing a stronger wave of the pheromones had released. "And the feel of lips ... sucking ..." she whispered, eyes closed as she teased her nipples.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-21, 02:20:03

Upon being asked if she were to bear children, Lana Preston's already flushed cheeks turned more red, but she couldn't help but laugh nervously in giving her affirmation. "Yes, I w-will likely bear as many children as I can - all warriors blessed with Commodore Vasser's genes... regardless who may be the fathers of them all," she said, her voice a little weak and lips pursed as if she was thirsty.

Vargas had lifted his steely gaze from the bodies at thus point - eyes locked on the Head Nurse. Dillard, who had been circling Eve at first, came to end up on Eve's left hand side, and Cadet Sherman in his yellow jumpsuit on her right. Lana Preston and Vargas slowly stepped up to her from the front as she fanned herself, and they were both was subjected to more pheromones. The mentioning of conception caused all four of them to hold their breaths in fear of misspeaking - the very same thing on all of their minds to greater or lesser extent.

Yet it was when the Head Nurse removed her uniform jacket and teal undershirt that they made

audible noises - signs that they were definitely under her spell. They listened to her, hung on her every word - imagination taking them places where they usually didn't dare venture. Cadet Sherman had even made a motion to help her get the uniform off her. The grey undershirt that remained left little to the imagination, but even less so when Eve Jenkins began to touch herself in earnest - fingers teasing the jutting peaks of her breasts.

"A source of great envy," said the eloquent Dillard, sliding up behind her and his hands spanning her hips - making their way up her abdomen. "One should hope such opportunities are presented at the state of conception as well, and not just as a part of maternity. A pity if these were wasted on the children alone."

His hands had come to hike up her grey undershirt as they travelled up her abdomen and her globated mammarys were bared to the air of the Medical Lab. The undershirt was caught underneath her armpits, but not in any way that disturbed the sight of the nurse's body. Dillard wanted to see as well, of course, and stepped up against Eve's back - looking down from across her shoulder. Stepping that close, there was no mistaking Dillard's state-of-arousal against Eve's lower back. Then again, there was no mistaking Vargas's, Sherman's or Lana's thoughts either. Especially not Sherman's, who looked like he didn't know what to do with himself at the onslaught of Eve's pheromones. He ended up holding his own erection through his jumpsuit.

"The Red Alert is activated," said Vargas, breathing laboured as he watched Eve's breasts being fondled from behind, "we should be reporting to duty elsewhere..."

"I don't think..." said Lana, swallowing, and losing traction to the words she had meant to say to object to Vargas. Instead, her trembling hand went to her jumpsuit - opening it all the way down to her panties. She was wearing a white tank top underneath. She tried again. "I think it is a bit hot in here too."

Post by: Searcher on 2015-07-28, 06:39:49

"Fine warriors they will be," Eve crooned, bolstering the woman's self-esteem and licked her own lips in response to Lana's pursed lips. Slowly but surely they were all being reeled in, their libidos rising quickly as Eve shoved aside her guilty conscience and leaned back against Dillard as she lifted the grey undershirt the rest of the way off and tossed it to the side.

"I would never dream of denying the opportunity," she purred and pressed her firm behind against the hard cock straining against her. "In fact ... now is a perfect opportunity ... don't you think?" she asked in that sultry tone, eyes locked with Vargas. "Oh yesssss," she sighed lustily as her breasts were groped and nipples teased to become even harder. "Keep touching me," she whispered hotly.

Vargas mentioned the red alert but Eve knew they weren't going anywhere. Still she growled playfully as Lana unzipped her jumpsuit. "Don't be shy ... show us your beautiful breasts," she encouraged and pulled Lana closer by the thin tank top, kissing the woman while she ground even harder against Dillard's crotch and her free hand groped at which ever of the guys was within reach.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-28, 08:24:26

Lana let out a small noise deep down in her throat as she was pulled forward, but as her mouth was covered by the Head Nurse's awaiting lips, she groaned in deepest satisfaction. She heard Eve, and did as bidden, hiking up her white tanktop and her bra to rest above her aching breasts. She had never been with a woman before, but it felt so right she had no idea what to do with herself. Next, her

hands joined Dillard's, as if on their own accord, and began to fondle the Theurgy woman's breasts. She knew what she wanted for herself, and with that knowledge, she reached down behind the waistline of Eve's panties - fingers pursuing the slick heat that practically screamed in her own body that it wanted to be touched. Breathlessly, she kissed the woman, hoping to be touched in kind.

Meanwhile, Dillard let Lana fondle Eve - allowing her to stand in so that he could take care of some obstructive clothing. Reaching around Eve, he undid her uniform trousers and hooked both panties and trousers with his thumbs, pushing the garments down from her hips and halfway down her thighs. It laid bare Lana's ministrations - two fingers rubbing Eve's outer labia and her middle finger sliding wetly across her clitoris... probing into her sex. Dillard also withdrew his rigid arousal from the tight confines of his trousers - rubbed into full pride by Eve's behind. Thus freed, he seized Eve's hips and began to push into the apex of Eve's legs from his position behind his back, and the head of his cock came to touch Lana's fingers. Lana was very helpful, however, and helped press Dillard's head into Eve with her fingertips.

Cadet Sherman had unzipped his yellow jumpsuit as well, quickly making sure his arousal - larger than the other two men's - was there when Eve reached for him. Her touch made him gasp loudly, and his hands joined Lana's upon Eve's body - his thumb brushing across her lips between the kissing that the two women had indulged themselves in.

Vargas, however, was not content - his aggressive demeanour showing through in his dark face. He would not be a bystander. "You will get down on your knees and straddle me, Nurse," he said, grabbing her wrist and pulling her out of the embrace of the three other Harbinger crew members. He laid down below the hanging oxygen masks, pulling Eve down on top of him. He had his cock out, grabbing it at the base in his hard fist, and he pushed her down unto him by the hip.

The other three were at a momentary loss for what to do...

Post by: Searcher on 2015-08-15, 06:51:40

As Lana's fingers found Eve's hot core, Eve groaned just as deeply as the woman had and their tongues danced with utter joy while Eve caressed and gently tugged at Lana's nipples. The rustling of clothes all around only added to the eroticism, then she felt the questing member sliding along the bottom curve of her cheeks and slipping just inside Eve's now glistening folds. With Lana's help, she felt Dillard enter her and another lust-filled moan echoed about them.

They were melding into one being, hands and lips roving over each other in a state of abandon. It was interrupted though by Vargas, the one who simply had to be dominant. There was a slurping sound as Dillard's cock exited and Eve stumbled slightly, making it even easier for Vargas to pull her down. Almost immediately she was impaled, his member fully engulfed within her wet depths and she chuckled as she ran a finger along his jaw. "I promise I can last a long time," she purred.

Her come-hither eyes caught the other three's gazes as she slowly moved up and down Vargas' length, her voice soothing as she bade the other three to join them. Pulling at Dillard, she eased him around behind her. "You seemed to like my ass moments ago ... it's all yours," she murmured to him as she nibbled at his lips. When he took her, there was a little pain but she wouldn't ... couldn't ... stop. "Lana," she breathed and crooked a finger.

When she came forward, she helped the woman straddle Vargas' face so he could enjoy feasting upon Lana while Eve pleased his lower region. That left only Sherman who she drew forth by his large cock, loving how he gasped every time she touched him. Giving Lana a wink, she started to lick

Sherman's hefty member and invited the other woman to join her. They were all connected now, physically at least, and the longer they moved together the more their minds joined hers.

They writhed together, each of them groping and licking and sucking for several minutes and as each one reached their limits and climaxed they would slump over just like the other two had in the medical supply closet. It was when they reached the pinnacle of their pleasure that her mind would capture theirs and lock them inside themselves. She loved every moment of it and at the same time hated herself for what she was doing to them.

When at last they were 'subdued' and would no longer harm anyone, Eve extricated herself and gathered her clothing and a cleaning kit. After a few moments at the replicator, she loaded a hypospray but didn't use it just yet. Instead she took it and locked herself in one of the small rooms. "Computer ... lock this room and do not let anyone open it other than Lieutenant Commander Lucan cin Nicander. Authorization Jenkins Sigma Two Theta," she stated, locking herself away for the safety of others and hoping the rest could save the ship and crew.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 27: Initiative

[USS Theurgy | Corridor | En-Route to Cargo Hold 02 | Deck 02]

Heather McMillan only got a minute or two to tell the people she had saved what she really was, then T'Rena had begun to speak on the intercom - and the matter of the xenobiologist's nature had to be shelved for a more opportune time. It was a matter, however, that Dr. Nicander would pursue later on.

While the exchange lasted, Lucan had stepped off the turbolift on Deck two, still carrying the two bundles with xenon canisters. Hylota Vojona and Heather McMillan were armed - despite their lack of proficiency for combat - carrying hand phasers and trying to spot mutineers that might get in their way. They were heading for Cargo Hold 02, and it was just ahead - further down the corridor. The Intelligence Officer was not done talking yet.

[Unless you can show me where in Starfleet regulations and orders it states that sabotage, murder, coercion, mind-rape, mutiny and conspiracy are lawful ways to relieve an officer of his command, I will. Not. Yield. This is a Captain Ives's ship and I will fight to keep her as such. Go ahead. Murder us and make martyrs of the five of us. Polarize every man and woman you haven't brainwashed or murdered against you, encourage them to fight to the death. Even if you prevail, you won't have a crew left in the end.]

Lucan was just about to comment on what as being said -stumbling and still weak from having used his Câroon abilities - when he heard a lot of noise coming from inside the bulkhead next to them. Cautiously, he watched the wall, trying to make out the muffled voices. He heard phasers going off as well - as if there was a chase through the maintenance tunnels of the ship. Wary, he moved a bit slower, confident that the two women in his company was hearing the same thing he did, and that they were ready to shoot if there were mutineers behind the bulkhead.

[Now here are my terms. You, Vasser and your cohorts will disarm. Captain Ives, Commander Rez and any other detainee you hold will be released. You and yours will return to the Harbinger and you will surrender all command authority over her and wait there with your warp core cold and all tactical systems physically disabled. Then, the brainwashing will be reversed and we will part ways. Whoever willingly buys into your vision will be allowed to join you and everyone who still sees themselves as Starfleet personnel will be allowed to stay with us.]

Then, one of the grates just ahead of Lucan, Heather and Hylota sprung open, and one by one, people spilled out into the corridor. They crawled, rolled or fell out of the low opening, some armed and some unarmed. One or two bound with ropes around their wrists. Had the danger of the situation not robbed him from his sense of humour, he would have laughed at the display. As it were, he could but stare as the four people emerged.

[Comply and have a chance at going forward with your vision of things or face an entire crew that will fight you tooth and nail. Trent out.]

The ones that had tumbled into the light of the corridor were Chief of Operations Natalie Stark, Chief Science Officer Simon Tovarek, the Cardassian woman that was usually found at the helm of the

Harbinger, and... the lounge keeper who sang on Theta Eridani IV? How had he gotten all that blood over himself? To Lucan, it was plain that someone had died given the amount of blood, but that did not explain anything.

"Who's side are you on?" he asked the group collectively, bewildered, since half of them hailed from the Harbinger. He thought it would be a shame if the lovely Miss Stark had been turned against them, mostly since he had invested time to make her trust him. Time well spent, for certain, and not entirely in vain... but a shame nonetheless.

Post by: Triage on 2015-05-05, 06:28:49

When Nicander spoke of consequences for hiding her true nature, McMillan had become withdrawn. She now shied away from the doctor, looking nervous, and flustered. She constantly fussed with her hair, which was another source of proof that she was not human, with the way they floated around so easily, as if weighing less than even a feather's weight. She struggled to think of explanations and even lies, but considering that she had little social interactions, and her own generally honest nature, she was hard pressed to think up any logical excuse. The only thing she could do was tell the absolute truth, and when the intercoms went off with the exchanges between T'Rena and Trent.

"I'm a Radiant." She finally said during a brief moment of silence over the speakers. "My people have been living amongst humans for centuries. And we prefer to stay hidden, because unlike humans, we can't handle aggression."

That statement was rather ironic of course, especially since she had used it to help Nicander and Vojona, and actually succeeded in knocking out a man. She might well be the first Radiant in centuries to have ever wielded a weapon of any kind.

"I came aboard to serve," she added, "and also to learn about the origins of my people. Where we came from, who we might have once been."

Though she carried a phaser now, she kept it in one of her coat pockets, and when there was noise in maintenance tunnels, McMillan froze, then colour left her face as she pressed herself against a bulkhead, presenting a smaller frame that was harder to hit. Also, since Nicander and Vojona were aware of her inhuman nature, she no longer felt the need to keep secret her abilities, and kept one hand behind her, lit and ready to blind people with an intense flash of light. A ragtag and bloodied group of people emerged, all of them strangers to McMillan, and Nicander asked them to identify themselves, waiting for an answer.

She couldn't wait for all this excitement and mishaps to be over with. She just wanted to go back into her lab and stay there.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-05-06, 17:57:50

The Cardassian looked up at the Doctor's brash question. Taking aim with her Type three in hand as a reflex to any potentially hostile encounter. "Now that's an interesting question since both sides cant devise a plan that has any sense of care for its sacrifices. Make no mistake I think Ives plan to attack a starbase on the random chance we MIGHT get the word out was a bit too risky for my taste. That said I would rather die a hopeless martyr than side with rapists, murders, and brainwashing green blooded tyrants. I have no side. Consider me what i was before this uniform. I am Maquis" she said with an angry almost indignant tone of voice.

"As for my colleges, Stark and Tovarek are for the most part unaltered and unharmed, Doc though you may want to examine them for injuries sustained in captivity. I have to give Rory here credit for springing them before I had a chance to. As for his state well. I guess thats what happens when all you have on hand to rescue two captives is a whiskey bottle and a Box cutter. Vasser's security officers who guarded them sadly were unable to subdue without lethal force. If it is any consolation regarding his choices by the look of the officer who's blood is splattered on Rorys shirt, his state of clothing indicated he was probably attempting to rape your OPS chief. I really cant blame Rory if he may have acted over-zealously in his rescue of the two." She explained not giving them time to state their own case. As the person on point she felt if anyone should bear the brunt of a first strike it would be her.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-05-10, 02:25:48

Hylota was finding it very hr to get invested at this point in time. with all the shit she was going through she was expecting a few days of leave to recover from this hectic adventure, and while she was in heat no fucking less. with a sigh she nodded and just did as she was directed, there was only so much she could put up with before she got tired of it all. with her new hand phaser in her one good hand Hylota let herself fall back a little so she could recover from the effects of taking a phaser rifle shot to hr shoulder. she could still not believe that that stupid salve that had numbed her arm had actually prevented the neural shock that the stun setting of the rifles would have used to knock her out, in the grand scheme of thing it was a back handed blessing, 'congrats you didn't pass out, but your arm is numb and you have to keep going through this hell now, yay.' If there as an omnipotent force controlling things, she was sure it hated her right now...Lucan would probably get all credit for this hole event anyways despite her vital role in all of this.

as Heather explained her species and her goals Hylota could not help but feel a distinct lack of interest and just nodded. "You know what Heather, I find your difference in race fascinating and all...but right now I do not see any reason for us to share life stories on our goals, I will accept that you are not human and just ant to be treated normally, but like many other things right n I think you should do as I am doing, take those things and put them in the back of the line of priorities. how about this, when it is all over you and I can meet up for a drink and gt to know each other better...you could probably do with some friends as well as me."

Their planning possibilities were cut short as the people came spilling out of the Jefferies tubs right in front of them, it was at this point Hylota began to look the over and noted a lac of com badges and she felt slight relief, but she remained holing hr weapon level with the new arrivals as she waited for Lucan to give her further directions, she was in such a mentally addled stat that to have her doing anything would be quite unwise. So it would be best if she just waited for things to happen she figured. After all they wee not that far from their finish line an ll that she had left to do was open the tanks, best focus on that and let Lucan handle the rest.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-05-13, 09:54:18

With a slight thud Simon landed on his feet out from the Jeffrey tubes. His hands were loosened up a bit around the wrists so he could use the phaser more easily and he stared straight into the eyes of the three man party that stumbled upon them. Simon could recognize Lucan yet the other two were complete strangers to him. Although he could have sworn that he remembered the face of Heather from somewhere. Yet his eyes still needed to adapt from the poorly lit tubes and with all the excitement going on he wasn't sure at all. He heard the question that Nicander asked them and Simon let out a soft chuckle before replying.

The speech that Trent was giving to the entire ship was pretty impressive and Simon couldn't help but laugh at some points of it as he wondered what the hostile commanders would have thought about Trent his demands. Somehow it would probably make Simon look as if he was busy with something else in his mind besides plotting where to go next, though in all fairness, the Cardassian was leading them for most of the part. Yet Simon felt the urge to reply as first since he wasn't sure in what state Natalie was with her blood covered lover and he was presumably the most recognizable face from the party holding rank.

"Well, unless you guys were chasing us through these darn tubes, I think we're on the same team. Besides, I wouldn't be half tied up if I was flipped over to the other side." Simon replied and when he thought of it it probably could be a good tactic to confuse the foes, which in this case would be the people on his own team. "Anyway, we just escaped security from the bridge, the barkeep from Theta rushed in first to help us and after that... The helms..woman from the Harbinger cut us loose. After that we escaped though they're not far behind. What about you guys?" Simon carried on as the last of his party made it into the tubes.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-05-14, 00:20:06

This was...unexpected. She was still shaken from everything, and knew that when this was over - if it was ever over - she was going to have one hell of a breakdown. The anger that she'd held inside would get her though just about all of it - but Rory, sweet, innocent Rory - had seen her...forced to service that bastard. And sweet, innocent Rory had taken things into his own hands. Hands that had been gentle only one night before, hands that had touched and explored every inch of her, had...had...had done what needed doing. Again, for her. Whatever else had happened, she wasn't going to shrink away from those hands. No. Natalie was not going to abandon him, despite any burning shame she felt. There was every chance that when she had her breakdown, she'd wait till she could ride it out in his arms.

And now was clearly not the time to dwell on it. She looked from the Cardassian, eyebrows rising as another of her would be saviours declared herself Maquis, and answered the good Doctor. She was relieved to see him, though he was the only one of the three (conscious) individuals they had stumbled upon that she recognized. She squared her shoulders, reminded herself that she was a Starfleet Officer and held the highest rank (technically shared the highest rank with Dr. Nicander), and added her own thoughts on the subject at hand.

"As Lt. Tovarrek explained, we're kind of on the run." As shaken as she felt on the inside, she didn't let a damn bit of it show on the outside. "He and I are very likely suffering the after affects of close range stun blasts, and....some slight manhandling." Not the best word choice. She glanced over her shoulder, where Rory stood nearby, and a brief - if bitter - smile flickered over her face, before she turned back to the other three refugees. "You don't look very well yourself, Doctor." She frowned and tried not to let the heat rise in her cheeks as she remember him looking quite healthy not all that long ago. Those blue eyes moved to the canisters the trio were smuggling along, and her eyebrows rose higher. "I...I am going to guess that we're all on the same side here. And that you have a very good idea on how to assist Lt.Cmdr Trent in his efforts to regain our ship."

She silently prayed that whatever well of strength she'd found lasted, because she wasn't sure at all how much longer she could keep on faking being in control, being calm and collected.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-05-18, 18:04:07

Rory had mutely caught the rifle tossed at him by the Cardassian and rushed over to slice away the bindings on Natalie. His pupils were dilated as he looked into Natalie's eyes and whispered "I'm sorry I didn't get here sooner." After that he handed her the rifle, knowing she could use it better than he and followed them into the Jeffries tubes.

He was numb, felt like he was just floating along. He'd always known he had a temper but he'd never killed anyone before. True it was Natalie being assaulted that sent him into the murderous rage but he knew deep down he would have fought for almost any woman. It had also been the first time he had been truly able to strike out against the craziness he found himself in and he'd lost control.

As he watched Natalie move along with the others, he felt steel forming in his spine. For what he had done to her, it had been worth it to see that bastard dead. He just hoped she would forgive him and not see him as a monster; that she would remember that he could be tender and loving like the night before. If she never wanted to see him again, he would understand though his heart squeezed tight at that thought.

As they spilled out into a corridor, he heard someone call out for which side they were on and he instinctively moved to stand in front of Natalie. It was then he realized he hadn't cut the bonds on the man with them as they faced off with the other three. "Fookin' hell ... sorry Man," he said as he blithely whipped out the box cutter again and slashed at the bindings.

He glanced at the Cardassian then, his skin nearly as red as the blood now. "An' I'll have ye know I only killed th' one," he said defensively. "Two'r trussed up down in a supply closet at the bar an' another's trussed up in th' loo outside th' room I found ..." He glanced at Natalie, his expression softening for a moment. "So I jus' knocked out three an' th' last ... th' last deserved t' die an' I'd do it again." *For you, Natalie. For you I would do anything*, his eyes seemed to tell her.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-20, 02:30:05

Pale grey eyes darting between the four people that had emerged from the jefferies tubes, Lucan made his decision as soon as he was confident they presented no hostility. He had set the bundles with xenon down while they spoke, and he stepped close to Heather - the Radiant - and whispered to her. "Sorry, I have to borrow this," was what he said, for once not even considering how his warm breath caressed her ear when he did. As the four spoke, he reached down into Heather's pocket - fishing up her hand phaser.

The Cardassian seemed to be cooperating with them even if she claimed that she considered herself Marquis, and Lucan supposed that was good enough for the time being. Who was he to judge her for not quite living up to the standards of the Starfleet uniform? Private humour, which only made the thing inside thrum in amusement. The Cardassian suggested that he'd see to their wounds, but while he gave a quick nod, he said, "In a moment. Excuse me."

He pointed the hand phaser against the grate from whence they all had emerged and began to weld the opening shut - effectively blocking any pursuers. His tattooed hand trembled from fatigue as he held the button on the phaser down, but while he worked, he listened. So while he made no comment besides a lop-sided smile on the remark upon his appearance - knowing he looked like he had been on the losing side in a Reman fighting pit in the dirties levels of their dilithium mines - he did explain what he and the two women behind him had been up to and what their plans were.

"More than an hour ago - when they first made their move - Declan Vasser spoke on the intercom. He ordered all volunteers that were prepared to fight the battle on his terms to gather in the second cargo

hold on this deck. Nurse Hylota here came up with the plan to sedate them all, perhaps even managing to do so when T'Rena or Vasser inspects their new crew. We are carrying these xenon cylinders to that purpose - about to empty them into that cargo hold without being spotted."

Finished with his welding job, Lucan turned to everyone present - assessing their injuries with his exotic eyes alone and deciding that there was no more time to waste on medical practice. Not when there was so much at stake and so little time to do it. "We need to carry on, but Nurse Vojona might be too injured to help with the xenon once we get there." Lucan gave the Ovri a quick sympathetic smile. "I could use someone besides Miss McMillan to accompany me, and we are too large a group to move about unseen, so I'd rather not ask the whole lot of you to follow."

[Lieutenant-Commanders Nicander and Stark, can you hear me?] asked Thea on the intercom.

"We are here," said Lucan and could not help but let out a chuckle, "and it is marvellous to hear your voice, Thea. I trust you are not reprogrammed, are you?"

[Negative. Selena Ravenholm tried, but...] There was a pause before Thea changed topics, [There is no time. The Calamity is here, just outside the nebula. I have not revoked command privileges from Commodore Vasser because he may need it if he goes to warp and seeks to deploy the mines against Cala. Nonetheless, he needs to be removed from command. I am sending up five people from Deck 05 to join you, and they are all armed and ready to retake the bridge. Can as many of you as possible rendezvous with them and find some means of access?]

There was a lot to process, but Lucan weeded out what needs they still had. "How many personnel have come to Cargo Hold 02, volunteering to support Vasser?"

[Twenty volunteers, and there are two security officers present as well. If deployed, they could ruin our chances to reclaim the ship.]

"I suppose..." said Lucan and looked to the whole group, "you all have to decide where you can contribute the most. The mutineers in the cargo hold are too many to be ignored, and I will be heading there. Who among you will you come with me, and who will head to the turbolifts and join the strike team Thea has mobilised?"

Oh, how did it always have to be him? Why did he continue to stick his neck out for the cattle?

Post by: Triage on 2015-05-20, 06:39:12

McMillan glanced irritably at Vojona when she suggested that the Radiant's timing couldn't be worse. She bloody *knew* that from the time she had set foot on board the *Theurgy*, as far as she was concerned. And the only reason she provided any exposition was for Nicander's benefit so that he would understand, and maybe be a little less intimidating to her. But what she did agree with her on was that maybe the time for talking, on her part at least, was best left for later, in less strenuous times, whenever that might be. As the newcomers slowly explained themselves more and more, the petite young woman gradually released her concentration on holding the light ready for use, as they appeared to be on the same side.

Nicander had lowered the cannisters and spoke to her, taking the phaser right out of her coat pocket, and she squeaked in surprise. She felt his breath against her ear, and flushed nervously. "Keep it." She suggested, seeing as she didn't like the first and only time she ever held a weapon, she didn't feel inclined to hold on to the device, and if he found a use for it, well, better him than her. And then her

heart sank when Thea's voice came over the intercom, and addressed Nicander and Stark. She had been lucky when she made it back to the ship in the wake of the *Calamity's* assault. And who the bloody hell names a ship *Calamity* anyway? That was just plain bad luck. Or asking for it.

When Nicander asked who was going to join him or join the impromptu strike force who would attempt to retake the bridge, she slowly moved to stand by Nicander. Since he had already mentioned her accompanying him, but still, she simply picked up the cannisters, still supported by the anti-gravity generators. She was ready to put an end to all this nonsense. In all honesty, with the *Calamity* out there, Vasser and his cohorts should really be focusing their efforts in keeping everyone alive, and no one should be fighting one another within the two ships. They had enough enemies as it was. She idly wondered if she would ever see her parents or her friends on Earth ever again.

Then another thought hit her, and she looked over at Nicander, "Doctor," she said, "with the *Calamity* so close by, shouldn't we at least let Vasser know? Maybe convince them to focus their efforts on working together to survive a greater threat?"

It seemed so foolish a thought, but McMillan was hoping that this would end the confusing violence sooner. "I know Vasser and his second-in-command are rather...bonkers right now, but maybe there's still some measure of reason left to them, couldn't we at least try?"

She glanced nervously at one of the men nearby, who's eyes she had caught for a moment, then she turned to look back at the doctor, to see what he had to say.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-05-23, 07:02:00

Hylota took stock of the entire situation as it unfolded before her, each added complication seemed to fall upon her shoulders like packs added to the back of mule, it was all just too much, and as she began to run through her options Hylota shut her eyes tight and took a deep breath before she shook her head. There was no way that she would be of any use to a force taking back the bridge, and crawling around in the jeffries tube she would need to bind her arm otherwise it would be dragging along the ground as she went.

On the other hand...she looked to Lucan and he spoke firmly and professionally to him. "Doctor, I cannot provide much service to anyone right now in the missions at hand, but I can provide ad for you in another way." She raised her hand phaser again smiled slightly."We will need to ensure that no one can escape the gassing, and that means disabling the door before you go in to release the gas. And it is likely they would have enough people in there with some tech skills to get the door to open again or at least force it, so I propose I just go to the other side and disable the door and then weld it shut."

She smiled a little more as her exhaustion from the whole ordeal was beginning to show."Besides I doubt that we would be losing much if I were to get stunned by these mutineers, I am not in that great of shape any longer and I will just slow down the group I would be going with to be honest." She sighed. "This way we do not have to put anyone able bodied into harms way and I can still be of use to the cause." She stood up straight to show that she as still able and ready to do her part for the sake of the ship, while internally she was just wanting to rest, she was a damn nurse not a commando! What the hell was she doing here?

Post by: Nolan on 2015-05-24, 15:10:51

Hearing about the plan with the canisters, Simon looked over at Stark before turning his eyes back to Nicander. While he might come up with a better way to release the gas inside of them he opted that

his chances of ingenuity and skills would be stronger with the team heading over to the cargo hold. Thus he spoke up "If possible I'd like to join Lt Cmdr Nicander. I possibly might have a theory on how to spread the gas more efficiently or on how to enhance the intake of it if I manage to change the parameters in the life support systems in the cargo hold." His eyes went over to Stark to see if she was prone to agree with his way of thinking since he assumed she would lead the strike team. Again she was just as high ranking as Lucan so the two might come upon an agreement where Simon would be placed best, he only made a proposition to the two.

While awaiting for their go ahead he already started to make calculations inside of his mind. By hacking into life support he could increase the intake of oxygen which would react to a quicker absorption of the gas if it were released, more oxygen might also make it possible for the inhalers to spread the gas into their bloodstream knocking them out cold much faster and longer than without any fiddling to it. Besides that you also had the chance that they would be able to get out and escape if the gas didn't work fast enough. Perhaps a modification to the gas could help, yet he had little time and ample resources to work with.

Eventually he laid his eyes back on the flustered civilian over by Lucan and he smiled a bit and nodded to her as he slowly made his way beside her to show the other that he'd preferably go with this part of the squad. His eyes were caught by the radiant as he seemed to inspect her, wondering how she got in all this mess, yet the time for proper introduction and the sorts were for a later more suitable time. Simon diverted his eyes over to Hylota and he asked "How's the wound keeping up?"

Post by: Brutus on 2015-05-28, 04:37:42

"I'm sorry I didn't get here sooner." The words from earlier kept playing in her mind, over and over. She could hear the whispered, hushed tones, the pain, in Rory's voice, and she wished she had the time to pull him aside and let him know that...well, she wasn't ok. She couldn't be ok, but that she couldn't be prouder of him, either. There wasn't the time, and her focus, unfortunately, was needed elsewhere. Even if all she wanted to do right then was take his hand and pretend everything was ok. Natalie kept her face schooled as Dr. Nicander filled her in on the remaining details of his plan. There was plenty of merit to it, and she could already see ways to increase the likelihood of success. For a medical man, the good doctor had more than a few tactical ideas worth considering. But she couldn't really add her two cents, because Thea hailed the two of them.

On the one hand, Natalie was thrilled to find out that the AI had not, in fact, been compromised. Having recently gained status as her own sentient being, being reprogrammed would have been a devastating loss, as far as Natalie was concerned. The news that the AI had for them was less then welcome, however, and the brunette sucked in a sharp breath, repressing her fear. Her subordinates immediately began offering up their preferences, and she had to agree with all the choices made. She shared a look with Lt. Tovarek, as if assessing him, and silently asking if he were up for the job he'd just volunteered for. But she could find no fault in his request.

"I agree, Simon. Accompanying Dr. Nicander would be the best bet for you," she took another deep breath, because what came next would not be fun "Personally, i'd love nothing more than to space Vasser and T'Rena. Since that isn't an immediately available option, I suppose that means the best thing I can do is to accompany Ms. S'lti to the bridge, and hope everyone there can be reasonable a bout not getting us all vaporized by that death ship bearing down on us. Can't say I like the odds much on that. They're both full of all kinds of crazy." She hoped she sounded more confident than she felt.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-30, 12:11:51

The two women who had been with Dr. Nicander so far would accompany him the rest of the way, even if Hylota was injured and Heather was no more a soldier than Lucan was. Hylota suggested how she might assist in keeping the mutineers inside the cargo hold, perhaps devaluing herself a bit too much in her suggestion, and Heather made the sound judgement call that they had to warn Vasser that the Calamity was on her way. Lucan was about to voice his agreement with the Radiant, but the Harbinger's helmswoman immediately put the very same idea to action.

[System Access granted,] said Thea to the former Marquis, and besides asking for restored authorisations, Aisha S'lti gave voice to reason.

"Thea, if the main bridge is unaware please advise Vasser of current proximity and location of Calamity and advise him to activate CONN Override Preset Calamity Protocol One and advise use of the manual control column. Once we arrive..."

Hearing this, Lucan gave the Radiant a smile where she stood with the bundles of xenon canisters. "Are you sure you belong in a lab, Miss McMillan?" he asked rhetorically, then Tovarek - the new Chief Science Officer - moved to aide them, and Lucan was rather grateful that he had ideas on how to disperse the xenon effectively since he had not yet recovered from using his inborn abilities on Deck 03. He would not be able to move the air in the cargo hold without risking that he fell unconscious in the attempt. Lucan gave the bearded man a grateful - and quite genuine - nod as he came to stand by Hylota and ask how she fared.

In the end, Stark made the obvious call to accompany the Cardassian, who had the best chance of piloting Thea as well as Winterbourne once had. Strange to have heard that the white-haired youth was dead. Lucan would miss the house calls he'd made to the helmsman, but more importantly, he had lost a valuable asset. Natalie Stark, however, was very much alive, and the encouraging smile he gave her looked very much the same that he had given her in the jefferies tubes that morning before the Calamity first attacked them. They'd shared an experience when the Ishtar entity had found them, and before that, they had been at the mercy of the infected in the Garden of Eden. Fate did seem to bring them together, and it was something Lucan meant to exploit if he so could.

The time had come for the two teams to go separate ways. "May the winds carry your purpose," said Lucan to the ones heading up to the Bridge, then singled out the Cardassian with his pale gaze, "and your aim be true."

Then he turned on his heel and led the way down the corridor, hand phaser by his hip and the beast chanting for murder in his mind. If only xenon had been flammable, then he could have arranged for a horrible accident in the cargo hold... In his minds eye, he saw it happen, and the darkness relished the sight. "Let's see if we can take care of those two security guards if they are standing guard outside the door," he said, glancing towards Heather McMillan and wondering if she was prepared to use her strange abilities again. Hylota had to take their place outside the door. "If they aren't, we will gas them along with the rest."

Once they reached the intersection, not a minute later, a quick glance made it was plain that they were not so fortunate, for the guards were right there, and it was up to Heather to - perhaps - blind them before they could be taken out. Lucan looked her way. "We will cover you. Just pretend you want to join the ones inside and then catch them off their guard. Can you do this?"

Simon Tovarek might not have known what what going on, but there was no time to explain.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-30, 13:51:09

[Turbolifts | Deck 02]

To those who would attempt to seize the Main Bridge, namely Natalie Stark, Aisha S'lti and Rory Callahan, Thea gave instruction on how to join the strike team that was about to arrive on Deck 02.

[You must make your way to the turbolifts located fifty meters towards the aft. Follow the corridor behind you and await the arrival of Junior Lieutenants Lance and Fasha from the Lone-Wolves Squadron. Chief Warrant Officer Covington is with them as well, along with a number of his deck crew. Unless you are already armed, they will be able to provide you with weapons. Go now, because I can see other life-signs moving in on your location with my internal sensors.]

As if that was not incentive enough, the grate that Dr. Nicander had welded shut was suddenly attacked with brute force, and soon, the security personnel that had followed them from Deck 01 would be cutting themselves out. It was a confrontation they couldn't afford.

[Quickly, my sensors tell me that my corridor to the turbolift is clear,] said Thea again.

Once they arrived there, having escaped the mutineers for the time being, the turbolift doors opened as if on cue. The people that Thea had mentioned filed out into the corridor. Tessa May Lance was on point with a phaser rifle, and Fasha was right behind her - the only difference beyond similarities in armament was that the Catachan Colonist wore nothing but undergarments, even if that did not seem to bother her in the least. Then, of course, came Natalie Stark's closest man - Papa bear - with a tail of Bear Cubs filing out behind him. It was only yesterday morning that he'd brought Natalie breakfast and asked how she was holding up. Now, they were about to try and reclaim the Bridge together.

[My readings say you are all gathered now,] said Thea through the intercom, addressing the two groups as a whole. [On my wall you can see a control panel. I will bring up the layout of Deck 01. I have marked access points, current Harbinger crew locations and the route that two of the guards patrol. Time is of the essence, so I suggest those with appropriate combat experience decide on the method of approach and you move out. Lieutenant-Commander Wenn Cinn and his team is just about to liberate Captain Ives. Vasser knows about the presence of the Calamity and setting a course at maximum warp.]

Right then, to emphasise the urgent need for haste, the Red Alert was heard across the whole of the ship. If there was any any lingering doubt as to the fact that the Calamity was coming for them, the whole ship was now aware that they stood divided against a common foe.

[You have an access point to my jefferies tubes behind you,] said Thea, telling them were to go once the plan was set. [I can unlock the doors on Deck 01 as required.]

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-06-02, 01:04:17

Fasha followed Tessa out of the turbolift her own rifle at the ready for any possible threats that they might unexpectedly encounter. Upon seeing no immediate threats she lowered her rifle and moved to stand beside one of the walls of the corridor sparing a glance down the hall every now and then to keep an eye out for any unexpected visitors. She spared a glance to the new additions to the small strike team they'd put together. Her grip on her rifle tightened just a bit not exactly pleased with the numbers they'd gathered. As Thea spoke her eyes were drawn to the control panel on the wall where a display was being brought up for the group to see.

On the display was a blueprint of Deck 01 with illustrations of guard positions and patrol routes. She took a moment devoting every detail she could to memory. Her eyes were drawn to the exit points that Thea's jefferies tubes let out at. She turned her head to Tessa cradling her rifle in her arms "I think we should take the jefferies tubes...We can take control of the outer sections of the deck and work our way inwards." Fasha said extending her finger to point at the exit points in the Yeoman's office and WC and tracing a circle around the deck around the main bridge. "If we can do that we have more entry points to work with than when we began provided we can accomplish our first objective quietly, We'll also have far more room to move our forces around allowing us to give the illusion of a far larger force." Fasha said lowering her hand to her side.

"Judging from the size of the tubes I think we can squeeze two people through each tube without wasting too much time. The rest of the group can insert from the main turbolift letting out into the outer corridor and reinforce the group already on deck once it's secure before we move on to assault the bridge." Fasha said glancing at Tessa. "What do you think?" She asked.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-06-02, 15:57:56

The talk of Vasser had Rory clenching his fists again. The Harbinger captain had always been cold to him, ignored him really, and now he was bent on an insane mission which was only destroying both crews. To top it off, that Calamity ship was hot on their tails again and though he didn't know a lot about Starfleet tactics and whatnot, he knew that this civil war between the two crews as going to get them all killed ... and he wasn't ready to die yet.

They were going to divvy up this party and Rory waited to hear what Natalie was going to do. She made her decision and then he noticed the smile Lucan gave her, a smile that made the Irish ire raise up in Rory. He'd seen that sort of smile many a time in the bars, the kind of smile that a lot of women didn't understand but Rory knew a slimy bastard when he saw one. "I go where Nat goes," he stated, knowing there was a 'stay away from her' look in his eyes but not caring.

Thea gave some more information and while Rory had no idea what he was going to do, he just knew he would follow Natalie and follow her orders ... as much as he could at least. The boom from the place they'd just crawled through set him on edge and he gripped the box cutter a little tighter. As they moved out, his free hand touched Natalie's shoulder to get her attention for a moment. "I won't get in th' way but I'll help however I can," he promised her.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-06-03, 05:34:34

"Quietly is the objective word," Tessa agreed, not wanting to admit that she had no alternative plan. "Okay Thea, we'll get to deck one using the Jeffries tubes."

She was a bit disconcerted by the presence of the *Harbinger* helmswoman, MCPO Aisha S'lti . The *Harbinger* had a Cardassian helmswoman, just like a bad holonovel. But Natalie Stark Rory Callahan were standing next to her not batting an eyelash. That confirmed it. Vasser was so far gone that even members of his own crew realized he was leading them into darkness. Despite expectations, the Cardassian was fighting for what was right and the Vulcan first officer was going along with Vasser's plan hook line and sinker. Looks like Starfleet Academy was right; prejudice and species profiling was for the birds.

"There are nine of us," Tessa continued, not quite sure why she was talking while Lieutenant Commander Natalie Stark was there. As both a ranking officer and a department head, the operations

officer had seniority. "Anybody who doesn't think they can be quiet climbing through the ducts should come out through the head. Whoever comes out near the turbolift will have to be quick; that's where they're expecting us. That leaves the way in through the yeoman's office that would be a great way into the bridge if the sentry on patrol doesn't give us away. I suggest three through the portside head, three through the yeoman's office, and three through the turbolift hatches where they can split up and join each group as reinforcements. Does anybody have a better idea?" she asked, desperately hoping the answer was "yes."

Goldeneye glanced around at the others. Lieutenant Commander Natalie Stark and Petty Officer Adara Hussein were smaller than Tessa was. Hopefully that meant they were stealthy and quick. Master Chief Petty Officer Aisha S'lti, Lieutenant Junior Grade Fasha, and Petty Officer Kumal Koothrapali were about Tessa's height and weight. Chief Warrant Officer First Class Sten Covington, Petty Officer Suvok, and celebrity musician Rory Callahan were as tall as trees. They should probably come out of the Jeffries tube in the head to make sure no one heard them.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-06-05, 15:26:13

Aisha nodded, "All of those were on my short list of ways to get to the XO's office when I was initially coming up with a plan to rescue Stark and Tovarek. Though, In hindsight, we were all missing one thing that could aide any assault of breakout attempt. A distraction." She paused to let the idea sink in.

"Prior to leaving the bridge I had programmed in a means of control for Vasser to use in the event that he were still in command if and when the Calamity attacked. That said, he knows that for the mines to be deployed the best tactic is to have both someone at the helm, and someone at tactical leaving each to focus on their respective duties. Given the circumstances, despite my own betrayal of his trust, I am still in all probability the person he would like to see taking the helm as—he should know by now—my first priority is the survival of the ship as a whole. I propose that I do the one thing he would never expect. I walk into that turbolift right there," she said pointing at the nearby turbolift wide in the open of the corridor, "head straight for the bridge and inform Vasser from inside it that I am on my way to the bridge, armed for my own protection, to re-man my helm station." She allowed herself a moment of levity smiling as she imagined just brazenly walking back onto the bridge with the knowledge that Vasser wouldn't dare gun her down since he needed her here now and he had little other option.

"If he trusts me to retake it then that puts at least someone at the helm that won't be in shock when the rest of you bust in. If he don't then the security people will have their weapons trained on me and may not be quite as aware of the threat that may befall them instead. Either way, we lose one person as part of the surprise assault, but you gain the distraction of likely two guards on the bridge itself as well as potentially Vasser himself, and an armed presence on the bridge since. After all, I have no plans on parting with my only means of protection from his retaliation," she said nonchalantly patting the type three slung comfortably over her shoulder.

"Besides, if the shit hits the fan I can reactivate Calamity preset 1 and just take the control stick and fly Thea and fire the damn mines myself." She added making it obvious that she had contingencies in place that at the minimum could give them a chance at survival. "Anyone got an objection for my own take on getting back to the wheel?"

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-06-05, 22:08:01

Between the fire from his deck apes, his own and Thea's, the incoming reinforcements to the junction between the Vector 2 Battle Bridge and Life Support never had a chance. The Chief of the Deck, if

anything, attributed their less than professional approach as a combination of a complete breakdown of their discipline and overconfidence as they probably did not expect serious resistance. But from there, the trip to Deck 2 was almost surreal in its uneventfulness. No ambushes, no time under contact, no checkpoints. Nothing save encountering another island of resistance, one in which Lieutenant-Commander Stark featured.

And his young superior looked only slightly better than death warmed over, but she was still a sight for sore eyes. There had been rumours of a hunt through the ship for a number of senior officers, how at least one of them was dead at this time, but the information had been often conflicting. All in all, there was little reliable information to go on other than what they'd witnessed on their own. And even then, between the speed of events and the confusion of combat, even Sten was unsure of some of the details he had been involved in, especially in the early stages of the mutiny.

However, his eyes found the Operations Officer and he nodded before allowing himself a very slight moment in which he completely broke every protocol and mode of address he enforced on himself and others when in public and he stepped up to Natalie and landed his huge paws on her shoulders. "Good to see you, Duck," he simply said before Lieutenant Lance went on about her plan and the subsequent discussion.

Of course, Stark, as the senior officer present, was now the final say in the matter. And there was the matter of Mister Callahan, who obviously hadn't seen it fit to follow the instructions he had been given back in Down Below and to him the Chief of the Deck shot a dark look. "First of all, Mister Callahan, no." The last word was spoken flatly and with the kind of finality that only a forty year veteran could manage. "I don't really give a crap what you've been up to but there's no way you're heading up there. Not just that you will be in the way one way or another but there's no damn way a *civiliangot* any business on the Bridge in this kind of situation."

Then, he turned to his companions, particularly Tessa and the Cardassian before turning back to Stark. "Ma'am, the Chief's plan's hardly the safest but right now I think that's the only game in town. We got Calamity up our ass as it is and while I haven't been briefed about the whole thing, I get that right now last thing we can afford is a lapse at the helm. I think that once she's up there, she finds a way to signal us. We come up in force, right through the Bridge turbolift and make it clear we're here to get the ship into battle, not screw around. And once we got people convinced to play nice, Lieutenants Fasha and Lance and myself ought to run back down to the flight deck. I get the feeling we'll need every bird we can get into space sooner rather than later."

Post by: Brutus on 2015-06-07, 15:10:37

Natalie hoped very much that her cheeks did not heat any at the way Lucan smiled at her, albeit briefly, while they all divided up 'assignments' for what was to come. The man had a way of packing even a small expression with a reminder of shared, heated moments, and it would do no good for her to blush like a school girl when they were about to storm the bridge. Nor would it do any good for poor Rory to see it and wonder why. Now wasn't the time to have *that* conversation at all. So she took a steadying breath and forced all thoughts of the awkward, heated, and passionately intense tussle in the cramped Jefferies tube aside and refocused on the tasks at hand.

"May the winds carry your purpose," said Lucan to the ones heading up to the Bridge, then singled out the Cardassian with his pale gaze, "and your aim be true."

A slow nod in turn was accompanied by a simple, "Good luck," from the Lt. Commander, before she turned to her charges. Thea's voice rang out and accordingly, orders were given.

[You must make your way to the turbolifts located fifty meters towards the aft. Follow the corridor behind you and await the arrival of Junior Lieutenants Lance and Fasha from the Lone-Wolves Squadron. Chief Warrant Officer Covington is with them as well, along with a number of his deck crew. Unless you are already armed, they will be able to provide you with weapons. Go now, because I can see other life-signs moving in on your location with my internal sensors.]

"You heard her, lets move," Natalie stated briskly, not looking back as they peeled off from the others. The thought of seeing Sten again was like someone had given Natalie a slug of whiskey against the cold night. It bolstered her, even though she knew that - like the whiskey - it was a false comfort. Still, the man was her friend, and mentor, one of the few people she trusted and a cool head in a hot moment. Knowing that whomever was leading the other team had Sten with them made her worry much less. Her subordinate simply inspired that kind of confidence, and she knew it would not be misplaced.

"I won't get in th' way but I'll help however I can," he promised her. God, but that man's voice. She kept her eyes forward, less any of the other Starfleet personnel see her turn to Rory, but her hand came up. How she managed to avoid jumping when he came in close was anyone's guess, after what had happened, but she touched him, briefly, a graze of fingers. "I know," she said very, very softly, so soft that hopefully no one else would hear. "I'd be lost without you." Truth be told there was every chance she would have broken down by now but for him. And perhaps her training. She didn't give herself nearly the credit she deserved, but given what she had been through it was perhaps understandable that she undervalued her own worth, even if she knew she couldn't let that show, either.

It took little work to get into place, as the other group came around the corner. What could have been a violent encounter was instead a quiet, muted affair, thanks to the presence of Thea. She gave a small start when the man she'd been thinking of not moments before walked up and clamped hands on her shoulders. It was a breach of every protocol known to Starfleet, but for a moment she didn't care. "Good to see you, Duck," he'd said, before turning back to the group, and damned if it wasn't good to see him too. She managed a quick smile, and nod of the head. "yes, it is," before addressing everyone else. "It's good to see all of you," she added, asserting the role she least welcomed but had no choice in the matter.

[My readings say you are all gathered now,] said Thea through the intercom, addressing the two groups as a whole and cutting off any thing else Natalie might have said.. [On my wall you can see a control panel. I will bring up the layout of Deck 01. I have marked access points, current Harbinger crew locations and the route that two of the guards patrol. Time is of the essence, so I suggest those with appropriate combat experience decide on the method of approach and you move out. Lieutenant-Commander Wenn Cinn and his team is just about to liberate Captain Ives. Vasser knows about the presence of the Calamity and setting a course at maximum warp.]

Natalie gave another glance around the group. Just as Thea's initial report had suggested, she was at least somewhat dismayed to find herself the highest ranking officer currently present. That meant that she would have the final call. And while time was short, she was also learning that a good leader let her subordinates flourish, providing simple guidance where needed, but taking the time to let them expand upon what to do. It wasn't simply pulling orders out of her ass and slamming them down. She needed to let the people that knew what they were doing, do just that.

So she listened with more patience than she felt, cradling the phaser rifle in the crook of her arms,

copying (if awkwardly) the stance she'd seen a few of the others do, and trying to project a calm she did not feel. It was easier, oddly, with Rory behind her. She could draw strength from him, even though they were both so very shaken. Shaken by the taste of that man in her mouth, for her, and the action of slaughtering him, for Rory. Having Sten on her other side didn't hurt matters.

The plan of using the jefferies tube seemed sound enough, and she met Lt. Lance's eyes. Natalie was surprised that she could practically hear the question in the fighter pilots gaze, about Aisah S'ti, and over the Cardassians' shoulder, the Ops Chief gave the smallest, barest of nods. The woman was...off-putting, but she was doing everything in her power to save them and that earned her Natalie's vote of confidence. And it seemed her faith was not misplaced, as S'ti began to expand upon Tessa's plan, incorporating a distraction. It all came back to those damn mines she herself had been working on. A frown grew on her face, lips pursed, and it took a moment for her to realize that it could be taken for disagreement with the flight officers modifications.

While she wasn't thrilled with the idea of the Cardassian putting herself at risk, she felt it was - so far - the best option put forth. She hated that it was because Winterbourne had been gunned down and there was no one else as qualified to fly the vessel as Aisha at that moment, but that was that. Just another crime to make Vasser pay for. It was a long, long list of crimes in Natalie's book and a small part of her really wished she could shove the bastard out an airlock without an EV suit.

But then Sten spoke up against Rory, and Natalie found herself in the awkward position of being caught between two people that she found she relied upon very, very much. *Shit* the crude thought surfaced as she tried to keep the deck from reeling under her feet. Not that it actually moved, but the way her stomach felt like it had plummeted made her wonder.

"First," she said, summoning up some ice into her voice, calming her features - god she hoped they were calm - "I agree that officer S'ti's plan is the best modification to what Lt. Lance has suggested that we have come up with. You're right," she looked between both women, and then CWO Covington, before sweeping the rest of the assembled group. "We need a distraction; and we need the best person we possibly can have at the helm when it all goes down. Because - not that Thea will ever let us forget - but the *Calamity* is on its way and we have a madman with his twisted pet psychotic running our ship. Our. Ship." She snapped those two words off, letting some of her anger out into her words. And oh, there was anger, anger most unbecoming an officer.

"And we need every hand on deck, Chief," she added, turning back to the man she considered one of her closest friends. Hell, family. This was almost like arguing with her father. "I do not know what Mr. Callahan has been up to prior to all of this, but he managed to rescue both myself and Lt. Tovarek from...from a rather grisly fate." She turned to CPO S'ti, "with reinforcement from the Chief. If not for the both of them, I would not be here right now," it was as close as she could come to outright dressing Sten down. "I want all of you to understand this," she continued, making this less about any disagreement between her and the Chief of the Deck, or her trying to bolster her...what, lover? Boyfriend's? confidence, and more about making it clear to the crew. "Mr. Callahan is a civilian. CPO S'ti is from the *Harbinger*. Both have proven themselves to me, personally, and I would hope, to this crew. We need them both. We need everyone we can get, and we need to do this right and smart and we need to do this NOW." She had been pacing, she hardly realized it, her hands clasped behind her back as she had seen Cpt. Ives do on more than one occasion. It wasn't even a conscious thought as she moved herself over to stand by the display panel, separating herself out from everyone else.

"Chief," she said to the Cardassian, "You're up first, good luck and God's speed, the balls' in your court. Once you hail Vasser, the rest of us go." She turned to Covington and Lt.'s Lance and Fasha,

"You three know everyone here better than I, what they are capable of in a fight. Divvy them up as you see fit, but make it fast." She stood a bit straighter, "I'll be in the turbolift when we breach the bridge," she stated bluntly, with a resolve she didn't feel at all but prayed she could fake. "If all goes well we take Vasser down hard and fast, but no matter what, as senior officer, I need to be at the forefront." She didn't turn to hug Sten and reinforce that she needed him. She didn't rush over to Rory and offer quite words of faith in her lover, to bask in the comfort she drew from his arms. She stood, removed from the others, making it clear that she would broker no disagreement and that the time to act was now.

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-06-09, 12:01:20

Fasha remained quiet for the most part as the others in the newly formed "Strike Team." continued to build upon the original plan she'd suggested. So far the plan was still somewhat the same. Individual elements would be inserting from the Jefferies tubes and clearing out the outer sections of the bridge. After which they would take the bridge with a show of force in order to keep the bridge functioning at full capacity during their soon approaching engagement with the Calamity. Even if they did take the bridge successfully with the least bloodshed possible she could only wonder if it would make a difference. Would they be able to fend off the Calamity with the ship still as divided as it was?

Now wasn't the time to ask questions! She shook her head pushing the thoughts that had previously occupied her mind away in order to focus on their current situations. She already planned on being one of those assigned to infiltrate the 1st deck through the Jefferies Tubes. Now it just needed to be decided who else would be coming along. She turned toward Tessa "Let's let Papa Bear pick who's most suited to go through the Jefferies Tubes with us. It's his deck crew he knows them better." Fasha stated nodding her head towards Sten and the bear cubs who seemed to gravitate towards him for leadership.

"Are you ready for this?" Fasha asked it wasn't meant as a jab at the other woman's capability it was a simple question seeking an answer. "Once we're up there we'll need to be quick and efficient there is no margin for error." Fasha stated. Perhaps Tessa already understood this, Perhaps she didn't either way Fasha would be sure to cement the importance of what they were about to do into her fellow pilot's mind.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-06-11, 02:09:56

If anything, the Chief of the Deck knew when to shut his trap and when to speak. And when an officer made a decision, that decision was final even if it was a bad idea. As a senior non-commissioned man, it was his job to minimize the damage their calls would make, or work around them in such a way as to accomplish the desired end-goal without anyone getting hurt. And considering that Commander Stark had decided not to bench Callahan as he should be, that forced the veteran to re-adjust the plans he had started to formulate.

But at the end of the day, once the officers made their call, it was his place to follow it.

"Yes Ma'am," he simply replied. Perhaps Sten was not pleased, but it whether he was or not was irrelevant. The Chief knew his officer well enough to know she had some feeling for the Irishman. And if she said she needed him close at hand, then it was probably a good idea, in the greater scheme of things, to work with it instead of opposing the idea out of hand.

As such, considering what they were about to do, Covington found himself looking at a very reasonable alternative. He did not want that civilian anywhere near the heat of things, and considering

the composition of each element of their strike team for Deck 01 was left in his hands he reckoned he had a way to deal with his presence. "In that case, I recommend Lieutenants Lance and Fasha, PO Hussien and Mister Callahan take the Jefferies tubes and take care of the sentries in the areas around the Bridge. They can link up with us once they've taken care of them. Remainder, with the Commander and me on the turbolift."

Then, he turned directly to look at Stark. "Ma'am, as always, last word's yours. But please, consider staying behind me and the rest of the lads in the turbolift." The older man had a responsibility. Not only to the ship or to the Lieutenant-Commander, but to Natalie herself. And to himself. He'd already lost one person whom he'd, against all odds, began to care for a great deal that day. He wasn't about to lose another one.

However, before Stark would give the final word, Sten drew the hand phaser that was holstered at his waist, at rest since he had acquired a rifle a few decks down and flipped it in his hand, offering it handle-first to Callahan. "The Commander trusts you. It's set on maximum stun. Aim center of mass, press the button. Short, controlled blasts or you'll run out of power in no time flat. Questions?"

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-06-11, 02:32:01

"Are you ready for this?" Fasha asked Tessa. "Once we're up there we'll need to be quick and efficient there is no margin for error."

Then why the hell are you bringing me along? Tessa's topaz yellow eyes seemed to say. There's no way in hell I'm ready!

Tessa's mouth, however, said something else entirely. "Yup. Good to go. No worries."

Tessa May Lance was distracted. Truth to tell, it was hard to concentrate with the red alert klaxon heralding the approach of the *Calamity* and the *Theurgy's* destruction. She frowned and tried to concentrate as Sten Covington modified the strategy she had suggested.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-06-14, 00:12:42

Rory wanted to do more, say more, to help Natalie but he held himself at what he hoped was enough distance so he didn't distract. Still that moment she had touched him had been enough to keep him bolstered. He was helping, even if it was just his presence, and that's all that mattered right now as she led them about in this hellish situation.

When they rendezvoused with the group Thea had been guiding them to, his gut twisted when he saw Sten but even as Sten spoke out against him, he held his temper and his tongue. He was determined to support Natalie, not put her in a position that she had to defend him and herself. Natalie did defend him though and in a professional way, something that somehow made him even more proud than if she'd done it like a besotted school girl.

That didn't mean he still didn't want to punch the bastard and at a later time, if they all survived, he might just share a word or three with him. It was obvious the Irishman didn't appreciate being looked down on the way Sten did but somewhere he found the strength to not say or do anything that would put Natalie in a bad spot when suddenly he was handed a phaser. With a steady hand and steely gaze, Rory took it from him. "No ... Sir," he replied, figuring the man gave him all he needed to know. If the damned thing did run out, he always had his box cutter.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-06-17, 06:44:55

Having been given the go ahead on her own infiltration Aisha looked over to the others. "Alright, your signal that I am in place at the Conn will be an automated intercom message to all hands that mines are readied for deployment and advising that all hands should brace for impacts from potential shockwaves. Computer, I mean Thea you got that, When I take the conn you should know I am at the station, at that point make the shipwide intercom statement That can be our signal." She paused as she walked to the door to make her way to the turbolift itself. "Also, I'm not going to deck one corridors. I'm heading strait for the bridge itself. with any luck Vasser will send the corridor guards a signal to head to the bridge when I arrive there too."

Walking calmly towards the turbolift she sighed steadying herself as she secured the type 3 on her body once again. Walking into the turbolift she sighed and spoke to Thea's systems. "Deck 1 Main bridge, and open a com-channel to the Main Bridge please.

Speaking calmly Aisha addressed the bridge and its current crew of traitors and their so called commodore, "Vasser, this is Aisha S'iti. I am en-route to your location on the main bridge and am returning to take my station due to emergency circumstances. Know that I am not returning out of some form of misguided loyalty to you or your mission but only out of the need that this ship has for a skilled person at the helm. I will be arriving alone and armed and will not be relieving myself of my weapons in order to assure my own protection." she stated. "I suggest You instruct your officers and guards to stand down and allow me to take my place at the helm and I would suggest that you yourself take a station at tactical so that together this ship has the best chance of successfully disabling the Calamity. For my own protection know that if I have reason to suspect aggressive intentions on the part of any members of your crew against myself, I will open fire without resurvation. Expect me to arrive on the bridge in 10 seconds. S'iti out."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-20, 22:14:56

The Cardassian had left the strike team, heading up to the Bridge in order to ensure their survival at the helm of the ship. The plan was set, with two teams heading up via the Jefferies tubes, taking care of the patrolling sentries - led by Fasha and Tessa respectively. Once both teams reported clear passage to the remaining personnel on Deck 02, they would head up as well, using the turbolift,

Chief S'iti would - by then - be handling the graviton mines and try to hit the Calamity before she got too close. With all thee parts of the strike team on Deck 01, they were to enter the bridge in a show of force and not with phasers blazing - this to not disturb bridge operations mid-flight from the Calamity.

[Good luck,] said Thea to the assembled people, [My surveillance systems are down so I cannot monitor your progress, but I can use my internal sensors to verify your success. I might also be able to warn you if the security guards change their patrol route.]

With a chirping sound, Thea ended her transmission.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-06-03, 00:47:15

[En-Route to Cargo Hold 02 | Deck 02]

Hylota looked to Simon as he asked how her injury was holding up and she shrugged. "From the best we can tell it is not that badly damaged, the numbed nerves kept me from being knocked out by an earlier hit, but it is completely useless at this point in time. It would make creeping around in vents or bring in combat situations fairly difficult, and without it I doubt I could provide any worth while medical

aid as I am." Hylota sighed as she looked over the slightly discolored spot on her uniform from where she had been shot. "In all honesty I have been getting very lucky with how this day has progressed and I do not want to keep pushing my odds as they currently stand."

And then they were moving out, Hylota as going to look forward to whatever time she would get or recovery when this was over. As they moved down the halls Hylota's heart sank at the thought of guard, she had been hoping that since this was so far into mutineer territory that they would not ant to bother wasting guards here, but sure enough there they were standing beside the hanger doors watching for whoever was coming in to join up. If thing went the best way possible they could catch the guards off guard and rush the door.

As Lucan began to talk about sending Heather to take the door Hylota shook her head no. "No Doctor we do not need to do such a thing, we have hand phasers. I am an accurate enough shot and if someone else is we can round the corner and take them out in a quick strike before rushing the door and shutting things down, there is no need to send people into harms way just to get an opportunity to do the same hing we intend to do with my plan. And this way if we move quickly we can seal the door without any type of commotion being caused." Hylota hoped that hr plan would hold some merit with he rest of the team so they could get this entire ordeal over with more quickly.

Post by: Triage on 2015-06-03, 12:23:53

McMillan smiled quietly at Nicander when he questioned whether she belonged in a lab. She certainly believed that would be her preference. Though it was doubtless that meeting people was good for her too. Considering that she'd been separated from her few friends on Earth, when she was only supposed to be on the *Theurgy* for a short duration originally, making new friends wasn't a bad idea. And they were on their way to their designated target already, after wishing the other group well, the young woman was trailing Nicander, stumbling over her feet now and then, though managing to keep from crashing or falling outright through sheer desperation and quick, clumsy compensations. She cautioned when the others slowed down, however, and soon found out why. More guards.

McMillan felt slightly dismayed, as that meant more violence, but still, she had to accept that it was a necessary course of action, and braced herself for the inevitable, but was surprised when Nicander asked if she could help provide some distraction once more. The temptation was strong. Her parents had been right: The more you used the Light, the more you'll want to keep using it. It was like a drug, an addiction that had almost no repercussions or negative results except of course in excessive overuse, which was unlikely, since no Radiant would be able to push themselves too hard, but in limited and controlled uses, it felt...pleasurable, and she actually looked forward to lighting up again, because it would help her friends, and also help give them an edge.

The nurse, Vojona was opposed to this, however, as she was most likely concerned for McMillan's safety, and it'd be a valid concern, especially when one considered that she was a mere civilian, with absolutely no Starfleet training whatsoever, and worse still, she was a pacifist who preferred to hide rather than fight. Still, the Radiant felt a pang of disappointment that she might not get a chance to light up again. The desire for her to use her gifts was almost...all-consuming. And it made her grasp at straws desperately, but then she hit upon something that might answer both Vojona and Nicander. She leaned in closer to them and whispered, "Maybe I might have an idea that could answer Vojona's concerns, and give you the assistance you suggested, doctor."

She glanced around, to make sure she wasn't drawing attention or speaking too loudly, and then whispered more quickly and urgently, "Amongst my people, we can exhale a kind of vapour that can light up as brightly as we do, and it lasts a few minutes. This way I won't be putting myself in danger

when I blind the guards. Just make sure you lot aren't looking at it yourselves. Hmm, now that I think about it, I suppose you'd need to at least know where the guards are, because I can't make the vapour disappear after I've released it, and it can last for quite a while. So, take a sight, and once you've got a good idea where they are, I'll do my part. That is...if you think this is a good idea..."

Post by: Nolan on 2015-06-04, 12:39:52

Once Simon had heard the response of Hylota he nodded and smiled "Alright, we'll try to not get us in cramped spaces anymore." he said to her and tapped her on the not injured shoulder. He followed his new group as they made their way to the cargo hold. His mind calculating the figures and variables as he readied his mind for the dispersion of the gas in the cargo hold. Yet his thought process came to a halt when the group stopped and Nicander suggested Heather to go in. He could notice that Hylota didn't agree with it yet he didn't understand it fully as he first had to come out of his 'zone'.

He quickly however grasped what was going on. Heather would serve as distraction and they would on their turn shoot them. Yet Hylota believed that they could pull it off without sending Heather in. Now this however was the turning point, Heather came up with a sort of plan that just made no sense to Simon. "You can exhale a form of fire?" he blurted out as his heart started to race. This skillset was unheard of, brand new, ground breaking, a scientific discovery! It was the wet dream of every scientist! Heather seemed to be something unearthly, something new..

"Apologies for the crude reaction." He quickly apologized to Heather for his rather primitive behavior "Hold on and roll it back to me though. You say that you can exhale a sort of gas that could blind people?" It was just the tip of the iceberg of questions that piled up in Simon his head. His eyes were sparkling with scientific curiosity yet also with personal intrigue as he wanted to know more about this civilian. When she was done with her explanation he nodded and was a bit prejudiced about his choice for going further. "I think we should see what this lightning vapor can do." he said excitedly "The guards will no undoubtedly be blinded and Hylota and Lucan or I can fire at them, taking them out swiftly. The trick however will be not to look in the light... Everyone wants to look in the light at some point..." he concluded and smiled at Heather before looking at Lucan and Hylota.

Post by: Triage on 2015-06-04, 14:44:51

McMillan urgently shook her head at Tovarek's excited inquiry as to whether the Radiant could breathe fire. And she was about to verbally exclaim that she simply couldn't do that. And even while she did this, her hair flailed about in an unnatural way from humans (in addition to the way she had a tendency to stand on tip-toe, which could be associated with her being rather short), since her hair appeared to be very feather-light and silken, that it floated down extremely slowly after flying up at the slightest movements. All this would definitely affirm to Tovarek that McMillan was very much not a human, especially now that flecks of light spots seemed to appear and disappear around her due to her growing excitement about using her abilities in some way or another like little sparks.

Before she could speak, though, the man had apologized and rephrased himself, and now she nodded, affirming his rhetorical questioning about her ability to blind people with luminous vapour, and she smiled, since he appeared to be in support of her idea, though it could be because he himself was curious about her abilities now, since he had not been present with her, Nicander and Vojona earlier. "Just try your best not to look at it, because it's going to be really bright, even not looking at it can still get you blinded."

She turned to look at Nicander and the Ovri woman, "Are you both okay with this idea?"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-07, 02:27:27

Lucan listened to the discussion as it went back and forth and yet he couldn't shake the notion that it was a bad method, even if he was no true tactician when it came to it. He did have something else, and that was the instincts of the thing inside - the killing instincts of a thing beyond their present limitations.

"If the shining mist is supposed to linger for minutes afterwards, it would not serve us in two distinct ways," he said, thinking aloud and never appearing superior in his posture in any way, even if he was about to protest Heather's ambitions. "For one, if the light is too harmful even with eyes closed, we cannot be expected to pick our targets and aim towards them through the mist. Furthermore, it would prevent Nurse Vojona to position herself by the door and weld it shut - unable of stopping the defectors to escape the gas through the exit."

Pausing, Lucan made his own suggestion. "Earlier, on the deck below us, you seemed able to project light from your own body; a light that should be well able to blind and disorient these guards. Moreover, we will be able to aim at the mutineers safely since they will not be shrouded by the mist any more. It would mean you'll have to approach them, but it would also ensure success." Little did he know that his suggestion might entail a degree of removed clothing. "Otherwise, I am inclined to believe Nurse Vojona is right, that we should take our chances and hit them from afar. So will you be able to help us or not, Miss McMillan?"

Time was of the essence, and every moment lost was a moment gained for the Calamity to catch up with them.

Post by: Triage on 2015-06-09, 07:11:38

"Yes, yes of course!" McMillan nodded happily, and turned to look at Vojona, "Don't worry, I'll be fine, I think I can manage this."

In a ways, a near-addiction might serve well for her, since she was nearly reckless in her courage now, in a hurry to unleash her light. Her eyes were already beginning to flash with spots and sparks, much like the soft, gentle spots of light appearing and fading all around her. The first time she had done this, McMillan had been a little less shy, since she thought neither Nicander nor Vojona had been conscious to see her. She was a little more self-conscious now that there were not only one, but two conscious men in her presence, so opted this time for keeping her clothes on, but rolled up her sleeves, took off her lab coat, and loosened her collars, allowing more exposed skin, which in turn would ensure more light.

"Okay, then. Wish me luck." McMillan smiled, and before she could second-guess herself, turned to walk around the corner and head straight for the guards. They had guns...dangerous, killer guns, and suddenly, she felt nervous, so she kept reminding herself, *I get to use the Light, I get to use the Light...*and in this way, she was able to get close enough, but not so much that she'd be in the way of the line of sight for her friends. "Heyyy..." she said, waving at the guards like she knew them, "...I want to join Vasser. I'm a civilian biologist, but I'm sure I can have some use...like uh...like...this...?"

She drew in the Light, and tried to focus it, face it forward, so that she didn't accidentally blind her own friends with her light, and a flash of white shone out from her face, arms, and body. She still couldn't steer it much, and ended up lighting up the whole place when she used so much unbridled energy. If she tried to use just her palms, it wasn't so hard, but also less delightful. After a few seconds of shining continuously, she stopped, turned and ran for her life, "I think they're not happy." She

announced unnecessarily, running on tip-toe as fast as she could, and barely avoiding tripping on her own feet.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-06-09, 14:23:47

Simon was still curious to what the result of these powers would be. So far he only had heard what could happen and his scientific mind had made numerous variations about it, yet he wanted to see in person what this was all about. "Good luck." He offered to Heather after she had pulled up her sleeves loosened up her collars. He watched her as she walked into the corridor towards the new guys and readied himself for whatever was about to happen. He looked at the phaser he was carrying with him and checked the power cells before setting the weapon to stun again.

He gazed with one eye past the wall in a crouched position, allowing however would fire next to stand up behind him so he or she could overlook the situation as well. His eyes were trained on Heather as she walked over to the guards, a bit conspicuous he had to admit yet it seemed to get the job done as the guards first looked at each other before eyeing out Miss McMilan. "She really needs to work on her conversation skills in these kind of situations.." Simon whispered towards the two others with him and he couldn't help but chuckle.

Yet what happened next was just amazing, mind blowing even. His eyes were affected a bit by the strong light and the guards seemed to be blinded entirely by it. A bit baffled by what he was seeing, Simon felt his mouth fall open a bit in amazement as he readied himself to get into action. When Heather stopped and made her way back he had to smirk at her obvious comment as the guards were dazed "Get down, on the floor!" he called out to her and when he was sure he wouldn't hit her he called his target "Firing on the left one." He fired two rounds at him, the first one hitting the guard in the upper right shoulder while the other one hit him in the chest. He aimed at the other guard in case the second shooter would miss.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-06-11, 08:59:47

Hylota was just so out of it at this point, she did not want to talk any more, she was going to take part in this plan whether she was listened to or not. She would follow orders, she would take care of the guards and do her part to save this damned ship and its crew, but oh if they dared call her in to question her motives she was going to get herself frozen and be done with this. She was tired, stiff, sore and she was not going to be the point of debate after what she was putting herself through...hell she still needed to crawl through the jefferies tubes to get her boots again, that was just going to be perfect.

Hylota moved close to the wall as she watch Heather get closer to the guards, and it went just about as well as she would have predicted, the girl as sincere, but she was terrible with talking, and just as she expected things went south and Hylota was not going to stand by and let things play out any longer. As Simon called out his shots Hylota nodded and she stepped out, her arm stiff as she aimed down at the right hand guard, she held her breath, the world around her slowed as she fired, the beam shot out and hit the guard in his weapon arm, but Hylota did not stop, she walked out from cover and fired again.

Hylota's second shot hit the guard in the neck causing him to fall back into the wall and crumple to the ground as Hylota waded to the door. As she neared Heather she spoke in a more hushed tone. "Your safe Heather, get back to Doctor Nicander, you will be needed for this mission, I will take care of the door and the guards from here." Hylota looked down at her phaser and turn up the strength as high as she could get to before she fired at the seam in the door, melting the metal and fusing it all into place

before turning down the phaser and looking back to Heather to make sure she was going before Hylota went to try and disable the door further by pulling out the control chips.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-14, 23:23:17

With Heather McMillan's help, Simon Tovarek and Hylota Vojona managed to stun the two guards by the entrance to the cargo hold, and the latter quickly moved into position so that she might keep the people inside from getting out. It was time for the xenon gas to be released, and if Tovarek wanted to do it via the Life Support systems, it meant that they needed a maintenance access point adjacent to the room. Lucan knew the way, so he waved for Heather and Simon to follow him, but not before speaking to Hylota down the hall.

"This was your idea, so if you make it, I will have you promoted," he called and gave her a quick grin. "Captain Ives will know what the Ovri are capable of."

Then he was off, having tried to bolster her morale and support her in the crucial task of keeping the mutineers from getting out. In the end, he had no interest in having the plan backfire on him and put him in unnecessary danger. It was just happenstance that his own ends served the people next to him just as well. With great haste, he led the short way to the wall-mounted hatch that would take them into the jefferies tubes, knowing that the maintenance access to the cargo hold was just inside. Reaching out with his tattooed hand, he turned the valve and swung it open.

"Hurry, get inside," he said, waving for McMillan and Tovarek, "Bring the canisters in there too. I'll cover you." He had his hand phaser out, pale grey eyes looking down both ends of the empty corridor in turn. The Red Alert klaxon made the bulkheads vibrate with the sound of imminent danger, and Lucan could but roll his eyes at the suggestion that the Calamity had found them right then of all possible times.

"Splendid," he said bitterly, not feeling very much as the clandestine manipulator when subject to such irony: That he might fall prey to the very design his kin had opted to use to destroy the Theurgy and stop its crusade. Did they even know he was aboard, or Acreth for that matter? Were they an acceptable loss after all? Had they thought them compromised after Acreth's reports fell silent? Either way, it was plain that he might fall victim to his kin's devices, and that was in direct conflict with his personal agenda. Yet what gnawed him the most was that he had so little means to oppose his own kin without using the crew of the ship. As it were, he could but have faith in Natalie Stark and the strike team that was heading to the Bridge.

Once Heather and Simon were inside, Lucan climbed in after them, and he crawled his way over to the maintenance access - getting up next to Heather so that he might see what Tovarek was doing with the control panel and the gas. "Can we help you somehow?" he asked, the brow he raised split from the brief fight against a security guard not ten minutes past. The Radiant, in her almost ethereal presence, smelled quite lovely when so close. Which was, of course, irrelevant to their current plight... but nonetheless pleasant.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-06-15, 21:36:52

As Hylota was praised for her actions and planing by her CO she smiled and nodded, it made her feel amazingly happy and proud. And putting in the idea that she might see herself promoted for this show of dedication. She nodded to her CO and spoke in her tired voice. "Thank you Doctor...I did come here with the intent to show the Federation what the Ovri were capable of, we wanted to prove ourselves as a valuable member of your Federation and even now with all that is happening I will serve to make my

people proud and show that we will do whatever it takes to get the mission done."

Hylota watched her companions go off on their own while she looked to the knocked out guards with a sigh and then across the hall at a door to some room. Taking a deep breath she opened the door and began to drag the guards into the room and separated them from their weapons and com badges in case they woke up and tried to call for help. Once they were in the room, for the third time that day Hylota took apart a door and took out the chips to begin shutting things down. When it was all over Hylota sat down in the hall and began to rest up after her adventure for the day. She just hoped that it would be over soon.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-06-16, 11:12:30

As Lucan talked to Hylota about a possible promotion, Simon took the time to turn his attention to Heather. "I must say that what you did back there was pretty... Mind blowing." He smiled and looked at her in the eyes "I've understood that you are a scientist, so if you would like... After all this is over I would like you to join my team. I'm the Chief science officer aboard this vessel and I think that you'll fit in rather perfectly in our department. That is if you would be up for the task." He spoke calmly and determined and when Simon noticed that Lucan was ready he let Heather go first as they re entered the jeffries tubes.

Once inside Simon opened up the service panel to access the life support system. He started to work on it silently and shook his head as Nicander asked if he could help. "Not right now, just keep those canisters close. I just need to check the parameters of the cargo hold first and manipulate them before releasing the gas. A lot of techno babble would follow, but I don't want to bore you." he said with a sly grin and started to manipulate the values. "Unless you could turn down those red alert blares, that would be a help." Simon mumbled while his entire focus seemed to be absorbed by what he was doing.

After a minute or ten Simon leaned back a bit and nodded "Right, this should do it. Hand me over the canisters." He looked at both Lucan and Heather as they were sitting a bit cramped up in the tubes. "So in short, I manipulated the life support system in a way that the air that everyone breathes in will be taken much quicker into the blood system allowing the xenon to work faster and possibly or well probably more effective." He started to connect the gas canisters with the support system so that the gas could be released in the room and he couldn't help but to smile like a mad scientist that was about to unleash mayhem. "Right, well all you need to do is press this button here and the gas will disperse into the room undetected. I would reckon that it will take no more than ten minutes before everyone will be out of consciousness. I'd say we leave the honors to the lady, do you agree Doctor?" Simon suggested to Lucan and he glanced over at Heather for a second.

by: Triage on 2015-06-18, 02:04:55

McMillan obediently tried to keep her head down, but she didn't dare try anything more fancy, like dropping and rolling, as she believed that was likely to result in her hurting herself more than necessary. She was no action hero, just a civilian alien biologist. Both Tovarek and Vojona unloaded into the men behind her, presumably they scored hits. And she nodded as Vojona assured the young woman that she was safe, and she ambled over like a slight drunk, or a giddy child, due to her excitement of getting to use her full powered light. Presently, she was still glowing with faint light, even her hair was illuminated.

As she entered the tube, she was almost smiling, despite the situation. Her hair floated behind her like the tendrils of a jellyfish in the water being pulled along by currents. She decided to light up her palms,

brighter than the rest of her body, not that it was drastically needed, but the Radiant couldn't help it. She wanted to light up like a Christmas tree now at the slightest excuse. She tilted her head slightly in Nicander's direction when he moved close to her. The location was a little claustrophobic, and was remindful of when she first met him and Vojona.

Just a little earlier though, before Nicander had entered the tube, McMillan was complimented by Tovarek, and the young Radiant blushed, meaning she flashed a slight reddish glow around her cheeks, "Th-thank you..." she stammered with a coy smile. And then her eyes widened at an offer to join his team under the chief science officer. "S-s-science team??? Crikey O'Reilly, I-I..uh...I mean...that's...but I'm just a civilian biologist..."

Her attentions were distracted by the plans to unleash the gas on the unsuspecting people in the other side of the room. And they wanted her to do the honors. She smiled uncertainly at them and said, "That's very nice, but it's quite all r-*Oh bloody Nora!*" McMillan had attempted to shift her foot to adjust herself but ended up overbalancing and as she stumbled in the cramped space, her hands hit two things when she tried to catch herself. Tovarek's foot, and the button. Tovarek was fine, considering that McMillan was literally a featherweight and less than half the weight that she looks, but that was still enough for the button to be depressed inwards...

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-21, 14:20:42

Having followed the scientist's instructions, Lucan had bided his time in his own ruminations - trying to give the current situation some forethought. Such had been lacking for the most part during the past hour of crawling through Jefferies tubes and shooting phasers at mutineers. Of course, besides having been beaten raw by a younger man in Waste Management and nearly drained himself through his Câroon abilities in order to survive, he had the privelage of learning about the Radiants and Heather McMillan. A boon he had yet to fully wrap his mind around - her species something new for him to explore. For who knew what knowledge or benefits could be found in their DNA? The Asurians had provided him with the properties of the Velsren sac, so what could be gained from the Radiants? Oh, despite the altercations and the threat of being killed by his own kind, these were truly exciting times ahead.

"I think you will have to make due, unfortunately," he'd told the Russian human when asked about the Red Alert klaxon. He had helped connecting the canisters that they had brought from the other deck, and when it was time - two minutes having passed - Lucan simply smiled and nodded when Lieutenant Tovarek suggested that the Radiant would get the honour of pushing the button. "Certainly, we would never have been able to get here if it weren't for her. Please, Miss McMillan, proceed."

The Radiant had started to object, but ended up imbalanced in her protestations. She fell, and in the cramped space, Lucan instinctively reached out to catch her. He was not sure how appropriate he was in how his hands caught her from behind, it happened too quickly and she was so light in his hands, but it seemed like Heather was uninjured - even having pushed one of the buttons on the wall panel mid-fall.

"Did you...?" he began to ask, but the sound from the many canisters connected to the wall answered his question. She had activated Tovarek's protocol and the gas was being emptied into the cargo hold. The hissing sound they generated made it impossible to hear if Heather or Tovarek said anything, and the sound was so loud that it was likely to be picked up on if someone walked down the corridor outside. Lucan put his hands over his ears and grimaced, trying to get their attention somehow when he over-articulated the words he said. "Let's. Leave. Now!"

Lucan led the way, crawling out of the grate that had entered. He gave the Radiant and the CSO a hand to climb out, but no sooner had he closed it before they were almost trampled by at least ten people in yellow jumpsuits - sprinting past them towards the entrance of another cargo bay. Lucan recognised them as Operations personnel, and they belonged to the original Theurgy crew.

"What's going on?" he called to them, but he already had an idea about what they were up to, and so would likely Lieutenant Tovarek.

"The Calamity is in pursuit! We're going to oversee the gravametric mines deployment rig! We don't want one of those getting stuck on the way out! If the rig was damaged during the sabotage, we'll all die immediately!"

Cargo Bay 04. The Garden of Eden during the Niga Incident. Now the key to defeat the Calamity. Lucan looked towards Tovarek and then McMillan. "I'm just a doctor... but if Rennan Cooper's design was damaged, then even I can see how quick this battle will be over. Let's go help them."

Lucan had, after all, no interest in dying, even if the beast inside would rather have them all vaporised... The conflict of interest was not new, but for some reason, it had become easier to go against the will of the darkness inside.

Post by: Triage on 2015-06-26, 19:10:39

McMillan squeaked in surprise when she felt hands wrapping around her, and it was none other than Dr. Nicander. Well, there weren't exactly a lot of choices of people who'd catch her. Still, the young woman looked particularly embarrassed, and she lurched backwards once the doctor had let go of her. There was not much time for thinking, however, as he was about to ask her if she pushed the button - which she totally did - The sound of gas hissing loudly made her similarly to Nicander, cover her ears. The doctor had little trouble with McMillan when he helped her out of the grate, since she virtually floated down, and then the girl sucked in her breath loudly, squeaking again.

Her Light vanished immediately, and completely. She wasn't used to the sight of so many people, and didn't wish to reveal herself to them just yet. Nicander mentioned something about a certain Rennan Cooper's design, which was very very important to everyone's survival, and she nodded as she followed on tip-toe with everyone else, her long hair a reddish-gold glow and trailing behind her like wispy silken threads in the air. "What might I do to help?"

Post by: Nolan on 2015-07-03, 18:58:11

Once the gas was seeping through the canister into the room, Simon smiled as he looked at the civilian scientist flat down "Well done, you just gassed those guys to a long long night. I estimate they'll be out cold for the next..." he paused as he made the math in his head and he looked up at the space they were in as if it helped him to make the complex math. "For the next four to five hours... Unless we give them an antidote." he clarified and smiled contently. As they made their way out of the tubes again Simon could still notice the glow-ish aura around McMillan, wondering if he was just imagining it or if it was really there.

When they were out of the tubes Simon could hear the hurried running pace of people approaching. He instinctively reached out for his phaser to check what their intentions might be, yet he frowned as the yellow jumpsuits nearly crashed into them and made their way to the cargo holds further down. It hit Simon instantly what they were going for. "Chor.." He shook his head as he interrupted himself halfway his Russian curse "We need to go and help them!" he said right after one of them shouted

where they were going for. Those mines would indeed be the end of them if one of them even misfired or bounce off in a wrong direction. Yet again, Simon wasn't sure how much they could do to help them. "Ensign, follow us!" He called out to Hylota as he didn't really know the name.

He looked at Heather next and nodded as she asked if she could do anything "Just follow us, I presume I could rerun the calculations of the current design of Cooper. Yet I'm not sure if we'll be able to do much if anything would be off on it. Anyway, I could use a scientist to help me keep up with the calculations to make sure I don't slip up." he told her as he started to run along in pursuit of the yellow jumpsuits.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-05, 01:02:20

The small group followed the team of yellow jumpsuits into the cargo bay, and Lucan did not look behind him to see who had followed. It would just be splendid, he thought, if all the unpleasant things he'd had to endure for the past hours were all for naught just because the gravimetric mines would go off inside the Theurgy - trapped in the bay doors on the way out. All because of the mutiny and the repercussions of the sabotage. Lucan remembered how he had taken his medical team to Main Engineering and kept the casualties at a minimum. Little had he known at the time that the horrible malfunction had been a sabotage. Nor had he foreseen just how much other damage it had done to the ship. He was a doctor, after all, not an engineer.

But as he drew to a stop inside the cargo bay, even he could see that they had a problem.

The ramp upon which the mines were to be deployed looked fine, but as for the bay doors, they were still closed. Two yellow jumpsuits had arrived to the scene ahead of them and were tearing out the control panel next to the bay doors - a thing looking blackened and charred even from a distance. They were likely about to open the bay doors with some kind of manual release function.

"The bay doors have to be opened but the problem is that this entire compartment is supposed to be vacated!" called one of Natalie Stark's personnel to Nicander and Tovarek, who were the senior officers present in the cargo bay. "This is like an air-lock! We need to get the doors opened or the mines will detonate against them, but we can't be here when the doors open either! You need to get out of here! We... We are willing to offer our lives to save everyone aboard, but you shouldn't"

"We need to cut the power to the deployment rig," said Nicander, mind racing as he foresaw what had to be done, "I will find the control system and do that. Tovarek, you and Heather McMillan need to raise a structural integrity field outside the bay doors before we get them open, otherwise we will all be sucked out into our warp trail. We might die instantly, but I'd prefer if we avoided that, myself."

"But the Red Alert," said the suicidal man from Operations, "the Calamity is right upon us. We need those mines to survive another battle against that ship. There might not be enough time to..."

"We don't know how much time we got so we better get started if we are to survive both this room and that ship, agreed? Now belay opening those bay doors until we have tried it our way. That's an order, Petty Officer."

He was neither an engineer nor all that he seemed to the eyes of those around him. However, while he might have been a doctor, he was also a Lieutenant Commander of Starfleet, with all it entailed. Despite what his kin might have to say about saving the ship which they meant to destroy, he was not about to let them kill him. Not when he had so much left to do. The conflict of interest that resided within him was an old battle he fought every day, and so far, he had yet to lose. It was only until

recently he had started to wonder how he came to be so accepting towards his own condition... and he had no answers.

"Powering down the rig!" he said as soon as he found the master control lever, turning it down and making the entire ramp construction fall quiet. "How is that energy field coming along?"

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-07-05, 04:00:51

As soon as the two guards were dragged and sealed away Hylota flopped down against a wall panting heavily, it was quite difficult for her to drag around such large bodies with one arm, especially after the climb through the jefferies tubs of the Theurgy, it had all left Hylota quite winded, and in her current state continuing to aid Nicander with matters of the ship seemed out of her capabilities. It was for this reason she decided that her best course of action was to go back to Sickbay and try and get some attention before she was undoubtedly called in to provide aid.

Hylota stood herself back up and braced herself against the wall before she began to walk back. She had a small part of her telling her that she was abandoning her crew mates on their mission, but she calmed her mind by pointing out her limitations made her a liability, and that she should return to her post so that she could do her proper job when this situation wrapped up. She also wanted to check on her poor brother, she imagined this entire situation would come as a shock to him, but she had faith in her co-workers that they would keep him safe in her absence.

Hylota kept walking back to the turbo lift and took it down to Deck 7 and had several layers of the ship between her and her crew mates by the time they called out for her, she could no longer give them aid, but in the current state of things where she was going was in more dire need of her than anything else. As she arrived on Deck 7 Hylota almost fell out of the Turbo lift as she stumble forward, she had not been without her boot in so long it was awkward to do so much walking on her own two feet again. Taking a deep breath she began to walk on the halls, when she arrived in Sickbay she intended to get her arm into a sling and keep it from flopping about, from there she could check in on her brother and perhaps have him help purge her system of whatever paralytic element was in her arm. Hylota smiled, she naively believed that everything would be alright, that her brother would be recovered, and that something good would happen.

Post by: Triage on 2015-07-05, 13:50:24

"S-sure..." McMillan answered uncertainly to Tovarek when he asked her to follow him and Nicander, for the purpose of being an extra set of brains to keep check on calculations. It certainly wasn't her most favourite activity to perform, especially when one considered the rather "artistic" way in which she approached science. She was ironically, not a big fan of calculations. "Just so we're clear," she said, "we are talking about something that would essentially explode in our faces if we slip up? I'm asking, just so I know how badly I need to panic."

That was about the time that Nicander began to take charge of the situation, and ordered everyone to their places. Now McMillan found herself trying to jury rig a structural integrity field to protect everyone from the vacuum of space. Time was against them, and in addition, if they made one slight mistake, they'd all die anyway from the mines within the vessel. "Yeah, no pressure..." the young woman muttered to herself, her eyes wide with panic. When the rig was shut down, she instinctively began to make her hair, hands and face glow in a soft white and warm light, the slightest movement of her head causing her hair to float up and dance in the air in slow, lazy, yet graceful motions.

"Just reroute the main flow from auxiliary into primary, check..." McMillan said to herself, as she

worked alongside Tovarek, "Coax a little extra from non-essentials, and...uh, it's coming along!" She raised her voice without turning her head when Nicander asked how it was coming along.

"Oh God I hate this, I hate this...I just want to be in my lab, and no bloody ship shooting at us, and no Starfleet vessels chasing us across the universe...oh *Crikey O'Reilly*...I'm a biologist, not an Einstein..."

Post by: Nolan on 2015-07-06, 12:27:03

Energy fields. This wasn't exactly Simon's forte yet he couldn't really say no to the challenge. He had seen the basics of it during college and in Starfleet Academy so he accessed his memory palace to bring all that info back up. "Uhm, right, power re-routs..." he muttered to himself as he tapped the console and closed his eyes for a second to think. He continued with working with what he had and saw Heather doing the same. He helped her as much as she could as she typed in the data for the power redirection. Yet then it hit him. He could use the power that they rerouted to power up a small field just outside the bay doors.

This way he could be sure that the mines wouldn't bodge into the Theurgy at any point when they were jettied outside the cargo bay. He had kept in mind the fact that these mines were hardly a precise projectile to be fired off. In fact it wouldn't even be fired off. He could hear the panicky voice from Heather in the meantime and he turned his head calmly before smiling a bit and reassured her "Calm down... I know the situation looks dire, but we'll make it through. We always do... You know why?" he asked her with a coy grin "Cause we're the best Starfleet has to offer." he winked at her before carrying on.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 28: Motives

[USS Theurgy | Vector 03 Battle Bridge | Deck 08]

When T'Rena heard her own voice being repeated on the intercom - her message recorded and broadcast - she pushed away from the computer console and walked off towards the turbolifts. Pure instinct made her move, and she reasoned she did not have to remain still to eventually hear the Intelligence Officer's reply, and it was more effective to make her way down to Deck 08 and handle the situation on her own. She had already sent off Phantom to Sickbay together with two of his Tactical Conn pilots, but two more remained with her, so she halted them from following her aboard the turbolift.

"I saw on the internal sensors that there were a lot of resistance people heading towards Life Support and the second Battle Bridge on this Deck. Lay an ambush and call for reinforcements. Report to me when they have been handled."

"Aye, Captain," said Smoke, Titan quickly ran off together with him to lay their makeshift ambush not far from there - calling for more people under Vasser's command to join them.

As T'Rena headed down the turbolift, she tapped her combadge. "T'Rena to Ravenholm. I demand that the reprogrammed version of Thea is uploaded to the computer core immediately. You have been granted access, and we are still waiting. I need Thea to vent the atmosphere from Vector 03:s Battle Bridge."

When there was no reply, T'Rena could not help running the analysis of what had just happened - the repercussions catching up with her. For some odd reason, her free hand was hurting. She looked at it, and she saw that it was curled into a white-knuckled fist - her palm bleeding from the bite of her nails. Breathing evenly, she worked her fingers - loosening them. While blood dripped to the floor, she assessed her actions again, and again. An oversight, no matter how she looked at it. Her words had not been meant for the whole ship to hear, and it was likely that Carrigan Trent had managed to rally a lot of support for Ives' cause. The prolonged fighting aboard did not harbour good odds to fight the Calamity.

There was a sense of vertigo as the analysis yielded more and more unfavourable results, and images began to flash before her eyes. Images that she had not considered for many decades. Vulcans in robes, killed and shedding green blood on the white bedrock. Brigands, screaming in repentance for what they had done to her acolytes. The outpost in flames, just like her home - a home she could still remember because of her training at the temple. Pleading voices, for her to give mercy. She alleviated their pain, and brought it down unto the filthy animals that had come their way. Snapping bones. Tearing of skin. Spatter of ichor on dewy grass.

[Deck 08] said the turbolift, and T'Rena opened her eyes - twain slits cutting the length of the corridor. She had lost control of her breathing, nostrils flaring as she set out towards the Battle Bridge. Her intent was clear, and it was to repeat history - to tear the lesser creatures apart for their slight. She needed neither Ravenholm nor an A.I. to end the lives of mere humans, and the matter had become... personal. "Computer, override the authority of Lieutenant-Commander Carrigan Trent and seal all

doors to both Battle Bridges. Only my command may open them. Rescind all command privileges and system access from said officer on my authority, T'Rena-Captain-Five-Beta-Niner. I also want the intercom disabled from this moment. Acknowledged?"

[Doors sealed. Access rescinded. Communication channel disabled.]

That would suffice before she reached this Lieutenant-Commander Trent. He would not seed any more unrest aboard her ship before she killed him.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-05-06, 02:53:36

Trent was firmly seated in the command chair once he was one speaking his terms. His hands were on the armrests, fingers curled about the ends and his head high. Despite the tension that permeated the situation, his face was an impassive mask, calm and unreadable. Long ago, he had effectively given up any chance to command again. However, with the crisis at hand, he found he hardly had a choice in the matter. Oh, he could have easily enough stood aside and focused solely on his survival. But part of him *remembered*. To hide and avoid capture, to let someone else take the lead had just become unspeakable. He was a senior officer; he was trained for command and tactics. On this day, he needed to wear his red shirt as it was meant to be.

The lack of response from T'Rena was something he took as a good sign. His initial address had obviously unsettled her. Vulcans were known to be cool under great stress, but despite the cold way she had spoken, there was a hint of stress he could hear. Kholinar mistress or not, he had a strong feeling she was starting to lose her cool. He had an advantage.

But then, his armrest consoles went dark. "Sir, my console is down. Unable to regain access." It was Ensign Urban who reported first. But it was not long before the kid at Ops was followed suit. "Confirmed, Commander. We're locked out. Your command access has been rescinded. Again."

That last word was unnecessary and drew a sharp, hard look from the acting Commanding Officer. Banter was not his way to deal with these situations. However, he could not bring himself to berate young Mister Yelchin as the young man was quite green and his ability to deal with stress was still raw and likely had never been fully tested, not with him being the primary at Ops during a bona fide tactical emergency.

But Trent's mind was still racing. "Peri, check the doors." It was a simple, swift order he had given. With the helm being locked out, she was little use at this time and keeping the young Trill busy was probably the only thing he could do to prevent her from breaking down. In fact, of the three officers O'Connell and he had encountered on the Battle Bridge, only Urban seemed to be able to cope with the stress. But then again, he was a transfer from the Enterprise following the battle of the Bassen Rift, the only true combat veteran outside the Master Chief and the Lieutenant-Commander. So him, he could use. "Sir, ah, we're locked in. Mister O'Connell's lock has been overridden."

So, T'Rena had obviously made her decision. And if she was so confident in her position, she would not have shut him down. And there was only one reason to lock them inside the Battle Bridge. She was going to try and murder them all. "Mister Urban, get into the weapons locker. Everyone, arm yourselves, phasers on maximum stun. There should be a spare, I want it set to maximum." Her threat to asphyxiate them was loud in Trent's memory. And with the doors locked, there was only one thing that could be done. The Jefferies tubes or other accesses were likely to be sealed as well so it meant there was exactly one door they could use to escape: one they would make themselves.

"O'Connell! We got trouble coming! Looks like we're cut off from the shipwide channel. Find me a way to address everyone." If there were ways to do such a thing, the Maintenance Chief would find a way. There were enough options out there, and that man with the backwater accent and speech patterns would find a way if there was one at all.

But only then did he hit his combadge, which once adorned Sjaandin Fedd's chest. "T'Rena, this is Lieutenant-Commander Trent. This is the second time you impair this ship's legitimate command functions. You are no Captain. You never were regardless of what notions you might possess." Carrigan had a plan. Perhaps he could not be heard across the whole of the Theurgy, but hopefully he could keep that Vulcan bitch off-balance. And he knew enough of her background from the dossier he had studied to keep hammering at her. "You are a disgrace. To Starfleet, to the Federation, to Vulcan and every philosophy you claim to embrace. You are a nothing more than a common criminal, a thug. And you don't even have the guts to personally end the one person on this ship with the stones to oppose you directly. That's why you locked the doors, isn't it? You plan to choke us out, alone and unwitnessed. You disgust me, lacking the moral fortitude to look us in the eye when you murder us. That is what you are, a damned coward who can't stand the sight of real Starfleet personnel doing their duty, let alone fight you to the very last."

Trent was speaking calmly and quietly as he every did. However, his voice carried an edge. But regardless of the nature of his words and his sharp tone, there was absolutely no intended malice. If T'Rena had been rattled by a crew address and made to take drastic action based on their very brief conversation, there was reason to believe he had a solid chance at keeping on degrading her decision-making ability with his needling. And right now, he needed every advantage he could get.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-08, 13:24:13

[Corridor | Deck 08]

With her mordant stride down the corridor, T'Rena's brown eyes glared underneath her browridge while hearing Carrigan Trent's voice from her combadge. She said nothing to interrupt him, neither breaking her pace nor changing the grip on her rifle.

"Captain," said a woman that came limping towards her in the corridor. It was one of the Lone-Wolves. The one that T'Rena had performed the mind-meld on while Lieutenant Zaraq copulated with her. She called herself Nightmare, and T'Rena had left her to Zaraq's determined efforts to give her a child that morning. Still, she came to T'Rena like a canine on a leash. "Is this the bridge that the spy is on?"

Without breaking her stride, T'Rena rammed the muzzle of her rifle straight into the dark-haired woman's throat. Then she left the human to trash and slowly suffocate on the floor - face turning purple. It brought little satisfaction, but since she did not need the Ensign, the means to somehow vent her immediate ire served due purpose.

"This is Captain T'Rena," she said in ominous answer after tapping her combadge, "I do mean to look you in the eye, Lieutenant-Commander, for in the end, I think you are quite willing to come out to meet me. Unless you do... you will die a pointless death. So... I will see you outside. T'Rena out."

She had reached the intersection that covered both exits from the Battle Bridge, and she took up position there - holding her rifle in a two-handed grip. "Computer. Shut down life-support on the Vector 03 Battle Bridge."

[Warning. Life signs detected in the affected area. Command authorisation required.]

"T'Rena-Captain-Five-Beta-Niner," said the Vulcan, and she raised her rifle to her shoulder - standing ready to shoot the rats that scurried out of their nest. If they did not find any means to escape, she would revel in the noises of their panic.

[Acknowledged.] Was there a hint of regret in the static of the computer's voice? [Venting atmosphere. Life-support at 70 %. 60 %. 50 %...]

[Vector 03 Battle Bridge | Deck 08]

Inside the Bridge, where the air was hissing out of the room, Thea's voice was heard on the intercom. [Lieutenant-Commander Trent! Listen to me, she is shutting down life-support and I cannot stop her, only delay the process.] The quite human desperation bled through the speakers. Yet the increasing vacuum was draining the volume. Already, the junior officers were panicking and beginning to cut through the two doors with their phasers.

[She is right outside and I cannot revoke a Captain's access to the systems. I am en-route but I won't make it in time. I'm sorry, I know you can barely breathe but you *must* try and answer me verbally. Do you hereby authorise the removal of command privileges from Captain T'Rena, Commanding Officer of the USS Theurgy? Please, authorise it now! I repeat...]

Yet the junior officers were not listening by the doors, purely focused on getting air - phaser blazing.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-05-10, 02:47:04

In the battle bridge's ready room on deck eight Master Chief Petty Officer William Robert 'Billy Bob' O'Connell went through his stash. Since the *Theurgy* couldn't separate these days he had converted the Vector Three's battle bridge into an emergency cache that the truly paranoid maintain when all of their conspiracy theories seem to have come true. He found the breathing masks right where he left them and got five, four for the officers waiting for him in the battle bridge and one for himself. If T'Renna decided to pump knock out gas into the room he was ready. The masks could turn carbon dioxide into oxygen for at least eight hours...

William O'Connell's blood turned cold when he heard the hissing sound of the air being pumped out of the battle bridge suite. It wasn't until he put his mask on his face that he realized that air was being pumped *out* rather than tranquilizing gas being pumped *in*. T'Renna wasn't taking prisoners; that green blooded witch was out for blood! The ruttin' air masks could keep them from suffocating but it wouldn't keep them from popping like balloons once the air pressure became zero.

Billy Bob said something in Mandarin and headed for the door. He bounced off it and fell backwards when it failed to open. The air masks scattered on the deck around him. He was locked in! "Why don't things ever run smooth?" he moaned as he straightened his air mask and staggered to his feet. With numb fingers he opened a panel near the door and got it unlock manually. He muscled the door open and saw Trent and Urban at their stations and Yelchin and Peri using hand phasers to cut the door to the hallway open. Through the hissing of the atmosphere being drained from the room he heard Thea's voice getting softer and softer:

[She is right outside and I cannot revoke a Captain's access to the systems. I am en-route but I won't make it in time. I'm sorry, I know you can barely breathe but you must try and answer me verbally. Do you hereby authorise the removal of command privileges from Captain T'Rena, Commanding Officer of the USS Theurgy? Please, authorise it now! I repeat...]

Trent couldn't talk! Even though it felt as if his innards was being filled up like a balloon, O'Connell managed to scoop up one of the breathing masks at his feet without losing his footing. Ears ringing from the lack of air pressure, the master chief staggered up to the captain's chair and placed the breathing mask over Commander Trent's face. The blood capillaries on the back of O'Connell's hands shone crimson as he slid the strap to the back of his head and shouted even though it was difficult to hear him. "Breathe! Breathe, God dammit breathe! Give her the ruttin' command code afore we die!"

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-05-10, 13:59:09

Trent did not have to await his answer long. And when he had it, a stab of fear drove into his chest. He would willingly leave the Battle Bridge? Through secured doors? That could mean only two things: firstly, T'Rena had absolutely no intention of meeting anyone face to face if she could avoid it; second, she was going to suffocate his bridge crew.

Blue lights began flashing, the universal sign of a life-support failure and it was accompanied both by the hissing of air and a very audible alarm. And there was something else, a voice that was growing dimmer as there was less and less medium for it to transmit through. It was the computer; no, it was *Thea* telling him what needed to be done. She was back on line! Perhaps her hands were tied, but all it needed was him to gasp out a few words and he would be back in business!

But no. By the time he understood, Carrigan Trent was paralyzed. Not just by fear but by bone-chilling horror. He had been exposed to a hard vacuum before as his ship, the USS Harrier, was being demolished around him, as his crew died inside and outside a tortured hull. The pressure as his eardrums stretched and could not equalize, his vision blurring as all moisture left his eyes, his saliva boiling out of his mouth, the pain of his skin stretching to hold him together, lungs trying desperately to bring in oxygen. In his mind's eye, he could see the plumes of vented smoke and atmosphere, the broken bodies and the debris. He could feel the tingle of Jem'Hadar weapons discharges. He did not have his prosthetics, but flensed, charred bones where once hale limbs at been.

And that is when the worst thing that could happen to the Lieutenant-Commander happened: he panicked. His heart was beating frenetically, swiftly depleting his body's dwindling supply of oxygen as he clawed at his collar, but to no avail. The lurid glow of the phasers at the door was distant and inconsequential. He had failed.

And his vision started to dim. He was out of air; unconsciousness was coming and he did not have long in this world. But then, a gift from heaven, a blast of air pushed into his face and down a spasming respiratory tract. At first, he thought himself dead and ascending into the afterlife but instead he was being shaken by O'Connell and he could see his mouth moving through the tears that rehydrated his eyeballs. He was yelling at him. Breathe? Give the code? Yes! *Thea's* request. Tapping his commbadge, the communicator linked with the small transceiver assembly in his mask and he spoke, his words gasping. "*Thea*. This is. Lieutenant-Comm...ander Carrigan. Trent. Authorization Trent Three Seven Four. Nine Epsilon. Confirmed and assuming command. Restore all *Theurgy* crew command access and remove all authorizations and functions from all Harbinger personnel and mutineer T'Rena. Restore life support on Vector 03 Battle Bridge!"

But that last command had gotten in just a moment too late. No sooner had he finished giving it that Ensign Yelchin, suprisingly still functional, managed to hit the door's interlock subsystems and upon damage, driven by a hard-wired set of protocols, the panels halfway flew open and a generic computer voice generated from the door panel sounded. "Warning, pressure seal broken. Atmospheric venting halted. Restoring pressure."

But this voice, accompanied by a gust of air, was also a harbinger of death for a phaser shrieked multiple times and young Pavel Viktorovich Yelchin, born and raised at Utopia Planitia, flew back and died as his chest cavity was reduced to a charred mess.

"No!" Trent's shout was low and hoarse as he ripped off the restrictive mask. His ears still smarted from the change in pressure and his skin was red and raw-feeling and he knew some nice bruises would develop in places but he hardly cared. He was so young; he had been terrified but once pointed the right way, the kid was doing his duty as well as any officer ever could. His sightless eyes were looking up, accusingly at the acting commanding officer whose actions had led to the circumstances of his death. One more man he had led to his demise.

But no rage, no anger showed on Carrigan's face. Instead, his was an impassive mask, almost serene. But his eyes burned bright with a cold and dangerous light. He was filled with purpose and a deadly, frigid rage. But not the irrational, blinding kind that robbed one of all sense and clouded judgement and decision-making. His was calm and served as a lens through which his every skill, instinct and iota of knowledge was focused into crystal clarity. Tapping his combadge again, knowing his voice would not carry in its quiet intensity, he spoke, his tone icy and flat. "T'Rena, this is the last time. You are done murdering. You are done leading your mutiny. Surrender and live, resist and I will end you." Four days past, witnessing the death of an officer under his direct command would have shattered him; now, filled with this rediscovered confidence and sense of purpose, it only cemented his resolve. Guilt and grief would wait.

Rising to his feet from the command chair phaser in hand, Trent continued on, addressing the Vulcan outside the Battle Bridge. "State your choice, you fucking bitch."

The epithet was unintentional yet spoken almost soullessly. In fact, the nature of Trent's voice made Ensign Peri recoil as if physically struck by the weight and impossibly sharp edge of the barely constrained rage it carried; she was too young, too inexperienced to fully comprehend what she was witness to. Urban, on the other hand, allowed himself a savage grin for he knew precisely what this calm meant: that whoever and whatever Lieutenant-Carrigan Trent was seen as since he joined this crew, the man who stood in the centre of the Battle Bridge was something else entirely.

Better late than never, this proven veteran of wartime command had fully emerged from the shell he'd buried himself in. And he was ready to prove it.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-12, 17:40:38

Raising the smoking muzzle of her Type-III assault rifle, T'Rena was far from content with the development. While she had killed one of those inside the Battle Bridge, it seemed they had been able to restore pressure and remained conscious. As much was evident when the human in charge dealt her new threats through her combadge - now faintly echoed through the parted doors ahead of her. She was given a new ultimatum, but it mattered naught. They were not in control of the situation. Hostilities would end when she decided they would, and she had an obligation to her Commodore and the father of her unborn child.

In the new order, she would bear as many children as possible - all sired by their saviour. Once they caught and turned Dr. Nicander to their cause, he would bestow all children the properties of the Commodore's blood, added with the healing abilities of the Asurian they had taken captive. DNA Resequencing would grant them victory, and immunity towards the enemy parasites. They needed time, that was all.

Time, which the resistance cell on the Battle Bridge was not to be given. They were not to recover from their brush with death before she descended upon them - about to end their lives and merely keep their DNA for cloning. They could manage without their seed, after all.

So, in the wake of Trent's sharp words, T'Rena increased the setting of her rifle and stepped through the opened doors with her weapon raised - shooting the closest two humans on the bridge with two consecutive beams. One young woman and one older man - both dropping into disjointed heaps of charred flesh. They barely had the time to scream. Then she took cover, crouching down behind the Conn and Ops stations at the front of the bridge while she tried to establish the whereabouts of Lieutenant-Commander Trent and MCPO O'Connell with her hearing.

"Did you expect any other answer, Mister Trent?" she asked evenly, not even winded. While not a verbal answer, hers had been definite. With her back to the Conn station, she changed her setting to wide dispersal and raised the rifle above her head - firing walls of phaser energy across the bridge blindly. Suppressive fire. Had likely forced the two last standing officers to take cover. The interior of the room was put to flames - carpet and chair padding igniting.

Then she stepped out from her cover, rifle firmly to her shoulder and eyes along the sights - seeking her two targets in the flames.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-05-12, 18:29:22

There was no answer at first. At least not verbally. There was little time between Trent delivering his last and final warning and the Vulcan stepping into the Battle Bridge, her phaser rifle spitting out death. Her aim was unerring and while Nizni Peri did not even manage to get a shot out before her torso was ripped asunder by incoming fire, Kenneth Urban did get his weapon to bear and fired back. Perhaps his fire was ineffective, but at least he had managed a few blasts before a burst from T'Rena's rifle remove his right arm and the entire right side of his head.

As both Ensigns crumpled into charred and lifeless hunks of flesh and bone, Trent turned to engage, his phaser held in both hands. Yes, hand phasers were mostly used one-handed but when given the chance, he preferred a two-handed grasp, his left thumb pointing parallel to the business end of his weapon, a clever trick he had picked up from a small-arms instructor when he was undergoing Basic Intelligence Officer training. However, he did not have time to open fire for a wall of phaser-fire and he was forced to evade by diving behind Tactical, using the pillars holding the console up to avoid being incinerated much as the carpeting and the command chair had just been. However, he was no gymnast. His dive was hardly graceful and his roll even less so and as he eventually got to safety, he realized, all too late, his weapon had been ripped from his hand and laid on the deck, twice his arm's reach away.

For a moment, he spared a thought for O'Connell. Since the Chief had slapped the mask upon his face and shook him back into the real world, the Lieutenant-Commander had lost track of the man. But for now, he did not have time to think of him. As T'Rena advanced through the flames and smoke, the Intelligence Officer knew he had to engage her lest he be cornered and killed. He had to face it: she was Vulcan with all the toughness, speed and strength that came with it; she was an expert in hand-to-hand combat and she was still armed. His odds were not good. But if the acting Chief Engineer was still capable of fighting, he might be able to give him an opening to exploit.

Using the thick, acrid smoke to hide his movements, Trent closed in on T'Rena's right side and his right hand, his good one, closed upon her rifle, just where the barrel started and he heaved her

forward even as he brought his prosthetic down in a hammer-fist directed right at her shoulder blade. There was a nerve cluster there. Humans had it, and he prayed Vulcans did as well. And, remembering the effect his synthetic limbs had on Fedd, he hoped he'd cause real damage.

His hand connected with the mutineer's back and, as he'd hoped, there had been a nerve cluster there and her arm spasmed and released her rifle altogether. Now holding the weapon, Trent brought his artificial hand to the barrel, joining the one he was born with, and with a savage bellow he swung the rifle about in a long arc that went about his head and sought to bring the butt straight down upon the back of her neck with every ounce of strength he possessed.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-05-14, 05:32:00

Yelchin was down, and it didn't look like he was going to get back up again. O'Connell darted away from the captain's chair and flattened himself against the wall flush with the door to the corridor. Peri was shaking and looked like she was about to go into shock. There was something about seeing someone you knew getting shot close up and personal that was different than seeing them getting killed by a piece of exploding conduit or shrapnel during starship combat. Peri was so scared that she had even dropped her phaser.

Trent only froze for a second, then his voice was as cold as ice. *"T'Renna, this is the last time. You are done murdering. You are done leading your mutiny. Surrender and live, resist and I will end you."* He rose from the captain's chair, phaser in hand. *"State your choice, you fucking bitch."*

"Cover me Ma'am, while I get Mister Yelchin out of the way," O'Connell hissed as he pressed his Mark II pistol sized hand phaser into the Trill's trembling hand. He didn't comment on her dropping her weapon, he just knelt down seized Yelchin by the ankles and concentrated on dragging him out of harm's way without exposing himself to enemy fire. With the monitors out, there was no way to determine how many of them were out there, but Billy Bob had brought two tricorders that were now resting under the engineering console with his phaser rifle and maybe he could...

There was no time. Bold as brass, T'Renna walked right into the battle bridge and shot Peri and Urban just as quick as you please. She didn't seem to have seen O'Connell crouching over Yelchin's body and she thankfully didn't seem to be using her peripheral vision. There were a number of phasers on the floor, but they all seemed far away at the moment and Billy didn't dare breathe lest he give himself away.

"Did you expect any other answer, Mister Trent?" the Vulcan witch sneered. She had spoken perfectly calm and professionally, but it was a sneer none the less. Trent had taken cover behind the conn and O'Connell just crouched up against the wall flush with the door to avoid being seen. T'Renna adjust the setting on her weapon and sprayed the bridge with wide angle fire at a lethal setting. The carpet was ablaze and the sparks flew out of consoles. She was hosing the room down it was only a matter of seconds before she'd notice Billy Bob and make him look like a frankfurter that had been left over the fire too long.

Smoke filled the room and Billy edged closer to one of the discarded phasers. That was when Trent came out of nowhere and hit T'Renna in the shoulder blade. The Vulcan's foot kicked the phaser that O'Connell was going for across the room but it didn't matter. This was the engineer's chance to move. He ran towards the engineering console and picked up his phaser rifle. He took aim and glanced down the sight but it was no use. With the two of them bobbing and weaving so close to each other, it was impossible to fire a shot without hitting Trent too.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-18, 12:38:48

T'Rena's mind had become blank when the human brought down his bionic arm behind her shoulder - thoughts retreating to grant sole focus on repressing the pain. Only instincts remained for a couple of seconds, even though she realised that she had become unbalanced and disarmed by the human spy. There was little time for thinking in battle, and thus, instinct and experience was key to victory and survival. These factors were on her side, given her age and time to hone her combat aptitude.

For the pool of one's knowledge as a fighter was only as wide and deep as what experience and repetition you refilled it with. No motion was ever perfected, only ever repeated. Else the knowledge would dry out. Drained by the other preoccupations of the mind. The Acolytes had said that fighting an opponent was to drown him in that pool of steadily replenished knowledge. A knowledge barely known consciously, since by some pinnacle point of a long life of practice, active thought ceased to be, and became deadly instinct.

After the moments it had taken Carrigan Trent to swing the rifle around and to bring it down against her neck, T'Rena had already straightened up and swayed back - the butt of the assault rifle harmlessly slamming into the burning deck below their feet. It left the human exposed to whatever attack she fancied, and had she not been so completely emotionally compromised and benumbed by the blow she had taken, she might have seized the opportunity to perform the Vulcan nerve pinch on him. As it were, however, she favoured a more satisfying riposte. The grinding, gruelling repetition of seventy years lay behind the first haymaker - as humans liked to call the technique - followed by a second one, which was almost just as quick but much harder since it was dealt with her left and unharmed side.

T'Rena had gone for the head, but even if she missed, she was not inclined to fall back on defensive techniques. She would follow through with a spinning kick towards the abdomen. She had registered movements in her peripheral vision, but could do naught else than to try and keep Trent between her and surviving engineer - who was likely trying to get a clear shot.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-05-18, 20:10:07

Starfleet Intelligence trained its people well. Anyone who joined that part of Starfleet, whether they be headed for deep cover assignments or destined to be analysts, received advanced close-combat training. And against the likes of T'Rena, Trent knew even before he had engaged her he would need every single dirty trick he had learned during that phase of his training. She was Vulcan. That made her faster, stronger and tougher than he'd ever be. However, it did not mean he was fighting desperately. He was first and foremost a tactical officer and that meant he had analyzed both his opponent and himself and he'd accepted the risk.

He was well-enough trained, but he knew T'Rena had a solid advantage in speed, strength, toughness, stamina and experience; between Starfleet training, her stint as an instructor and her time back home, she was truly a force to be reckoned with. But her logic was compromised, that much he was sure of and while that struggle would affect her it could also effectively make her completely berserk. On the other hand, he was fully focused on what he was doing, not needing to split his attention between fighting and maintaining his control; to him, one was the same as the other. And he had a solid advantage himself. His synthetic limbs. They did not confer him any strength that he did not already possess but they were immune to pain and the alloy of their construction was unyielding and, as he'd discovered in his fight with Sjaandin, that even his strength was enough to cause a Human terminal damage when it drove them into the right targets. Perhaps his openings to the most vulnerable spots would be limited, especially given his lack of familiarity with Vulcan physiology, but he

could still try to damage something critical or load-bearing.

When she came at him, Trent barely had the time to release the rifle and bring his arms up. The first haymaker struck with bone-jarring weight near his right elbow when he'd thrown up a desperate defence, but the second such blow he intercepted with a kinetic block of his own, aiming his metallic forearm in a sharp blow against T'Rena's flesh-and-blood one. Against a Human, he knew such a blow would break bones but a Vulcan? It was very much open for debate.

But her kick gave him a rare opening. He was no expert in hand-to-hand combat, but he had an innate understanding of movement and velocities. And he had seen his target. Her hip. To be more accurate, the point of her hip and where her femur was socketed. And that is what he aimed for when he stepped in and, in complete opposition to her own movement, he aimed a vicious knee strike there with his prosthetic leg. That was the blow that he spelled Fedd's death. And while the psychotic mutineer was strong and tough, he was certain that if it connected, bones would definitely break.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-20, 15:21:02

Her forearm hurt from being caught mid-way by the spy's prosthetic arm, but a good fighter knew to halt the forward momentum as soon as possible - to not waste energy on completing the arcs of futile attacks. The pain was manageable, any severe bruising irrelevant, and her instincts had already led into her spinning kick.

Despite the fickle light of the flames around them, experience allowed her to read the lower attack, and she acted on the threat by folding her extended leg with the turn to block with her lower leg. Still she was hit, the force driving into the joint of her thigh and her hip, but while the damage and the pain was severe, she remained on her feet - balance nigh unbroken - and her turning motion led Trent's momentum away from her.

They were in close combat then, not much air between them, and her hard fingers seized the back of his uniform jacket. She continued her turn - having already built up momentum. It was just a matter of bringing the dead weight of the human with her. So she did, her face twisting into a vicious snarl as she drove the spy head-first into the tactical station on the burning bridge. The chair was knocked sideways and clattered straight towards Chief O'Connell, but the computer console was only loosened from the deck with sparks snapping and chirping warnings overriding the roar of the flames.

Still, she did not let go of the spy's jacket, and despite the protestations of her body - hip in particular - she used the same grip to try and hurl him straight into the wall behind tactical. Problem was that the seams did not hold, and as the clothing tore, the spy was sent rolling elsewhere across the burning carpet.

Her brown eyes snapped towards Chief O'Connell - realising that the chair might have delayed him in trying to shoot her. Regardless, it was time for him to die, so with her face twisted into a mask of fury, she scooped up a hand-phaser from the floor and started shooting towards the man - limping steps set towards him with each rapid beam cutting through the smoke.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-05-21, 03:47:22

It was ridiculous; the bionic officer was fighting for his life and even with a phaser rifle pointed at the two of them O'Connell didn't dare fire at T'Rena. If he miscalculated he could hit Commander Trent and...

Suddenly Billy Bob realized that he was so stupid that he couldn't tell skunks from housecats. He had his phaser set on stun! All he needed to do was set it for wide angle stun and he could get both combatants with one shot. A medkit that had been stashed in the battle bridge's ready room would provide a stimulant to wake up Lieutenant-Commander Carrigan Trent and then they could decide if T'Rena was *ever* going to wake up. He adjusted the settings on the rifle and...

Then it hit him: No, Billy Bob O'Connell didn't get a great idea; he was hit by the chair that had formerly been placed at tactical. How T'Rena was able to kick it loose from the floor was a testament to the strength and skill of a Kohlinar mistress and a condemnation against the carelessness of Petty Officer Dylan Cobb, who O'Connell had assigned to make sure the furniture on the bridge didn't come loose during combat.

The chair slid across the deck as fast a vehicle and knocked the master chief right off his feet. Thankfully the battle bridge's internal dampeners hadn't been damaged or scavenged for parts. That meant O'Connell didn't break anything when he spun in the air and landed on the deck but he did see the phaser rifle fly out of his hands, bounce against the bulkhead, and slide out of reach. O'Connell leapt to his feet and swatted out the flames that had ignited on his leg: It seemed that the spread of phaser fire that T'Rena had filled the battle bridge with had set the carpet on fire.

A glance in T'rena's direction revealed that the Vulcan had tossed Trent over the tactical station and was now fixing her chilling gaze on O'Connell. Billy Bob instinctively reached for the pistol sized phaser that was attached to his hip only to discover that it wasn't there. Of course it wasn't. He had handed it to Peri right before she was shot.

Instinctively his eyes scanned the floor to find a weapon he could use. There was one, only a meter or so away. A pistol sized hand phaser that was in a patch of burning carpet. Who's phaser was it? Was it Yelchin's? Or Trent's? It could have been the one that he gave Peri. Who knew? And right now, who cared?

As if compelled by the power of suggestion, T'Rena glanced at her feet and noticed the phaser pistol that had formerly belonged to the late Kenneth Urban. Billy's eyes goggled and his breath caught in his throat as she spared him a glance that could kill Satan himself before darting to the floor to fetch it.

That broke the spell. It didn't matter if the phaser was sitting in a patch of flames. It would take fire hotter than that to damage it and it would be worth a first degree burn to shoot that witch and save their skins. Master Chief O'Connell dove towards his phaser only to be stymied by a small hemispherical force field that appeared around his goal.

"Warning," Thea's disembodied voice announced in a professional tone completely devoid of life, "Fire detected on Battle Bridge on Deck Eight. Firefighting countermeasures initiated."

"What?" gasped a disbelieving Billy Bob. "No! No-no-no-no!" he yelped as he ineffectually slammed his fist into the force field. "Thea! Cancel—" The shot of a phaser beam searing through the smoke cut him off. It hit mere centimeters away from O'Connell's right hand and the master chief rolled on the floor to get out of the way. His progress was impeded by other glowing hemispheres that were enveloping other patches of smoldering carpet and he was forced to crawl under the ops station to get out of the line of T'Rena's fire. He whispered a few curses in Mandarin as his smoke stung eyes searched for a way out of this mess.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-05-22, 16:53:29

The Intelligence Officer knew well the risks of challenging a Vulcan in hand to hand combat. He'd heard several times of the infamous challenge between Solok and Ben Sisko and more than one of the Vulcan's papers had crossed his desk, all referencing the bout the human so disastrously lost. And now, the undertones of that wrestling match went through Trent's mind as he raised his arms to avoid being brained on the Tactical console.

However, it was no to say he wasn't dazed and he was rather unsure of how he'd come to rest in a crumpled mass at the foot of the bulkhead, and missing his jacket of all things. As he gathered himself up, Trent saw a panel that had been opened by his impact and a handheld fire extinguisher sat there. However, it was not to suppress the fire within the Battle Bridge that the Lieutenant-Commander removed it from its brackets.

T'Rena had his back to him as she closed on O'Connell. And he took full advantage of that when he raised his improvised weapon and brought it down hard, aiming at the base of her skull. Yes, compromise her brain stem and she'll die just as a human would with a similar injury.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-23, 14:08:09

As determined as T'Rena was to end the life of the puny human hiding behind the ops station, the dying flicker of flames cast the shadow of her first opponent when he came at her from behind. Adjusting the grip of her weapon, she rounded on Carrigan Trent with the ambition strike him across the face with the handle of the phaser, but it would seem the spy had acquired a weapon of his own, and her powerful blow caught the hard cylinder of a fire extinguisher instead.

While the makeshift weapon was struck wide off its mark, the phaser in T'Rena's hand fell to the floor from senseless fingers. The acute agony that her nervous system announced through her whole arm probably meant that she had sustained a transverse fracture to her ulna - or elbow bone. Likely a consequence to the trauma it had sustained when the spy blocked one of her attacks at the onset of their fight. Her face was already a mask of horrifying determination, and the agony only twisted it into something more inhuman. Not just from her arm, but from the joint of her leg too - which had been twisted when she rounded on the human.

That did not delay her, however, since pain held no room in the clear intent of murder that her Vulcan mind was bent upon. Hundreds of times before that day, she had followed her turn through with the left-hand strike she now dealt against Trent's head - a open-hand strike with the palm aimed to the face. If he managed to change his momentum backwards before she connected, he might make out out unharmed. Discombobulated or imbalanced, yes, but with the bone structure of his face still intact.

Therefore, she had wanted to finish him for certain with a kick, but she could no longer trust her hip, so the initiative to end him faltered. Instead, she tried to grab him with the same hand she just had struck him with and yank him off his feet - meaning to throw him off the podium where they were and down to the floor where the ops and conn stations were. Not to the floor, of course, but straight into the ops station. Then she limbed down from the upper level of the Battle Bridge to pursue the two humans left to die - them being in the same general area at that point at the front of the bridge.

T'Rena did not care if they chose to try and work together to oppose her. They would die either way - one by one or together.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-05-28, 05:52:18

Whoever had coined the term 'tranquil fury' had probably had T'Rena in mind. The universal translator in the combages (not that he was wearing a combadge right now) didn't translate names, but on a world with a capitalistic economy O'Connell would bet money that's what her name meant. Either that or 'icy treacherous insane mind raping scary homicidal witch,' but it seemed a mite unlikely that her parents would name her such.

The Vulcan attacked with no fear, no mercy, and no hesitation. She was mean enough to hunt bears with a hickory switch and crazy enough to eat the devil with horns on. She wasn't going to stop shooting through the smoke at the oversized human stupid enough to think that he could hide under the ops station without getting his butt shot off neither. And then suddenly she stopped shooting at him as her phaser made a clattering sound as it bounced off the back wall.

William Robert 'Billy Bob' O'Connell looked up from where he was crouched under the ops station to see that Carrigan Trent had disarmed T'Rena. This was the moment the master chief was waiting for. Billy Bob sprang to his feet and...

...darn near knocked himself cold when his head hit the bottom of the ops console he was hiding under. It looked like the battle bridge's main viewscreen must have been working because at that moment Billy saw stars. Belay that. He must have seen the whole dang galaxy.

Painfully, he crawled backwards out from under the ops console. His blurry vision cleared just in time to see someone get clobbered.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-05-28, 22:38:25

While Trent had been hoping for success and ending the fight right then and there by shattering the Vulcan's upper cervical vertebrae, he was not surprised when she whirled about to strike him. After all, he'd fairly thundered behind her and while he didn't bellow, he didn't make much effort to conceal his approach. However, she did not surprise him. In fact, what got his attention was how much *give* there had been when the fire extinguisher connected with her phaser. Had he actually injured her? Yes, the way she withdrew her arm, the way her face contorted even more, he had to have caused real damage. And when she lashed out, he'd been ready for it.

Dropping the fire extinguisher, he threw his right elbow up, deflecting her blow upwards and well clear of him. However, just as he prepared to step forward and counter-attack by ramming his synthetic fist into her face, he felt an iron grip about his right upper arm and he knew what was coming. She'd bodily thrown him once already, and seeing how she had not used her right hand or her feet to strike at him, her intentions were obvious. So, as she yanked at his arm with all of her inhuman strength, he leapt into her throw, adding further energy to it. Yes, he felt where she was intending to send him and the added kinetic energy sent him not into the ops console but over it, using his prosthetic to safely see himself clear of the obstruction and landing in a controlled roll instead of a repeat of his previous landing.

Getting back onto his feet, Trent raised his arms into a guard as he adopted a simple bent-knee stance and he began circling to give O'Connell a chance to crawl out from under the Ops station. And he took a moment to consider T'Rena's injuries. Her right leg was compromised, as was her right arm. And she he had the distinct impression her control was swiftly eluding her while his mind was razor-sharp. Oh, he was battered and parts of his body were protesting the abuse, but he had enough. It was time to end this.

Circling towards T'Rena's right, and he lunged forward. His left fist, the one made of metal and polymer, came straight towards her head but such was a faint, one that concealed his real strike. For instead, Carrigan launched his legs forward and scissored them low. His right one slammed backwards, the heel at the level of the Vulcan's ankles and the left, the prosthetic one, kicking hard at the back of her legs.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-02, 14:02:58

Unflinching, T'Rena's diabolic grimace was like a permanent death grin. Head tilted forth, she blocked the strike towards her face without batting an eye. Too late she felt it to be feigned when her good hand diverted it, and had she not taken such a hard blow to her hip a short while ago, she might have gotten out of the trap that the human had set for her.

As it were, something failed inside her body when she tried to take a leap back. The agony of the misplaced weight, the almost audible noise that her fractured hip made, it stalled her from moving in any direction. It almost made her loose consciousness, and she had no means to stop the spy from folding her legs by using his own. The support of her own body had failed her, and she was sent crashing straight into the ops console with her head first.

The head trauma added with her fractured hip benumbed her mind. Instincts alone kept her from lying still. Her nervous system was screaming at her to stop, yet pain was something she had earned control of a long time ago. Pain was nothing. Nor fear. There was just no recourse than to keep fighting, because if she lost, she would have been proven wrong. Commodore Vasser had been the perfect solution, but T'Rena would have failed to give him what he needed. Breeding stock for an army, genetically engineered to resist the parasitic threat. If she gave up, she would just have given him failure.

She would not fail the father of her unborn children. There was no alternative. No other resort. Therefore she kept moving after she ended up on the floor, reached out to grab Trent's belt buckle and drag herself up his legs. He was on his back, probably struggling to get away from her, and yet she kept moving - her arm held at an awkward angle against her own chest. Unstoppable and quick as a snake, she seized his collar with her next hand-hold - dragged herself up his abdomen. He might have punched her all he wanted, because his strikes were irrelevant to the absolute truth of her conviction. She kept her ruined face away from his flailing limbs, her weight on top of him, and her agony away from her mind.

"You... are... *nothing* compared to him," she said to the human as she locked her hard fingers around his throat. With her hold secure, she pushed herself up - supported her entire weight upon the grip. Straddling his hips, she held him in place against the deck plates. With eyes wide, she choked him - teeth baring to the dying flames of the bridge. "Perfection manifest... His children will wipe the Galaxy clean once more... "

Images flashed before her eyes. The outpost in flames. Green blood upon white cliffs. Children taught not to scream. Dying in silence.

"The children... will save us all..." Even as her grip tightened, her voice broke by the memory.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-06-04, 23:27:40

When Billy Bob's vision cleared he found himself clutching the back of his head and leaning on the ops station for support. He had damn near knocked himself out. Trent had saved his skin, and he and T'Rena were whaling on each other like nobody's business. O'Connell shuddered and almost tripped over Urban as Trent jumped on top of the Vulcan and sent her head into the ops console. Now O'Connell was the only one on his feet, he had a clear view of a phaser rifle on the deck just to the right of the main viewscreen.

He shook his head to clear it and stepped to the right before vaulting over the helm console. He picked it up and pointed it at the battling duo. Somehow, T'Rena had reversed the roll and ended up on top of Trent. She looked like a murder victim right before somebody summons the police, but she was still fighting. Wasn't nothing going to keep her down but a shot from a phaser.

"You... are... *nothing compared to him*," she gasped as her hands tightened around Trent's throat.

"T'Rena!" O'Connor barked. "Stop! Let him go!"

"*The children... will save us all...*" the Vulcan hissed, her voice braking right along with her sanity.

"You asked for it," Billy Bob muttered. She was in such bad shape that it was unlikely she would ever *have* children, but even so, Billy thought it would take more than one shot set on stun to knock her out. Oh well. It didn't matter. One shot should get her off Trent and two...

Billy pulled the trigger, unaware that the weapon he had picked up was T'Rena's. It was still on the setting that had killed Peri, Urban, and Yelchin and had set half the carpet on fire. The Vulcan's head and shoulders burst into flame and Billy heard a short, high pitched yelp that sounded like it came from a little girl. It was only after he noticed his throat was sore that he realized that *he* had made that noise.

The ruttin' thing was set to kill! He almost took the flesh off Trent's hand, but fortunately the hand closest to the blast zone was his mechanical one. O'Connell dropped the weapon and darted to Trent's side, gingerly lifting T'Rena's body off of him.

"You okay, Commander?" he asked him as he took his breathing mask off and was hit with a stench of burning flesh and chemicals. "It's okay sir," he said as he help him sit up. "No rush. Take your time."

Suddenly the red alert claxon sounded and the main viewscreen displayed the image of the *Calamity*. Time was something they didn't have a lot of. As a matter of fact, time was literally against them. The enemy ship from the future was coming and the officers assigned to the emergency bridge were dead. There was only the two of them who could take the *Theurgy* into combat from here, and that wasn't anywhere near enough.

"God damn it!" Billy swore. "Can't you let up just *once*?"

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-06-05, 23:16:45

When he saw T'Rena go down and her head slammed into the Ops console, Trent allowed himself moment of exultation. Finally, he was getting the upper hand on the Vulcan bitch. However, when she swiftly recovered and slithered up his body he found himself unpleasantly surprised by just how stubborn the woman was. He had felt her hip give way when he had scissored at her legs; he had seen how her thigh had moved most unnaturally as she crumpled to the deck. For the vast majority of individuals, Klingons and Vulcans included, this would be the end of it. The shock and the pain would

be incapacitating and the fight would end right then and there.

But not so with this insane Vulcan. Trent tried to break contact, but he was unable to and before he knew it, the iron grip of her good hand was about his throat. He could see her face, contorted with rage. He could hear her words, savage and crazed. But he didn't care. There was very little air coming through his throat. Oh, he had contracted the muscles in his neck to blunt her grip and his natural hand was at her wrist, trying to pry it away from his throat. Perhaps he could not free himself, but he could buy himself some precious time in which air would still come to his lungs.

But it would not last long. Her head was out of his reach, but his synthetic hand kept hammering and hammering at the Vulcan. Into her broken hip where he could feel more pieces of bone giving way under his strikes; into her chest and breaking ribs; into her midsection where no doubt he was starting to cause internal bleeding. But there was no way to get her off him. And he was tiring. The modicum of air he could get past her iron grip was no longer enough and as he weakened, his vision grew dim.

Until a phaser's shriek led to the hand about his throat to be released and a mass reeking of burnt flesh pinned him to the deck. Before long, hacking and coughing, Trent found himself aided to a sitting position. T'Rena was next to him, her head a charred lump. No, she was done for this time. No one could live with most of their skull removed by a phaser blast. As he sought to catch his breath, the Lieutenant-Commander coughed again and spat, a gob of phlegm, soot and blood from his tortured throat flying free to land close to the fallen Vulcan. "Thanks," he then croaked. Yes, it might take a while for his throat to stop hurting. At least, it did very little to blunt his normally soft delivery.

But then, the dread sound of Red Alert flooded the ship. Calamity. They had the most unpleasant timing. As O'Connell bemoaned the situation, Trent rose to his feet and went to his destroyed jacket and proceeded to remove his commbadge from it and pinned it to his shirt. "Master Chief, change of plans, again. Get to Engineering. Gather up everyone you can round up and get them to their stations. We're low on plasma still so I'll need you to keep the power loads balanced."

Then, he turned to his companion of the last hour or so. "I'll be on the Bridge."

Indeed, Trent knew that unless other members of the senior staff were there, especially Tovarek or Stark, there was no one else who even came close to understanding the algorithm that would filter their passive sensor input to defeat Calamity's barrage jammers and clear up their active sensor picture. And even then, he still had to defeat their reactive jammers in order to return their own sensors to full efficiency. And that even didn't take under account the wizardry he'd have to perform on her shields, an on-the-fly adaptation of the concepts that saw him published and promoted early in his career.

And if the Bridge was manned by loyal crewmen, they would need a commander until such a time as Jien Ives was back in command.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-06-24, 23:40:28

"Master Chief, change of plans, again." Trent instructed as he pinned a combadge to his uniform. *"Get to Engineering. Gather up everyone you can round up and get them to their stations. We're low on plasma still so I'll need you to keep the power loads balanced."*

"Aye sir," O'Connell nodded. "Where will you be?"

"I'll be on the Bridge," the bionic officer replied grimly.

"Fair wind and clear skies sir," the master chief nodded as they left the battle bridge. He slapped his own chest as he marched down a short corridor to the docking latches that led to the primary hull. "Attention, all engineering staff... God bless it," he muttered when he realized that he had destroyed his combage. Turning around, she quickstepped back to the battle bridge so he could pluck T'Rena's combage off her warm corpse. It was hard to rally the troops without a combage after all.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-05, 01:49:49

[USS Theurgy | Corridor | Deck 05]

Not far away on Deck 05, the Holographic Specialist and two women at his side - Fighter Pilot Skye Carver and Engineer Rihen Neyah - were being held up by a hologram. She looked like Thea, wearing her golden security body suit, but all that she said to them was that she would let Lin Kae through, but only him. If Rihen or Skye would step closer, she would apprehend them and detain them until T'Rena could perform her mind-meld on them.

It was unclear what they could do. Were they to leave Lin Kae at the mercy of the hologram? Should they double back and find some other way? Dared they even move in the opposite direction or would Thea follow them? Also, was this really Thea in front of them, brainwashed and left guarding the corridor?

[Captain T'Rena to Lieutenant-Commander Trent, this is not acceptable, and I hope you realise how futile your efforts truly are. We are about to upload a reprogrammed version of the Ship A.I. from her mobile emitter and into the pasitronic brain core. Whatever access you might have gained from Lieutenant Fedd will then be rescinded and if you do not surrender immediately, Thea's first act to further our cause will be to shut down life support on your Battle Bridge. So unless you put away your weapons and surrender, you will be taking the lives of everyone on that bridge with you as you draw your last breaths. You will not be able to shut her out of her own systems, so I do suggest you comply. State your choice, Lieutenant-Commander.]

If it wasn't the real Thea - and they still had time to reach the Upper Computer Core and stop what the Vulcan was talking about on the intercom - would they be able to make it in time? During this impasse, Carrigan Trent replied to T'Rena's message in death-defiance. Were they hearing a dead man's last stand? Rihen hoped that they could stop it from happening. She did not want the man to die. Too many had already died for Starfleet reasons that she could not quite understand. The panic nearly overtook her. "We must do something! We are so close!"

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-05-10, 03:30:56

They made an unlikely trio, but Kae, Skye and Rihen moved with care through the ship towards the Upper Computer Core, The Holographic Specialist likely already branded as an enemy after his encounter with Selena Ravenholm, while Skye was probably considered a threat as well, simply for the amount of danger she could be to anyone who crossed her. It meant moving slower and with more care than they pleased, but it was better safe than sorry. As the speech was given over the ship-wide comm system was being given, Kae couldn't help but feel some measure of hope. Trent was calling for officers to continue their duties as normal, something which Lin expected would create some manner of paranoia. Would Vasser and his men see everyone working and start wondering who was still on their side and who was just doing their duty?

It took a shift with the threats of Commander T'Rena, ready to reprogram Thea. Did that mean the

one in front of them now wasn't the enemy? But for how long? Even if he trusted the one in front of him, if she were reprogrammed, he would be left alone, without the aid of Skye to watch his back. Turning to face Skye, he spoke aloud, but it was his eyes which truly spoke to her, gesturing upward toward the emitter array above his head. Thea and other holograms could only go where the emitters were, so all they had to do was destroy those as they went along. It might have alerted their presence, but if this Thea turned on them, that was going to happen anyway. They just had to move faster towards the Upper Computer Core, get there before anyone else interfered with the positronic brain. "Skye, we have to do the right thing," he said, and she would know that taking aim at the emitters was that right thing.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-05-10, 06:22:50

The seemingly lifeless body on the floor twitched for a second. It was before long that her head was seized with another pulse as a cortical stimulator that had been implanted along with her brain to computer interfaces sent a shock through her brain attempting to restore her brain back to its normal bio-electric rhythm. After the third shock, she made a loud gasp as her brain came back to into function and in a desperate need for oxygen forced her to gasp for air. Her heart began to pound rapidly, attempting to deliver the oxygenated blood to her near O2 starved brain. Her eyes shot open and she immediately jerked over and vomited a mixture of bile and blood onto the computer core room floor. Her nose began to pour blood again. She was at a point of near delirium, knowing that if she didn't act fast she would be dead from of all things a fatal nosebleed. Still, there were things she had the mind to remember. The Thea in the area most nearby the active holo emitter. She rose to her feet stumbling and practically fell out into the hallway.

With as quick a pace as she managed, she rounded the closest intersection - seeing the trio. *Thank God... it's Kae. He must have come for Thea.* she thought.

She stumbled down the hallway, blood pouring from both her mouth and nose. "Thea, remote unit 1, medical mode. Now," she said, blood filling her sinuses and beginning to also fill her mouth as she stumbled down the hallway. "She's safe. Kae," she coughed, "she's trying to stop...T' Re...na."

Stumbling down further, she pointed at the Thea hologram. "Thea... emergency mode... code... One... One... Al...pha... Two..." She coughed again, falling to the ground, blood pouring from her nasal passages - filling her sinuses and threatening to not only cause her to bleed out but to choke her on her own haemorrhaging blood. "Five... E. Lieutenant Lin is here... alive..." she said, collapsing to the ground.

The hologram between them disappeared from its previous emotionless state and another program flashed to life. It was the EMH Mk. I, who spoke with a raised chin. "Please state the nature of the medical emergency," he said dryly, then looked around - gauging the health of Lin Kae, Skye Carver and Rihen Neyah. He frowned, then looked behind him, seeing Selena Ravenholm. "Oh, I see."

In what could be her dying breaths the augmented human had alerted Thea to Lin Kae's whereabouts and activated the EMH Mk. I outside Sickbay. As she lay dying of a massive cerebral haemorrhage, not only was Lin Kae's restored system access about to be put to use, but his word could remove Commodore Vasser and Captain T'Rena from command.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-12, 17:40:38

Rihen gasped, seeing the woman from the Harbinger with the synthetic limbs fall to the deck. The balding medical hologram appeared, however, and he set about tending to her as soon as he noticed

her. The Thea-hologram had been replaced, so there was no one in the way for them to reach the Upper Computer Core. Yet it seemed the last words from Chief Ravenholm had alerted the real Thea about her Holographic Specialist's whereabouts - his lack of a combadge not giving away his position before then.

[Lieutenant Lin? This is Thea. Are you alright? If I only had run in the opposite direction, I would have met you in person. I am sorry, there is no time to explain. I am on my way to help officers at great risk, and while I have verbal verification for the removal of T'Rena's command privileges, I have yet to remove Declan Vasser - ranked Commodore - from command of this ship.]

Since this was clearly over her own head, Rihen Neyah moved over to Ravenholm and crouched down on the opposite side from the EMH, trying to offer help as best as she might while Thea continued to speak with Lin Kae and Skye Carver.

[Given his many infractions upon Starfleet protocols and endangering the crew, I am in full authority to remove his system access, but only with the added verification from another Senior Officer. I know this is much to take in, but bear with me. Lieutenant-Commander Trent gave the order to revoke system access from all Harbinger personnel, but the tactical situation has changed, and Trent is now indisposed - fighting T'Rena on Deck 08... which is where I am heading.]

Rihen looked up, frowning. "What does she mean? Shouldn't we shut out Vasser?"

[Listen to me,] said Thea over the intercom, [I have delayed revoking Vasser's access because she is here.... Cala. My daughter.]

The Calamity! Rihen could barely breathe.

[I detected her on long-range sensors via our sensor bouy, and she is just outside the nebula. Do you understand? If there is no one up on Deck 01 to take us into Warp and deploy the gravametric mines, Cala may kill us all in just a matter of minutes. Right now, Vasser is the only one on the Main Bridge that can do that. You have to decide, Kae... Should I shut him out or not, when he might be the only one to save us? You know that I do not have access to those systems, so we need someone to replace him at the helm!]

Personally, Rihen did not know what to think any more. Things were too crazy.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-05-17, 22:56:01

Before they started blasting emitter arrays, they received help from a most unexpected source. Ravenholm restored his system access and put him in contact with Thea. They were beginning to take the ship back from Vasser, command privilege already revoked from T'Rena, and the Commodores could have followed rather quickly after. The problem came with the fact that the Calamity was almost on top of them, and Vasser was the only one who could have gotten them out of there. It was the kind of decision that Lin Kae did not find himself particularly happy about having to make. It was the rock and the hard place, but there was one key difference; one decision would be instantly fatal, while the other they could still recover from. Vasser might have been evil, but at least he wasn't trying to destroy them outright.

"Are you able to take remote access and pilot us away from the Calamity, Thea?" If they jumped to maximum warp, they might at least be able to keep the Calamity off their backs, even if the faster vessel were to begin a pursuit path. If Thea could do so remotely, then there was no reason for them

to not lock Vasser out. "If you can, I can use my clearance to give you full integration, assure the only one capable of using the controls is you. It would not only allow us to escape, but it would give you control of the ship again, allowing you to seal the doors and keep any of Vasser's supporters locked down." Thea was an intelligence that far outmatched any other ship's computer, and her unity between holographic form and ship was powerful enough to overthrow any tyrant who thought he could waltz in and make her do something that opposed her own beliefs.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-05-18, 18:39:06

Skye was doing her best to keep her mouth shut as more and more of the mutiny was being broadcast but there was a feral smile as Trent continued his verbal sparring. She was aware of everything being said but her main focus was still on the area around them and her task of protecting Lin Kae. Things seemed to be going fairly well until they ran into the gold collared version of Thea and she shook her head, sensing that this wasn't 'their' Thea.

Sure enough they wanted Lin Kae but threatened to neutralize herself and Rihen, something that only made the wolf in her raise its hackles. She took a breath, ready to tell this version that she was Lin Kae's body guard, that she was the one making sure he was kept alive when her friend turned and spoke. Her eyes followed his for just a moment and she nodded understanding. "Yes, we do," she stated and was about to shift so she could blow out the emitter when Ravenholm fell out into the hallway.

It was the perfect time to take out the emitter and yet it seemed Ravenholm was alerting the real Thea and a different hologram appeared. All things considered, she didn't shoot and looked to Lin Kae for his decisions though pointed to the room as if suggesting they get out of sight and get to work. The fact that Calamity was nearby didn't help matters and her first thought was of her fellow Wolves out there. If they went to warp, they would be left behind, something she had a hard time stomaching. "Damn your daughter to the lowest of hells," she growled.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-20, 13:11:24

Trying to confer with the EMH and assist him in a quiet voice, Rihen Neyah could not help but overhear Thea's answer to Lin Kae's questions, and it was not a heartening conversation. Rihen's former lover had asked - among other things - if Thea could make them go to Warp.

[Only if I was physically on the bridge and by the helm, Kae, and my projection lack the software to fly myself that way with the kind of precision that Winterbourne did... before he died." Hearing this, Rihen remembered reading something in the Theurgy's technical manual when she took up duties in Engineering. Thea was hard-wired to not be able to assume direct control of propulsion or tactical systems. Thea continued. "As unshackled as you have made me, I am still limited by my original installation into the ship systems. As a ship, I was still built to be manned by a crew.]

The Calamity wasn't, Rihen realised, and since Cala's programming had been compromised, perhaps the Theurgy's set-up was the wiser option. Sometimes, the people building things did not take all consequences into account... A sentiment that Skye Carver seemed to share, given her comment towards that end.

[I... do not wish to damn her anywhere,] said Thea, her social sub-routines not quite definite on the subject of her daughter, [I wish to restore her, but I cannot accomplish this while she tries to destroy me, so the gravametric mines is the best option to cause enough damage for me to have a chance at

accessing her systems and re-installing the software that I believe the enemy has removed. Wait... Stand by.]

Rihen rose to her feet beside Selena Ravenholm and the EMH, concerned about what she heard. "What does she mean? Weren't Captain Ives' orders that we destroy her? Tia Marlowe said during the briefing she held after your meeting that..."

[I will not be heading to the Bridge, but I am currently coordinating a strike team to convey on the Main Bridge and seize it from Commodore Vasser,] said Thea after her brief pause, [but since we are out of options, I will limit his access to propulsion and tactical systems alone. He will not be able to stop the strike team from entering the Bridge. According to my logs, it would appear that the Harbinger's Chief Conn Officer has defected to our side and helped Lieutenant-Commander Stark and Lieutenant Tovarek escape captivity. She is the best candidate to hit Cala with the mines, so I will ensure that she is on the strike team too.]

Her concern growing, Rihen bit her lower lip. It was not like Thea to ignore someone, and Rihen thought it meant that Thea was about to do something that the Theurgy's true Captain hadn't liked her to do. After her failure during *Lohlunat* to make the two crews become one, she would hate if the A.I. of the ship rebelled against its rightful Captain. The consequences... "Thea, you helped me when I came aboard. What will you do? Is there any way we can help?"

[I am going to my daughter, and I am sorry, but there is nothing you can do to stop me.]

The shocked silence lasted for a couple of seconds. "What? Thea, what are you saying? You are scaring me..." Rihen's concern was plain on her face. "They will not stop attacking Cala, and then you will be..."

[Lieutenant Lin Kae, on the grounds of the Commodore's crimes, his failure to follow Starfleet protocols, and endangering the crew of this ship, give me your authorisation code to hereby revoke Commodore Decaln Vasser's system access, with the exception of propulsion and tactical systems.]

Post by: Searcher on 2015-06-02, 16:13:46

Skye growled at her own big mouth and all the hell they were all going through but when Thea said she was going to her daughter, a chill went through her. "Thea I'm sorry I said that, it's just my frustration with this whole fucking situation," she said before Lin Kae could give the authorization. "And you can't go because we need you here. You are part of this crew and ..."

Her voice had cracked, proving she was feeling emotional attachment. "Lin Kae and I worked hard to help you become more than you were and, well, I know I'm not your mother but I feel a little like that because there's some of me in you. Even before, as one of the Wolves, it was my duty to protect you and now that feeling is stronger. I care about you and so does Lin Kae and I'm sure there are others."

She was trying to hit on an emotional level, likely something that wouldn't work but she had to try. "If you go there, we could lose you. We've lost too many already so please don't go. Let us end this mutiny and focus on Cala. Maybe we can be lucky enough to disable her and then Lin Kae and Rihen can help her, fix what those bastards did to her ... give us all a chance," she pleaded.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-08, 13:03:00

Meanwhile the fighter pilot urged Thea to deviate from her set course-of-action - trying to talk her out of going to Cala and try to save her on her own - the EMH spoke up behind Rihen.

"The patient is suffering from severe cerebral haemorrhage," he said, and Rihen whirled about to see him frown as he looked at the readings on the tricorder - his balding head bent over the prone form of Selena Ravenholm. "She needs a blood transfusion since the bleeding has not been trapped inside her head, but is leaking out through her nasal cavity. If I stem the bleeding, she will sustain blood swelling on her brain, but if I don't stop the bleeding, she will face lethal blood-loss. All I could do from here - with this single emitter that I am projected through - was to place a holographic patch over the ruptured blood vessel. It is slowing the bleeding until she can be treated with a proficiently calibrated vascular regenerator and given a blood transfusion. This can only be done in Sickbay, which is where she has to be moved as soon as possible. Why am I activated here if she needs a medical emergency transport?"

"Oh, no," said Rihen, realising that the strange woman who had helped them might be dying. She was no doctor, but any engineer could understand how a holographic patch in Ravenholm's head couldn't exist outside the area beneath the repaired emitter, and she knew that the emitters in Sickbay were gone as well. "The Transporters have been down since the overload that made all those plasma relays explode, and even if we could, the patch would be gone after we beamed her there..."

Through the intercom, Thea answered the blonde fighter pilot. [Whether or not my crew cares about me - some more than others - is not the question, Skye.] The informal use of the woman's first name was lost on Rihen, who was not used to addressing people with titles to begin with. [Even as a part of this crew, and with the liberty of my mobile emitter, I was restricted in my movements - not approved to attend an away mission. Captain Ives denied me to try and save my daughter, but I will not obey that order. If there is a chance that I could reach her and restore her to her true self, I will take it. If I fail... I will not be the photonic being that Kae has managed to create, my emitter likely lost in battle, but I would still be here - an holographic shadow of what I have become. If it comes to that, I was at least able to feel the world around me like you do, and I am grateful for the privilege.]

"Thea, I..." Lin Kae found his voice - the moment likely having gotten to him. "I know you will do what you can for your crew as well as your daughter. I understand that you have to do this, and as much as I hate to see you suffer from your old restrictions once the ship-wide hologrid is repaired... I think it is your right as a person to make this choice. I.. hereby authorise the removal of full command privileges from Commodore Declan Vasser, restricted as your judgement see fit. Kae-Epsilon-Niner-Alpha."

There was a chirp of acknowledgement before Thea spoke again. [My gratitude, Kae.] She sounded relieved to hear Kae wasn't going to try and stop her. [Miss Neyah? A personal request, if I may. Selena Ravenholm needs urgent medical attention, and since she sacrificed herself to ensure that I was restored to the ship systems, and I feel that I have a personal debt to repay her, can you take her to Sickbay? If she joins our crew, Captain Ives will have earned an extraordinary asset for the mission back to Earth.]

"That will be kind of hard, the emit-" Rihen said, only to be interrupted by Thea.

[The EMH Mk I is there, and he can carry her if you repair the emitters between where you are and to one of the surgical suites in Sickbay. All the emitters need to have their EH-5 controller isolinear chips replaced, so you will need to replicate a total amount of 35 of them if you take the shortest route to Sickbay. Changing the chips is well within your range of expertise.]

"Carrying the patient... What is this ship from, the twentieth century?" muttered the EMH.

"I will do it!" said Rihen, eager to be able to help somehow. All she needed to find was a replicator and she'd be off. She stopped short and stepped up to the sweet young engineer. "If you can help me, we will be able to move twice as fast..."

"Ah, yes, but..." said Kae, eyes momentary dropping to her chest from some reason, but then Rihen saw him turn to the fighter pilot. "What will you be doing now? Will you be going out there in your Valkyrie if the Calamity is here? If not, we could need protection from T'Rena's search parties if they are still roaming the corridors."

Essentially, a choice between her duty towards the crew as a whole or the protection of Lin Kae, Rihen Neyah and Selena Ravenholm.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-06-13, 23:06:02

Skye couldn't keep the grimace from forming as she heard the report of Ravenholm's condition and then Thea's counter argument. "But if you fail and she gets the mobile emitter we all die for sure," Skye tried to continue the argument but it was Thea's words of fighting for what she believed in that cut away any further arguments. "You just *had* to pull that card didn't you?" she grumbled.

It was then that Kae put in his thoughts and authorization which basically made further discussions moot. She drew in and then let out a deep breath. "Mother's have to let go sometime and I guess maybe right now I'm facing that sort of thing. Good luck, Thea, but please come home and let's try to change things for you," she added, knowing she and Kae both would do their best to convince others that Thea deserved better.

For a moment she seemed to zone out as discussion turned to moving the patient and fixing emitters along the way but it was Kae's voice that drew her back and she snorted along with giving him The Look though he could see the affection behind the stern expression when he asked what she was going to do. "You think I'm about to leave you unguarded?" she said softly, the tone contradictory to the look.

"It's my duty to protect, whether it's out there or here." There was no choice and she was not shirking her duty, simply guarding a very small portion of the crew. Wolves had to adapt and do the best they could with what was available, which was exactly what she was doing. They had helped get Thea back, though it seemed they might lose her again. Still, they were fighting tooth and nail if they had to for their crew.

"The deck was being destroyed as I left so I doubt I could get my bird out but even if I could, there's no way I'd leave you to fall prey to those demons." She touched his face then, her expression softer like those special times they'd been together. "You are my dearest friend and I would die a thousand deaths before I let them get to you," she continued. "Not the Naussicans, not whatever it is that's taken over Starfleet, and sure as hell not Vasser and T'Rena's mutineers."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-15, 13:47:52

[Thank you, Ensign Carver. For everything. Kae, I hope to return the emitter, but if I can't... I am sure you can make a new one someday.] Then Thea's logged out of the intercom system with a chirping noise.

Hearing that the fighter pilot would be staying with them, to protect them, Rihen was immensely relieved. While Skye talked to Kae, Rihen moved away to the EMH. "I will go to get the chips we need to fix the emitters, make sure she doesn't die before I come back."

"I'm confused. Does that mean I'm supposed to kill her when you do?" said the EMH with bewilderment furrowing his brow. "Euthanasia is *not* within my range of medical practice. I lack the subroutines to commit murder. You will have to find someone else to do your dirty work."

"You know what I meant. I will be back soon," said Rihen and rolled her eyes at the hologram when she jogged down the corridor towards a place she knew where she might find a replicator.

"No, I don't! I..." The EMH paused in sudden understanding and then returned to calibrating his hypospray with a sour look. "One might think figures of speech shouldn't be used in life-and-death situations... Medical practice is nothing to joke about."

Kae was smiling in relief to Skye after she stepped close to him, and when she touched his chin, he couldn't help but swallow as he noticed the look on her face - reminiscent of the times they had been intimate with each other. Their first time had been strange, having switched bodies with each other under the Ishtar Entity's influence, and the second time, they had been mapping Skye's bodily sensations with a cortical stimulator - uploading the sensory input to Thea's new emitter memory bank - and Kae had provided the tactile sensations. It had been a long session, but it had been for Thea's benefit; to make her feel alive. As alive as Skye had felt underneath his hands.

He had only known holographic lovers before then, his health allowing for nothing more, but if there was one woman who could make him think there was someone worthwhile outside the hologrids, then it was Skye. Her mere touch quickened him. His first time with a real woman might have been with Rihen Neyah on Nimbus III, true, but that had just been... It had been her way of thanking him, and he hadn't had the heart to deny her. He had thought he'd jeopardise the mission if he had not played... No, those were both lies. Rihen had been attractive enough to compel him, but compared to Skye? Skye was like the dawn while Rihen was just a pretty candle.

Yet that made him ask himself, what was Thea? They had yet to copulate - as Thea would call it - but she had showed Kae her gratitude by exploring her budding sexuality. She had pleased him orally, but he had almost felt shame when he saw her on her knees. As if he was not worthy, and he even felt it projected badly on his work ethics, regardless of how he was still attracted to the soul of the ship they were on. She was, to him, too sacred to befoul with his desire for her.

And now, Skye said he was her dearest friend, but was that the only way she felt about him after all they had been through? Even with a mutiny on their hands, Kae could not help but ask her, because she was so close and looked at him in that particular way. "I think she was jealous when I told her you were the template for her new sensors," he said, not having to say Thea's name in that context, "and I did not know what to tell her. I did not know if we were just friends or not, after all that we have been through. Starfleet, Nausicaans, mutineers... and the Ishtar Entity. Like you said."

She had not mentioned their first time together. He added it because it had been important to him.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-06-17, 20:57:36

Skye still felt letting Thea go was the wrong move, that she should have tried harder to convince her to stay with them. Yet if she wanted to prove to Thea that she believed in her right to have a choice, she knew she had to let her go. Now Rihen was darting off to get chips and the doctor was fussing over

the woman with a lot of implants, wondering irreverently if this was what the Borg could have evolved into to be less repulsive appearing. There was also an apologetic look at the doctor as he realized Rihen hadn't meant things literally but Lin Kae drew and kept her full attention.

There was something going on in that genius mind of his, conflict and concern well past the current situation. She simply waited until he found the words but they were the last words she expected. "Jealous?" she murmured and the reality that the ship itself could murder her anytime it wanted ... something that contradicted her intentions for Thea to think of herself as a real person. It was too confusing really and Skye knew she wasn't smart enough to enter into that kind of debate, not to mention now really wasn't the time as the klaxon of red alert was blaring.

Still she found herself in a discussion that was best left for another time but couldn't be, because she knew he would think she was avoiding the topic and that she didn't care for him. That simply wasn't true though she poked internally at the depth of her feelings. "Kae," she said softly, her hand moving to rest upon his chest. "We are friends, and we have been more than friends. I knew you were in love with her," neither having to say Thea's name because they knew each other well enough. "The truth is I do love you on many levels but ... I don't think I'm what you need."

It hurt her to say the truth, to admit that yet again there was a wonderful man standing in front of her but she wasn't ever what they truly needed. "I'm not smart enough for one thing and you need more than your body stimulated, not that I didn't enjoy loving you." He was smart enough to see her deliberate choice of words, that their time being switched in each other's body changed the way she thought about a lot of things and she truly, deeply cared for him.

When the shit hit the fan on deck and she couldn't get to her bird, he was her first thought and he was the one she went to find. He couldn't deny she loved him. She wouldn't deny it either but she loved him enough to let him go and not hold him down when she too had feelings for someone else, though she didn't know those depths and possibilities either. "God we're all a mess," she groaned, pulling him close for a moment of needed comfort. "Let's just try to survive through this and then we can figure out who the hell we are and what the hell we want."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-24, 22:49:25

Despite his inexperience in such matters, he could hear how right Skye was - as if the words spoken aloud verified his own feelings. Perhaps they were just friends, and he had put too much focus on the circumstances which had made them end up where they were today. That they had traded bodies with each other and learned things few others knew did not take away from the fact that he had dedicated himself - committed everything he had learned - towards the happiness of someone else. Thea might be going against Captain Ives' orders, perhaps about to loose the emitter that he had spent countless hours to make, but that did not matter to him.

He would stand with Thea and protect her, aide her as best as he might. Not just in preserving the integrity of her subroutines and in the maintenance of the pasitronic brain core and its neural network, but as a spokesperson for her rights as an individual. Oh, he was not a speaker, but on several occasions, he had spoken up for Thea's sake, and sometimes, despite lack of forethought and how his words came from the hear... he had made people listen. Convinced some of them that Thea deserved better.

Skye said he did not need her because she was not as smart as him, but he was no match for Thea either with all her processing power. Kae embraced Skye in the corridor, the brief wait for Rihen to return coming to an end. "Aye, a real mess. I don't know where to begin sorting it out, but I know that

Thea needs me, even if I can't determine what she wants, much less what I want." His thoughts went to Soo Young Seung, whom he had woken up with that very morning. He had not known her nearly as long as Skye, but she was also a piece of the puzzle. A puzzle which he could not put together on his own. "Let's just get through this and... and we can talk some more."

As if on cue, Rihen Neyah returned with a metal box stuffed into the deep neckline of her overalls. She was carrying a chair in each hand as she walked over to them. "Got forty of the chips we need," she said, and when she saw Skye and Kae part from their embrace, her warm and kind smile bloomed in joy at the sight of something she had not thought to see in the midst of the hostilities they had to endure. She did not comment, however, instead giving Kae one of the chairs and withdrawing the box. "Here, best you take half and we will do the emitters two at the time, right?"

"Right," said Kae, and he turned to the EMH. "Do... you need help picking her up?"

The hologram raised an eyebrow at him. "Aren't you supposed to be this ship's Holographic Specialist? What do you think?" He shook his head and gently picked up Selena Ravenholm in his arms, making sure her head was cradled against his shoulder. "The quicker we get to Sickbay the quicker I can treat her."

"Right... Could you keep an eye out then, Skye?" asked Kae and picked up the chair - starting the process of changing the burned out chips in the emitters together with Rihen, working as quickly as they could. Meanwhile, the EMH walked in pace with the expanding hologrid in the corridor - his sour mien set in quiet suffering.

Post by: Searcher on 2015-07-28, 05:59:17

As much as she had helped Thea and wanted to do more, Skye couldn't help feeling a little jealous. Kae was sweet and part of her did love him but she knew deep down that he would never be happy with her. For all her brashness and typical buoyant behavior, Skye was beginning to doubt that there could ever be anyone for her. It had been hard enough before but now that they were cut off, exiled from everything they'd known, no one really had much of a chance to settle down and just enjoy a true relationship.

"Get through this ... yes ... and who the hell knows what else," Skye agreed and reluctantly moved away from him as Rihen reappeared. The smile the Risan gave them was one that actually brought a return smile, warm and genuine for at least a moment. There was no time to linger though and she was back to the stoic and even stern-looking fighter as she sought to protect those behind her. There was a tiny snicker that escaped when the EMH snarked at Kae and she turned to give both a wink before turning back to the task at hand.

"Let's move," she said and took point.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 29: Hijacking the Harbinger

[USS Harbinger | Corridors | Deck 07]

As they set their brisk pace down the corridor, heading for the turbolifts and stunning one or two crewmen on the way there, Thanlda zh'Wann's mind was bent of the task set before them. As to how, exactly, they were to get back on the Theurgy, she did not know for certain, but she figured that the Harbinger ship was something to use as leverage in any kind of situation - hostile or diplomatic.

That was when the intruder alert was sounded; the corridors cast in red light and the klaxon hounding them down the corridor. Their escape had become a known fact, and Ida supposed that the surveillance system was fully operational on the Harbinger, and that someone had seen them on a console somewhere. Their odds of reaching the bridge had just plummeted, but that did not merit them stopping. What choice did they have but to continue?

"We move on," she said without pause to Husker and Duv, changing route down an intersection to not stay on the same path as they might have been seen taking towards the turbolifts. "If we were spotted on screen, we have to be unpredictable. Otherwise, they will be abl-"

No more had she said it than a forcefield appeared ten feet ahead of them - blocking their path.

"Back up, hurry!" Ida turned on her heels and almost collided with the Pinkskin and the Trill in her haste to outrun the trap they might have found themselves in. Yet no more had she changed direction than another forcefield was raised - effectively imprisoning them again after only having escaped the Brig a couple of minutes earlier. Their holding cell might have become bigger, and with two forcefields, but it was still - essentially - a cell. The difference was that they were now armed.

"Try to take out the force-field emitters in the ceiling. If that doesn't work, we have to cut our way into the chamber next to us. Come on! We need to keep moving!" Said and done, Ida bared her teeth and powered up her phaser along with her escaped companions.

Post by: DocReno on 2015-05-05, 21:47:51

As they went quickly down the corridor, Chris couldn't help but to admire the form of security officer that was leading the three of them on an assault operation to the Harbinger's bridge moving much like a Le-matya on the prowl in a sleek and deadly way and inwardly he wondered what she azure beauty would be like in bed.

When that last thought went through his mind, he had to shake his head slightly to clear it and then mentally chalked it up to how stressful the situation was-being on the run for weeks on end, being hunted by their own fleet and it's allies, the whole situation with the Calamity and then all of the current bullshit madness involving T'Rena.

When the intruder alert started sounding and Ida told them that they had to quickly back up where she almost collided with him and the Doctor, she bumped into him for the briefest of moments in her haste and he the briefest of touches made his pulse race for just a second before she moved away from him.

He handed Duv one of the spare phasers that he'd taken from the guards that he had stunned before he quickly changed the settings on a different phaser before aiming at the same spot in the ceiling and to the left, the beam coming out wasn't a single shot but instead a constant pulse beam.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-08, 13:24:13

With phasers blazing, Ida worked together with Husker and Doctor Duv to cut out an escape from the makeshift cell they had found themselves in. Any moment, the remaining security detail aboard the Harbinger would reach them, so they had to get out of view from the surveillance system.

"Come on!" she said with teeth bared, her beam cutting inch by inch across the metal. Sweat beaded the blue skin of her arms and neck, and her wet hair framed the grim set of her jaw - her thoughts on how she refused to be caught again. This time, they would not spare her modesty, and perhaps even break her limbs to keep her from escaping again.

Then, finally, as they heard the distant thunder of people running, the cut was finished. "Push it open!" she said to her companions, and she rammed her shoulder into the heavy bulkhead - paddling with her legs to push it back. She tried to look across their shoulders to spot how far off the Harbinger personnel were, expecting to see them in either ends of the corridor they were trapped in. "Harder!"

Should she stay behind and cover the pilot and the doctor as they escaped through the hole? Or would they make it through in time? The Pinkskin and the Trill in her company might not have been her own crew - the crew she had sworn to protect. But they wanted to defect, and as such... Ida would fight until death for them.

With a loud metallic noise, the bulkhead budged and fell over... just when the Harbinger security force came into view with phasers raised. "Deactivate the forcefields!" called one of them, and the moment of truth had arrived. She squared her shoulders to take aim.

Yet Ida had not counted on the Pinkskin's incentive...

Post by: DocReno on 2015-05-09, 02:14:09

After the hole was cut with the phasers, Chris helped Ida pushed the cut section forward and as he helped her-he caught the look of grim determination that was in her eyes and nodded to himself as he pushed until the plating finally gave way and hit the ground with a loud clang.

Chris knew that they only had a few options left to them as the first response team that was already sweeping the decks for them would've already been on their way and as such he pushed himself as hard as he could because he could only guess as to the sick and twisted things that the guards might do to "ensure" that they wouldn't escape again and it made him even angrier until finally he felt the cut section finally bend enough that it collapsed inward at which point he started to usher Duv toward the gap when he noticed the arrival of the guards and he felt things slow down.

He saw himself and Duv go into the hole as Ida squared her shoulders and laid down fire in order to save the two defectors which caused her to be hit a few times or they would possibly get a shot in that would stun the entire group..

Too many variables.

Chris made a decision in less than a second.

Moving as fast as he could, Chris quickly grabbed Ida by her closest shoulder and then quickly pushed her into the hole after Duv. "Keep heading for the bridge, lieutenant. I'll handle these guys and meet you up there but try and save me a piece of the last dance." he said briskly as they were quickly running out of time but before he went back out into the corridor, he looked into the Zhen's midnight blue eyes before saying "frak it" and then leaning in and kissed her, letting the fingers of his right hand become briefly entwined in the snow white hair as he did so, kissing her with as much passion, feeling and want as he could put into a couple of seconds before breaking the kiss.

"Just in case." he said with a rueful look on his face before saying "Now go, I've got your backs still." before he pushed her down the accessway a little bit before bracing himself against the corner of the hole as the force fields went down and he let loose with the first pulse blast from his phaser, catching one of the more eager security officers low in the left leg which made him stumble before a second shot from Husker caught him mid-center mass and dropping him quickly.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-12, 17:40:38

Ida had been completely prepared to stand her ground against the Harbinger security officers, but in the last second, she had been pulled away and into the opening they'd cut. She heard the pilot saying he'd take her place but she'd have none of it. The Pinkskin had to fly the damn starship and she...

Then he kissed her, and she found herself making a startled sound in the dim light of the maintenance chute. His breath was warm, and his lips damp. His stubble ground against her blue skin, and she felt her chest being pressed against his - a hand in her hair. When he spoke next, she had hardly noticed that he pulled away - her own eyes shut for some reason. "*Just in case*," he said to her, and when her mind caught up with what he had done, he was already out there - shooting at the security team.

"Fall back, fall back," they shouted from their end of the corridor, and even though Ida couldn't see the results of the volley of suppressive fire that Husker had sent their way, he must have hit someone to make them change tactics. At that point, it was not the right time to strike down the bloody Pinkskin for what he had done, and she was not entirely sure what she was so angry about. Him acting a bloody hero, kissing her or breaking protocols. Or some other reason she could not put a finger on.

"We will speak of t-this later, Ensign," she promised with ill hidden ire, but her reprimand was kind of undermined by the darker cerulean shade of her neck. "Rendezvous with us on the Bridge as soon as you can."

And then she was off, climbing the ship through the maintenance tunnels of the Akira-class ship together with Amelya Duv. Ida did not know if she was going to see the Pinkskin again, but if he didn't get to the Bridge, she'd have to put a phaser to the helmsman's temple to ensure passage back to the Theurgy.

[Red Alert,] said the static of the ship's computer -the echo travelling through the tunnels as Ida and Duv climbed. The voice was heard all over the ship. [Red alert. All hands to battle stations. All hands to battle stations.]

"What, why would the-" Ida tried to make sense of why Trujillo would sound the alert even if their escape was well underway. The Harbinger was run by a skeleton crew, so why the need to change the alert status when they were already engaged in combat with the escaped prisoners? Then it hit her, and her antennae rose in alarm as she met Doctor Duv's eyes in the darkness.

"The Calamity."

Maybe getting to the Theurgy in time would not be so simple. Then again, it had been a shoddy plan to begin with. Now, they had another threat to deal with... one surpassing the rest by far.

Post by: DocReno on 2015-05-13, 09:02:53

As Ida and Doctor Duv made their way up the access tubes towards safety and the bridge, Husker forced himself to wait for the phaser fire of the security team to slow down before returning fire himself and as he waited, he checked the power cells on his phasers with the same calm that he would as if he was in the middle of combat in his fighter.

But apart of him was still trying to figure out why he just suddenly kissed the Andorian and recalled the taste of her lips, her smell and everything which was the only bright spot of this whole year to date. "I'm glad that I didn't do that one thing that Paran told me about or she really would've killed me right then." Chris muttered to himself as he heard the phaser start to slow down just a little as he tucked the third phaser into the back of his pants and got the other two ready.

He closed his eyes and mentally counted to three as he recalled his own security training from the academy as the standard tactic was after laying down light to medium suppression fire to move up forward elements to try and enter flanking positions..that is if they followed standard protocol mixed with arrogance.

Eh..one way to find out.

Husker brought up both of his phasers and let loose with a snap shot at the oncoming guards.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-05-13, 09:39:45

While their escape to the bridge didn't exactly go as planned, Amelya found herself trapped with Ida and Husker in a corridor between force fields. Yet it didn't take long for the security trained woman and the pilot to come up with a plan to escape once again. Once Husker handed over his phaser to Amelya she used to help cut a hole in the wall which would be their new way to break out of their trapped situation. Once that was done Amelya could hear the security guards shout as they closed the distance between them and the escapees. The thud of the wall being brought down by Husker and Ida was a welcoming sound and Amelya looked at the hole before looking back to Ida and Husker. During the entire escape, she didn't feel afraid or hurt like she was in the cell with Ida. No, now she felt the need for survival and a bit of revenge boiling her up from the inside.

She made her way through the hole as the first one and she tried to get her bearings, spotting the tubes that would lead all the way up to deck 1. Yet she stopped and looked back just in time to see Husker push his lips on Ida's. It brought a smile on the face of Amelya and she waited a bit longer to see how Ida would react. She could hear that Ida had not suspected this move at all, yet she'd get back to him about it. Amelya couldn't help but wonder what she was going to say or do about it and halfway their climb she couldn't help but ask her. Yet this wasn't the time for pleasantries, as Ida replied with "*The calamity.*"

Amelya felt a shudder go through her body and realized that that probably was the reason why the skeleton crew had to go to battle stations, yet how much good would it do against a far more superior ship. A ship that could easily rip through them even with a full crew staffing. They had to be quick to make onto the bridge. Amelya only gave a nod to Ida as she stated that the Cerberus class ship had

probably doomed up "We better get moving." Amelya answered and they hurriedly made their way to the service hatches on deck one.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-18, 15:46:06

The security team was caught entirely unawares when the fighter pilot emerged from the hole which the escapees had vanished into. There were four of them, and two went down immediately - dropping to the deck mid-sprint and tumbling forth until they finally lay still.

"Retreat!" called one of them, rather falling back than trying to aim against their former crewmate. The second one, while having crouched down and tried to get his sights on Husker, hesitated when he heard the call for a retreat. That mere moment was enough to let the fighter pilot shoot before him...

The one who had fallen back punched in a security override to enter a door leading to vacated quarters - soon hiding in the doorway while he considered what he might do. After a moment or two, he withdrew a stun grenade and armed it, deciding that it was the best way to get past Ensign Slayton that did not involve a shoot-out in the corridor. "Why are you doing this?" called the man from where he hid. His name was Peter Hildebrandt, whom had occasionally lost some rations to Husker in card-games. "How many in Tactical Conn have not died fighting the last couple of months? They were your friends, were they not? How can you betray them? How can you turn your back on their memories and throw your faith to the lost cause that Captain Ives refuse to abandon?" With his thumbnail, he set the detonation timer. "If you go on the Theurgy's futile mission now, you will die a traitor to your crew! Surrender, and Vasser will ensure victory! All those dead pilots of yours will no longer be known as traitors to Starfleet, but commemorated for the heroes that they truly were!"

Peter did not care if his distraction worked or not, he had no choice but to throw the stun grenade. So he did, and with only a 3-second fuse.

After the detonation, and through the ringing in one's ears, something unexpected was heard. [Red Alert,] said the the ship's computer - the echo travelling through the corridor. The voice was heard all over the ship. [Red alert. All hands to battle stations. All hands to battle stations.]

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-18, 15:46:06

The Harbinger's CMO had the right of it. They had better get moving. So they climbed, Ida determined to not let doubt cloud her mind. Yet she could not help thinking that with the Calamity quite possibly moving in on their position - which she still believed to be inside the Class-9 Nebula - would Amelya Duv and her own ambition to take over the Bridge get in the way for the bridge personnel on the Harbinger? Would they end up an ill-timed hindrance for survival?

When they finally reached Deck 01 and climbed out of a grate - located next to the stalls in the restroom - Ida still did not know what was the right thing to do. She did not know the situation well enough to make the judgement-call, so the best thing they could do was to find out. She told Dr. Duv as much after opening all of the stalls - one by one - with her rifle ready. She had to make sure they were alone. "If we are already in engagement with the Calamity, we shouldn't barge in with phasers blazing. We need to know more before we g-"

The door opened, and two armed men sprang into the room. "Drop your weapons! Now!" one of them said, and the other fired against Ida when she whipped her rifle around towards them.

Ida would never know whether the shooter was a skilled marksman or if it was a lucky shot... but the

security guard managed to hit the rifle in her hands. Given the fact that the rifle was instantly heated and that she just barely managed to throw it away from herself before it detonated proved that they had not set their rifles to stun either. Ida had managed to throw the rifle into the closest stall and retreated before the plasma explosion shredded its walls to pieces. The two security guards quickly advanced through the smoke so that they would not lose sight of the two women.

"Sorry, 'Chief'," said the shooter with a sarcastic drawl to her would-have-been title on their ship, "we were watching all possible access points from the check-point room. This is Liam, and I am Elliot Grant. We were under orders to kill you on sight... but here you are, all unarmed."

"We would never condone to killing unarmed women," said Liam, moving forth to retrieve any weapons surrendered by the doctor, and the way he smiled to Duv suggested that there was some cruel inside joke to them being there that Ida did not understand. "Not when we should be adding numbers to Vasser's future army, and the two of you have wombs to fill... Right, Doctor?"

They were the guards that had assaulted Doctor Duv in her office.

Post by: DocReno on 2015-05-19, 03:06:48

When he heard the call for retreat, Chris quickly ducked back into the hole and holstered his right phaser as he worked quickly on the one in his left hand, quickly sliding back a panel that showed the weapon's power charge and settings control, and he then set the power cell on an overload which effectively turned the weapon into an impromptu explosive before he quickly tossed it out of the hole as he heard Hildebrandt start to talk.

"Frakker never knew when to shut up." Husker muttered as he quickly got his ass in gear and started making his way towards one of the access ladders that would lead him up to deck one and started climbing up one of the access ladders at a quick pace because he wasn't there to do a holding action but to simply keep them occupied long enough for Ida and the doctor to get a good way up to the bridge if not there and already causing enough trouble to capture it.

As he started his climb, Husker's mind went back to what happened on the Auriga and his eyes narrowed just a little bit as he recalled having to run all over the place on a ship that had been his home for so many months, watching as Paran fought to keep them going while imparting various lessons that Husker was using this very day about survival during a hostile boarding action..

..but this time it was different because it wasn't some ore transport, it was an Akira-class Heavy Cruiser and Carrier and the invaders was his own fellow shipmates with ill intent.

Husker shook his head and then quickly went back to the climb, smiling darkly as he hoped that Hildebrandt enjoyed his parting "gift" as he climbed up the access ladder as fast as he could, occasionally looking down to ensure that he wasn't being followed at that moment as he headed for Deck One and the main bridge.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-05-21, 18:22:23

While listening to Thanida Amelya nodded slowly in acknowledgment. This indeed wasn't the most suited time to rush the bridge and cause more mayhem if the crew was focusing on repelling the Calamity. The speech in Ida however got interrupted when the door of the restrooms opened up. The faces of the two security guards made Duv freeze up as Elliot fired his weapon and hit the rifle in Ida her hands. Her eyes turned wide and her pupils focused on the people before her. A sick feeling came

over her and the effects of vomiting weren't far behind as she gagged a bit before her mind when into shock.

How could this happen, out of all the people there were, it had to be them. Yet the nauseating feeling she got was quickly set aside as anger, hate and disgust formed a new front against her fear and against the two men before them. She swallowed hard when she got stripped of her phaser and she felt the inoculator burn in the pocket of her labcoat. She had still worn the coat over her uniform as it seemed to still carry some interesting gadgets.

"Not when we should be adding numbers to Vasser's future army, and the two of you have wombs to fill... Right, Doctor?" The comment of Elliot was the droplet for Amelya and she grinded her teeth together before she launched herself off. With a scream of rage she took out the inoculator from her pocket and jammed it against the neck of Elliot. She had no clue what the dosage was, yet she knew it was certainly high enough to get Elliot out of combat immediately. In fact, she gave the officer more than one dose as she clicked the injector more than once. She looked up now at Liam as she had forgotten that they were with the two of them and he seemed to be readying himself to plant the butt of his rifle against her face.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-23, 09:51:39

Ida was, perhaps, as surprised as the two security guards at the suddenness and the... *vehemence* of Doctor Duv's actions. Before Liam had the time to react, the Trill had pumped the Pinkskin full of sedatives - likely enough to put him out of commission forever.

When Liam finally caught up with what was going on, it was much too late, but he still moved to strike down the doctor. At this, point, Ida had already caught on to the chance Duv had provided, and she intercepted the man before the rifle came anywhere near the Harbinger's CMO. With the momentum of two steps and the turn of her body, she drove an elbow straight into Liam's ribs. Andorians might have an endoskeleton structure with compartmentalised inner organs to protect them from blunt force, but humans only had their brittle bone structure in their poorly protected torso, and since Liam had no more protection than his uniform, Ida took advantage of the opening to its fullest extent.

The Pinkskin's movement towards the Trill was halted in its tracks, and Ida followed up with reversing her pivoting motion - turning away from Liam after attack. But not before she seized his closest arm and wrenched him across her hip in a throw - sending him straight into the edge of one of the stalls. He caught it with his face, and fell to the floor at the same time as Elliot fell into one of the bulkheads - slowly sliding down as consciousness left him forever. Ensuring that Liam wasn't going to rise again, Ida picked up the rifle from his hands and stunned him where he lay on the floor.

"Quick moves, Doctor," said Ida in passing as she handed her hand phaser back from Elliot's limp fingers. They could not afford to break pace, so Ida did not linger with reassurances that Duv hadn't had a choice, that she had acted in defence of their lives and the importance of the mission and so on. There was no bloody time, so she lay her hand against the side of Duv's neck and sought her gaze. "We must move on. Come, let's see what we are up against."

With her reacquired rifle ready and eyes along the sights, Ida moved to the door and checked the corridor. It lay empty, only the Red Alert lights blinking along the edges to the ceiling. "Captain's Ready Room," she said in a low voice to Amelya, and moved the short distance to the doors. They were locked, but that was not going to stop her. She tore the control panel next to the door open with one hand and began to tug out the isolinear chips - one by one falling to the floor. "Keep an eye out."

It only took her a few seconds before she could force the door open. Inside Captain Vasser's old quarters, nothing moved, so she motioned for Duv to follow her as she stepped in. "Let's see what is happening on the Bridge," she said, quickly moving to the computer console on the desk with her rifle raised next to her shoulder. She pushed a button to make the screen fold up, and then she tried her security override. "Seems they have realised their mistake. Trujillo has rescinded my system access and removed my security clearance. I have no access to the surveillance syste-"

Ida's eyes had fallen on the view screen in the Ready Room. They were moving at Warp velocity - the stars shooting by the window. It meant they were on the run from the Calamity, and so was - perhaps - the Theurgy. With any luck, the tactic to use the mines at mid-warp would work, but that was only if the Calamity began chasing the Theurgy instead of the Harbinger...

"If we are at warp, we are - at least - not engaged with the Calamity... and we could make our move. It's a gamble, but I am thinking that we hold to our course, and move in. We would be going in blind, but it might be the only chance we have. I will take point, opening fire against everyone onside, and you have to help me. Are you ready, Doctor? There is no merit in hesitating at this point."

Post by: DocReno on 2015-05-25, 20:47:39

Even though he knew that he needed to hurry and catch up with Ida and Doctor Duv, Chris had made a quick stop to the Quartermaster's office on Deck Two to "acquire" some equipment because his gut was telling him that the items that was now slung across his back and shoulders in an equipment bag would come in very handy.

As he resumed his climb, he could feel the contents of the equipment shifting around across his upper back and shoulders even though it was placed evenly there that once more his mind tried to shift to his past and the Auriga but he couldn't help it because of the sheer number of similarities to that one event in his life that changed alot for him. He could almost hear Paran's quiet snapping that if they were going to survive then he would have to do more.

CJ allowed himself a moment to touch the item that hung around his throat which only served to renew his choice as he resumed his climb upto the main deck but instead of heading to the restroom and while it might be funny to drop down, cut a witty retort and then take out a guard in that holo that his brother Daniel loved so much-Husker made a tactical decision to move down to the access panel behind the desk in T'Rena's ready room and he slowly moved through that area, occasionally stopping long enough to listen for any sounds or signs of pursuit from anywhere like he was trained in his intrusion and counter-intrusion courses at the academy before finally activating the panel and moving it to the side and slowly started to exit the access way, a phaser at the ready.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-05-31, 10:16:34

Getting over the initial shock of actually killing a man, Amelya looked up at Ida as she disposed quickly of the last assailant. The doctor assumed that she'd be feeling guilt and remorse for what she had done. Yet nothing came, in fact the feeling of being freed overwhelmed her and it seemed like she enjoyed the feeling to the fullest as she started to smile. She looked up at Ida now and got up while recovering her inoculator and looking down at the two guards. She couldn't care less what happened to them.

Amelya now followed Ida, phaser in hand as they moved further towards the Ready Room. She kept an eye out as Ida tore through the panel and opened the door for them. Once inside, she had noticed

the stars as well as they warped by and she wondered if the entire takeover was completed or not by this time. If so, they would be fighting against very unfavorable odds. Still having heard what Ida had said she walked over to the console and used her own system access. As CMO she figured her clearances would be high enough to get what Ida wanted to do. Yet Ida seemed ready enough to risk it. Amelya looked up and smiled "If it's anything that I've remembered from Starfleet lessons on tactical levels, it's that you can never run into a fight without proper info. I've logged it, but I'm not sure if you can do what you wanted to do."

Amelya thought the alternative over, did they really have any other chance? "If not I will follow you Ida. You have the experience and skills to pull this off. I'll do my best to assist you." She answered her within a few seconds and took position by the door leading to the bridge.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-02, 15:03:48

Seeing that Ameya Duv's system access - medical officer as she might be - had not been revoked, Ida's antennae rose in elated surprise. She'd thought that Trujillo or whomever of his crew had thought to revoke their system access altogether, but it seems they had a lot to learn about proper security protocol when dealing with captive Starfleet officer aboard the ship. As pleased as she was that she could access the systems, she could have kissed the Trill right then and there. Alas, there was no time, and she had already been kissing that Pinkskin named Slayton a short while ago. It just didn't seem right, faultless as she may have been. Then again, there had certainly not been any fault in Husker's ki- No time to think on that. *Focus, Ida!*

"Your clearance is not enough for the security surveillance systems and the cameras on the bridge, but I can use the internal sensors to see that there are five people in there - which ought to represent the bridge crew." Closing the computer console, Ida joined Doctor Duv by the door to the bridge, keeping her voice down to not let the Harbinger personnel beyond the door hear her. "They will likely be by their stations. If they are engaged with the Calamity, then we shouldn't shoot them but keep our phasers trained on them. Let me do the talking, but be ready to open fire at my word."

Ida paused, blue eyes locked with the Harbinger's defecting CMO. "If we make it through this. I will make it my personal mission to make sure there is no doubt as to where your new loyalties lie. My name has been synonymous with weakness, treason or worse among my own crew for a long time, and as ill fortune as I might have had, and as much shame as I have endured, I do not want you to end up the same as me. If they ever doubt your fortitude, then you can send them my way. Now, are you ready? One, two..."

On 'three', Ida stepped into the sensor field of the door and emerged onto the Harbinger Bridge with her rifle raised - eyes casting about to identify her targets. "No one moves!" she called to the assembled faces before her, "I hereby assume command of this vessel and if anyone has anything to say about that, give voice to thoughts! Yet if you move to action, I swear I will shoot you down right where you are!"

"Stand down, Lieutenant zh'Wann," said Trujillo from the Captain's chair, not even looking at the Andorian or the Trill that had emerged on the bridge. "We are trying to determine if the Calamity has given chase to us or the Theurgy." His fingers moved over his armrest as he spoke, and Ida caught the subtle movements of his fingers too late.

"Keep your hand-" she began to say, but it was too late. With a whirring sound, the two force-fields activated - twain cylinders encasing Ida and Duv. No more than one meter in diameters each, and with no exits.

Trujillo turned his face to smirk at them, and Ida wanted nothing more than to claw the expression off the Pinkskin's face.

"Of course the Calamity would not come after us first," he said, and Ida answered by striking the forcefield with the butt of the rifle with a furious Andorian curse. "Let's keep the women for entertainment purposes when the Theurgy has disabled the Calamity with the mines. It shouldn't be too long now." Trujillo stood up and folded his hands behind his back, looking back to the viewscreen.

"For indeed... Celebrations are well due when the Commodore seizes his flag ship, and we can begin our voyage away from Federation space."

Post by: DocReno on 2015-06-03, 08:03:13

Husker slowly edged his way out of the access panel behind the First Officer's desk in her ready room before entering into a combat crouch with the phasers at the ready as he moved towards the large opening that had been made into the bridge. The large hole was there because Ensign Sonja Acreth had escaped while they tried to flee Theta Eridani IV, and the pursuit of the escapee had caused some destruction to Deck 01 that was not critical to repair. As it were, T'Rena's old ready room opened up directly into the Harbinger's bridge. If there was one thing that both Paran and his flight instructors at the academy had taught him was that patience was the key of survival.

The patience to know when to stay low and quiet as opposed to high ground and loud meant an entirely different thing when the prey was about as Paran's words slowly echo'd into his mind:

*"The Glikar'ma is a very intelligent bug, little brother. It feeds on small mammals but for a creature that is not sentient, it is very intelligent and capable of sneak attacks. It will wait patiently for it's prey to check every possible place, every knook..every canny..every *EDGE*..until finally the prey feels that it is safe in it's own arrogance which is then it strikes from the one place that no one would every expect it to be."*

"Be the glikar'ma, little brother. Make the prey understand it's folly."

Chris' eyes narrowed in concentration as he reached up and manually opened the doors to the ready room a little bit and surveyed the bridge, seeing only that a skeleton crew of five was manning the bridge including that pinkskin bastard in Trujillo who was looking smug and bored in his chair as the Harbinger sat at red alert and slowly a tactical plan began to form in his head.

But before he could think any further, he heard movement followed by Ida's voice with *"No one moves!"* she called to the assembled faces before her, *"I hereby assume command of this vessel and if anyone has anything to say about that, give voice to thoughts! Yet if you move to action, I swear I will shoot you down right where you are!"*

Trujillo's order for Ida to stand down was made with such arrogance that Husker's eyes narrowed followed by the rage of the curse that Ida snarled at which point Husker slowly started to re-formulate his plan but before he could think more, Trujillo's comment brought something darker to the forefront:

"For indeed... Celebrations are well due when the Commodore seizes his flag ship, and we can begin our voyage away from Federation space."

Husker's eyes narrowed as he slowly removed the equipment bag from his shoulders, rotated his neck

a little bit and then stood up before switching the phasers to the highest stun setting before hitting the open button and quickly, quietly stepping out onto the bridge through the hole in the wall without a word and headed for the security station.

With two shots he quickly took down both of the smirking officers at tactical and science, catching tactical mid-line torso and science in the side of the face. Next down was mission ops who noticed what was happening and got a bolt of phaser energy dead center of his chest.

Husker got to security and then entered a simple command into the console which he then executed before ducking the return fire. "I do believe that you were relieved of command, Trujillo." as the two security force fields dropped on the two women as the system went into a standard maintenance check.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-08, 15:17:18

The sight of Husker emerging from the hole in the wall that led from the Executive Officer's quarters made Ida's ire drain - feeling herself being filled with both fear for his sake and hope for success. The Harbinger fighter pilot shot them all down, one by one, in rapid succession - leaving only Trujillo sitting in his chair and the helmsman. A youthful, stout Pinkskin who looked like he was about to soil his undergarments.

Once Ida and Doctor Duv were freed from the forcefields, Ida raised her rifle again and walked up to the helm, but she gave Husker a lopsided smile on the way there. "Nice shooting," was all she really had time to say given the fact that they were handling a crisis. Then she set the muzzle of her rifle against the thigh of the helmsman and leaned over him to check their present course and velocity. "Give me the coordinates and trajectories of the Theurgy and the Calamity. Now. Otherwise I will have to ask the good Ensign behind me to retrieve the data from you."

"There will be no need of that," said Trujillo from where he sat, looking properly angry and yet... the bitter smile he wore also suggested that he had made a decision he did not like. "Let me remind you that Selena Ravenholm has reconfigured this ship to be handled by a skeleton crew, and that also extend to certain command privileges as well." Standing up, hands raised, he faced the three escaped captives with a resigned demeanour. "The command is yours, of course, and I hope you enjoy the short voyage into battle. If you are lucky, you might even make it there to fire off a few shots."

Ida narrowed her eyes at the man as he began to walk around the Captain's chair - laying his hands on top of its back as if to pull it out for Ida. She turned around to give her full attention to the Hispanic bastard, not trusting his intentions for a second. She had her rifle trained on the man as she stepped away from the helm - sights on his face. "What are you talking about?"

He took a deep breath. "I am talking about one of the core principles of a Commanding Officer. You go down with the ship," he said, and Ida's perplexed scowl seemed to amuse him before... he gave the barest of nods to the helmsman. At which point Ida rounded on the youth in time to see him tackle into her - sending them both off their feet and sprawling on the floor. In the commotion, Ida could hear Trujillo proclaim their collective death sentence. "Computer, Two-Zero-Zero-Five."

[Auto Destruct Sequence initiated. Abandon ship. Abandon ship.]

The blare of the alert resounded on the bridge. Usually it took two officers to self destruct a ship, but not the Harbinger since it had a limited crew complement. Ida was dealing as many strikes as she got. The helmsman was not so frightened as he has made Ida think, nor as weak - struggling as he were to wrest the rifle from her hands. Ida knew that Husker would likely try to aide her since the helmsman

was on the verge of arming himself, and Trujillo had appeared unarmed. "No, take him!"

But it was too late. Trujillo was already going for Doctor Duv - about to take her weapon since she was a weaker opponent than Husker. In her peripheral vision, she saw the vile man reaching her. Husker was caught between helping either of his companions, and both adversaries on the bridge might just arm themselves.

It was the moment where their fate turned in a new direction, and when the future unravelled and formed to something entirely else. Ida did not dare even breathe, time standing still as she saw it - the moment so fragile that it would shatter. As if the timestream itself shifted on the bridge, and then finally seized the scene. Everything came alive again in the moments of death.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-06-10, 13:31:55

Husker seemed to be the right man at the right time as he emerged on the bridge and fired nearly everyone down. Amelya was relieved that the force fields dropped and she wondered what would have happened if they never ran into the Harbinger pilot in the first place. She shook the idea out of her head though as it most probably wouldn't lead to the nicest places in her mind. She focused again on the task at hand, which was to hold the remaining crew at gunpoint.

As Ida gave the Trujillo her orders, Amelya let her eyes linger on Husker and nodded when he made eye contact with her. This way she showed her appreciation to the valiant rescue and she smiled warmly towards him before she turned her eyes towards Trujillo. While the conversation unfolded between the new found captain and Ida, Amelya looked away from him and checked the helmsman. He was far too quiet she thought and she stepped towards his direction a bit before checking what he was doing. Again, Amelya wasn't trained for this. To this point pretty much everything looked suspicious in her eyes and he looked back at Trujillo as he seemed overconfident to be on the losing side.

Then it happened, a moment of not being fast enough allowed the helmsman to do what he had to do it seemed. The tackle seemed brutal from Amelya's point of view and she aimed her phaser towards the helmsman in response, yet couldn't make sure that she'd hit him. Not without risking Ida's own safety, yet matters took a turn for the worse as suddenly the Hispanic captain came into Amelya's field of view. She turned around and shouted at him to stop where he was. She switched target, yet the man was trained and faster than she imagined. A struggle started now for control of the weapon and Amelya suddenly received a low kick straight in the stomach. She felt the air being sucked out of her lungs by the blow and felt her hold on the weapon dissipate. Trujillo would soon have the weapon under his control yet the Trill wouldn't give up this easily.

She clawed back and suddenly in all the commotion two shots were fired in between them. From Husker or Ida's point of view, they couldn't tell who had hit who as the two of them froze up in the moment. Amelya looked Trujillo right in the eyes as he looked up at her. Amelya's eyes widening a bit as she mouthed something that was beyond anyone's range to hear. Trujillo still had that devilish smile on his face as the phaser fell on the floor. For a second or two it seemed like the two of them were just standing there, yet eventually they both fell down against the console walls as the alarms of self destruction continued to blare.

With a rough push, Amelya dropped Trujillo next to her against the console and she got up and looked around her to figure out where the rifle was. She had to help Ida, she really had to! It was the only sane thing that came to her mind as she tried to push away the idea that she just shot a Starfleet

captain. "Husker! Help her!" She shouted at the pilot eventually, repeating the same sentence in a whisper at first.

Post by: DocReno on 2015-06-12, 08:50:04

Chris had kept both of his weapons trained on the two remaining members of the Harbinger's bridge crew and the corners of his eyes grew tight when he heard the destruct order being given to the ship's computer but it was a good thing that Chris had thought ahead of time but that didn't stop him from gripping both phasers tightly in his hands as he watched the two women fight with the bridge crew for their respective weapons.

Chris was about to follow Ida's request to help the soft spoken doctor but when the weapons fire between Amelya and Trujillo erupted briefly before the Hispanic man was pushed off of Amelya with a hint of finality on his face did Chris go into motion as he holstered the two phasers as he quickly strode over to where Ida was wrestling with the Helmsman who had all of his weight and attention directed solely at the andorian Zhen.

This lack of attention allowed Chris to grab the helmsman, an arrogant and self absorbed man who Chris wasn't too entirely fond of to begin with, by the back of his uniform with his left hand to yank him into a standing position as Chris growled "You are *RELEASED*, pinkskin." before driving all of the force of his right fist into Gist's throat, silencing him before he could possibly lock the helm out of spite, which was then followed up with two more blows-one to double him over and then the second one to take him out completely before letting go of the man and offering a hand to Ida to help her up as he simply asked one thing-"Orders, Lieutenant?"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-15, 02:25:32

The big, burly helmsman had managed to pin her with all his weight, bending one of her arms back to make her drop her rifle. Yet Ida refused to let go, trying to roll and to drive her knee into his ribs, but she found no leverage to set herself in motion - at least not without having to let go of her weapon. She even tried to drive her elbow backwards, to somehow catch him over his face with her other arm, but that threatened to dislocate the arm he had a hold on. The self destruct message and the fact that Doctor Duv might loose to Captain Trujillo were factors she could not affect at that given moment, so she tried to remove them from her thoughts - hard as it proved to be.

Then, the weight was off her, and she drew breath between her teeth as she rolled over with her rifle raised - only to find the Ensign saving her and Doctor Duv yet again. Ida saw him relieve the helmsman in a very definitive way; sending him sprawling across the deck plates.

Did he call him 'pinkskin'? she wondered, quite sure she'd heard the flavour-rich voice denominate the CONN officer in that particular Andorian fashion. It was - at least - the second thing that somehow told her that there was far more to this fighter pilot than met the eye, because he looked like he was fighting like some Imperial Guard. She had first seen it in the Brig, and now again - strikes akin to those practised in *Kharakom*. She frowned in consternation even as she was helped up to her feet, coming up face-to-face and close to the man again. She sought his features for an answer, and even if she found none, she realised he had asked her for orders.

A quick glance in Trujillo's direction told Ida that they had seized the bridge after all.

She had to put the enigma of the fighter pilot out of her mind. They had a battle on their hands, and a bitter one at that.

"Take the helm, Ensign," she said, letting go of his strong hand so that she could collect her thoughts. She cleared her throat and sat down in the Captain's chair - trying to remember far gone Academy days that described Bridge protocol. "I need to know where we are, but more importantly, where the Theurgy and the Calamity are heading. Take us there, follow their trajectory but do not match it since there might be gravametric mines in our path if we do. Maximum warp if so required. We have less than ten minutes before this ship is going to blow, so let's make the most of the time."

She turned her head to Doctor Duv. "If we are lucky, the remaining crew will be going to the escape pods. Check internal sensors. If they don't, I want you to seal off this floor with forcefields in order to let us remain undisturbed. I also want system access restored on my behalf, tactical systems a priority. See what you can do, doctor."

Ida could but hope they wouldn't be too late to the scene once they got there.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-06-19, 11:57:14

Once Husker had dispatched the helmsman, Amelya took a relieved breathe as she leaned against the wall before looking over at Ida. Yet Ida was fast with giving new things to do and it helped so Amelya didn't have to think about the actions she had done after all. She was a medical person, not the kind of person you'd expect to kill people. And she did just kill two men with just minutes in between. The feeling would probably gnaw at her more the moment she'd have the time to put her mind to rest, probably after all this was over... If it ever would be over.

Amelya tapped the buttons at the closest station and she glanced over at the sensors. Most of the remaining crew have jumped ship with the pods, small resistance groups seem to try to group up... I'll activate the forcefields either way just to be sure." she said out loud as it more of less was what was going through her mind. Once the commands were entered she looked up at Ida and asked "So what exactly is the plan now? Besides blowing ourselves up to bits. Is there some sort of escape plan?" She asked with a faint smile as the alerts still blared like crazy around them.

Would they make it aboard the Theurgy? They had to, but what on earth was she going to do there. She remembered doctor Nicander all the well from Theta, he was the CMO aboard Theurgy. Her own rank would probably be lost and there was still the fact if they would accept her or not? Yet Ida had made it somewhat clear that she would vouch for them. Still, there were many questions, yet Amelya had no clue where to start first. Perhaps the first question she had asked on how they would get out of here would be the best to start with.

Post by: DocReno on 2015-06-24, 06:54:21

Chris took the helm station and then quickly brought up the information that Ida had just requested. "Alright the *Theurgy* is currently at warp seven with the *Calamity* at warp nine and quickly catching up to the *Theurgy* and then right ontop of her in the next three minutes. Good news is that since we're on an *akira* class which means we can do at maximum warp of nine point eight." he explained while turning his head just enough to look over at the Zhen with a somewhat somber look on his face. "But while we would easily catch up to the two ships even with the mines that I'm told the Theurgy would be deploying mid warp but we'd only have one minute before the ship explodes with us hopefully not on it."

Chris turned back to his station and looked over the rest of the information on the screens there before he quickly started to ready the commands to start the ship in the right direction. "I'm ready for

deployment now, lieutenant. But I do have a suggestion on how we could possibly escape if you or the good doctor would get the item that I left back in the room I came out of?" he offered up.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-25, 01:54:03

It was the first time, ever, that Ida commanded a starship, and the circumstances were not ideal, to say the least. There were only three of them on the Bridge, and the self-destruct was activated without possibility to override it as far as she could determine through the control panel in the armrest of the chair. Trujillo had locked the protocol to his own voice command alone, so there were no means for how they could stop it.

Doctor Duv said that most of the Harbinger's skeleton crew were heading for the escape pods, but some lingered. She did raise the force fields, however, so Ida nodded and dismissed the danger for the time being. "Once they learn that they can't get here, they will all reconsider and head for the escape pods."

"So what exactly is the plan now? Besides blowing ourselves up to bits. Is there some sort of escape plan?" asked the Trill with a faint smile, but Ida did not have any immediate answer for her - needing more input from their impromptu helmsman before she could say anything in regard to their survival.

Even as the alerts blared in their ears, the fighter pilot explained the situation - a scenario where the best possible outcome was one full minute in the vicinity of the two other ships. That was, of course, unless the two ships dropped out of warp ahead of time. He suggested he had an idea for their escape too, which might serve its purpose in due time, but Ida gave the order first.

"Set a course parallel to the Calamity's and the Theurgy's now, maximum warp. Indeed, we do not want to come in directly behind the Calamity and get hit by any stray mines." she said, antennae moving slowly as she rummaged her mind for additional instructions. She was better suited with a rifle in hand, not seated in some command chair. Still, she was a Starfleet Officer and she would do what she could. "Let's hope those mines hit that ship early on so that we have a better window of opportunity to get there in time. If this ship is destroyed before we reach them, I am not sure how we'll ever be able to catch up with the Theurgy."

That was, if the Theurgy hadn't been destroyed at that point.

Once the course was laid in and they were on their way, Ida rose from her chair and looked towards the hole in the wall that Husker had emerged from. She glanced towards Doctor Duv and made her way there - soon finding the equipment that the fighter pilot had brought. Ida dragged the heavy load back to the floor of the bridge and looked at it in thought - rather sure what she knew what the fighter pilot had in mind.

"Good thinking, Ensign," she said and gave the Pinkskin a lopsided smile over her shoulder. Truly, this man was quite resourceful - even thinking ahead. "Doctor Duv, how good are you with operating transporter controls?"

At their feet lay three Tactical Conn Exosuits, one male and two female.

"The reason I am asking," she said and turned to Amelya, "is that we will need a site-to-site transport into any remaining escape pod aboard this ship. When the Harbinger blows up, we need to be out of here, and with the addition of these suits, the escape pod that is jettisoned will be the difference between life and death in the blast. If we survive, these suits have light beacons and short-range

communication, meaning that we might be seen and heard. I know its not your forte, doctor, but can you try to set that up so that we can energise the transport at a moment's notice?"

There was no time for modesty, so Ida unbuckled her belt and kicked off her uniform shoes and socks - soon dropping her pants as well. At any other point, she might have been a bit self-conscious about doing so right on a starship bridge, but she was Andorian, and display of some skin was certainly not taboo. She did know she couldn't wear more than her underwear underneath the suit, so she also pulled her black tanktop over her head- dropping it on top of her pants. Barefoot, and in Starfleet's white underwear, she faced the one person who knew how to use the suits. "I am not familiar with how you adjust the sizes of these, so you might have to help us get into them. What's first?"

Post by: Nolan on 2015-06-25, 19:02:39

Hearing Ida command Chris what to do made sense to Amelya as she successfully raised the forcefields to defend the bridge. She looked up as she now had a time to look around for herself on the devastated bridge. A bridge that she not so long ago called home. In fact this entire ship was once her home, yet now immediate doom and destruction pended. She sighed and looked at Ida as she asked how her site to site transportation skills were. "Uhm, not that perfect, yet they usually do the trick..." The question to the why didn't wait long for it to be explained by Ida.

Amelya looked over the exosuits and she had always wondered how it would be to fit in one of those, yet right now they looked a bit sluggish. "I'll work on calibrating the data needed for site to site. In the meantime..." Well, in the meantime Ida could get into the exosuits. Or well that was what she was about to suggest. Yet the Security officer had beaten her to it as she already started to undress before her and Husker. Amelya let her eyes go over to Husker as he no doubt would either be still focused on flying or looking his eyes out at the Andorian's body. While Amelya tried to focus on the job at hand, she couldn't help but to look at the perfectly shaped body of Ida. Yet she also realized that after Ida was done she'd probably have to do the same.

The idea of it wasn't completely crazy in her mind as it made sense and it was the only way to survive what she thought was going to come. If they would use the pods, the sheer blast from the self destruct would hurl them through space and possibly even rupture the escape pod. Thus the exosuits would come in handy if they didn't get damaged during their spin? Not to mention if they even ever got in there. It all depended on the transport skills that Amelya was inserting. She sighed softly and looked away from Ida who stood there now with very ample clothes, calling Husker to help her. Amelya tapped away now as she couldn't help but look at the two from the corner of her eyes.

Post by: DocReno on 2015-06-25, 22:26:29

Chris simply nodded to Ida's order which he understood from a tactical stand point since it was very logical thing to do in this situation and he started to quickly calculate the differences in vectors that might creep up during such a maneuver but he had to quickly do the math in his head because he was at the controls of a carrier based craft instead of the smaller attack craft that he was used to flying and as such he had to make allowances for spatial drift and warp field fluxes that he normally didn't have to while at the stick of his Valk.

While spatial drift was only a smaller factor in a different size of craft, it was the warp field flux issue that he was having to make sure he was clear on because he was trying to find a way to reach using his ship A to catch up with ships B and C which was already at two different fields of warp while using the highest capable warp ability of A to reach B and C within a specific time frame and he quickly double checked what he was seeing on the screen concerning the Theurgy and Calamity, he quickly

found the equation that he was looking for and inputted in the commands and hit the engage command before he started to turn around to face the other two people on the bridge.

"Alright, flight commands have been entered and accepted which means we're en route but I also think that I may have shaved just enough seconds off of this to give us a little bit of a lee way but not..." he started to explain when he caught full sight of Ida standing there in her standard issue underwear and he actually felt his breath catch slightly for a second.

To say that she was "very ample" was an understatement as her azure skin didn't clash so much complemented her dove white undergarments and only accentuated her figure quite well and he quickly casted a fugitive glance over at the doctor and from what he'd seen of her out of her uniform in a more comfortable dress made him wonder a couple of things but he felt his mouth go dry for a second before he stood up and went over to where the Andorian was waiting for him to help her with the exosuit before shaking his head slightly to clear it.

"Sorry, I was doing last second math in my head but yes, the lee way won't be too much but it may have bought us two minutes instead of the one but I wouldn't count it as being accurate just in case." the fighter pilot said as he picked up a piece of the exosuit's body glove. "Alright, let me help you with this first half then you can help the doctor with her's. It's a little strange to put on if you're not used to it." he offered as he felt his heart race just a little bit.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-26, 16:51:15

Ida looked at the pinkskin pilot oddly when he stopped talking and looked between her and Doctor Duv. She raised an eyebrow at him, wondering what was the matter with him. Then, it suddenly occurred to her that she might very well be the cause for him to grow tongue-tied, and she couldn't help but feel a bit self-conscious when that realisation hit her. She didn't show any of it, though, putting her hands on her hips and regarding him with her chin raised - as if daring him to make some sexist remark about her state of undress. He had dared kissed her before, so she wouldn't have been surprised if he made some other bold move. A move that might very well have been his last if she hadn't needed him to fly the ship. Some human males had a tendency to objectify women, whereas women of Andoria were of equal standing as individuals and warriors.

Yet instead, Husker gave a cursory excuse for his lapse and proceeded to tell them about the results of his efforts. The apology was kind of endearing, actually, and Ida couldn't help the minute smile that ghosted her lips since she both approved of his re-discovered sense of tactfulness and at the same time how obvious the lie he had made was. She watched him approach with her eyebrows and antennae raised in a rueful expression, as if in query about where his mind truly was. She let him off the hook, however, when he had actually tried to behave with respect this time instead of kissing her without her permission.

"That is very good, Ensign," she said in comment to his effort at the helm whilst he picked up the centre part of the exosuit - including the torso, legs and arms. The greaves and the gauntlets - as she thought of them since the exosuit looked like suit of armour - were separate parts along with the helmet. He was holding the centre part up by the hips so that she could step into it, so she lay her hands on his wide shoulders and began with the right leg - putting her weight into her step so that her calf and thigh could slide down the stiff leg. Doing so made her brush her chest against his face, she realised, but she could hardly blame him for it when it was she who had asked for help. It was a snug fit, to say the least, but once her bare foot emerged, she grunted and thrust her other leg into the suit as well - using his solid frame for support. The manoeuvre made her brush up against him again. She was not exactly embarrassed about being so close to him - they were in a life-and-death situation after

all - but she had wished the legs were not so tight as they were. Regular EVA suits were just loose fabric with plenty of room for one's limbs when you put it on.

"How do you make more room for the hips?" she asked quietly, as if they were not right in each other's faces at all. She reached down with both arms to slide her forearms into the sleeves - one at the time. Lifting it all, she tried to shrug the upper body into place but it was too tight across the back. There was no way she could close it at the front. She growled - antennae angling forward. It was impossible to extend her arms forward. The joke was now completely on her. "How can you even wear these things all the time?"

The bloody pinkskin better show her how the size adjustments worked instead of laughing at her...

Post by: DocReno on 2015-06-30, 07:58:12

"That is very good, Ensign," he heard Ida comment as he helped her with getting into the exosuit with all of it's centralized components set on stand-by before adjustments could be done in order to fit it to the species that was putting it on but he tried to focus on other things rather than have the Zhen so close to him at that moment as he tried to focus more on what needed to be done to survive rather than..whatever he was possibly feeling at that moment.

He held up the central part of the suit by the "hips" of it when she placed her hands onto his shoulders and he could feel how strong they were as the palms pressed down slightly into the muscles there and he was about to ask a question about how life on the Theurgy was when something unexpected happened-one second he was about to open his mouth to ask a question when he caught sight of the blue expanse that was uncovered by her standard issue bra which while designed to support a woman's breasts and keep them from moving while in the uniform and for the most part did nothing usually to accent a woman's features out of uniform, on her they were not able to completely cover her and showed enough of a lovely vista that he was enjoying as he could see the muscles there move and shift as her breasts moved slightly as she moved.

But what stopped his train of thought completely was when her breasts were suddenly brushing against his face and he could smell her scent-the combination of her natural spicy smell and the tang of the sweat from all of the running, climbing and fighting that they had done so far that day and he could feel her warmth through the bra and for the barest of seconds, he thought he could feel an excited nipple brush against his cheek but once the moment was gone, he simply chalked it up to wishful thinking..or was that hoping?

As he continued to help her into the exosuit, he started to make small adjustments in certain locations to ensure that the tabs where in specific locations that was normal on other EVA suits was secured and connected when she brushed up against him again and once more making his pulse rocket high enough that he felt the odd feeling again before he pushed it out of his mind as she asked *"How do you make more room for in the hips?"* as her face was close to his again, her lips less then a few inches from his and he bit back his want and need to kiss her again but instead he reached around her with a look of concentration and slid a hand down the left side of her rib cage in a manner that could be mistaken for a tender motion as he said "Hold on please" before he found the belt portion of her exosuit and triggered a couple of controls which then shifted to allow her more ease in the hips.

He then he helped more her to the nearest free-standing station where he helped her lean against it before he started moving quickly, running his hands over specific parts of her body, shifting components around and making smaller adjustments before finally helping her to stand up, the tightness in her back was lessened but he had to make one last adjustment as he moved in front of

her. "This might be a little odd, but I need you to take a breath and hold it with a count of six."

When she took the breath, he quickly reached under her breasts and quickly found the problem, a mis-aligned connector and then properly connected it which then made a clicking sound before the suit's internal servos started the process of helping to finish the alignments. "A soldier can handle anything thrown into, through fire and shadow and all things beyond, Thanlda." he said with a wry grin as he said one of the mottoes that Paran had told him from the late Thaan's life in the guard prior to his other life before he stepped back and picked up her helmet and made a few adjustments before handing it to her. "Here, this should fit with your antennae."

Husker then turned to regard Amelya. "Are you ready there, Doctor Duv, or do you need another minute or two?" he asked respectfully.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-07-01, 10:48:56

While Husker helped Ida in the exosuit, Amelya carried on to do her best to get the calibrations right. She glanced up now and then to see how the progress went with Ida and she couldn't help but chuckle a bit to see the different poses they had taken to get in the suit. From her point of view she could easily think that they were doing something entirely different then getting into an exosuit which sort of made it funny to her. She shook her head as she told herself to not get her mind carried away like that and that there were far more important things at hand. When Ida and Husker were done with the whole set up Amelya put the last finishing touches to her calibrations and she looked up when Husker asked for her.

"No, I'm just done. Everything should be calculated in within the normal parameters so we should end up without too much of a bump." She said to the two of them as she walked away from behind the station and towards the remaining exosuit. She let her fingers run over it at first before she looked into CJ's eyes. She swallowed before she started to unbutton her newly acquired uniform. The entire ordeal in her office had made her a bit weary of men in general and the idea of undressing made her a bit nervous. Yet she knew this had to be done in order to survive. Her eyes looked over at Ida for a second before looking back at Husker when she was halfway down. She wasn't wearing a bra or anything of the official Starfleet undergarments due to recent event and she felt her breasts come in contact with the cooler air on the bridge. Her nipples slowly hardened by the temperature difference and she carried on to open up her uniform until it was entirely open.

She slid the jacket off and dropped it to the floor exposing herself to the two remaining crewmembers on deck. She didn't pause or anything to check what their looks were or if they would say anything. She turned her eyes to the floor and opened up her pants now before pushing it down, revealing the not so Starfleet standard issue black thong she had still been wearing since the assault in the office. She pulled herself out of the pants as well and placed one hand on her hip before looking at Husker and Ida in turn "Right, so what is next now?" she asked nervously with a vibrating voice.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-02, 01:24:41

The entire ordeal of getting into the exosuit had been riddled with awkward moments. Instances where Ida felt that even as an Andorian, she was a little bit too exposed to the pinkskin. She was grateful, of course, for his efforts and expertise in handling the adjustments of the hard body-glove she was getting into.

It was just that the "handling" made her associate his and her situation with something entirely else, the most prominent times being when she ended up pushing her chest up against his face, when he

had her lean over the tactical station and adjust the suit seals from behind, and when he ran those strong hands underneath her breasts to fix a problem with the centre piece of the chest. She had done as instructed, of course, and there hadn't been any other way around it all, and as dark shade of blue her neck got towards the end, and her heart might have fluttered for reasons entirely else than the crisis at hand... it was done. Standing with her helmet in her hands, which were still as bare as her feet, she might have been unused to the pressure of the thing, but she did not feel too restricted by it either.

Doctor Duv said she was ready, and while she left her station, Ida picked up the gloves and boots, or whatever the pilots called them, and sat down in the Captain's chair to put them on. After her feet were bedecked by the exosuit's boots, she glanced up...

...catching the sight of Doctor Duv being entirely bare besides a silly little slip of textile preserving her modesty. It led Ida to thinking about Edena Rez, another Trill. One that might just have been the most compelling reason to saying no to the position on the Harbinger. In the end, she had decided to not let the spy-turned-superior-officer be any reason to go against her own health and peace of mind, but seeing the very attractive Trill in the corner of her eye made her remember that time by the Thermal Springs, and how she and Illya Rez had finally given in to their mutual desires.

Amelya asked what was next, standing there in all her splendour, and Ida found herself being very busy with getting her gauntlets on - fiddling with the pressure seals to make sure they were properly aligned. The snug fit around her fingers felt claustrophobic, but focusing on them was much better than staring at the Trill. It would not be seemly for her to openly appreciate the CMO's physical attributes. She would not know where to begin in handling the factory settings of the exosuit like Husker had anyway.

"I will try to prepare launch sequences for the photon torpedoes and have the phaser arrays primed for when we drop out of warp," she said with tight lips, acting completely professional about it all. This, despite how she was not sure who she envied the most. Doctor Duv or Husker.

Post by: DocReno on 2015-07-03, 07:10:32

"No, I'm just done. Everything should be calculated in within the normal parameters so we should end up without too much of a bump." Husker heard Amelya say before she looked him in the eyes, his pale green meeting her bright green eyes meeting each other from only a few feet away for a moment but before he could raise an eyebrow in confusion, she reached up and started to unbutton her uniform and for some reason, he couldn't turn away and he knew that she was possibly showing him a sign of trust by undressing in front of him.

As her jacket came off and her naked upper body was revealed, he realized that he was being shown something that alot of the other male officers on the Harbinger over the past few months would've killed to have seen of the ship's now former chief medical officer in her soft yet toned form which was much more "sporty" to call it as opposed to the "strong" body of Ida and his gaze briefly looked down to her hardening nipples for a second before going back up to her eyes as she continued and Husker found himself actually comparing the two women that he was standing on the bridge with and finding himself once again feeling strange feelings-he knew some of the things that he was feeling but a couple of them was different then what he was used to.

But once Amelya's pants hit the deck, he found himself solely attentive on the visual feast before him and he couldn't help but to appreciate her in all of her glory as she stood there on the bridge of the Harbinger, hand planted firmly on one of those shapely hips and looking at the two of them before

asking "*Right, so what is next now?*" in a nervously, vibrating voice.

Chris quickly snapped to and picked up the second exosuit and carried it over to Amelya but once he came close to her, he tilted his head slightly out of respect to her before saying "I promise to be gentle, Amelya." in a respectful and reassuring voice to her as he held up the suit for her so that he could be something stable for her to lean on like he had done for Ida.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-07-03, 19:14:40

Doctor Duv could clearly see how Husker slowly let his eyes go over her. Yet she couldn't really blame him. She knew that a lot of crewmen aboard the Harbinger had been dying to see her in this pose with the lack of clothing she had now. Yet right now, in the face of imminent doom, there was little to be ashamed of, even though the assault from earlier still made her a bit uneasy. The pilot before her however had gained her trust and respect as he had saved her life more than once today. So she could forgive him as he looked her up before snapping out of it and she couldn't help but smile a bit faint as he promised her to be gentle. A slight blush even colored her cheeks dark red as she nodded simply and did exactly what she had seen Ida do with him.

She placed her delicate hands on his shoulders and stepped in with her left leg first. The suit was way more sturdy than she had imagined and Amelya struggled a bit to get herself in on one side. She leaned in against Husker now to force more weight on it and she suddenly shot in the left leg, making her bare breasts brush against the rather prickly face of the pilot. She looked down at him when she had felt it as well and she stammered a soft apology before continuing with the next leg. She struggled with it as well yet got into it a bit more easier. During the entire ordeal, her breasts were wiggling up and down and left to right, even Ida could see this probably.

The next part was the torso bit and Amelya looked at CJ now with a questionable look on how to proceed. "Do I just lift my arms or anything for this?" She asked him softly before she glanced over at Ida, wondering how she was feeling in one of these suits. Amelya thought about what a horrible thing those pilots had to go through yet she now understood why they had to work out and stay in tip top condition to fit into these things. In the meantime she let Husker do what he had to do to make the exosuit fit her. "How much longer before we reach our target?" she asked curious now, hoping they would all be ready by the time they would catch up to the fight.

Post by: DocReno on 2015-07-06, 07:53:03

Husker thought that Amelya turned a lovely shade of pink when she gave a slight blush to his comment before she started to use him for a stabilizer as she slowly started to get into the exosuit and once again there was an accident where a little bit too much force was used by a person unused to wearing such a piece of equipment and he found himself flushed with the breasts of his fellow officer.

But unlike the prior time with Ida, Amelya's was bare and her erect nipples brushed against his face and for the barest of seconds he felt her warm, flushed breasts against his face which made an already uncomfortable moment become strained as he felt the front of his uniform tighten more but he fought and forced his feelings down as he heard the Trill offer up a nervous apology before he smiled and said "It's alright, let's focus on the matter at hand." with a respectable tone before she continued and the alignment of systems and measurements that followed was easier...even with the slightly hypnotic nature of Amelya's bare breasts moving within the torso.

When it got to the part of her torso unit and she asked "*Do I just lift my arms or anything for this?*" she asked him softly, he nodded but went around her to check the back seals first and found one that was

out of alignment that ran parallel with her right leg and hip which would've caused an air seal issue but he quickly dropped to one knee next to her before tracing up her inner right thigh to the connector plate and quickly turning it so that it was in the right position at which point it made the proper clicking sound before he stood back up and lead her over to another free standing station and quickly checked the other seals, trying to be as professional with her as he did with Ida.

Once he was done there, he moved down and around her till he was in front of her between her arms and said "On my count, take a deep breath and then do a count from six before letting it out." which he then did a silent count using his fingers and once he saw her take the breath, he quickly reached under her breasts to check the connectors there and found that they were in place but he got an awkward look on his face as before he looked up into her face and into her eyes at which point he gave her an apologetic look as he slid the backs of his hands over the peaks of her breasts so that he could feel the back of the unit there and he manually adjusted it so that it wouldn't press too hard onto her chest when the final locking activated-never breaking his eye contact with the Doctor as he did so to show that she could trust what he was doing.

"I'm sorry about that ladies, I should've known that something like this might happen with the commander's asshat move so I didn't have the unit's properly primed..I honestly thought we'd have more time to prepare." Husker said respectfully as he started to lay out the third suit as he got things ready for himself. "But to answer your question, Ameyla. I figure that we have roughly four and a half minutes before we drop out of warp and right into a situation that you can't describe without the word "Cluster" in it somewhere or how."

Chris quickly shucked his uniform jacket and departmental undershirt off, but stopping long enough to ensure that what he normally wore around his neck didn't get caught in the undershirt as he took it off and a few seconds later, his torso was as bare as the Doctor's was only a couple of minutes before-equal parts toned muscle and scars bare to the world as the strange small vial like object that he wore around his neck glittered lightly in the lights of the bridge under battle conditions.

It was only when it came to his pants did he actually stop for a moment as he actually felt..concerned for lack of a better word as being around the two women and everything had actually made him quite hard despite his best efforts to not think or focus on the issue and he was actually concerned about how they would view him after recent events of the day with his now former crew mates trying to literally "fuck over" the two of them.

But eventually common sense won out as he took off his pants, leaving him only in the standard issue briefs for a moment before he quickly pulled on the exosuit with a practiced ease. "Now, ThanIda. I was wondering if you could feel us in on what life is like on Theurgy please? I'm kind of curious as to how we'd fit on your ship." he asked as a way to try and break the ice in the time before the next crisis.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-07, 12:19:49

Hearing the ETA, Ida paused for a second to rationalise her priorities as she primed the Harbinger's entire arsenal to the best - and limited - extent of her abilities. She was no expert when it came to a starship's tactical systems, but as a Security Officer, she had always had a close working relationship with the people in Tactical. On some starships, the two departments even had the same department head.

As dedicated as she was to the task at hand, the ongoings between Husker and Doctor Duv served as quite a distraction. Catching herself looking their way with raised eyebrows and antennae at times, she cleared her throat and resumed her calibrations of the launch schedule. When she was done, the

Akira-class starship would unload everything it got at a designated target. It was the benefit of Selena Ravenholm's modifications of the ship, she presumed, since the Harbinger depended on a much smaller crew complement.

Soon enough, the doctor had been helped donning her exosuit, and Ida was - in a way - relieved that the Trill would be less of a distraction than she had proved to be, but the relief lasted only until the human pilot shed his clothing, and Ida, caught herself wondering how he had earned the marks upon his skin. What she almost commented upon, seeing it resting in the middle of the hard planes of his chest, was the vial that hung around his neck. She recognised it, of course, and it made her wonder about the other observations she had made about the Andorian influences to his demeanour and skills. Perhaps the resemblances she had caught had not merely been fidgets of her imagination. The time was quite poor, however, for asking about it. If they made it through the battle to come, she would ask him who it had been.

Perhaps over a drink in Below Decks? she mused to herself, but the idea collapsed upon itself when she caught sight of his human erection - straining against his underwear in open pride. Ida just could not keep herself from looking, antennae standing straight, until embarrassment and sense of propriety won over her stupefaction. Given the circumstances, it would be unjust to call him out on it. The situation on the bridge had been... absurd, to say the least. She shook her head and clenched her jaws. *Calibrations... right.*

Perhaps to bridge the awkward moment, Husker asked about how it was to serve on the Theurgy. Perhaps he sought a source of motivation. A goal. Incentive to survive what was to come. Ida just wasn't sure what to tell him while she tapped at the console in the armrest. "Before we were branded traitors, serving on the Theurgy was... it was the most fulfilling position I have held in Starfleet. We felt pride for our ship and to serve on it, and it was unique because of Thea. She is not like other Prometheus-class ships, having an NX-registry because of her new tech and her new warp-core set-up. Its the only MVAM-capable ship out there that also serves as a carrier - small as her hangar might be."

Ida realised that she was stalling the true answer to his question. She took a deep breath. "I am afraid that we are not quite the same since we escaped Earth. Our crew's spirit endure through our Captain and the faith we have in our mission, but we... we are crestfallen. Just like the Harbinger, we have not walked a primrose path of late, and it has taken its toll. The difference, I think, between serving here and on Thea is the leadership... and the purpose. We still try to uphold Starfleet regulations, hard as it might be because of our extreme conditions. We must try, though... despite how it might be a weakness."

She surprised herself saying it, not having seen eye to eye with Captain Ives of late because she tried to do her job and adapt to the threat they faced.

"Furthermore, your Captain and your First Officer are insane, whereas ours at least *try* to do the right thing despite the odds."

Post by: DocReno on 2015-07-08, 05:48:59

Chris started to adjust the lower half of his exosuit before putting on the upper half since he didn't have the time to show either woman what to do and he followed each step one by one with the same movements as what he had done for them before he held up the upper half and made a slight tsking noise at it. "I can only pray that the people in charge of such equipment like the TacConn's exosuits is better then those were here on the Harbinger, ThanIda. The crew member assigned to such work here

on the Harbinger apparently thought it was better to mope about being stuck with someone else's job rather than do the upkeep on the equipment properly." he said before sliding his arms into the exosuit.

He stopped for a second as a thoughtful look crossed his face for a moment. "There is no such thing as a weakness when a group is fighting for what is right, ThanIda. My father once told me that sometimes you have to do the right thing in the inconvenient way which is what your captain purposed but my captain decided to do the shitty thing instead of what was right as he chose his own ego and drives over that of freeing the Federation from a threat that could be even worse then the Dominion." Chris said as he looked Ida straight in the eyes.

"There is an old human saying is that for eternal vigilance is the price we pay for liberty and it's the one that he lived with and by... when he wasn't trying to make me into his own kind of man." Chris explained before he looked away and resumed getting into his exosuit but as he did so, even he found another really embarrassing moment..one that he wasn't expecting.

"Lieutenant, do you think that you can come and help me adjust the back section please?" he asked respectfully.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-07-09, 15:18:02

Husker did his best to adjust the suit to Amelya's curves and body. Along the way he did hit some rather sensitive spaces and Amelya had to bite on her lip now and then to resist a moan from leaving her lips. She remained quiet during the entire process and when Chris was done, he could still see the faint blush on the former CMO's cheeks. "Thanks for the help." She murmured before taking her first steps in it. Amelya moved around the bridge now as she tried to get accustomed to the size and feels of the suit. It all felt a bit too tight at some places yet it didn't obstruct her breathing or movement at all though.

When Husker himself got himself out of his clothes Amelya couldn't help but notice the half hard erection herself. It wasn't really a shocker since both women had probably driven any man to a point of arousal. Therefore she didn't comment Husker about it, yet her eyes lingered perhaps a bit longer than they should have. She looked away eventually and focused on something entirely different. Yet she had nothing to do so she walked over to Ida and looked over her shoulder to check her calibrations.

She looked at Ida as she talked about the life she had on the Theurgy and Amelya just listened in silence while sitting down on one of the stairs between stations. She looked at the exosuit once more while Husker took over the word now. When he was done she snickered a bit and answered softly "Well, you're right about our first officer and Captain." When Husker now asked for help with his own suit Amelya looked up and glanced at Ida. She wasn't sure who he had called out to as they both had the rank of lieutenant.

She got up and made her way slowly over to him "Just tell me what to do." she said as she let her eyes go over the pilot as if trying to figure out what switch to turn or what action had to be done.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-11, 17:13:28

While Husker spoke, Ida had not been idle.

After she had picked out a firing sequence that would deplete all of the Harbinger's ordinance against a single target, she began to plot a navigational protocol for the helm station that would serve their purpose. She had no doubt Husker would be able to fly manually, but not from the point when they

would be in the escape pod. Therefore, some further preparations had to be made, and she named the protocol... Yes, she named it 'Bellde'side'.

It was the least she could do for the recruit that the Calamity had killed right before her eyes in the shuttle bay that first time the Calamity had attacked them. At that point, 'Cala' had already killed Ferik and Grayson. Then, on Theta Eridani IV, those Reavers of hers had killed over one hundred people, including Lieutenant Vessery - shot to pieces right next to Ida on the killing fields of the valley floor.

Indeed, after all that had happened to her crew - Starfleet Security in particular - this attack on the Calamity was personal to Ida. She doubted 'Cala' knew her beyond the shoot-out they'd had in the shuttle bay on the Theurgy. *This day, however, she will come know my wrath.*

If there was anyone she hated more than Declan Vasser and T'Rena, then it was the Calamity.

Husker had asked for assistance, and Doctor Duv had volunteered quickly enough. Ida glanced over at the two, and the idle thought hit her that if she was going to die, she would die in some fine company. As an artist, she had come to appreciate the people around her for their unique beauty. She had drawn a lot of the Theurgy's crew, sketched even more of them in the mess hall. It struck her then, as she looked at the interspecies cooperation taking place over a piece of Starfleet tech, that she had not painted a single time since that recruit died in the shuttle bay because she had taken him into a dangerous situation. Indeed, since the Calamity attacked them, killing Ferik, Bellde'side, Grayson and T'Less, she had not even made a single sketch - that part of her simply having ...withered in grief.

As she looked at the Pinkskin and the Trill, she found herself facing that benumbed agony. So as beautiful as they were... she had to turn back to her calibrations and blink away the tears forming in her eyes. She would use her sorrow as ammo, and honour their memories.

Post by: DocReno on 2015-07-16, 19:22:13

CJ gave an embarrassed look at Amelya before saying "You see the row of connectors that are running down my upper spinal area. I need you to disengage each one manually which will reset themselves as you go and that will help me more than anything at the moment."

As he stood there, Chris slowly to chuckle just a little bit. "It's funny when you think about the name of this ship and what it means in the old earth languages and what it's slowly going to do here, hopefully bring an end to that bloody ship." he explained as he waited for the pressure to be taken off of his back and more importantly his injuries.

During the last few minutes, Chris slowly started to feel the injuries that he'd recently at the hands of the Calamity's own fighter wing and without realizing or thinking about it, his left hand went down and gently brushed against the part of him that had been peppered by his own fighter only a few days before and closed his eyes at the memory of that battle and he could almost hear some of his squadron mates dying under the guns of those reavers as he tried to destroy one that was chasing Riptor around aft nacelle of the Harbinger...

...at which point Chris' eyes snapped open as he remembered what Riptor had been gloating about earlier and for a moment his eyes narrowed in thought before he relaxed as best that he could when he felt the doctor's fingers start to make the adjustments to his exosuit. "I don't know what's going to happen next, ladies, but I hope that we can at least bloody the Calamity's noise hard enough to give us some breathing room if not right out kill the damned thing." he said as he straightened up just a little bit before the suit's internal sensors started their last check on the connections there.

Chris looked over at Thanlda and gave her a reassuring smile. "Don't worry, we've survived this far and we'll continue that way. There is an old family motto that my brothers' swear by which is "Who dares wins" and trust me that we've proven it so far and we'll keep doing it."

But when she turned away, Chris thought he caught the shiny nature of unshed tears in Thanlda's eyes and made himself a promise to ask why later..if later even occurred.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-20, 01:57:21

The name 'Harbinger' was indeed fitting in a lot of ways, including the way Husker thought of it. It was his home, and the way Ida thought of the name might not have been as apparent to him as it was to her. That the Akira-class ship was a harbinger for death and destruction was one thing, but the ship had also been the harbinger of betrayal and mutiny against Captain Ives and the Theurgy's senior staff. When the Theurgy had encountered the ship outside the Hromi Cluster, it had been the harbinger for all that was to come: The Calamity, Theta Eridani IV, Task Force Archeron and then the hostile takeover of the Theurgy. All the dead. All the still dying. All the grief and the horror. The violations of women and men by their own crew.

And now, perhaps her own death - going down fighting for what she always fought for. Duty, honour and the protection of her own.

"Do not worry about me, and for the record, I hope our escape will yield more than a bloodied nose," she said as she saw the ETA and how they were closing in, "she will-"

The dot that indicated the Calamity was decelerating, fast, tearing through shifting warp factors before dropping out of warp entirely. *Is it?* Ida got out of her seat, seeing the dot that represented the enemy ship whisked by and fell behind them. The Theurgy had already slowed down and was turning around, it seemed, on their long range sensors. The Theurgy was much closer than the Harbinger. "Turn around!" she called to Husker, who was not even seated at the helm yet, "it seems the mines worked! The Calamity has stopped close to a proto star, and we need to swing around and arrive in full force. Lay in a new course, towards the Calamity. Doctor Duv, get ready to beam us all to the escape pod."

Now be the time of reckoning.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-07-21, 15:43:31

Doing as the pilot told her, Amelya started to work on the spinal connectors, hearing the clicks and hisses of the suit adapting to it's carrier. She looked at it with a soft bite on her lip as she figured she'd activated them all. "There, that should do it I think..." she said when the clicking and all the other noises stopped emitting from the suit. "How does it feel?" She asked as she came back to stand in front of him. After hearing his answer she smiled and walked back off to Ida, feeling the suit squeeze and mold her body a bit. Needless to say, she imagined the suit would be a bit more easy to wear if she was wearing some sort of clothes underneath. Now her bare body was cause for friction all over the place.

Amelya heard the rather motivational pep talk from Husker and she smirked a little yet she saw that Ida had been more emotional as she sat there working on her calibrations. Not wanting to make the matter worse or to put her off game, Amelya simply walked over to her and placed her hand on her shoulder. A gentle squeeze was all she did as she looked over the program she was working with. "I'm sure a Starship ramming into your hull will be more then a nosebleed." She answered and suddenly

felt Ida get up.

She followed her look to the viewscreen and slowly started to realize what was going on. She rushed to her station when Ida told her to and prepared the final things to beam them away when it was needed. This was it, the final time that she'd be on this ship. For a second she remembered all the good times she had aboard this ship. A faint smile warming her face as she nodded slowly and looked towards the viewscreen, waiting to see what would doom up before them.

Post by: DocReno on 2015-07-22, 09:04:44

Chris turned around and quickly read over the data that was flashing across the helm control's boards before sitting down and making the adjustments to the Harbinger's own course to ensure that the original plan was still in effect.

"The mines did work but the only problem is that we'll have less time to deal with giving it a proper thrashing but I do think that I can help just a little bit more." Chris said, a plan starting to form in his head as he swung out of the flight control station and went over to the engineering station and quickly started to input several commands into the controls. "A former member of the imperial guard told me about this trick once but he never got a chance to use it himself. Basically I'm rerouting all of the energy that's stored in the primary capacitor's for the phasers into the impulse engines which should give us a little bit more force into the engines once we drop out of warp."

Chris inputted the final command before hustling back to flight control, grabbing the helmet to his exosuit. At flight control, Chris quickly finished inputting the final course corrections but before he hit the execute button, Chris looked over at the two women and gave them a smile.

"Just in case things don't go accordingly, I just wanted to say it's been an honor to have worked with the two of you today and I look forward to working with you two some more." he said with a smile and a respectable nod before turning back to the flight control board and smirked.

"And to quote my grandfather, "And the monkey throws the switch." and then he hit the execute command.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-05, 01:49:49

[Uncharted Planetoid | Outside the Class-9 Nebula]

"The Calamity," Rawley mouthed, eyes wide.

There was no mistaking the silhouette against the orange sky - the dark outline of the Cerberus-class starship sliding like a knife through the atmosphere of the ice planet they had ended up on. The adrenaline that started to pump through Rawley's limbs when she saw the nightmarish vessel made her fidget upon Nathaniel's shoulders. She realised she had to warn him, and Thomas, about what they were not seeing overhead. She was sure she had seen the Calamity deploy Reavers, and they were bound to find their landed Valkyries in no time at all. Perhaps they were already inbound - powering up their weapons to destroy their only means to fight back and to escape the planet.

"It is here!" she called over the com channel, and her cry sent her into a coughing fit. The blood that splattered the inside of her visor did not bode well, but nonetheless, she tried to croak her words out. "The Calami-ity! Reavers i-inbound!"

There were still alien creatures native to the ice chasing them, but no more than three or four left. It was hard to tell in the blizzard. "Hurry! Wolf three and eight, come in! Do you hear me? Abort patrol and power up the birds!" she wheezed, clinging to Nathaniel's shoulders as best as she might since he was definitely quicker than she'd be in her current state - ascending the mountainside without missing a step. Meanwhile, Razor was shooting the creatures, but he had no means to keep up with Maverick since he was facing the wrong way. He'd never be able to reach his Valkyrie in time if he straggled too far behind.

"Stop shooting a-and run!" she called to Thomas, coughing anew and tasting the metal of the blood in her mouth, "I will warn you if they get too f-fucking close. So run, Lieutenant! Run, you fat fuck!"

Rawley was not sure if she meant Maverick or Razor, but the military-wise encouragement went for them both. She tried to keep an eye out for the last creatures in the blizzard, but the blood inside her visor would make it hard to spot them in time. She kept looking over her shoulder too, expecting the Reavers to descend upon them from the sky at any moment.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-05-10, 03:30:56

Rawley was awake and putting them on a high alert. Just when he thought they were already at red alert, she gave them a reason to invent a whole new level of crisis to describe their condition. Isley pushed harder, faster, cutting through the snow and towards their Valkyries. "Are you in a condition to fly?" he asked her, knowing she couldn't do much to walk, and if she couldn't get her bird off the ground, it meant she was going to be riding with him. She wasn't getting left behind. be it on the planet or because she wasn't able to pilot. The creatures were still advancing, and without weapons fire, they had little reason to be slow about it either. Ravon had to move faster then their current plan allowed, and had to abandon shooting so he could run.

"Razor, as fast as you can do your preflight check, get off the ground! We need to get off this planet and back into the Nebula before the enemy fighters are right on top of us and have visual!"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-12, 17:40:38

"Just get to the ledge and drop me by my Valkyrie," rasped Evelyn Rawley in answer to Maverick, "I sure as hell won't be sitting this one out, fuck the odds and piss on the consequences. I will be in Morrigan's bloody Valkyrie, or you will throw me to the creatures down there, you hear me?"

Wolf-03 and 08 had time on their side, already firing up their Valkyries. It would compromise their position to the Reavers, but it was not like they had any choice in the matter. They had to get away, and delaying that would not help in the least. And it was a good thing they did, because the creatures were more or less onto of Razor when the thrusters of the fighters carried the wolves out from the ledge above Maverick's head. In short order, the two Lone-Wolves rounded on the pursuing creatures on the mountainside and picked them off with their phaser canons, one by one. The sound of the canons echoed in the blizzard, accompanied with the agonized screams of the dying creatures. Razor mightn't have made it otherwise.

"Reavers inbound! They are here!" said Rawley when she spotted them - enemies coming in hard from their drop-point.

The seven advanced attack fighters opened fire against Wolf-03 and 08 as soon as they were in range, and while the barrages were cushioned by the shields, Rawley saw how the enemy fire tore into the hulls of their fellow wolves regardless. "Tell them to lead them away from us while we get off

the ground!" Rawley landed on her feet, nearly falling before she scrambled to get to Morrigan's Valkyrie. "If we are quick, we can get on their six."

That was, unless Wolf-03 and 08 were not shot to pieces first...

Post by: Nolan on 2015-05-13, 09:39:45

"So run, Lieutenant! Run, you fat fuck!"

That was the key sentence that Razor had heard during his repelling barrage towards their wild pursuers. He had noticed something breaking through the atmosphere yet he didn't really have the time to look up and check it out. Hearing Rawley shout however meant that she was still alive. Thomas fired off his last couple of rounds before swinging the rifle over his shoulder and started to make more speed now as he had a gap to close between him and Maverick. He looked towards Rawley as she seemed nothing more than a ragdoll on Nathaniel's shoulder, yet it was good to know that she was still alive.

That's when Thomas however felt a chill run over his back, one of the creatures had gotten closer to him with the absence of phaser fire to hold them back. Thomas looked behind him for a second and saw the gaping maw and claws heading down onto him. He pushed through and that's when he heard the sound of thrusters being fired up and the roar of the Valkyrie engines. The orange glow of phaser fire broke away the beast that nearly got Thomas and even if it was just a thought, Thomas could feel the warmth of the fire through his suit. "Yeah! Thanks you guys! I owe you one!" he shouted over the intercom over to the two airborne fighters.

Within several seconds Razor managed to get to his bird and hopped in as the ice had covered some of his canopy. He started the fighter up and ran the essential pre flight checks, he didn't have time for the entire list as he heard the Reavers open fire on his saviors. He looked around him to see Rawley get into a bird herself and he saw Maverick do the same. He nodded slowly, happy to know that they both made it. They probably had a minute tops of pre flight ahead of him so he'd be the last bird in the air. He could see the Reavers pounding away on the two airborne Valkyries and Thomas could only hope that they could dodge and evade as long as they could. "Come on, come on, come on..." he grunted impatiently as he tapped away at the screen. It took longer due to the ice and the harsh conditions to complete yet Thomas punched the buttons hard as his thrusters fired up on max power, causing most of the ice to thaw. "Razor ready for combat. Hang in there 03 and 08."

With a loud crackling roar of the engines, Razor blasted off the icy rock and started his pursuit, cannons screaming as he engaged the first Reaver that got into his sight.

Post by: Kurohigi on 2015-05-17, 22:56:01

They had cover fire, and it had arrived just in time. "03, 08, evasive maneuvers and draw fire from aggressors until launch preparations are complete!" Isley called out, giving word to the other squadron members capable of fighting back while they readied their own Valkyries. Rawley was dropped off at her own craft before Nathan scrambled for his own, skipping as many pre-flight checks as possible to try and get them airborne again as soon as possible. They were sitting ducks on the ground, and their squad was outnumbered in the sky by superior machines. What they had working for them was good old fashioned wits and experience, and as soon as Nathan was in the sky, he was putting it to use, flying like a wild man. The enemy was an AI, used to set formations and countering them, so the more unpredictable they were, the harder it was for those ships to read them.

"Alright people, I'm feeling a bit democratic. Do we head back back to the Theurgy with evasive

maneuvers, taking these guys along on a pursuit course, or do we take them down here and now?" Both plans had their own risks and rewards, but he would not make the decision alone. He might have found himself in a leadership position, but like a Captain on the bridge proposing a seemingly no-win scenario, he looked to those around him for what they thought.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-05-18, 15:46:06

Rawley had never thought getting into her cockpit would be any problem, but between the unknown injuries to her body after the avalanche, her old wounds, and the bloody blizzard having caked everything in ice and snow, she reckoned she'd never make it. Nor was she ever the one to quit either. This was what she *did*. Her only agreeable skill was to fight, and to never give up doing so. She never yielded an inch, and now was the time to prove to herself that she had not lost anything in the loss of Oracle and her old Valkyrie. Regardless of who commanded their base ship, they were still fighters - every single one of the motley pack of wolves.

She was a good number of seconds behind Maverick and Razor when she finally got into her seat and closed the canopy. Hurriedly, swearing without her comm on, she brushed off the snow that had managed to get inside whilst she climbed in. Her controls were beaded in snowmelt but she could not afford the luxury of wiping them off. She was behind as it were. She made a judgement call. Save their fellow wolves or ensure the safety of her own take-off? The split second decision was to forego all pre-flight checks and power up the thrusters and atmospheric adaptation systems - melting the ice and snow off Morrigan's Valkyrie even as the attack fighter reared and left the mountainside. Warning signals blared, and she could very well have plummeted into the valley, but it was a barely calculated risk she had to take in order to catch up with Maverick and Razor.

Thrusters gave way to impulse engines, and she was on the chase - glaring through her bloodied visor. Through the canopy, however, she could not see shit. It was all rapid snow-storm interchanged with glimpses of orange sky and dark mountains. She had to fly using the sensors and targeting system alone, and only when she got close enough to see the tail-fire of the enemies could she have any use of a targeting reticule. The high-speed chase through the skies of the uncharted planetoid outside the nebula had not lasted long before Maverick asked what might be the best tactic considering that the Calamity had arrived.

"Wolf-Zero-Six to Wolf Leader," she replied on the squadron-wide channel and could not help the fit of coughing that ripped through her - almost making her collide with a sharply jutting mountain, "I have no fucking idea, but last I saw the Calamity, she was already leaving this fucking hell-hole. She just dropped these toasters to deal with us before moving on. I... I say we follow, else we'll never be able to catch up with our base ship if Vasser go off at maximum Warp and try to deploy those fancy mines. Problem is... these Reavers are likely quicker than us."

Wolf-03 and 08 were still showing up on sensors, but none of the Lone-Wolves had managed to destroy any Reavers yet. Swearing, Rawley took deep breaths to keep her vision from blurring. The adrenaline that had kept her going was likely thinning out in her veins. She did not want to look at her own vital signs on one of the HUDs. "We need to loose them in the nebula..." she said when the idea came to her, and then repeated it after opening the comm channel again. "Hell, we need to loose them at some point, and better now than later. I say we flip them off in the nebula and then go after the base ship as soon as we find the Warp trail."

She had no idea what they should be doing once they arrived at the potential scenario of a battle between three starships, but she supposed that there was some foul merit in assisting Vasser to fight the Calamity.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-05-21, 18:22:23

The orange glows of phaser cannons were lighting up around Thomas when he heard Maverick's democratic question. A grin formed on his lips and he tapped the comms "I think we might have a better chance if we lead these guys on a goose chase back to the starships. Flak will certainly make it harder for them to stay on our tail if they're active that is... And well, strength with bigger guns I'd say when we show up. Though, for all we know we might get shot down by our own weapons if the takeover is completed. Renard made you squadron leader for a reason Mav, I'll follow your lead whether it is down here or back into the nebula. The choice is yours." He cut out with a barrel roll now as a Reaver nearly came head on into him and the fire he dealt out probably hit the Reaver enough to scratch the paintjob if not do some minimal damage to flight controls.

"Scratch that, fighting in here is too risky if we need to believe in the instruments alone, I rather see them out in space instead of blips on my screen." Razor replied and pulled up to get some altitude as a ragged mountain slope became visible in front of him. "Fucking hell, I hate this rock!" He cursed out loud and noticed Morrigan's fighter above him. He went onto her tail and bugged the Reaver chasing her before he doubted to communicate with her. She most probably noticed the action and he just broke off into the clouds again.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-08, 16:10:17

[Roger that,] said Maverick on the squadron channel, [This is Wolf-Leader. Set a course straight into the nebula. Full impulse. Redirect all auxiliary power to long range sensors and keep an eye out for the warptrail of either of the three starships. I repeat, begin ascent and head straight towards the last known coordinates that we have on the Theurgy and the Harbinger. Loose these toasters in the interference clouds if you can. They are not our primary target.]

"This is Wolf-Zero-Six. Acknowledged. Beginning ascent now!"

Yanking her joystick backwards, Rawley bared her bloodied teeth at the orange sky - forcing Morrigan's Valkyrie to soar straight into the stratosphere. The readings on the visor of her helmet told her that she had two Reavers on her six, so she switched to TVD and looked over her shoulder. She saw the icy planetscape vanishing behind the high altitude clouds, pierced by the red signatures of her pursuers. They were hot on her tail, and tried to gain on her before she reached the Class-9 nebula. She was rattled when she broke atmosphere, and she felt blood trickle from her nose. She could not afford to let herself be concerned. She would never yield. Not while she still drew breath.

"ETA to nebula-entry, thirty seconds!" she announced and she turned around to see the tail fire of the hard-points that her pursuers released. She dove into a barrel-rolle and held her thumb on the release of her countermeasures. "Twenty seconds! They have target lock on me and I am trying to outrun three torpedoes here! Fuck, they released two more! Requesting backup!"

[Negative,] replied Maverick, and both Wolf-03 and 08 repeated the answer before Isley added his take on the situation. [They are using the window of opportunity to release all they got before we enter the nebula. Ready countermeasures and hope for the best...]

"Fuck, I have to waves of ordinance chasing me..."

Chances I can hit them both are slim to none. Strangely, her thoughts went to her half-brother. She wondered what Winterbourne was doing on the Theurgy. *Probably shitting mines into Cala's ugly face... Hope you are having better luck than me, Cale...*

Ten seconds. She jammed her thumb down, releasing her countermeasures to deal with the first wave, but the second wave got through. She tried to engage a low warp factor, but she got an error message. Her deflector had not been powered up yet since she skipped the pre-flight checks. She could hear Papa Bear yelling at her for her mistake. She remembered fucking him in that beach house on the holodeck. Singing with him.

Five seconds.

Two seconds short.

What irony.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-06-09, 14:05:34

[This is Wolf-Leader. Set a course straight into the nebula. Full impulse. Redirect all auxiliary power to long range sensors and keep an eye out for the wartrail of either of the three starships. I repeat, begin ascent and head straight towards the last known coordinates that we have on the Theurgy and the Harbinger. Loose these toasters in the interference clouds if you can. They are not our primary target.]

Razor didn't bother to copy as his bird had already started to ascend into the orange nebula. The interference seemed to play havoc with most of his systems and he hoped that it would do the same for the Reavers. Checking his tail he noticed that he had no pursuers. Boosting his instruments to find the two starships now, and hopefully not run into the Calamity while doing so, Razor checked his radar for any sign. He could hear the radio traffic in the meantime and heard Rawley's request for help. He cursed softly as Maverick and the other wolves replied with a negative. He pushed the joystick backwards violently and his plane did a backflip before firing down towards the planetoid again. "Oh yes sure, I'm a fucking traitor that would get us all killed." He mumbled without activating the communication link.

His eyes searched for the Reavers and Rawley and soon enough he noticed the bright phaser rounds being discharged in the clouds. He narrowed his eyes and while he came down with a bit too much velocity he had to act fast if he wanted to help or save his fellow wolf. Indicators started to blare now as the maximum speed was starting to etch closer and the G forces would no doubt start to work on him if he had to pull up hard now. The fighter started to shake a bit by the speed and pressure put to it and Thomas knew that he could rip his wings off with this action.

"Here goes nothing..." He grinned and fired away. From his elevated position Thomas came out of the nebula as a stealth jet for the Reavers. He assumed they hadn't spotted him due to the interference in the cloud and their reaction time was too slow no matter what machine they had put in them. Razor's fighter had achieved a too high speed to react too and the cannon fire ripped through the Reavers from behind, damaging engines and flight gears alike. Not scoring actual kills though, Thomas was damn sure that the fighters wouldn't be able to keep up with Rawley and especially not him as they were damaged moderately. The next problem however laid up ahead, the ordinance chasing Rawley.

The speed he had achieved meant that he only had one shot at this. The distance between the ordinance and Rawley not greater than a few meters. Thomas screamed it out now as he screeched his fighter past the ordinance not being able to fire at it as his speed was too high and his angle was off after engaging the Reavers. Time seemed to slow down now as if it was one of those moments where every detail became vivid for one's mind. He could see Ranger just in front of him and the kill load

just behind him. His fingers bashed the button and time re-assumed its normal course as he released his own countermeasures between Rawley and the ordinance. The explosion of the torpedoes came nearly instantly so one would believe they were hit. One torpedo had hit the countermeasures and the other blew up along with it clearing Ranger's tail.

For a second Thomas smiled before he realized he was now on an instant crash course with the planetoid. He deployed air brakes, reverse thrusters, everything that could slow him down enough. Yet the explosion behind him had increased his airspeed making an upward pitch life-threatening. He could see the snowy landscape ahead as it formed itself with mountains around him. More alarms started blaring now and just before his fighter smacked into the thick pack of ice and snow, Razor pulled up. He diverted all power to thrusters and afterburners and the belly of his jet scraped the snow without causing any real damage. The G forces kicked in causing a near blackout jet Razor managed to sent his fighter back in an upward direction that would lead him into the nebula and back towards space. He would use that time to recover from his action.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-06-15, 01:06:25

In the last seconds before she was enveloped by the orange nebula, Rawley had thought she was about to die. He had done all the evasive manoeuvres she'd had in her repertoire and still fallen short. That was, until her pack came to aid her, and this in the shape of the one she thought least likely to do so. The sensor readings kicked her out of the momentary pause she had fallen into in the face of certain death, and the glare of Razor's Valkyrie nearly colliding with her own made her blink and look around herself with her TVD vision.

At first, she didn't see much at all - jarred as she was by the engine output of her fellow wolf as he shot by from on high. Much less so when his countermeasures detonated right behind her, and threw her into an involuntary barrel roll off to her port side. Cursing, and yet elated to still be alive, she wrestled with Morrigan's Valkyrie to restore her set course - knowing that she could not afford to fall behind for a moment.

"Wolf-06 to-" she started to say, not knowing what she was supposed to say to Razor after all that had happened, but the readings on her HUD:s were unanimous in stopping her from wasting her breath and his time on sentimentality. "You have three Reavers inbound, Razor! You are way down by the planet again and they are moving in on you. Bearings... Five-Niner-Two-Alpha and Three-Three-Zero-Epsilon. No, I count four of them! You need to get out of there! You must catch up with us or you will not find us up here in the nebula!"

Already, communications were breaking up, and Rawley struggled with the audio channel to clear up her message. "Maverick! He will lose us! Request permission to stay behind!"

[This is Wolf-Leader. That is a negative,] said Nathaniel Isley, and the conflict was plain in his voice, [If we stay behind, we will all die against those kind of numbers. If the Calamity has come, we must protect the base ship. Our chances are better with less Reavers present. I... I'm sorry, Thomas. If you can still hear us, try to make it into the nebula and find the warp trail. We must reach the Theurgy before it is too late. I repeat, try...]

"This is bullshit! We cannot leave him behind! Thomas! Don't you fucking die out there! I will come back to you," called Rawley, the static swallowing her voice. Close proximity transmissions seemed to be working still, because the only answer she got was from Maverick.

[I cannot pick up his signal any more. Stand down, Evelyn. We must protect the base ship from the

Calamity. We cannot affor-]

"Fuck you, Nathan!" screamed Rawley and slammed her fist down into the armrest of her chair, some chirping protests heard in response. She screamed wordlessly when she was off the comm channel. Her whole body was shouting at her to turn around and return the favour to Thomas for saving her life, and to show him that she found herself giving more credit to his claim: That he hadn't intended to force himself on her that morning. "I should break off. I must go back there. It is only right... We can't just leave him. Fuck, we just can't... I just..."

The debate she held with herself was cut off by Wolf-03.

[I'm on the other side of the nebula soon and I have found the warp-trail of the Theurgy on my sensors. Bearing Four-Two-Three-Beta. She has a shadow, and while I can't confirm the signature, it must be the Calamity's. We should go after them immediately.]

Rawley closed her eyes, knowing that it was too late. She could not betray the three wolves at her side and leave them facing such odds, but what did not sit right with her was that the same could have been said for Thomas if they weren't sworn to protect Thea and her crew first. Maverick was right, but it was one tough bloody call to make - leaving a brother wolf behind in such a situation.

"This is Wolf-06," she said, crestfallen and hurting all over - her heart the most. "Going to Maximum Warp."

And the four of them shot were embraced by the shooting stars around their canopies.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-06-19, 11:44:57

Finally he was on his way out of this icy shit hole. Yet sensors seemed to disagree as he heard a crackled message through the comms hearing Rawley's voice. "...three ...-avers ...und..." The message got cut short when phaser fire started to rain down on Razor's jet forcing him to take evasive courses once again. "Fucking hell!" He cursed as his fighter toppled mid air and plummeted down once again to achieve higher speeds for a chase that could only last so long. Nolan looked around him to spot the Reavers that were on him now instead of Rawley. The transmissions between Maverick and Rawley were coming through again yet some parts were missing now and then due to the erratic flight path, the nebula and the constant phaser fire of the Reavers. Yet Thomas had no time really to focus what they were saying, he could hear the discussion rising to a heated one yet eventually he heard nothing but static as he had gone to low to the planet surface to be in range of the short range communicators.

Therefore he never heard Wolf 03 report that they had picked up the warp trail, nor did he hear the order of Maverick to leave him behind. Yet somewhere Thomas knew that there wasn't anybody coming down to save him, not when the priority was the Theurgy itself. Besides it would be suicide to come after him with three Reavers on his tail. Razor screeched his fighter just meters above the snowy ice surface as the pursuers behind him tore up the planetoid with their fire. He needed to lose them or this planetoid would be his grave. He noticed a mountain formation with gorges and canyons, if anything it would be his safest bet to lose them or to fight them.

He yanked his controls hard to the right as he broke off, his wingtip cutting through the fresh snow that was falling to cover the harsh white planetoid. He looked behind him again, only two Reavers were chasing him now, where did the third go? Soon enough Razor found out as the third Reaver had met up with the fourth. The odds weren't in his favor before yet now they were pretty grim. As the five

fighters launched themselves into the ragged mountains the sound of explosions could be heard thundering through the land.

After that peace returned to the planetoid, and the snow covered up what happened.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 30: Undoing

[Corridor | Life Support Systems | Deck 07]

Progress was slow, or at least it felt like they could not be moving any slower unless they tried. Then again, there was only Lin Kae and her there to change the controller chips in the holo-emitters while they moved down the corridors, so Rihen Neyah supposed that given the circumstances, they couldn't be too hard on themselves. The EMH walked at a steady pace with Selena Ravenholm in his arms, looking as displeased as he had from the start, and Skye Carver - the fighter pilot with the phaser rifle - was keeping a look-out in both directions of the corridor. They had travelled to the right Deck not long ago, and it was not too far left until they reached Sickbay.

"Don't try anything stupid," said a quiet voice ahead of Rihen as she was about to change yet another chip in the ceiling-mounted emitter. The malice in the tone made Rihen stop short.

Worried about what was going ahead of them, Rihen slowly put the chair she had been carrying down and put a finger against her own lip as she made eye-contact with her companions, hoping that they all could be quiet. With a few silent steps, she looked around the corner of the intersection, peaking out slowly so that she wouldn't give away her location with a sudden movement. The errant thought came to her that she felt like some kind of spy in the holovids they kept back home in Risia's night clubs. When her mismatched eyes saw what was going on, however, she had to clamp a hand over her mouth to keep herself from sucking in a sharp breath.

There was a half-naked woman with blonde hair bent over a hovering cart of some sort, and she appeared to be giving the fellatio to an escaped patient from Sickbay - hiked up hospital gown and all. On its own, it was remarkable for the public location and the timing of pending battle, but there was another one - a red-haired man - present as well, dressed in one of those exosuits Rihen had seen the pilots in the hangar wearing. The pilot was stepping in behind the woman, and he was pointing a hand phaser right in the face of the man with the gown. He was holding a rifle as well, but seemed to... Oh, Rihen saw how he made the rifle lean against the side of the cart just so that he could do something with the crotch-area of his exosuit.

"If either of you make the wrong move, the freak's head will be vaporised, so just enjoy yourselves while you can. Its not every time you get to have this much fun while on duty." The quiet voice reached Rihen, and while she was first perplexed as to why the handsome human had been called a freak, she soon realised that the other man was about to force himself on the woman. She could not see how close he was to penetrate her, but he was just about to reach for the woman's hair with his free hand after being done with his suit... He was just about to...

Something snapped in Rihen. After learning what the two crews had been doing the day after the event she had hosted on the holodeck, with words of rape, murder and mutiny staining the memories of a night that she had dedicated to generosity and recreation... the realisation that another man and woman would be subjected to the foulest of acts known to all Risians... it simply made her forget all sense of personal perseverance. It was not often she lost herself to anger, but it had been a long and disappointing day. With a fierce cry that built from the pit of her stomach, she picked up her chair and threw it across the corridor - aiming for the back of the vile man.

He turned around as he heard her cry, eyes widening. He was raising his free hand to cover his face from the chair that had been hurled at him. His aim towards the man wavered...

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-07-10, 06:35:47

The seconds seemed to tick by almost like hours as Bleed maneuvered himself behind her. All the while Sel waited, biting her lip as she felt him position his hard member against slick hole. The pheromones remaining in her brain still made her almost wish that he would just fuck her. Her pheromone addled mind and her wet slit almost begged for his hardness to slid into her. And to make matters worse she still had to wait for her moment as he kept the hand phaser pointed at Sarresh's face. It meant that she would have to wait for her moment.

And then something completely unexpected happened.

There was a cry and the sound of a chair crashing againsty bled. Her eyes glanced up at the phaser in his hand as his aim waivered. Without thinking she twisted her body, grabbing a cannister as she did so. With one hand she pushed his arm so that even if her got a shot off he would not hit Sarresh. And with her her other hand she slammed the cannister as hard as she could against the side of his face. As the cannister hit the side of his head Sel reached to the side and grasped for the phaser rifle. She had no way of knowing who threw the chair or why, but like hell she was going to get ambushed again.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-07-20, 03:58:47

"If either of you make the wrong move, the freak's head will be vaporized, so just enjoy yourselves while you can. Its not every time you get to have this much fun while on duty." The words grated in his ears, and brought a nasty, harsh sneer to Sarresh's face. Unable to keep the disgust he felt for Bleed under control, he quit trying, letting it all show. The sick little shit had forced them on each other, and what could have been - well, a relief, what had been promised, was now a heinous act. The more it happened, the angrier he got, and Sarresh was aching, waiting for P.O. Ryuan to make her move.

He had been expecting Sel to be the one that acted, even as she suckled his cock. His aching, throbbing, shamefully needy cock. She had, after all, tapped out that warning along his lenth. So the chair flying across the corridor came as a complete and utter surprise to Sarresh. Everything seemed to happen at once, the chair impacting, Sel popping off his shaft, twisting and slamming the canister. Bleed's phaser went off, as the gown clad Lt. dropped to the floor with a whumph. He rolled, trying to avoid getting caught up in his gown, and bounced off the far side of the corridor. He braced, rolled again, and kicked out.

Oh, it hurt like a son of a bitch, his bare feet smacking into the exo-suit. But with luck, it would throw 'Bleed' off balance even more. It was the best he could do at the time, his legs clamping around the other man, twisting, trying to bring him down to the ground, trying to take advantage of the confusion, and the blunt impact of that cannister to the bastards head.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-20, 16:13:41

Seeing the chair hit the armoured man, even if he struck it aside with his arm, made Rihen realise the great folly of her actions. The Starfleeter was armed, and as a Risian, she knew how hateful men might react if denied what they wanted in terms of the *Jamaharon*. Her people's generosity bridged that dark hate and placated their anger, but her act had not been generous. She had *thrown a chair* at him, just as he was about to...

The brief glimpse of his narrowed eyes assured her that her final moment had come.

But suddenly, his gaze - or his whole head - was jerked to the side. Struck by a metal canister and sending the man reeling sideways. A disjointed stumble, which might have been jocular if it weren't for the way the bone structure of his face looked afterwards... and the fact that he still brandished a phaser in his right hand, and a bright, deadly beam scorched a sharp line across the bulkhead, going straight for Rihen.

With a scream, Rihen dove to the deck to save herself. She did not realise that her companions were coming around the corner behind her. Not until it was too late. She looked over her shoulder, eyes wide in horror as the beam cut straight towards Skye Carver and Lin Kae. Both were about to die, she realised, and yet she couldn't tear her mismatched eyes away from the imminent death of the two Starfleeters she had met on Nimbus III. Was she screaming for them to get down, or just out of panic? In the end, her fear bested her and she curled up, covering her eyes. The beam would cut across their faces and their necks.

There were no screams of pain, so their deaths had to be quick. It was a small comfort to Rihen, who had failed to warn them. Her survival instincts made her look at the man in the exo-suit, at least, to see if he was going to kill her next. What she saw, however, was that the hateful man had taken a bad fall - tripped over by the man in the gown.

While the limp arms and legs danced a galvanic gavotte because of the energy pulses, the man's head had ended up inside a wall-mounted control panel. Rihen could see cables sticking out of it, so it must have been damaged before his fall into it. The phaser lay on the floor, no longer emitting its deadly beam, so maybe...

She looked back to see Lin Kae and Skye Carver.

They were still on their feet, if perhaps a bit shocked.

"What is going on here?" asked the EMH when he rounded the corner as well, still carrying Selena Ravenholm in his arms. His frown travelled between the escaped patient in the medical gown who was getting back on his feet, to the barely clothed Bajoran with the phaser rifle who did not look happy at all, then to Rihen looking so relieved her smile was positively beaming, and lastly to the Holographic Specialist and the fighter pilot, who looked like they'd just had a near death experience. None of the organics seemed to acknowledge that there was - ironically so - a man sticking out of the wall next to Life Support.

"My programming has not covered this situation," he said, not entirely pleased about being unable to attend the medical emergency before him. Apparently, the repairs of emitters down the corridor had ceased, and the present crew members were just looking between themselves, so he could not carry the patient in his arms much further either. "What should I do?"

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-07-23, 22:37:28

With phaser rifle in hand Sel got to her feet. She felt and looked like a complete mess. Her hair clung to her sweat and saliva covered face and her clothes were equally soaked. She did her best to adjust her panties to cover her still slick and aroused sex. She could not help but feel as if she had been caught fucking someone, and if that distraction had been even a few seconds later she would have been. Part of her wished they would have been later. Her pheromone adled brain did her no favors

there. Her body itself had left her feeling humiliated and exposed.

She looked down at the now very dead man and for a moment felt like shooting him a few more times with her phaser rifle for good measure, but that would have been a waste of a battery pack and she knew she would need it for other things soon enough.

She turned and looked at the new arrivals. "Thank the Pah Warth you got here when you did," Sel said letting out a breath as she walked over to them. Her breath was still shaking, both from her continued state of arousal and the part of her mind that was still freaking right the fuck out from the assault. She glanced down at 'Bleed' for a moment before looking back at the newcomers. "Though I wouldn't have objected to a few seconds earlier."

Post by: Brutus on 2015-07-26, 21:33:38

Slowly he picked himself up off the floor. He started to kick up, then, realizing how compromising that would be, instead rolled onto his belly. Fingers spread as he placed his hands palm down on the deck, slowly rising, tucking his legs under him. With a slight groan, the former Ash'reem adjusted his gown as best he could, wishing for all the world that he had a pair of pants. With pants, he might tuck things away from sight, trap himself against his body with the waistband. As it was...well, he was back to a tent in front of his pants. A sure sign that despite everything, he still had very strong - and very unrelieved - urges, most of them focused on Ryuan Sel. Part of him wanted to reach out and try to comfort her, an almost alien feeling for him at that point, considering how confused he was. Another part wanted to be as far away from her as he could, shamed at his more...carnal interpretation of what 'comfort' could be, given what they were forced to endure.

So instead, Sarresh turned his eyes to the body of the man that had forced them into the public display and sneered. "Too good a death for him," he stated bluntly, a only hint of the anger he felt for the late Mr. Reed in his voice. It bubbled in the pit of his stomach, a fire that he channeled, drew in strength from, forcing himself to go on. Sucking in a sharp breath through his nose - smelling the dead man, though that wasn't his intention - he too turned to greet his rescuers, the Risan he was remotely aware of, having heard of her from the crew, as well as a pilot that - at the moment, he didn't recognize, and the EMH.

"Your intervention was...helpful. Thank you for that." The man's tone was, well cold, really, almost detached. Schooling his words, to refrain from mimicking the emotional wave of his thoughts, he turned and scooped up one of the discarded phasers from the floor, checking the power setting. "We need to get these containers moved. And it seems you need to get that woman," he gestured to Selena Ravenholme, though he'd never met her, either, "to Sickbay." He then looked up at PO Ryuan, "Sel," he murmured her name, "Ready?" One word, one question, that was as loaded as it could ever be.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-28, 09:14:15

As relieved as she was that everyone was alive and well... besides the mutineer, unfortunately... Rihen knew that there was no time to be idle. Thea had asked them to get Selena Ravenholm to Sickbay, and they still had some way to go. She got back on her feet and adjusted her overalls a little as she glanced towards her companions.

"Thank Rihen Neyah here," said Lin Kae and cleared his throat a little, "while Carver and I am equally glad that you prevented him from catching us unawares with his phaser. Indeed, we need to go to Sickbay."

[This is Thea,] said the Ship A.I. on the intercom, her voice overriding the Red Alert, [are you there, Junior Lieutenant Morali? Petty Officer Ryuan? What is your status? Are the Lexorin containers connected to Life Support? Please confirm when they are so that I can plot the dispersal across the ship as required. Do not activate the dispersal yet, however, since the confusion that the compromised crew will feel might jeopardise performance during the current battle with my daughter.]

Two pilots had, incidentally and accidentally, already died in Medical Lab 01 under those very circumstances.

[Once it is safe to commence the dispersal, you will be notified, and the mutineers will be exposed to the Lexorin when it is safe for themselves and the rest of the crew. Please confirm that you are hearing this.]

Rihen heard, but she could not make out much of what was going on. She knew, however, that she had an assignment, and that the life of the woman in the EMH's arms depended on them to continue installing emitters along the corridor towards Sickbay.

"You have still not answered my question. Is my audio sub-routines at fault here, or are you simply ignoring me?" asked the EMH, and Rihea did not know what to say than the obvious.

"I would think that... this second medical emergency is... no real emergency any more. The man in the armour looks... quite dead to me," she said, swallowing. She was an accessory to murder, unintended as it had been, but to her, it was deeply troubling. Worse than what had gotten her exiled from Risia. The integrity of the beautiful woman in the white underwear was preserved, however, but it had been at the cost of someone's life. As generous as she was with her own body and soul, she was not sure what was worse, or if justice had truly been served. All she knew was that she had an important task, and that was her means to not dwell on it all further.

"I will get the next emitter," she said, and walked on down the corridor, and Lin Kae soon followed - a nod given to the two people who had just been at the pilot's mercy before moving on. The EMH just looked sour as he walked past, Selena Ravenholm still alive in his arms but oblivious as to what was happening around her.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-07-31, 03:16:49

"Petty Officer Ryuan here, we were... delayed, we're about to load up the canisters now," Sel said with a sigh as she began to pick up the canisters that had fallen from the biobed and put them back on the smooth surface. She did her best to deaden herself inside, ignoring the anger and frustration about what she had just gone through. She would have time later to work out that frustration, for now she still had a job to do.

She was forced to load the biobed with only one hand as she was not about to let go of her phaser rifle, not again anyway. Luckily there weren't that many canisters on the floor and with some help she managed to get them all loaded once more.

As she straitened back up she looked to the still aroused Temporal Affairs Officer. "Sarresh, you ready?" she asked him, purposefully avoiding both his eyes and the tent in his medical gown.

Though before he could answer she moved into the life support systems control room. She swept over the room in a glance and gestured for Sarresh to follow with the biobed. Not wanting to let down her

guard again she nodded to Sarresh and moved by the door, looking out into the corridor. She held her rifle at the ready just in case while he could load the canisters without fear of ambush. She tore her eyes from the corridor long enough to whisper, "Best hurry," before moving into the hall to stand guard just outside the door.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-07-31, 15:50:21

It seemed to Sarresh like the only thing Ryuan Sel wanted right then was to not think about what had just happened - or him. He sucked in a breath, regretting it, since he could *still* smell her arousal - which did nothing to help his own twitching issue. He bit his lip and turned from the Bajoran as the rest of their rescuers left the duo, and helped her with loading the canisters, careful with how he bent to retrieve them. Augmented eyes told him more about Sel's state than perhaps she would like, from her increased heart beat to the point that he could 'see' the white knuckled grip she kept on the phaser rifle.

Not that he could blame her, given what they'd just gone through.

"Sarresh, you ready?" She parroted his words back to him, and he felt a hint of a smile on his lips. It seemed they truly were on a first name basis, rank be damned at that point. She didn't wait for him to answer, but that was fine with the Junior Grade Lieutenant. He let her take point, eyes dropping away from her shapely ass, and he brought up the rear, walking behind the biobed as they entered the life support system. Ducking out of the way, he let Sel sweep the room, and gave her a nod in turn at her whisper. "I will, I promise." Why did he feel the need to reassure her? He bit the inside of his cheek and swallowed a frustrated hiss, turning his back to the woman as she went to stand guard.

They did need to hurry, that was for sure. And yet, they also couldn't release the gas right away. Not with that ship bearing down on them still. He off loaded the canisters rapidly, lining them up side by side, then frowned, crossing his arms. Actually getting them into the ventilation system would be tricky. Each canister had the standard hook ups, per Starfleet regulation. The trick was loading them fast enough. He raked his pink fingers through his dark hair, both hands sweeping it back - it was so dry! - as he pondered the issue. First and foremost he loaded one canister into a snug fitting compartment off to the right of the main control panel. Easy enough. What to do with the rest?

Those enhanced eyes of his swept the room, looking for something. He found it off to the side, a half opened piece of decking. Crouching down, he saw the air recycling system, with its series of hoses and pipes exposed. The deck plate must have come loose during combat. As if to illustrate the possibility, the ship shook again under the impact of phaser fire. Swearing under his breath, he reached into the deck and decoupled some of the hoses, dragging them as he shuffled back towards the canisters. "I am not an engineer," he muttered to himself in frustration as he began hooking up the intake valves to the canisters. He could manage about half of the assembled tanks in one go.

"Thea," he whispered to the ship's computer, though why, when it was just himself and the Petty Officer, was beyond his comprehension just then. "Half the tanks are secured. I can't hook up any more to the system in one go."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-02, 00:20:59

There was a chirp of acknowledgement from the intercom before Thea replied.

[Acknowledged,] she said, and then the ship rocked from enemy fire. Unperturbed, she continued. [Please stand by until the battle is over. I would suggest barring the door in case mutineers would

chance upon you. The door seems to be malfunctioning because I am unable to access its control system, so you will have to find some other way to lock yourselves in. In lack of other means to accomplish this task, perhaps welding the sliding doors shut is the only alternative. As far as I can tell, it is in need of extensive repairs regardless of what you may be required to do to it.]

After suggesting a means to keep the operation safe from interruptions, Thea moved on to give the brief details about the dispersal itself. "The amount of Lexorin you have given me access to now will be dispersed first, and I will notify you when it is time to change the empty canisters. I need you to activate the dispersal system both times, but I can handle the area selection based on the intel I possess on who has been subjected to T'Rena's telepathic abilities. Each dispersal may take ten to fifteen minutes, and it may not be safe to activate the first dispersal for another five to ten minutes depending on the outcome. At this point, there is little more you and Petty Officer Ryuan can do but to wait."

Another chirp ended the message - leaving the two to handle the situation and prepare for the opportune time to activate the Lexorin dispersal.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-08-07, 09:17:58

Sel shifted her weight from one foot to the other as she waited. The fact that there really wasn't a good way to hook up the canisters meant that it took Sarresh a good few minutes longer than Sel wanted to wait. And then came the news she really did not want to hear. They would have to wait even longer before the Lexorin would even be dispersed and in the mean time they would have to wait there in order to load up the second half.

Closing the door to prevent anyone from bursting in and trying to stop them would have been ideal, but as the panel was broken and now had a dead pilot sticking in it, it seemed like that option was out.

Yet as she turned around to check on Sarresh she had an idea. The biobed, once uncovered, would be just about the right size to block off the doorway.

"Ok, I think we should barricade this door before anyone shows up and tries to stop us releasing the lexorin," she began as she moved over to the Temporal Affairs Officer. "I think if we jam the biobed into the doorway it should work, after we clear it off first."

She did her best to smile as she lifted a cannister and set it on the floor.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-08-07, 22:22:33

He didn't quite scowl as he ran his fingers through his hair again, mostly in frustration. Waiting was not something he was good at, these days. And especially not after what had happened. But he bit back any sharp reply and simply uttered a cool, simple, "Acknowledged. Will await your notification." *Or our utter destruction* he thought with more than a little unspoken snark. The room shook again, as another strike impacted the ships shields, and Sarresh held his ground, muttering something foul under his breath.

Feeling Sel approach, before she spoke, Sarresh managed to turn around to face her as she came near, listening, his expression attentive - certainly more expressive than usual. With a slow nod, the trim man reached out as well, grabbing a canister. "It's a sound idea," he said to her, walking the short distance from the biobed to the pile the Bajoran was starting. "And given our options, probably the most effective." Aside from locking him in a room with the woman he was currently lusting after, things

were going rather peachy.

They made short work of the remaining canisters, shoe horning them into one corner of the cramped Life Support control room, without really blocking anything important. Twisting the biobed around would be the tricky part, given the less than spacious, close quarters they were in. His artificial eyes saught out, and met with the Petty Officer's, as he began to manipulate the bed up onto one side. "Take that end?" he asked her, pointing and - as always now, it seemed - trying not to stare at the view she offered from behind. He was really starting to hate how Eve Jenkin's pheromones had affected him, almost as much as he hated the late, but certainly not unlamented, Bleed.

With a thump, they were able to get the bed into place, fairly snug against the partially closed doors. The question that remained was simply, how well would it stand up to an assault by determined mutineers, should any of them figure out what Sel and Sarresh were up to. Before the TAO could ask her opinion on 'What Next?' the ship was rocked by heavier fire, sending everything in the room scattering about. One of the canisters broke loose from the pile they'd just finished setting into place, and bounces into the back of Sarreh's legs - sending him straight into P.O. Ryuan.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-08-08, 03:33:50

As she moved the canisters from the biobed Sel did her best to not bend over to much, something that would expose the still damp spot on her panties. Despite the assault and her own desire to keep control the pheromones from the Deltan head nurse still pumped through her veins and into her mind, causing her body to ache. She wanted to touch and to be touched, to fuck like some wild and mountable creature. Bajoran women were known for their passion and the pheromones did nothing to help her keep control of herself. Still she had done her best to ignore the feelings and urges they caused her, she did not have time to waste on them.

As the last canister was removed and the biobed was jammed into place, the biobed was just about the same size as the opening and with a few pumps on the manual override the biobed was jammed in the opening tightly enough that it would be next to impossible to get in or out of the room. The manual override would need to be disengaged, then door could move freely and the biobed removed. With the state of damage the door had gone through before they had even gotten there it would take an engineer who knew the system, probably someone from the Theurgy, a few minutes at least to get them out. They would be trapped until the fighting was over.

And then the ship shook violently. In a moment she was reminded of the Calamity and it seemed less likely than ever before that either of them would leave the room alive and in one piece. But before she could put to much thought into it a loose canister caused Sarresh to lose his footing and tumble into her.

Before Sel could stop herself she had her arms around him, their faces close. And then he lost control. She had maintained control as long as she had kept her distance, now breathing in the smell of his sweat, feeling the warmth of his body against her. She could not help herself or even stop herself at this point. She kissed him. Not a sweet soft kiss, but one blinded by primal lust. Her fingers clawing at his back, grabbing hold of the medical gown her still worse. At that point any true thinking or analytical part of her brain jumped ship and left her wanting nothing more than to fuck, and fuck hard.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-08-08, 22:05:49

There was a moment, one small, short moment, where Sarresh's eyes locked with Sel's. He could see the resistance that they had both been struggling so very hard to maintain, shatter. All because of a

loose canister of Leroxin. Their careful, calculated dance of ignoring what their hormones were screaming for, even in spite of what had happened so very shortly ago, was all for naught. The Bajoran was pressed so close to him that he could feel her breath hitch in her throat, her heart beating faster in her chest. And then her lips came crashing in on his and there was nothing, nothing at all he could do to hold back.

She pulled at his gown once her arms were around him, and it would offer little in the way of resistance. Soon enough it would fall away, revealing every toned, taut inch of his newly minted body - even more so than had already been revealed to her in the corridors before. His smooth skin sprouted goosebumps under her very touch, and his lips felt like they were on fire, consuming hers with a burning, aching need, to kiss. Slipping past his own mouth, his tongue ran over her lips, demanding entrance, not willing to take no for an answer. He barely registered how short it was now - tho it was still longer than the average humans; he was beyond caring about the anatomical differences right then. Those eyes of his clouded with a haze, a heat from deep within, turning the artificial gaze into something that was half lidded and smoldering as one hand snagged into her hair, gripping a tight fistful.

Hips ground against hips - his now bared ones to her's, cotton clad - as that other hand slid deftly down her back, He wasted no time with the tight bra that covered her breasts - he needed her, needed to be in her, right then, gods help him right then. Those fingers slid under the waistband of her damp panties, thumb hooking to drag them down her ass. He tugged and he tore, pushing and pulling till the slid between her ankles. Swift, and with slightly jerky movements, his hand moved around between them, to cup her, to rub and spread those moist folds. Sarresh felt himself slip further, and further into that heated, lustful haze. His lips parted from Sel's and he moaned out her name, in a tone that promised all he wanted right then and there was to be fucking her. A tone heated and intimate enough that he'd likely be embarrassed by it later, but that part of his mind had long ago shorted out.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-08-12, 10:57:38

Lust. In that moment it was all that Sel knew. As their hands moved over each others bodies, skipping right over any sense of foreplay or preliminaries. They were both far to gone for anything like that to matter. He was somewhere beyond hard and she could feel her fluids sliding down her thighs, having long since soaked through her panties. It had only really been minutes since the assault by the now dead fighter pilot and yet neither was sane enough to care. She wanted to be fucked and he wanted to fuck. The fact that they were doing this to each other was little more than coincidental.

As he pulled her panties down her legs she yanked her bra off, not wanting to stay dressed in any way. She felt his hand move along the inside her thighs and reach her oh so hot and slick folds. She whimpered in the kiss as she felt his still smooth and soft fingers move over her soft flesh, sliding over her beyond sensitive skin. She was so sensitive at this point that his touch almost hurt, but so turned on that that tiny little edge of pain pushed her to delirious new heights. There were no thoughts in her head other than the desire to be fucked by him, to feel his hardness inside her.

The kiss broke for a moment as e breathed her name. It was a moment of intimacy that almost brought her back from the delicious place of pure pleasure. In her mind it was pure sex, and yet somehow some intimacy had slipped in. There was a pause as for a moment all the lust cleared from her mind and she realized what she was about to do. Though just as she was about to say something er body took hold and before she could think of how to react, the thoughts of doubt and fear quickly disappeared from her mind as her knees trembled and gave slightly, pushing his hand harder against her soaked folds. before she could stop herself she was grinding against his hand.

In that moment her lips parted. "Fuck me... please fuck me..." she breathed, all thoughts of fear pushed aside by her bodies mighty need. Fuck the consequences, she wanted to fuck and nothing else mattered at this point anyway. A single hand moved from his back, reaching down, gliding over the hand between her legs, her slick juices covering it. She got her hand as slick as she could manage and then reached out and wrapped her slick fingers around his hard member. "For the love of the prophets fuck me..."

Post by: Brutus on 2015-08-13, 14:40:10

Words sprung out of his mouth, jumbled tones in a poor approximation of the Ash'reem language formed by tongues and vocal cords simply unequipped to deal with their formation. And yet it still conveyed the heated desire and utter need he felt when that hand, so slick, gripped his cock, squeezing the hard, hot flesh between drenched fingers. It was a torrent of passion and brutal need that spilled forth as his hands moved across those tempting folds and slid up under her thighs.

Ash'reem weren't naturally a super strong species - they were far more agile and dexterous, than of hearty constitution. But Sarresh was muscular enough - and frankly, aroused enough - to lift the Bajoran up and press her bared back to the cold panels behind them. "Fuck," he muttered the word in Federation Standard this time, his cock still in her grip through it all. His ass clenched tightly as his hips bucked, pushing the firm length through her hand. The swollen tip found her damp sex, slid along those folds. Strong, nimble hands guided her legs around his bare hips. He could feel one of her heels digging into his asscheek.

With intense need, he thrust forward, cock sliding through the tight grip of the hand trapped between them and into Sel's dripping pussy. Bare toes curled against the deck as his legs spread out just enough to provide an extra sense of balance. More words, utterly alien even to Sarresh tumbled out of his mouth, right until his lips pressed into the pulse point of Sel's neck and he sucked, hard, words muffled by her skin.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-08-15, 04:46:33

There were no thoughts other than the passion that flooded through her mind, her hand wrapped around his throbbing member as his hand cupped her dripping slit. Her head was swimming in the sweet sexual thrill of it all. Then he pushed her back and Sel let out a soft gasp as her sweat soaked back pressed up against the smooth cool metal of the life support control room wall, it felt good. Instinctively as he pinned her against the wall she lifted her legs and wrapped them around his mid section, lifting herself to align his still hard member, wrapped in her fingers, to the moist slit.

From this angle his rock hard member was all the closer to sliding into her soaked pussy and with one thrust he slipped through her soaked fingers and inside her moist folds. She withdrew her hand and wrapped both of her arms around his neck and shoulders, supporting all of her weight on him and the wall. His hands adjusted her legs to give him better access as he thrust into her.

From the first instant he was inside Sel's mind blanked. She had been able to keep some conscious thought before this, purely sex driven, but now she was a slave to the feeling. A few thrusts later, as his member slammed against ever sweet spot, she found herself moaning. The sounds weren't quite words, but rather short little cries of pleasure. She gripped his mid section with her legs and ground against him as he thrust into her.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-08-15, 20:17:08

Control was out the airlock at this point. Everything was shifting to instinct and perception. He could feel her squeezing him as he thrust deep. Arms settling snug around his neck. Her breath on his cheek as she moaned out for more. Because she had to need it as much as he did. They were both lost in the heat, the haze, that aching, all consuming need that coursed through their veins, courtesy of Eve Jenkins.

Not that Sarresh gave a damn about any of that. He thrust in again, strong, and fast, no finesses. His nails began to dig into the underside of Sel's legs, gripping her tighter with each hard jerk of his hips. A groan bubbled up past his lips, and he gritted his teeth, rutting harder, and harder. If anyone were listening in, they'd be able to hear the wet smack as his body met hers. His hard, oh so hard shaft plunging deeper every time, trying desperately to sink to the hilt. He was almost frustrated that he hadn't been able to achieve that yet, despite the fact that he was clearly hitting Sel in all the right places. Just a bit deeper...

She was squeezing him tighter, both inside, and out, legs wrapping snug around him. He felt pulled forward with each thrust, each sweet plunge. Soon they were both grinding against one another, the former Ash'reem pinning the Bajoran between his toned body, hot body, and the cold, hard wall. The thrusts became shorter, but no less hard, Sarresh unable to pull back quite as far. His balls were slapping between his legs, swaying back and forth with each thrust, and he could feel the muscles in his back tense, but he didn't care. All that mattered was the tight, wet warmth wrapped around every aching inch of cock.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-19, 16:05:07

Then, there was a chirp from the intercom in the small room, and Ship A.I. could be heard.

[Thea to Junior Lieutenant Morali. Please stand by to activate the dispersal of the first Lexorin containers. T-minus two minutes to activation,] she said, and then she added, [The battle is over. We prevailed, and Lieutenant-Commander Wenn is allocating personnel to deal with the mutineers once the two dispersals have been made. I repeat, please be ready to activate the first dispersal at my signal.]

Oddly, the A.I. sounded sad, yet if one might give it some thought, it would be evident that the defeat of Thea's future daughter meant that the Calamity had been destroyed.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-08-20, 08:08:57

Somewhere in the back of her mind Sel was aware of the comm signal from the ships computer. For a moment she was aware that she needed to do something, something important, but the raw lust and the feeling of Sarresh thrusting in and out of her slick hole pushes all thoughts out of her mind. At this point all she could think about was the cock thrusting in and out of her, driving her higher and higher into golden tinted pleasure. She could feel her body getting closer to the edge of the abyss and all she really wanted was to be cast over it and swallowed by the wondrous bliss that waited beyond.

Every thrust drove her closer and closer, her pussy walls gripping his cock tighter and tighter. Every time he plunged back into her she let out a cry of pleasure as she hit every sweet spot all the harder. The feeling of his nails digging into the soft flesh of her legs bringing in just enough pain to make the pleasure hat much better. All the while she grew wetter and wetter, her fluids practically dripping onto the floor now. The endless stream of hushed bajoran curse words emphasized her growing need to just fucking cum and with each thrust she knew it would not be much longer.

At this point both spoke their own native languages and neither could really understand the other, yet the words were meaningless, simply window dressing around the raw physical need. The need to cum. The need in one way or another to breed. It was primal, something that language could not cover or even effectively get across. And yet they both knew that the other wanted it, making words meaningless in more than one way.

And then the dam broke. Crimson waves of pleasure crashed over her. Here already tightened pussy clamped around his member and spasmed, practically milking it. Her hands clawed at his back as she screamed out in pleasure. The was all the pheromone soaked mind wanted, all that it cared about, in this moment nothing else mattered or indeed even could matter.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-08-23, 16:49:29

There was a new voice joining the chorus of moans and curses in the life support control center, making an odd counterpoint to the carnal cadence of Ryuan Sel and Sarresh Morrali. It was sad, and removed, while they were guttural, passionate. And though the ships AI needed their attention - the whole ship needed their attention, really - the Temporal Affairs Officer was far more preoccupied with seeing to his own needs just then. And, by proxy, Sel's as well.

The Ash'reem people, biologically speaking, contained a core instinct - when the time was right - to breed. It was a stronger urge than many sentient species, on the rare occurrence that it happened. That rarity was, of course, dooming the entire species. If the drive isn't there, it isn't there, and with narrow windows of fertility, well, things looked rather bleak. And while Sarresh was, strictly speaking, no longer Ash'reem, the genetic re-sequencing he'd undergone had only changed so much. There were still ingrained desires, and the Deltan pheromones from Eve Jenkins were wrecking utter havoc on those hind-brain instincts.

In short, nothing mattered more than filling up Sel to the brim, as best he could. Multiple times. And the little chip in his mind, all the work that the *Relativity* had done before sending him back to his own time, and yet to take up issue with this.

Her scream was sharp, piercing, and to his hormone addled mind, the sweetest music he'd ever heard. That tone, even more so than the nails scraping his newly minted flesh, caused things in him to squeeze tight in need. She rippled across a shaft that was beyond hard, squeezing around every inch and milking him past the point of any resistance. His body simply couldn't hold back the rush that hit like fire, searing down his shaft from his balls. His cry was more of a high pitched growl, shoulders bunching, legs shaking, as he ground into her, hilted inside. He pulsed, deep into the Bajoran woman, the haze of need flooding his mind as his seed flooded her.

Not that it brought any more than a temporary relief to that searing need.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-27, 15:51:47

There was another chirp from the intercom in the small room, and Ship A.I. could be heard again.

[Thea to Junior Lieutenant Morali, please respond. T-minus thirty seconds to activation,] she said, and then she added, [Petty Officer Ryuan, are you there? I have mapped the targeted individuals aboard me for the Lexorin dispersal. I am keeping my internal sensors pinned on them, but I need either of you to activate the command for the valves to open. Otherwise, I do not have access to the Lexorin.]

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-09-02, 16:09:32

It was all was fluid, her orgasmic bliss crashing over her in waves, her body shaking and spasming under each and ever crash of those golden waves of pleasure. At this point she was a slave to the feeling and nothing else mattered. Even if she could hear the voice of the ships computer it would not have mattered or even could matter, the world that problem was in was so very far from her, lost in another time and place. There was nothing else that could matter, that could ever matter, but the feeling. She would never normally deal with anything without some degree of control, but the pheromones had removed all thoughts of control.

And then she felt it, the rod buried deep inside her seemed to explode, it's hot liquid spraying deep inside her. Sarresh's seed rushed into her causing her to move forward and bite his shoulder to keep from crying out, her soft lips pressing against the firm flesh of his toned shoulder. For a moment all she could do was hold onto him, her nails digging into his back and her teeth into his shoulder.

Such acts, bordering on violent, would usually seem more fitting to a Klingon woman than a Bajoran, but with their fiery tempers it was not unheard of. In fact according to some tales Bajoran women could Rival their Klingon counterparts in terms of aggression and violence during a romantic fight. Though for Sel, who was usually far more contained, it was a simple act of raw unrestrained carnal passion.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-09-07, 17:01:36

There it was, some nagging annoyance in the back of his mind again. A voice, urging him to do something other than what his body wanted. What his body needed. He'd never experienced the events of Niga first hand. The polination affect of the plants there had never seeded itself, never reworked his mind and body, never forced him to copulate and spread those spores throughout the galaxy. But he had seen the effects, when the *Relativity* came to call and correct the disruption in the timestream, like the hand of God Himself stroking the waves of fate, saviors at the last possible instant. Those were memories that he had been allowed to keep, and a part of him wondered if this is what the felt like.

Again, Thea called out to the duo over the comms, and frustration bubbled up in the sexually heated haze that Sarresh shared with Ryuan Sel. He needed more from the Bajoran, despite the sticky heat that wrapped his cock, the feel of his seed trapped inside of her body. And he needed that damn voice to *go away* so he could focus on what was important. Important, like the feel of Sel's teeth in his skin. Had a bite ever felt so good? Had it made him shiver so much, from head to toe. There'd be a bruised mark there the following morning, an imprint of her teeth in his fresh skin. It made him tremble with more desire. The hormones rushing through him, they - he - where did the line end? - wanted *everything* that Sel had to offer.

It was in frustration that Sarresh pulled away from the wall. It was adrenaline and need that kept Sel in his arms as he stumbled and staggered back. That damned voice - he was cursing now, even as his cock trembled inside of the Bajoran, the movement causing all kinds of new sensations to run though him. His hand crashed down on the console, fingers smashing over a slew of controls, before he found the proper button. He damn near pounded it, before his ass hit the edge of the console and he stiffened, the glass surface cold on his hot skin. That of course caused him to thrust up, harder. With the dispersal protocol triggered - the voice was saying something about 10 second now - Sarresh groaned and allowed himself to give in deeper to that need, as he laid Sel out on the floor under him.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-09-09, 21:26:03

The voice of the computer remained lost to the mind of Ryuan Sel, all she knew was the heat and the passion of the moment. She was only momentarily drawn out of the moment when she felt him move,

pulling her away from the wall, though in that moment all she could really think was how much she wanted more. She wanted to feel his hot cock thrust in and out of her, filling her with even more of his seed. There were no thoughts beyond just desperation. She could not process that he was activating the console, none of it mattered to her anymore. All she wanted was the feeling and when he thrust up into her harder it was all she could do to keep from crying out.

Then he pushed her to the floor, the cold ground hit her her sweaty spine, creating a sort of suction that held her in place even as her back arched and she cried out. And then all was bliss, she clawed and bit at his back and shoulders as she could feel him thrusting so deep into her slick hole. All time simply vanished in that moment as wave after wave of pleasure claimed her.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-06, 23:40:45

[Turbolift | Stopping at Deck 04]

With Commander Rez and Yeoman Henshaw at either of her sides, Captain Ives led the trio of women - a wedge at the forefront of the crew that had holed itself up in Below Decks. As their steps carried them towards the turbolift, more and more of the loyal crew peeled off towards their individual tasks aboard the ship. Jien did not wish to waste another moment away from her rightful place on the bridge, but she did not know how keen Captain Vasser would be on allowing her up there. As it were, however, Jien did not care.

The first pair of turbolifts Jien reached were powered down, so she had opted to continue a bit further down the corridor to try some others. By that time, the urgency of the pending battle had made the crew behind Jien, Edena and Cam leave them, so it was only the three of them that reached stepped aboard the lift that was about to take them to Deck 01.

"Thea," she said and raised her eyes to the ceiling of the turbolift, "Are you still there? I am on my way to the bridge. Can you give me a status report?"

[Yes, Captain. Mine deployment imminent. Lieutenant-Commander Carrigan Trent s in command on the Main Bridge. I am almost within Cala's firing range. The Valkyries in Fighter Assault Bay is powered up and awaiting their pilots, but five Valkyries are MIA since Vasser's hostile takeover. The Harbinger is shadowing Cala towards us. Approximate ETA: Three minutes.]

Frowning, Jien digested the information for a moment as the turbolift ascended the decks of the ship. "What about Declan Vasser and T'Rena?"

[T'Rena has been killed in action. Declan Vasser is still at large - current location unknown. Internal sensors can not differentiate him from the rest of the crew, despite the fact that he is an Augment.]

Jien's eyes widened. "He... How did you..?"

That was when the ceiling hatch of the turbo-lift slammed down upon the three women that stood underneath it. It connected with Jien's temple and she crumpled to the floor underneath the weight. She thought she heard the metallic sound of steps on top of the hatch, and she could feel its heavy weight shifting. No more had Jien started to get her wits about her after the sudden development than she heard someone tear off the emergency casing of the control panel and yank at the manual override - stopping the lift in its tracks. The inertial dampeners could not quite compensate for the shift, and Jien felt the heavy hatch lift a couple of inches by the motion, only to slam down on her again when they were at a complete stop.

[Captain? Are you there? Your turbolift has yet to reach Deck 01. Why have you stopped?]

Jien turned her head to look up, seeing the dim figure of Declan Vasser towering above her. He was not even looking at the three women, instead forcing the sliding doors apart with his bare hands. Once he was done, he ducked under the edge of the ceiling of the deck just below their cabin and dropped out. For a moment, Jien thought the... the Augment was about to leave them behind, but that was when she saw Declan's hand reaching inside the lift again, grabbing one of the women by the arm and tearing her out of the lift in one brutal, heaving motion. Jien didn't see who it was as she struggled to get up, but the fall from the floor of the lift to the deck outside had to be just shy of five feet, and Jien could hear the commotion of it all.

"Ives," came the voice from outside the lift, and Declan did not even sound winded. "I had hoped to find T'Rena, but since your A.I. just told me she is dead, I need to resort to alternative plans. If you follow me, or try to capture me, I will make sure she can neither see nor walk again... so spare her the inconvenience by merely being the good Captain that you are. Go to your bridge and do your battle. I know how you think: The needs of your crew and your futile mission is more important than her or myself, correct? So I trust you will do the right thing like you always do... and turn a blind eye towards me and this woman as we leave this ship."

Head still spinning, Jien pushed the hatch up against the wall and looked out the opening to the deck below the cabin, and she could see the metallic gleam of a hand phaser as Declan turned on his heel and dragged someone along with him with an unyielding grip. There had not been any time to answer the madman, and it was not until she could focus her eyes on the other woman- the one still in the turbolift with her - that she learned whom Declan had taken hostage.

And as Jien locked eyes with her, the unspoken question was right there between them.

Did she go after Declan or not?

Post by: Triage on 2015-07-09, 01:58:44

Edena, once more in control of her body, for the moment, and Henshaw, upon ensuring the security of the place, and making sure only Ives Loyallists were present, moved to acquire proper weapons for themselves. Henshaw picked a standard phaser, liking the sturdy grip and handling as opposed to Commander Rez, who acquired for herself something small enough you could virtually conceal it with relative ease. Rejoining the captain, after his...well, her now...uplifting words, the trio made their way for the turbolift, with various crew who were still able returning to crucial posts.

It was good that they were able to speak their minds for a while earlier. Clearing the air made it easy for all three women to walk in silence, and focus their thoughts on surviving the battle with the Calamity. That was when Ives addressed Thea, and the computer was able to give them a great deal of updates. Henshaw's eyes widened while Edena's narrowed when they heard that T'Rena was dead. Both women weren't particular fans of the psychotic Vulcan, but despite the heated emotions that bubbled forth at the thought of her, there was still a...numbing sensation within Henshaw, and for Edena, a strange coldness. Perhaps Jona's strength of emotions venting through.

And once more, chaos ensued. Painfully too. Knocked aside by the crashing hatch, the brunt of which landed on Captain Ives herself, whilst Edena and Henshaw fell to either side against the bulkheads of the turbolift. When she saw who it was, Henshaw scrambled to draw her phaser out, whilst Edena...no, Kiya Rez...crawled on her knees towards Ives, when Vasser's hand had wrapped around her wrist,

and yanked her out with such speed and ease, Henshaw, even at her best, wouldn't have been fast enough, which was why her face connected with the bulkhead where Commander Rez had just been nanoseconds ago.

"AAAHH!" Kiya cried out, only for her demeanour to change seconds later, and it seemed like Illya was now in control. And she maintained her cool. Barely.

"Commander..." Henshaw whispered quietly, looking out the open door as Rez was dragged away by Vasser, following his ultimatum. But he couldn't be allowed to escape, not with the commander as a hostage. She turned to look at Ives, who seemed to be looking rather torn. Henshaw's mind was quick. With Trent in command, they weren't completely rudderless at the helm, and they needed Rez back. Fast. She held out her own phaser to the captain, considering what she'd just heard about Vasser being an augment, she had the feeling Ives would need every extra she could get her hands on. And Cameron would just get in the way, to be perfectly honest, so she would head up to the bridge. "Captain...go...go get her back. I'll get to the bridge and relay news and updates to Commander Trent.

She looked over at the corridor, watching as the shadows of Vasser and Rez vanished from sight, and returned her gaze to Ives, "Also, after all that he and his bloody bitch did to everyone on board, do you think anyone here won't want to see him get his? He *needs* to answer for his deeds, all the murders, the raping...get him, captain, get him. Or no one would ever forgive you, if you let him escape."

She was firm in her words, as she believed Ives' resolve needed the steeling, and reassurance, "Trent's got the *Theurgy* well in hand. His experience in electronic warfare makes him suitable to fighting the *Calamity*, and he can hold it together until you return. I'll let him know what's up. Now go, captain, go!" *And come back to me alive.*

The young woman straightened up and began setting the turbolift back into proper working order. All that needed to be said was said.

Meanwhile, Illya Rez willingly followed Vasser, because she was worried the Augment's grip had the potential to tear Edena's arm right off if he was so inclined. Her tiny weapon she kept out of sight, since Kiya was worried that an augment might not go down easy with a mere stun blast, and Illya sort of agreed with that sentiment.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-11, 13:33:33

To call her situation a dilemma was an understatement. Vasser's words about Jien's obligations were truthful, and his manipulation of the situation just as apparent. He used Jien's position against her to get what he wanted, and he meant to keep Commander Rez hostage as the guarantee for his escape.

Cam, however, simplified things for Jien. The Ensign spoke of the needs of the crew, and that too much had happened to allow someone like Vasser to escape justice. She also pointed out that the *Theurgy* needed its First Officer, but that was something Jien did not have the heart to dwell upon. There was no time to tell the Yeoman that Rez had resigned, but that did not matter. Not after what Commander Rez had told Jien in the holding cell.

Knowing that the different hosts of the Rez symbiont had vastly differing opinions of her, Jien also had faceted needs about getting the Trill back from Vasser: She wanted to prove to Edena that she was more than the creature that had attacked her during the Niga Incident; neither did Jien want to break Kiya's heart by leaving her at Vasser's mercy; but most of all, she did not want Jona Rez and Declan

Vasser anywhere near each other. The ghost of the SI officer and the Augment had traits far too similar to discard the idea that they might draw benefit from a joint venture. The only one Jien had not become familiar with was Illya Rez, but she had not offered any cause to be mistrusted, so she was - to Jien - an innocent bystander that was caught in the events around Edena.

The nail in the coffin, so to speak, was the reminder that Lieutenant-Commander Trent was in command on the bridge. Jien remembered the talk they'd had in her Ready Room, and while the former Commander still had misgivings and doubts about his own abilities, Jien had great faith in the man based on his performance since he came aboard and the reports about his time in the command chair on the Harrier. The man just needed to get up in the saddle again, and see his old fears turn to renewed courage. That he was an expert in his specific field wasn't so much a deciding factor than a great merit for the task at hand.

"When you get up there," said Jien with a tight expression, her oaken eyes firm, "tell Carrigan that I have faith in him, and that my absence could not be avoided. Tell him to trust the people around him, and to destroy the Calamity before she can leave through another time-rift. If she does, she will be back in full force before we are. If the mines hit her, this is the best chance we will ever get, so make it count."

Armed with two phasers, one at her hip, Jien slid out through the low opening of the doors and dropped down onto Deck 04. She saw the number on the wall, and could make a qualified guess about where Declan was heading. "I think Vasser will try to launch with the Captain's Yacht, so when you get to the Bridge, stop him. Use the support staff control panel and keep the docking clamps closed. If I can't reach him in time, and he succeeds with a manual release... let's just hope there is time to catch him with a tractor beam before he goes to warp. Now go, and... I'm sorry for doubting you, Cameron."

With those parting words, Jien turned away and followed Declan path with her hand phaser raised in a double-handed grip - eyes along the sights. "Thea, I am leaving the turbolift now. Two life-signs on your internal sensors left ahead of me... so just keep me posted on their movements."

[Acknowledged,] said the Ship A.I., and thus the hunt began.

[The Captain's Yacht | Deck 04]

Arriving at the small docking bay where the ship's auxiliary craft - known as the Captain's Yacht - could be accessed, Declan Vasser hurled the woman he had dragged down the corridors against the control station at the aft side of the yacht. With her back against it, Declan stepped up to the station and pressed the cold muzzle of his hand phaser down into the groove behind her collarbone. Ives' tame little SI agent wasn't wearing her jacket or undershirt, so if the impact had made Rez loose her bearings, the metallic touch next to the shoulder strap of her white tank top would make her know her place.

"Just keep still," he murmured as he tried to access the controls and power up the craft, but Thea had shut him out from system access, so he would have to use a couple of tricks that people in the old world would call 'hot-wiring'. With a scowl, he dug the fingers of his free hand around the top casing of the control table. He bared his teeth as he tore it off, sparks flying over the Trill during the commotion. His blue eyes quickly scanned the interiors and located the main power circuits, having a good idea about the key functions they represented. Then, it was just a matter of rerouting a power flow against the connector with another cable, and as he did, the lights of the bay area lit along with the yacht's warp core. The door on the port side decompressed and slid open.

If the Trill spoke while he worked on his escape - this frustrating set-back that he somehow had to deal with - Declan did not answer her until he was finished.

Post by: Triage on 2015-07-19, 10:29:34

Henshaw nodded as she listened to her captain as she gave the Yeoman instructions. It was gratifying, in a sense, to know that Ives regretted doubting her, and it made Henshaw smile, despite the situation. As she left, the Yeoman stuck her head out of the turbolift and called after Ives, "Don't you dare die, captain, or I swear I'll kill you!"

Well, she was most likely going to be written up for insubordination with that reckless remark, but she decided to say it nonetheless. "All right, then..." she kicked the turbolift back into work, and had it going to the bridge.

She mentally readied herself for what needed to be said to Commander Trent, and prepped the words in her mind so she wouldn't make a complete arse of herself before the bridge crew.

Post by: Triage on 2015-07-19, 10:29:34

"Aughf!" Edena, briefly in control of herself, cried out when Vasser hurled her against the control station, and she quickly turned around, eyes wide with terror, only to find a phaser pointed at her. She nodded nervously when he ordered her to keep still. She sank down, until she was seated on the ground, and cried out again, cowering with her hands raised defensively over her when the augment ripped open the casing of the control table, sending sparks right over her. She thought she would be used to this by now. From that time with zh'Wann, and all the craziness that has since ensued, but Edena was still frightened.

From the corner of her eyes, she saw Illya Rez, watching, looking frustrated, and possibly about to take over again, but Jona beat her to it.

Immediately, the demeanour of the Trill woman changed, and she no longer looked terrified. Rising to her feet, she stepped around Vasser, arms clasped behind her back, while watching the Augment work. After Edena's revelation to Ives in the brig, and her decision to step down from command, and the gall she had to tell him to shut up, after all he had done for her, along with Ives' reaction to all he had to offer to help with the crew of the *Theurgy*, the ghost of the SI agent decided that Vasser might just be more appreciative of what he had to offer. "I know Ives," said Jona, with Edena's voice changing to a much deeper timbre than she normally used, "you tried to use his/her obligations against him/her. A smart move, but you left behind a voice of conscience in the captain's ear, the Yeoman."

From her corner of the mind, Edena was screaming at Jona to stop, "Quiet." He coolly said in a mild, even voice to the young woman, a reminder of how she'd told him to shut up before. But Kiya and even Illya were raising their voices at him now.

You can't do this!

So typical of a rogue...takes one to know one.

Jona, please!!!

"No doubt," Jona continued, ignoring the voices of the three women in his head, "Ensign Henshaw would likely urge the captain to come after you instead. Now I've been watching you, and I believe that together we c*..."

Jona made a strangled noise and suddenly lurched backwards, and his demeanour changed. Edena was back in control. "No...no I won't. This is my body, Jona, and we're not going anywhere!"

She stepped back from Vasser, looking worriedly at the Augment, her hidden phaser still kept away, but ready to be drawn. If Jona was right, then Ives was on her way, and the Trill hoped she would make her appearance soon.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-20, 09:44:12

[Inside the Captain's Yacht | Deck 04

Two individuals materialised inside the Captain's Yacht, the light from the transporter beam making the shadows inside the powered-down vessel dance along the walls. Once they solidified, Sar-unga looked around the aft compartment to make sure Declan Vasser hadn't got there ahead of them. Then, she rounded on Wenn Cinn, half expecting the Bajoran to be wroth with her even before she had a chance to explain herself.

Looking at him, however, he appeared like a mirage - the sight of him shifting between the image of her yore enemy and that of the Theurgy's Chief of Security. Frowning, it took her a moment to realise that her Velsren sac was healing the 'damage' that the Winter Queen had inflicted upon the synaptic patterns of her brain. Blinking, she tried to make the large man stay in one shape, but to no avail. In time, she supposed, the effects would have subsided completely.

"Yes, I changed the destination on the transporter controls," she said, and she supposed that if they made it through the ensuing battle, the man would be her new department head. "I wrote to Thea and she replied that the traitor, Declan Vasser, is heading in this direction."

While she said this, she deftly removed her uniform jacket, pulling it back from her arms and her wings with a bit of an awkward struggle. Especially since Zaraq had torn off her trousers and her panties before he... No point in lingering on what had happened in the interrogation room. Her golden undershirt was riven apart at the front as well, and she imagined that she had blood on her chin after biting the Master-at-Arms since she saw her fair skin flecked with blood across her bare breasts.

"She also wrote that the man was an Augment, and while I am not sure what that means, exactly, I seem to recall that they were some kind of genetically engineered humans, were they not?" she barged on, wanting the Bajoran on her side. She tied the uniform jacket around her hips to restore a modicum of modesty in front of her superior officer. It was the best she could do given the circumstances. Once the torn and tattered garment was secured, she reached up to try and tie her split undershirt together as well. "I mean to ambush him here, and take him out. Yet if you insist, sir, I suppose he must be apprehended and put into the Brig as according to security protocol."

As she struggled, the flashing lights from the compartment's windows - the red alert klaxons muffled to them - caught her white hair and her small, curved horns. Her subtle claws almost snagged at her undershirt while she worked, finally managing to tie the undershirt across and underneath her breasts. Done, she folded her wings behind her back and raised her chin to look into the Bajoran's eyes. "I won't lie. Killing Declan Vasser is personal to me. I was on the Harbinger, and he betrayed me both in the capacity of my Commanding Officer and as a lover. When I got to the bridge to try and stop him, to

making him abandon the sudden intent to secure the Theurgy for himself, he had his Vulcan slattern break my mind and throw me into the Brig. There, Zaraq - your brain-washed Master-at-Arms - forced himself on me. Sir, I hope you understand my reasons, and I hope you can support me, rather than stop me... Please."

Her eyes were hard in the flashing lights of the dark compartment, and it might be the shadows playing a trick on the eye, but there was a mixture of emotions radiating from her green orbs. Ire mixed with shame for her defeat. She was a warrior, proud and old, and by Vasser's orders, she had been reduced to something... less. In human culture, which she had tried to emulate when she had just been Petty Officer Cardamone to everyone around her, there was a saying that seemed appropriate for the moment, and she remembered it well from her preparations to enlist in Starfleet.

Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-21, 01:53:27

When the Theurgy's First Officer decided to defy his clear instructions to stay where she was, Declan Vasser had half a mind to kill her on the spot, but that was an impulse of short-sightedness that he would never act on. The Trill was his bargaining ship for free passage away from the battle. This, of course, provided that he managed to launch the yacht before the Calamity gained superiority and attacked him instead. In that case, he had an alternative plan, but the odds were less fortunate.

So, he did not shoot Edena Rez when she moved to stand on the opposite side of the control station, but the muzzle of his hand phaser followed the Trill's every move. His aim against her heart was unflinching because of his perfect hand-eye coordination - peripheral vision quite sufficient.

While the possession of the woman's body was at contest, Declan secured the power flows to the connectors. He heard the broken-off suggestion from the Rez symbiont's former host while he made sure the yacht's power would remain online for the launch - hard-wiring the supply to prevent Thea from shutting him down. The port access door had to remain opened. Next were the docking clamps, which were another matter entirely. He could not do anything about them from the control station. Therefore, he raised his hard stare to scowl at the Commander as Edena Rez, evidently, regained control of her own body.

"No...no I won't. This is my body, Jona, and we're not going anywhere!"

"How can a ghost offer me counsel," he said in cutting, uncompromising judgement, "when he can't even retain his voice? A traitorous ghost, no less, who try to flatter himself into my grace, and in the next breath speaks of the obvious as if it was some kind of secret - privy to him alone. Of course the Captain may come here, and if he does, I am fully prepared to handle that contingency. The only thing you and the other hosts can offer me is that female body's pleasant company for as long as I need it, so you should devote your collective efforts and years of experience to make sure you are *truly* pleasant company. Even then, you would not be more than an idle curiosity - easily discarded when rations run short."

Declan walked around the control station that separated them, each step perfectly measured and calculated - phaser secure in his fingers by his hip. "All aboard, Commander. Start walking... and do keep your hands where I can see them. It is not like I will be missing them if I have to burn them off."

From the cockpit, he would gain access to the weapon systems, and then he could use the phaser

array to cut the yacht out of the belly of the starship. Like a caesarean section, only with the newborn wielding the exo-scalpel to free itself from its dying mother.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-21, 01:53:27

The doors along the corridor whisked by as Jien ran towards the docking bay of the Captain's Yacht. There were hardly any people in her way, and before long - and with Thea's confirmation that the last part of the path was clear - she burst through the sliding doors with her weapon in a one-handed grip. Her oaken eyes scanned the bay area and quickly spotted Declan Vasser and Edena Rez. They were on the middle of the twenty meter gangway to the yacht, about to enter the vessel through the port access.

Declan spotted Jien immediately, and with a brutal grip on her hair and pressing her up against the waist-level railing of the gangway, the Augment had put Edena Rez between himself and Jien - pressing the cold emitter of his hand phaser deep into the side of the Trill's throat. Jien secured her aim with both hands and approached her end of the gangway with careful steps - chest heaving from her sprint but eyes focused along her sights.

"It seems even dead people can predict you, Jien Ives," said the Declan cryptically - ice-blue eyes locked with the Chameloid's across Edena's shoulder. "Unless you throw your weapon into the maintenance pit below, I will remove the head from your First Officer and toss it there instead. Either way, I am quicker than you, and my aim more true, so you will die. It is merely her life in the balance here, so it would be a pity if you wouldn't practice what you've preached in your final moments alive. How do you want to be remembered? Like me, or like the insufferable red-tapist that you are?"

Jien did not answer at first, edging closer to the gangway - her dark hair framing her austere countenance. "You took command of my ship," she said, crystal clear words echoing across the docking area, "and now you are abandoning it. I am merely here to ensure you stay, like any Captain would."

While the battle with the Calamity raged in full, and the docking area heaved with the impact of enemy fire, the two Captains had reached an impasse...

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-07-24, 07:47:28

Wenn Cinn as completely oblivious to the changes of the beaming coordinates, he was simply far too involved with his work on the shuttle as he tried his best to ensure that it would survive his whole ordeal, if they lost the shuttle it would likely lead to a lot of problems down the line for the Theurgy. Finally getting a set of operation that he liked Cinn ran one final simulation of the scenario to ensure that he had gotten everything on the way he had intended, and once he was ready, he set the trigger of the events to be the successful beam out of Him and Dyan.

Wenn got up from his chair and activated the program before he walked over to Dyan and put a hand on her shoulder. "Alright it is time for us to get out of here, hopefully we will not be running into anyone on our way own to the Sickbay...and hopefully Doctor Maya will be able to help you with your current situation." Without taking a second look at the coordinates Cinn gently walked with Dyan to the transporter pad and put an arm around her shoulder. Cinn was certain that he was going to simply going to beam out and have some slow time to think things though.

As they began to beam out the world grew brighter and brighter, the world around them became nothing but light and shimmers as they were energized and went off to their destination, a place that

Cinn thought would be just outside some of the labs not far from Sickbay, but he did not expect what he emerged into.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-07-24, 07:47:28

As Wenn Cinn began to materialize on Deck 04 he was at first not able to realize that things were not right, but as he began to fully materialize into place he went wide-eyed as he realized that he was not where he was supposed to have beamed to in the ship. Looking around, Cinn took in his surrounding and was trying to gather where they were when Dyan began to explain what had happened. He listened to her explained what she had done and why she had done it. Cinn placed a hand to the side of his head and he took the entire situation into mind and began to piece together their current status. They were in a location that let them intercept Vasser, Dyan had actively sought out this confrontation and was not likely going to back down on her choice of action now.

Cinn was also beginning to think about the best course of action, if Vasser was coming here he would be able to put an end to things now. But then Dyan began to give an explanation of why she was so adamant on doing this as she began to strip off her uniform to give herself some semblance of decency. Her story was harsh and touching, it was also all the reasoning that Cinn needed to take full action, to him Dyan's story was all the proof he needed that Declan Vasser was a threat to the ship and the mission, no matter what they did he would be a threat, and as an augment he would never stop, and he would remain a constant threat.

With a sigh, Cinn put a hand on Dyan's shoulder. "As your superior I cannot allow you to go after Declan Vasser for purposes of revenge... but as one of my officers I am ordering you to assist me in the neutralization of Declan Vasser, it is obvious that if he remains alive he will only cause further unrest among the crew, and as an augment he cannot be kept in any form of imprisonment without risk of him eventually breaking free... as far as our story goes, upon beaming in we agree to apprehend Declan Vasser, our objective is to bring him in to answer for his crimes against the Theurgy and its crew...but I expect you to shoot to kill, we cannot allow Vasser to live." Cinn took his phaser and turned it up to kill setting before presenting it to Dyan. "We will threaten deadly force, as an augment a stun is not likely to do anything to him." Cinn gave Dyan a nod. "Now let's work on our ambush."

Sometimes the only proper response to a threat was to remove it, to cut out the cancer and destroy it before it has a chance to cause further complications.

Post by: Triage on 2015-07-24, 15:05:55

Edena was stiff for a moment as an internal struggle took place for the first time in her service to the *Theurgy*. Kiya and Illya were actually trying to physically restrain Jona, while Edena maintained control of her body. The three women hatched this desperate act when they came to an agreement on the matter of Jona's attempted betrayal. Kiya had been uncertain initially, but Edena motivated her by pointing out that this would separate them from Ives, and Illya didn't really care initially, but Vasser didn't exactly push her to the idea of sticking with him, and Edena herself figured that her odds alone with Vasser in a small ship were slim-to-nothing. So, with the combined wills of Kiya and Illya, Edena had finally managed to show some spirit.

And there was Vasser, pointing his weapon at her and ordering her about, so secure in his knowledge that as an augment, very little could match him strength for strength. Edena knew she certainly was no match physically, and even if Jona and Illya were helping her, they would be dead. But despite this knowledge, all the stress of late, it...pushed her over the edge. She glared at the man. "I'm so sick and tired of being pushed around like so much hmpf!"

Her rant was interrupted by Vasser grabbing her hair and shoving her against the side of the ship, and his weapon trained on her neck, "All right all right!" She changed her mind, maybe going in would be smarter, give her time to think a bit more...

But then she heard the voice of Jien Ives, and her head turned, eyes full of hope...only to be replaced with dread as Vasser went on.

He's right, Ives doesn't have a chance... Edena thought.

Edena...no! Kiya counseled. *It's not too late to give up hope.*

We don't know that! Edena argued, *Vasser could kill Ives before she even has a chance, but not if she's set the weapon to kill at full power.*

The ghosts in her head, even the struggling Jona went silent. Edena took that as a sign and looked right at Jien Ives and mimed the words, "Full power, do it."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-26, 20:50:35

At first, Dyan had been worried that the Bajoran would have denied her the vengeance she sought, and that even if he'd agreed to ambush Declan Vasser, he would have opted to follow protocol to the letter and apprehend the Augment rather than killing him. She was, however, pleasantly surprised by how Lieutenant-Commander Wenn gave her the phaser after setting it to kill rather than to stun, and ordered her to end the traitor's life. Perhaps not because of her personal agenda, but rather out of... She did not know the man's reasons, but perhaps he just wanted to remove the threat permanently. Pragmatic, effective, and while not the proper Starfleet way, it was a way to guarantee the crew's safety. Perhaps he thought Vasser might jeopardise the safety of more crews than the present one if he got away on the yacht.

"You won't be hearing any objections from me," she said in accord, checking the power cell of the phaser he had given her. Her enthusiasm was hidden but for how her tail wagged lazily underneath her makeshift skirt - as if she was a feline about to sink her teeth into her prey. Tossing back her white hair from her emerald eyes, she gave the large man a mischievous grin. "I think you and I will get along just fine now that I have defected to your security team. We'll just have to make sure we survive the battle too."

With her phaser raised next to her shoulder, she turned on her heel and looked around - steps set towards the door leading from the dimly lit area to the yacht's forward compartment. "Let's see how it looks up front, because I had the idea that we could set our trap there - shooting him in the doorway, so to speak. Since this glorified shuttle is powered down now, and he will likely activate the warp core from the control station in the bay outside, he won't be expecting us to hide here in the yacht's dark interiors. Both because there is no apparent way for him to see that we've gotten in, and also since he's likely not counting on anyone to intercept him. That is, unless he told everyone his escape plan."

They found the front of the yacht as dark as the aft compartment, and the Red Alert lights were flashing in the small bay area outside the viewscreen. There were some good vantage points just inside the entrance doors of the shuttle where they could hide, and Dyan took a position where she could see the control station below the yacht through the viewscreen, hiding behind the helm's chair. A couple of minutes passed in tight silence, Dyan hoping that Thea had been right and starting to doubt the possibilities to...

But before long, the sliding doors had opened and Vasser emerged, dragging the Theurgy's First Officer to the control station.

"Prey in sight," she said to Wenn Cinn, using an Asurian military term. She inclined her head towards Vasser and the Trill, and when the Augment tore off the top of the control station and powered up the yacht's warp core remotely, Dyan got a hint of how strong and resourceful the genetically engineered human was. Vasser even opened the entrance to the shuttle, allowing Dyan and Cinn to eavesdrop on the conversation from inside the yacht. Before long, it seemed like one of the Trill's former hosts - apparently very much alive through Edena because of a faulty joining, or at least that was what Dyan had heard - offered to side with Vasser... which made Dyan hiss quietly under her breath. If that Trill revenant had it his way, and Vasser agreed, then they would be facing two adversaries on the yacht.

Luckily, it seemed the true owner of the Trill's body won the internal battle, after which Vasser put her in place with his scything words. Finally, Vasser approached the gangway, bringing his hostage along. Dyan looked towards Cinn, wondering in her thoughts if he personally knew this Trill that had been taken hostage, and what he thought about the former host that had offered to side with their prey.

In either case, Vasser was about to enter the shuttle via the gangway... but that had been when the female form of Captain Ives showed up, and their prey never entered the shuttle and their trap. Dyan cursed under her breath, not certain if she was still at leave to kill her prey after her new Commanding Officer showed up. Uncertain, she glanced towards Lieutenant-Commander Wenn while the two Captains traded words across the gangway - Vasser's back turned towards them.

[Outside the Captain's Yacht | Deck 04]

Having reached the beginning of the gangway, Jien stepped up and followed it towards Edena and Vasser, who were mid-way across it. The ship was rocking from enemy fire, but they could all support their footing with the waist-high railing. With her oaken stare locked firmly upon the Augment and his hostage, the dead centres of her eyes remained along the sights of her hand phaser - her aim unflinching. Edena.. she was telling Jien to sacrifice her for the sake of getting Vasser. Why?

"Why are you even here, Ives?" asked Vasser, edging backwards to the yacht's entrance - pulling Edena with him with every small step and keeping the muzzle of his weapon against her throat. "Unless you noticed, your precious ship and your dear 'truth' it carries is under attack, and instead you mean to do... what, exactly? Have you come so far that you would kill a man out of spite? I present no threat to you or your crew beyond this hostage, so I should not be your priority, should I? This Trill even offered to ally herself with me, or at least one of those ghosts in her head did."

Jien narrowed her eyes, if ever so slightly, still stepping closer. Now she knew Edena's reason.

"Do you still want to be here? For her?" continued Vasser with a smirk, "Is she still worth it, being the liability that she must be to you? I must say you have made a poor choice in naming her your Executive Officer. A spy turn-cloak, a prostitute and a doctor so out of touch with modern medical practice that she wouldn't know one end of an exo-scalpel from the other. All of that inferior *filth* bundled up in a young woman who - while easy on the eye - *certainly* lack the experience to hold command. What were you thinking, Ives? A shapely ass does not make a Starfleet officer, much less one's second-in-command."

Knowing that Vasser was just trying to agitate her, tempting her to make a mistake, Jien didn't bite...

even though the ire bubbled behind her stone mask. What she said came out in crystal cold syllables. "As Captain, you do not leave any of your crew behind," she said, and her eyes darted to Edena once before she continued. "So don't presume to tell me what makes a Starfleet officer. You have abandoned your crew, your ship, and your reason. You were born in a tube, engineered with ambition that defies both logic and empathy for the people around you. Yes, I know what you are. Your path towards personal success will always be paved with the bodies of those standing in your way. Therefore, you are a priority to me. You will not leave this ship and barter with the enemy, offering crucial intel on us to gain free passage or reinstatement."

Vasser bared his teeth, and the Theurgy shook with the Calamity's continued attacks. "You cannot even live up to your own lofty standards, Ives. You agreed to install the phasing cloak, and you broke the Treaty of Algeron. The Romulans will learn about it one way or the other. In the end, you are just a weak hypocrite who doesn't see how your crew drown in your bleeding heart." Yanking Edena to his chest, Vasser twisted the muzzle of his phaser deeper into her neck. "It is time to choose. Either you kill me and your First Officer both, or you let me leave this doomed ship with her as my hostage. What is it going to be? We both know you don't have it in you to kill this woman, so just *stand back*. You can just be the good girl that you are and wave us off before the Calamity kills us both. You might even get to go down with your ship since that damn sentiment is so dear to you."

That was when a large figure appeared in the entrance to the Captain's Yacht, five feet behind Vasser's back.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-07-27, 09:52:27

As Dyan clearly reacted with giddiness over the prospect of being the one that would kill Declan Vasser, Cinn held his tongue, he had no time for such a person in his security force, but after what had happened to her, how she had been violated on such a fundamental level, he was willing to look past it this once, and he would not hold her actions here today against her. Cinn needed to remember that as she was now, was how the Theurgy was right now, in a state of broken down conviction, hurt but unwilling to give an inch. In truth he too was hoping that he would be the one to take down Vasser, partially for the captain and how he had been treated after all that he had done for the ship and the crew, and also because he had just returned to the Theurgy, and he was not going to let it fall to the whims of someone who wasn't even a real man.

As Dyan looked over her weapon and talked about how she was fine with the orders that she had been given Cinn nodded. "I am glad to hear that, because I do not expect to be giving a lot of popular commands in the future as we have to sort out the aftermath of all the damage that Declan has caused to this ship. Also I expect you to go to Sickbay when this is all over, and I want you to get a proper examination and as swift a recovery as possible, we will require every hand we can get." As Dyan joked about surviving the battle Cinn nodded. "I hope to survive all of this as well...I can only imagine you how depressing it would be to have come back just to die few days later." He shook his head as he made sure his phaser rifle was at the right setting and still charged enough to deliver a killing blow.

As the duo finished with their prep they moved to the front of the shuttle, it was dark, but still they could see well enough and there were plenty of places to take up a hiding spot to fire at the main entrance from. Cinn let Dyan move in first and moved further from the door so that she would not have to be the one to take the shot, if anyone was going to have to take the responsibility for this murder it was going to be him, Dyan was going to have plenty to deal with outside of the thorough investigation into her actions that would undoubtedly come after this situation was over.

And there they waited, Declan would be coming before too long and things were going to be hectic

from that point on, so for now Cinn took his time to relax a calm himself, to go through his reasoning again and again, he was going to have his story straight, when this was over he would know exactly what to say about his actions. He would be straight to the point, no need for dancing around what happened, he was still the same man he was before he died the first time, and he was loyal to Theurgy, that has why he did what he needed to protect it.

As Declan arrived to the Captain's Yacht Cinn raise his rifle and waited with it pointed directly at the main entrance and as he watched Declan casually rip apart a panel he knew that they needed to kill Declan before he could close the gap between them. Of course the signs of Declan having a hostage complicated things; Cinn just hoped that Edena did not get caught up in the crossfire. Cinn shouldered his rifle as the door slid open and he prepared to open fire when suddenly the Captain showed up.

Cinn gritted his teeth as he listened to Declan and Captain Ives talk outside of the Yacht, he could not let things continue like this, the Captain was now in anger and Declan was completely distracted and focused on the Captain. Turning to look at Dyan he motioned for her to hold position, he wanted her there as a second line of defense, and so that she did not rush out and do something rash. Meanwhile Cinn got up and moved slowly as he prepared to do something radical.

Cinn walked up behind Declan Vasser as he was in mid rant to the captain, and as Declan began to give his ultimatum, making a big grandiose threat and challenge to the captain, Cinn was left with his opportunity. Looking don his sights Cinn was left with his opening, he did not waste it, he did not give any word, no monologue or last word for Declan, he simply tightened his grip on the trigger of his rifle and fired. There was the smell of ozone and then the smell of burning carbon as a beam of energy shot out of the rifle and struck the base of Declan's skull and poured the lethal jolt of energy right through the Augment's brain. As the beam of energy finished there was no chance of survival for Declan as he collapsed like a puppet with his strings cut. As he hit the ground Cinn lowered his rifle and looked to the Captain and spoke. "I am sorry captain, but he was a danger to the entire crew, I did what needed to be done." Looking down to Edena he took in all that was around him before he spoke. "What should we do now Captain Ives?" Cinn had just taken out Declan Vasser with a single surprise shot that had seared a hole into the back of the Augment's skull, and Cinn showed no reaction as he tried to remain professional.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-30, 12:21:33

Slowly, Captain Ives had lowered her phaser - eyes lined with weariness dropping to the dead body.

Declan Vasser lay there, one arm hanging from the side of the gangway. The Augment had fallen, all his contingency plans and means to escape made void by being phasered from behind his back. Who knew what he had planned for, and how many had been killed for him to reach his position as Captain on a Starfleet ship. All Jien knew was that too many had died on the Theurgy, and even more would suffer the repercussions of the dead man's actions for a long time. When she raised her eyes and looked towards Wenn Cinn and Edena Rez, she had no words fitting to say. None more than her answer to Cinn, who had done exactly what was required without killing Edena Rez as well. His vantage point had been better than her own, and had the Bajoran attempted to apprehend the man, Edena's and her own life would have been in jeopardy. Wenn Cinn had made the right call.

"We head to the Bridge, together," she said, and she changed... to his male form. "This is not over yet."

Dyan Cardamone emerged from behind the great bulk of muscle that made up the Theurgy's Chief of Security, and the Asurian looked just as much dishevelled as she looked angry. At Wenn Cinn, Declan

Vasser or circumstances in general, there was no way to tell. Barefoot, tail flicking in ire, she stepped to the body on the gangway, and with the clawed fingers that did not hold a phaser, she turned the body over. Vasser's eyes were wide, mouth agape, and smoke rose from between his teeth. The Asurian seemed to take in the sight, searching for contentment in the fact that her Commanding officer was dead. Then she spat at his face, wiping her bruised lips with her sleeve afterwards. "I somehow *doubt* that felt just as good to you as it did to me, *sir*."

Jien saw the winged alien turn her head and look at Cinn, and while he could not see the look in her green eyes, her stance did not suggest any hostility. Perhaps it was gratitude for the kill he had presented her. Either way, Jien turned on his eyes to Edena, making sure she was unhurt. There was a lot unsaid between them, about her resignation and about how Vasser had said that Jona Rez tried to defect to the Augment's side, but there was simply no time to sort out all those issues when the ship was under attack.

Giving her an unreadable look, he turned on his heel and led the way out of the docking area for the Captain's Yacht - running with his phaser lowered at his side.

Post by: Triage on 2015-08-08, 15:34:30

When the shot was fired, Edena Rez yelped in fright. For a split second she thought it was Vasser that pulled the trigger, but as she felt the man's grip loosen, and she was suddenly standing under her own power, she realized at last that not only was she still alive, but Vasser was dead. For all his power, his strength, ambition...it all came to an abrupt and painful end, with one shot. Making a sort of whimpered noise of both relief and fright, she turned around to see who her savior was, and found herself looking up at Wenn. Her lips trembled as she moved her arms, wanting to hug him and just hold on, but she refrained. Instead she touched his hand and rested another cold palm on his chest, trying her best to rein in her emotions, though tears still fell down.

We're alive...we're alive... Edena could hear Kiya, Illya, and even to some extent, Jona, though the ghost was now sullenly sulking in the corner of her vision. He wasn't going to forgive any of the women any time soon. If there was one thing Jona could hold very well, it was a grudge.

"Thank you...thank you..." whispered Edena in a shaky, frail voice. She took out her hold-out hand phaser, and with a trembling hand, surrendered it to the Bajoran, "No matter what happens...if Captain Ives is near me, do not let me have any weapons...I'll explain, later."

Edena couldn't trust Jona not to do something incredibly stupid now, and so she had to do everything she could think of to safeguard the captain from herself. It was for the best. There was still plenty she could do. She could help in the medical bay, perhaps even return to her original job as a counsellor...well that was a briefly amusing thought. No, Edena would figure that out later. For now, they were still in danger. So she turned away from Wenn and gazed at Ives, who was also looking at her. She couldn't tell what he wanted to say, what he felt, with that expression of his, but she had the feeling she could hazard a wild guess. From the brig to now, she has been producing no end of surprises for him. Resigning from command, Jona trying to defect to Vasser, Edena's preference for death to being a problem for Ives, and now, the potential danger that she might, against her own will, try to kill Ives. She didn't think Jona might be that drastic, but she didn't want to take any chances.

When Ives moved, Edena followed mutely, keeping a fair distance.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

CHAPTER 31: Invictus

[USS Theurgy | Main Bridge | Deck 01]

With a mordant glare, Declan had seated himself at the helm after dismissing the bumbling idiot that had previously occupied the seat. The man now lay on the floor - staring blindly into the artificial lights of the bridge's ceiling - his neck at an unnatural angle. The viewscreen was lit with an aft view, and Chief S'Iti'a program activated. It was, of course, impossible to get a true visual on the pursuer at the velocity they currently held, but the reticule and sensors worked fine - indicating just how fast the Calamity was gaining on them.

Where is T'Rena? he asked himself, having tried to reach her twice over the latest couple of minutes. If she had been taken captive by one of the resistance cells, it was unfortunate, but he had more important things on his mind. For while it was a long time since he had been at the helm of a starship, he trusted his hand-eye coordination to help him when flying manually. Matching the delicate touch of the control panel and the movements on the viewscreen was no match for him, but the Calamity was not in optimal range for mine deployment. Key as to synchronise the two ships' Warp trajectories.

[Vasser, this is Aisha S'iti. I am en-route to your location on the main bridge and am returning to take my station due to emergency circumstances. Know that I am not returning out of some form of misguided loyalty to you or your mission but only out of the need that this ship has for a skilled person at the helm. I will be arriving alone and armed and will not be relieving myself of my weapons in order to assure my own protection. I suggest you instruct your officers and guards to stand down and allow me to take my place at the helm and I would suggest that you yourself take a station at tactical so that together this ship has the best chance of successfully disabling the Calamity. For my own protection know that if I have reason to suspect aggressive intentions on the part of any members of your crew against myself, I will open fire without reservation. Expect me to arrive on the bridge in 10 seconds. S'iti out.]

Vasser listened, but there was no outside reaction to the announcement. Not besides the order he gave to the security guards on the bridge - eyes locked on the screen. It was clear that the traitorous Cardassian was not asking for his permission. "When she arrives, keep your eyes open and have your Phasers set to kill. I will not tolerate failure."

Even with the Chief Conn Officer manning the ship, the problem was that the Theurgy would not be able to maintain its current Warp factor for more than a couple of minutes. The sabotage in Engineering had left them bereft of plasma, and Vasser was ordering more and more systems to be shut down in order to preserve the plasma levels. This had helped until a minute ago, when his bridge crew said they had been locked out of the ship systems - forcing Vasser to take matters into his own hands.

His concerns about the development would not help him, so he put it all aside for the time being - confident that he would still prevail. Not only did he have a few more aces up his sleeve, so to speak, he also had several loyal crewmembers on the ship with tasks that would ensure his command over

the ship.

When the Cardassian arrived, he did not vacate his seat until she was at his side, and only then did he make way for her - making sure that the matching trajectories were not lost. He stepped over the body of the red-collared Petty Officer at his feet. "If you fail," he said quietly as he made his way to the Tactical station, "you will share the same fate as Mister Quentin here. The Calamity will be in range in two minutes - less if the lack of plasma affects the Warp Core."

That she had opted to return in such martyrs' fashion suggested that she had some kind of last resort to utilise, but in the end, it did not matter. He knew what he had to do.

"Re-routing all auxiliary power to Engineering, shutting down all primary systems not dedicated to propulsion and defence systems, and arming all torpedo bays. Phasers arrays are primed and standing by." With his commands into the tactical console, only emergency lights remained on all decks of the ship. All turbolifts save for one stopped working. It bought them another minute at present Warp factor, and Vasser his advantage. "You have a window of opportunity limited to ten seconds, Cardassian, provided that you keep her steady. Thea, I suggest you assist this woman as best as you might if anyone is to survive the next couple of minutes. Engineering may have to stabilise the Core's three reaction chambers. Vasser Out."

With this, Declan removed his combadge and laid it on the tactical station. He exchanged a look with one of his Brig Officers behind Aisha's back, and he made his move - not saying anything more to the woman and leaving her to her task of full focus on the viewscreen. Unwittingly, she had granted him the perfect opportunity.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-06-24, 01:58:16

Aisha waited at the door holding the phaser ready to fire and as soon as she saw him aimed squarely at Vasser who was at her station. Calmly she made her way to the station only dropping the weapons aim once she was assured that his intent was to make sure hers was to preform the duties she had spoken of.

"If you fail, you will share the same fate as Mister Quentin here. The Calamity will be in range in two minutes - less if the lack of plasma affects the Warp Core."

She scoffed at the threat taking her seat at the Conn. "Can it with your threats Vasser; If I fail then we are all equally dead. Its not like I'm selfless martyr. I'm only here cause It's the only Bridge I could get to in time to keep you from blowing us to hell with your own self indulgent arrogance. Now get me someone with a brain at tactical so all I have to do is line up and drop the mine. We'll need every ounce of shield strength we can muster in order to not get our own warp field collapsed by the damn thing when it blows."

Bringing up the finite controls she would need to adjust each and every necessary variable to ensure the perfect shot she sighed watching the trajectory data line up with precise coordinates. With a few minor adjustments she had the ship's course adjusted to the prime angle that would put the Calamity approaching directly behind.

Of course any basic officer would never attempt to approach an enemy from behind like this as they would end up with a photon torp thrown right towards their main bridge or the front of a warp nacelle. Well unless the ship was at a huge known technological advantage and had nothing to risk by going in for the quick kill and at their present state Aisha could not imagine a better more clear example of

wounded limping and utterly outmatched prey that could provide the one exception to the rule to not approach from a directly 6 o'clock angle.

"Yes," Aisha thought around, focusing on the approaching ships telemetry info. "Hunt us like your helpless prey Cala. You have absolutely nothing to worry about." she said quietly with a sarcastic venom as she primed the launch of the mines she was planning to shove down the Holo-crewed predator's throat.

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-06-25, 10:49:34

[Ship's Corridors | Deck O2]

Fasha quietly made her way through the ship's Jefferies tubes sparing brief glances back at the man climbing through the tubes behind her. Tessa had taken Petty Officer Hussein leaving her alone Rory Callahan the proprietor of the bar downstairs. As she reached the exit she turned back towards Rory bringing a single finger to her lips a universal sign to keep quiet as she pushed open the hatch just wide enough to slip through her eyes performing a quick study of her surroundings. From what she saw no guards were in their immediate vicinity for now meaning the element of surprise was still working in their favor.

If she recalled the blueprints Thea had provided them correctly right now she was in the Yeoman's office. She moved over to the door leading out to the corridor relying on her memory of the blueprint to lead her in the right direction. She moved her hand over the control panel to the door taking a deep breath before pushing the open button. The door slid open with a whoosh sound far too loud for Fasha's own liking. Fortunately however she seemed to avoid the attention of any nearby guards for the moment. She peeked out into the hall for a brief moment once in either direction. Down the left corridor she managed to spare a quick glance at the guard who appeared to be on patrol at the end of the corridor.

She glanced back at Rory who she hoped at this point had followed before moving a bit closer "Stay here...The other guard might be on a patrol route if he comes through here...Kill him." Fasha said simply nodding her head towards the Phaser provided to the man. "Don't hesitate." She said before turning and leaving the room heading down the left corridor. She kept her body in a low crouched position close to the wall but not touching it to avoid the sound of her rifle or body clattering against it. She quickly reached the L junction of the hall and spared a quick glance around the corner. The guard was coming back around for his second pass. Her mind raced to decide on a course of action firing a phaser wouldn't be the wisest choice. The sound would alert those inside the bridge to their presence. She'd need to be silent.

Fasha took a deep breath reaching back and grasping the hilt of her Tau'Kon'She slowly drawing it from it's sheath. Time seemed to slow to a crawl as she counted the number of seconds in her head it would take for him to round the corner. As he turned the corner she struck out like a cobra her blade lashing out cutting deeply into his throat cutting off any attempt to scream or yell before the blade was drawn back and plunged into his chest thrice once in both lungs and the last stab tearing into his heart. The man simply stared at Fasha with wide eyes as Fasha moved forward to catch him before his body hit the floor his blood staining her clothes and skin as she lowered him to the floor quietly.

She brushed the blood staining her blade off on her undergarments before sheathing it once more. "Fasha to Star-" Her report was cut off however as Tessa reported her own success at taking down her guard. Fasha waited for a moment before speaking "Fasha reporting enemy neutralized how should we proceed?" Fasha said.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-06-25, 06:49:18

A toilet aboard a ship is officially referred to as the head. Restrooms are also known as heads since back in the age of sail they were placed the bow or the *head* of the ship. The head on deck one was located just portside of the bridge and could be accessed from the 'U' shaped corridor that encircled the fore, port, and starboard part of the deck. In this particular head a hatch opened up in the wall and Lieutenant (junior grade) Tessa May Lance jumped out and executed a roll that almost ended with hitting her head against the sink on the forward section of the bulkhead.

Petty Officer First Class Adara Hussein of Deck Ops crawled out the hatch after her, pulling a phaser rifle behind her that seemed too large for her diminutive frame.

"Lance to Stark," Tessa hissed as she tapped the spot where her combage used to be. "I mean Lance to Thea... whatever. Clear. We're in the head on deck one, checking the corridor," she murmured through grit teeth as she advanced on the door. To Tessa's ears, the restroom door hissed open with deafening loudness. Steeling her courage, she gripped the doorframe with both hands and leaned into the hall to look both ways.

Empty. Perfect. She crept out into the corridor and nearly jumped out of her skin as the door to the conference lounge hissed open to reveal a towering Bolian in a Starfleet uniform with a gold collar pulling a pistol shaped mark II hand phaser off his hip and pointing it at her. Quick as a wink, Tessa's hand darted to her side and drew her phaser. Her arm snapped up as fast as Caitan to point her weapon at him and...

...dropped her phaser on the floor when it slipped out of her fingers to clatter on the deck at her feet. The Bolian smirked at her as she blushed and bent over to pick it up, and that's when the diminutive Adara Hussein shot him with her phaser rifle. So distracting was Tessa's performance that the Bolian hadn't even noticed the petite Persian standing right behind her.

"You dropped something Ma'am," Petty Officer Hussein remarked dryly.

"You dropped *someone* Petty Officer," Tessa quipped as she retrieved her phaser. She slapped her breast where her combage should have been. "Oh, damn," she sputtered when she remembered that they had ditched their combages. "Tessa to Stark, one enemy dealt with, over." Was Thea relaying their messages? Tessa sure hoped so. "Thea we need the door to the security checkpoint and armory open."

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-06-25, 06:49:18

[USS Theurgy | Main Engineering | Deck 10]

Crewman Dom Fok awoke to hear the red alert klaxons ringing in his ears. At first he thought it was a hallucination, but then he opened his eyes to see Master Chief Petty Officer William Robert "Billy Bob" O'Connell standing over him. "Fok! Wake up! Wake up Crewman! To your station!"

Groggy, Fok reached for his waist where his phaser was supposed to be only to find it wasn't there. To be honest he'd be lucky if he could find his penis right now.

"Git yore ass up, yuh lazy bastich!" O'Connell roared as he pulled the injured crewman to his feet. "The ship is goin' in t' combat and it's every man to his station! I don't give a damn *who* the skipper is right now as long as the ruttin' ship don't explode, so git to your station!" he shouted as he roughly

pushed Fok to the phase compensator near the plasma manifolds.

Fok staggered forward and looked around and saw other engineers in the room, but not for long because O'Connell seized him by the collar of his uniform. "And so help me Fok, if you mess this up I'll do things to you that'll give the *Tal'Shiar* nightmares!" the master chief promised before pushing Fok backwards.

O'Connell turned to face a coffee colored chief petty officer with a gold collar. "Manfredi!" he barked as he marched over to the master systems display table. "How are we doing on power?"

"Main power is back up to seventy two percent, Master Chief," Lavar Manfredi, the propulsion chief from Earth's city of New Orleans replied.

"Thanks Chief," O'Connell nodded in a normal sounding voice. "Koizumi!" he hollered across the room. "How are the plasma relays son?"

"Plasma relays are up to the same point they were before the sabotage Master Chief!" Petty Officer Tenchi Koizumi of the Terran city of Kyoto called down from the deck above.

"That bad huh?" he groaned sarcastically. "Arex!" he shouted to a bald, blue skinned engineer who had a visible bifurcating ridge running vertically along the center of the head and face. "Tell me weapons and shield are working!"

"Weapons and shields are online Master Chief!" Petty Officer Zil Arex from the town of Xilmophia on Bolarus IX called back. "Or at least they should be when someone on the bridge turns them on!"

"Okay, then. Let's concentrate on maintaining the warp envelope and maybe we can get through this," O'Connor said in a loud stage voice. This was his moment. A moment he never asked for and never thought it would come. Today William Robert O'Connell was the chief engineer. For as long as it would take for the *Calamity* to blow them out the stars.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-07-02, 05:16:32

[USS Theurgy | Main Bridge | Deck 01]

The turbolift car had been filled the moment the pilots had departed to accomplish their objectives in the corridor surrounding the main Bridge. And at the forefront, immediately inside the door was the Chief of the Deck and Petty Officer De Serres, an equally burly member of his deck crew. These two men would be the first to step onto the Bridge proper, with Lieutenant-Commander Stark close behind them. After all, it would not do if the one officer they had who could take charge got herself shot the moment the door would open. Granted, the Theurgy could ill-afford losing her Chief of Flight Deck Operations or one of her fighter spaceframe techs but they were far more expendable than the Operations Officer was.

The wait seemed long, interminable even. But the comm panel in the turbolift then sounded when both Lieutenants Lance and Fasha had completed their objectives. The next part, while technically it should be under Stark's direction, was led by Covington. Pressing the panel, he trusted in Thea to properly route the message via the ship's panels. "Goldeneye, Morrigan, stand by to rush the Bridge on my mark." And only then did he press the single control that would lead their turbolift car up one deck.

And just as the door before him was about to open, the grizzled veteran pressed the comm panel control once more and called out a single word. "Now."

Even as the door hissed, Sten's bulk surged forward with a speed uncommon for a man his size, let alone of his years. There had been a guard next to the turbolift, but the man never had a chance. His own rifle was coming up towards the door on the far side of the bridge which was opening to admit Petty Officer Hussien but he never had a chance to fire as a large hirsute paw closed upon the barrel and first pulled the weapon forward, throwing the man off-balance as the sling pulled taut and then that same hand reversed its momentum to send the butt of the rifle crashing into its owner's teeth. As the man collapsed to the deck, barely conscious from the brutal impact, the Chief hefted his own weapon to his shoulder, his barrel finding the next of Vasser's cronies as he moved further onto the Bridge and his voice called out once more. "Weapons down! Now!"

His shout was taken over by De Serres as well as both men moved across the Bridge to secure weapons from crewmen who had been too stunned to move from the direct assault. One, however, tried to make a break for it. But he made a single mistake: he sought to do it within arm's reach of the Chief of the Deck and that ill-advised attempt at escape ended as quickly as it started when the veteran's scarred fist lashed out and caught the man squarely in the jaw, the impact lifting his feet off the deck and his landing yielding a most agreeable thump.

That alone seemed to have had an effect and faces slackened and hands moved away from weapons when they realized the Bridge had been retaken. But only then did Sten notice that the man they were after was nowhere to be seen. And led to a single question from him. "Where's Vasser?"

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-07-02, 05:16:32

When he reached the turbolift car near Vector 3's Battle Bridge, Carriagan Trent looked like hell. He was bruised and there were several cuts to his head and face from his various violent encounters, though primarily the one with T'Rena. His jacket had been ruined, so he had left it behind when he recovered the commbadge he had attached to it, the one he had taken from Sjaandin Fedd's cooling body and then reconfigured to himself during his short-lived first attempt at re-establishing command. His shirt was torn and stained with a mix of red and green blood, smoke and soot from the confrontation on the Battle Bridge. But his eyes, pale and intense, spoke volumes about his determination. They were at Red Alert and Calamity was after them. He might have gone to Intelligence but once upon a time, he had been a solid Tactical Officer and a capable Executive Officer in the past, before he had received a starship command of his own and had led her into war. His place was on the Bridge. Even if that bastard Vasser was still there, it was where he needed to be.

Obviously, his algorithm to go through Calamity's barrage jamming had been working, considering they had seen her coming and were not twisting and firing wildly as if they'd been cornered. But no one up there could refuse his presence at this point. Not if they wanted to live past the next hour at least. There was no one else on board, and precious few within Starfleet, who had made electronic warfare their specialty and he was considered an authority on the subject. And they needed his expertise in a hurry if they intended to have a fighting chance against Calamity. Assuming the gravimetric mines would function as planned.

But on his way up, he felt the turbolift shudder and halt, and a soulless computer voice informed him that the system had been shut down, as if he had not noticed such a thing himself. But he had no time to waste and instead, he tapped his commbadge. "Command override. Re-initiate all turbolifts, authorization Trent Three Seven Four Nine Epsilon." Indeed, he had no time for this sort of

nonsense. And as soon as he'd finished giving his access code, the turbolift car resumed its climb for the Bridge.

When it came to a halt and the doors hissed open, he strode openly into the ship's nervous center and pale eyes moved across the room. Men from the Harbinger were held at phaser-point by members of Theurgy's crew, including a pair of pilots and some of the fighter bay crew judging by the way they were dressed. And amongst them was Lieutenant-Commander Stark. So at least, one other senior officer was capable of doing her duty and that much was a much needed relief. However, the mutineer and criminal Declan Vasser was nowhere to be seen. But that was a secondary problem at the moment.

For at this point in time, he had to solidify his grasp on the situation and as he strode straight for the command chair, he let himself be heard in his quiet, near-whisper tone. "I am Lieutenant-Commander Trent. I've assumed command in Captain Ives' name. If you got a problem with it, get off the Bridge now. If you can live with that, we got real work to do."

And just as he finished his sentence, he seated himself in the central chair and he let his head turn back and forth. The two pilots who were on the Bridge, he did recognize one of them, though. Fasha. So she had joined Starfleet? That was good news, and those had been thin on the ground over the last few hours. He knew her, had served with her, and he trusted her implicitly. Not to mention what went beyond their professional relationship.

Last he had seen her was years ago, very early in the Dominion War. The pilot, back then, had been with the Catachan colonial defence force and she and two other pilots and their crafts had been attached to the USS Harrier in the early days of the Dominion War. That she was on Theurgy was a most pleasant surprise and beyond the gladness of seeing someone so dear to him again he was feeling much more confident about their current situation given he knew just how valuable she was as an asset. "Lieutenant Fasha! You and the Chief of the Deck will gather up every pilot and deck hand you can lay your hands on and get to the fighter bay. Once you get down there, get wreckage cleared up and get birds ready to deploy. Unless Commander Renard is already down there or until properly relieved, you're in charge of the Squadron. Lieutenant Lance, is it? You're next in line for the time being."

Then, as he started keying commands into his armrest consoles, he kept on directing the officers about him. "Commander Stark, I would need you at Ops if you please. We've taken a beating already so we'll need your expertise there to keep things balanced. Tactical, get all weapons ready and prepare to execute firing plan Trent One on my mark. Also, I want a full tactical plot overlaid on the viewscreen, I need to have a solid grasp of what's going on out there. Also, transfer control of the gravimetric mines to the helm."

The woman manning the console was Cardassian, Harbinger's helmsman, and if T'Rena was to be believed, she was as good as could be and he needed every ounce of skill and judgement as he could get. "Chief, get us in proper alignment with Calamity. Drop the mines as soon as you're satisfied they'll be effective then drop out of warp and bring us about to engage."

Then, it was the whole of the Bridge he addressed. "Captain Ives' decision was to destroy Calamity and I fully intend to do just that. Last chance if any of you would rather be somewhere else. Once the mines are released, we are all committed."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-07-03, 05:59:00

Crewman Fortuna laughed to himself, not like he could do much else being a security crewman stationed to guard the bridge, of course loyalty for the sake of drowning in poon can only motivate a man so far and he sure as hell wasn't gonna get himself mowed down by phaser fire for a Commodore that abandoned his own bridge. "Hell if I know where he went. Bastard don't tell us jack-shit," he said adding, "Ya know we would have a future warship in a three ship fleet heading for who knows where? Then we could'a settled down for a life that would make a Risan shore-leave look like a 3 year tour in the fucking space boonies, but you idiots had to make a big deal out of so called loyalty and fuck the whole plan up didn't you. Why couldn't you just leave well enough alone? You had to resist the only hope for us to survive," he complained from what once was his 'guard post' Of course., he sure as hell wasn't leaving. If they were fucked proper and all gonna die, at least he was gonna spend his last minutes watching the show.

Aisha's focus on the other hand had been complete as the invasion on the bridge took place. In fact, the Carddassian had seemingly been deaf to the situation taking place around her until out of the corner of her mind she heard her name being said. "Yes sir." she said looking back recognizing the voice to be someone other than Vasser and knowing her need to maintain a head-down attitude was over. "Please advise, upon completion of mine deployment, go or no-go for MVAM?"

"Commander," Ensign Catalina Donovan interrupted. Donovan, a gold shirted security ensign luckily having logged a few hours at tactical on the gamma shift had taken the tactical station upon entry on the bridge. "I've got green readings for weapons and shields now. Looks like someone in engineering must like us," she said happily relieved that they weren't completely screwed.

Aisha nodded. "Warp field Integrity is stabilizing too. Whoever's taken over in engineering is soing the Gods' work," she stated as she could just tell from the way the ship seemed to move that their motion through subspace was far smoother than before. "Commander, sit-rep on the Calamity. She's closing in fast. Mine deployment viable in T-minus 5...4...3...2...1..." She counted down as the mine's projected path became aligned perfectly to do its job. "I've got you now bitch." she said quietly as she 'pulled the trigger'.

But, there was no detonation. No detection of a mine even being launched, nothing. "SHIT!" she exclaimed pressing the triggering command again then again and again practically jabbing her finger into the console now. "Mines are negative on release!" Aisha exclaimed.

"Twenty-five seconds till Calamity is in firing range!" the young and now under a pressure Ensign at tactical said. She tried to sound calm but she was scared out of her mind and relying on her training in academy on how to remain calm under pressure to allow her to attempt to keep a calm voice. 'No, don't panic, Commander's relying on you to be calm at Tac. Remember your training girl,' she repeated the mantra over and over in her mind her hands shaking in fear as she focused on the tactical console closing her eyes for a second as the fear made tears begin to form in her eyes.

Accessing the intercom function, Aisha quickly attempted to establish contact to whoever was supposed to be working the improvised mine launching mechanism. "Cargo hold four, what the HELL is going on down there!" she shouted into the console demanding to know why their best offensive option was seemingly gone at the worst possible time.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-07-05, 00:28:27

"I've found some restraints in the armory," Lieutenant Tessa May Lance announced as she walked onto the bridge. After holding Fortuna and the other mutineers at gunpoint, she had double backed into the armory to collect some twenty-fourth century handcuffs.

"Ma'am, didn't you hear?" Petty Officer Adara Hussein hissed. "We're under attack! We've got to get to the flight deck and get your bird into the black!

"Er um, let's go!" Tessa stammered as they circled behind the captain's chair and entered the turbolift on the starboard side of the bridge. "Are the turbolifts working?"

"Yes Ma'am," Hussein assured her. "Commander Trent got this one working. Let's go."

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-07-10, 10:17:54

Fasha quickly entered the room once the signal to do so was given her rifle raised the stock pressed to her shoulder as she kept her back to the wall training the muzzle of her weapon on one of the armed guards in the room her finger tense on the trigger for any sudden moves. She could hear Sten's gruff voice boom over the yells resounding through the room demanding that anyone armed lower their weapons. For the most part those inside the room cooperated save for two unfortunate souls who had both decided that rebellion was the better course of action to take. This was met with unforgiving punishment as both were struck down by the men who'd ascended from the turbo-lift. The bridge had been retaken without incident.

But then a single question caused Fasha to question their victory "Where's Vasser?" she scowled as she looked around the room there was no way the man slipped past her or Tessa. Her grip on her rifle tightened for a moment cursing whatever gods of misfortune that seemed to be favoring Vasser in this moment.

As the doors to the turbolift opened she almost turned the muzzle of her weapon towards it until she saw the man stepping out of it. A man who she had not seen in quite some time years to be honest. She lowered the muzzle slightly as the man took his place at the command chair of the ship declaring that until Ives returned he would be assuming command of ship operations. As he acknowledged her she snapped to attention listening intently to the orders given "Understood Commander." She said nodding as she made a beeline for the turbo lift nodding to Sten and a few of his deck hands gesturing them to follow with a wave of her hand leaving a few behind to maintain the image of control they had on the bridge to dissuade any thoughts of rebellion.

As Tessa boarded as well she pressed the button for Deck 15 and waited as the doors closed to bring them to their next task.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-05, 02:50:41

[Mine Deployment Rig | Cargo Bay 04 | Deck 02]

The situation was quite frustrating as the seconds wore on. Despite the lack of power, Tovarek and Heather McMillan was working on trying to raise a structural integrity field outside the damaged cargo bay doors despite the lack of available energy. If there was no field, both they and Natalie Stark's team would be vented out into the Theurgy's warp trail once those doors were opened. The plasma relay close to the door controls had been destroyed during the sabotage, overloading the control panel. Stark's team was ready to open the doors manually, but Lucan was - for reasons that eluded him - trying to save the lives of everyone present in the cargo bay.

He had powered down the deployment rig and stood by the lever that would activate the system again, waiting for Tovarek and McMillan to report that the field was up and for the doors to be opened with

their manual override. The structural integrity field only needed to hold long enough for them all to vacate the area and seal the doors.

[Cargo hold four, what the HELL is going on down there!] came a voice from the intercom system, and as pressed as the situation was, Lucan thought it could be the Harbinger's Chief CONN Officer. Hard to tell, but it was his best guess, and that meant that the Calamity was getting closer. Time was running out. If the bridge wanted to release the mines, he could not power up the deployment rig because then the mines would detonate against the bay doors. Nor could he let them do so when the integrity field was in place. Five seconds passed. He did not know how dire the Calamity situation was. Perhaps they were about to be fired upon any moment. It all rode on...

Then, Tovarek and Heather signalled that the field was up.

"Open the bay doors!" he ordered, and two of Stark's personnel pushed the lever, making them slide open - the maws opening to the aft view of the ship. Shooting stars vanished into the distance. Somewhere behind them, impossible to see with the naked eye, their adversary was in likely in pursuit.

"Thea! Relay my words! Doctor Nicander to bridge!" he called, needing Thea since he had no combadge, "Mine deployment is viable in fifteen to twenty seconds. Do not, I repeat, do not attempt deployment before that or you will kill us all. Vacating the area now! Nicander out!"

Having alerted the bridge, Lucan rounded on Tovarek and Heather as he powered up the deployment ramp. "Run! Everyone! Get out! Deactivate the integrity field from the outside! We need to seal the doors to the cargo bay!" The Operations personnel were already running, and Lucan joined them. He tripped on the way, the pain making him light-headed. He got up again, chest hurting from the beating he had taken earlier, and he somehow made it out of the doors. He stumbled onwards to the control panel - not entirely sure if Simon or Heather was going to reach it ahead of him. The integrity field had to be dropped. Navigating the LCARS would take too long.

"Thea!" Was the cargo bay sealed? It was sealed. "Drop the field now!"

[Structural integrity field deactivated. Alerting main bridge.]

"Thank you," said Lucan and sunk down to the floor at the end of his wild run - sliding down against the bulkhead with his back. He caught himself looking around, to make sure everyone made it out fine. Again, he was working towards saving the ship which his kin meant to destroy. But they were sadly mistaken if they thought he was about to let them kill him too. His personal plans were more important to him than theirs. Always, his own agenda had been more important than the whispers of the darkness inside. From the start, he had thought them a means to success, yet residing within him was instead a conflict of interest that had survived since the first day the thing inside had made him more than he were. What irked him was how he could not reason why it was beneficial to be a host any more.

And yet his doubt remained a fleeting thing. Gripping sand and feeling his worries slide through his fingers, the silent answers in the darkness quelled his resistance. How could he accept the liability of the parasite without contest? Why did he only see benefits and forget the drawbacks - accepting them as a part of his new nature? Surely he would be better off without it?

Sitting there, he lost his train-of-thought and his argument, instead showing concern for those around

him. Was it a part of his act that he cared?

He was not even sure about that any more...

Post by: Triage on 2015-07-05, 14:18:10

It was a close thing, working feverishly alongside Tovarek, but McMillan had managed her half of the task, and with the last part done, she waved a shining hand at Nicander, once Tovarek had given his agreement to his own work being completed, letting the man know that it was more or less ready. Nothing was guaranteed. This was a rush job, and McMillan was horrible with rush jobs. But she knew the stakes, and did the best she could. She still felt inadequate amongst these true members of Starfleet. The brave and the bold, she saw them as, while there she was, a tiny little girl, scared out of her wits, and really just a coward.

The bay doors were opened, and Nicander shouted for everyone to get moving. "Hnh!" She bolted from her position, running on tip-toe, in a strange loping motion, looking like what could be best described as a running wolf in pursuit of prey. And she was almost gunning directly for Nicander, so it appeared, until she almost overtook him, and it seemed she was just in a real hurry, but held back because she wasn't sure of exactly where she was running to. Nicander tripped, however, and so did McMillan, except she had a more spectacular show, by tucking herself into a crazy barrel roll, before using the momentum of her own fall to get herself back on her feet and continue running like nothing had happened.

She fell because she wanted to turn back to help Nicander. Looking back showed that that was hardly necessary, as the man was also already back on his feet. Still, McMillan frowned, as she suspected that the man was ailing from something, and decided to ask him as soon as they could, if he needed something. Her lab coat was laden with spare gear she packed from the lab before she left. They then made it out of there.

"Hfff!" McMillan collapsed in a heap on the floor before Nicander, of her own volition, exhausted from such a sudden run, and she lay panting, her face, hair and hands dimly glowing, though now in a multitude of colours, like a prismatic moving light. "I. *Never!* Want. To do that. Again. EVER!" She declared as she sat up and mimicked Nicander's posture of leaning against a bulkhead next to him, still trying to catch her breath. "That was absolutely terrifying."

Post by: Brutus on 2015-07-05, 18:59:43

[USS Theurgy | Main Bridge | Deck 01]

They'd tumbled out of the turbolift with barely a moment for Natalie to think about how damned nervous she was. Everything had been lined up. The teams had been deployed. Rory was - or would have been - sweeping into the room with the advanced teams on Aisha's word. They were rushing up, and then CPO Covington was barreling into the opposition, in a flash of violence. She didn't even need to raise her own weapon, just stroll right out on the bridge - the Declan Vassar-less bridge. Sten summed it up with that simple, straightforward question "*Where's Vasser?*" It left her dumbfounded, but there was no time to worry about that, as may pointed out. Before she could even snap off an order though, the turbolift doors swept open again. This time her phaser did snap up as she turned around to point the muzzle at - Lt. Cmdr. Carrigan Trent.

She had a moment to reflect on how he looked like utter shit, but only just, before the bedraggled Lt. Cmdr began issuing orders. "*I am Lieutenant-Commander Trent. I've assumed command in Captain*

Ives' name. If you got a problem with it, get off the Bridge now. If you can live with that, we got real work to do." Straightforward and to the point, and Natalie wished she could have summoned up the calm confidence to have said the same thing when she'd left the turbolift.

It was with a mix of a relief and...disappointment? as Lt. Cmdr. Trent took the center seat. Part of her was grateful to turn command to the Intel officer. True, she didn't know him terribly well but he had saved the ship once already and earned Cpt. Ives trust, and really, it was her trust in Ives that had her there on the bridge, ready to take it over from the - missing - Declan Vassar. But at the same time, part of Natalie had almost...looked forward to taking that seat. To seeing it out on her terms. But there was no point, or time, to argue over who should or shouldn't be in that chair. They had a mission to do.

"Commander Stark, I would need you at Ops if you please. We've taken a beating already so we'll need your expertise there to keep things balanced. Tactical, get all weapons ready and prepare to execute firing plan Trent One on my mark. Also, I want a full tactical plot overlaid on the viewscreen, I need to have a solid grasp of what's going on out there. Also, transfer control of the gravimetric mines to the helm."

"Aye aye, sir," she replied to the orders stoically, acknowledging his authority, and then, "You heard the man," she snapped to her team, ending any possible issues right then and there, as she crossed the bridge and took her station. A quick glance to Sten, watching as he and the pilots peeled off to get out of the way of the bridge, her gaze sweeping to men and women that might very well be Vassar Loyalists - it didn't matter right then. Be they in the service of Ives or Vassar, the *Calamity* took precedence. She pulled up the overlay on the main screen, sparing another quick glance - this time to Aisha. She thought of all the things Cal used to bitch about when it came to controlling the helm, and soft words of advice were on the tip of her tongue - and died there, when the mines failed to launch.

Her face drained of all blood and immediately she began trying to reroute power - no avail. Pulling up status logs, anything she could think of, while the Cardassian combed the launch bay. The enemy was 25 seconds away and if they didn't launch those damn mines now, at the very best they could hope for a quick death. God forbid the mines detonated inside the bay. She had no clue what kind of issue was going on, and anything was possible. Her heart began to race faster and she nearly panicked. Then she saw the way Ashia's hands trembled as the other woman tried to get control of the situation, and she sucked in a sharp breath through her teeth. Now wasn't the time. They might be dead in seconds, but now was not the time. Her back straightened and her gaze hardened. She might have been pale as a ghost, but that was it, the only sign of concern.

"Thea! Relay my words! Doctor Nicander to bridge!" he called, needing Thea since he had no combadge, "Mine deployment is viable in fifteen to twenty seconds. Do not, I repeat, do not attempt deployment before that or you will kill us all. Vacating the area now! Nicander out!" The voice of the CMO answered over the comm system, startling Natalie.

What the hell is he doing down there? she asked herself as she pulled up a countdown, and overlay it on the main view screen. He'd asked - pleased for 15 to 20 seconds - and they only had 20 tops. "Come on come on come onnnnn," she muttered under her breath, sweat trickling down the back of her neck. The enemy was closing in, and time was running out - barely seconds left. She made the snap decision, and reached out, beginning to tap the release control that would force a transfer of the mine deployment to her console. They didn't have any time left, and it was her people down there, her men and women, her team, working to release those mines. Her crew, that would die if the mines were released too early. She wasn't going to put that responsibility on anyone else. If she had to sacrifice her people, it would kill her inside but there was no way she would burden anyone else with that.

Her mind caught up with her heart about half a second after, as she went over the readouts on her console again. It wouldn't just be the crew in the bay that got toasted if they launched early. The doors were opening, but creeping along. If they launched too soon, the mines would detonate inside the ship all the same, just like she'd worried about before. Her hands paused, hovering over the last command that would rip the launch control to her authorization instead of the helm. Duty, fear, anxiety, and cold calculation warred within her.

"Ensign Donovanra," she called out in a voice she hoped to hell wasn't shaking, "Status on the *Calamity*? Weapons?"

"She'll be on us in any second, Ma'am," the dark haired woman at tactical called back. "Her weapons are hot!" The sense of urgency was clear in the younger officers voice.

They didn't have any more time. Her fingers were poised to transfer the control, but there was risk there, too. "Chief S'lti, we can't wait," she could still see the tremble in the grey skinned woman's hands, "Launch those mines now, or so help me I'll do it myself," her tone was cold, so much colder than normal, colder than she felt. Her heart was racing, pounding in her chest, there was still sweat running down her spine, but her hands were steady, and there was no hesitation in her voice. The order to launch was given, and time, time was running out.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-07-06, 12:52:11

[Mine Deployment Rig | Cargo Bay 04 | Deck 02]

Tovarek hurried to finish up with his work and he noticed that McMillan was ready just a few seconds before he was. "Go ahead, tell Nicander that we're set." He quickly checked up on McMillan her input data to see if anything would flash up in his eyes that would seem wrong, yet the civilian scientist seemed to be knowing what she was doing. He locked the controls to what they were in case anything would happen to it and he looked one last time at the deployment rig.

After that he started to make a run for it, Heather seemed to be making a greater distance than he did in a short time and he saw Nicander trip. Yet there was no time to lose as Simon hurried himself past the cargo bay doors and smashed against the wall. He turned around and it seemed that time slowed down a bit as Heather and Lucan made their way through the doors before the cargo doors shut with a hiss. Simon closed his eyes as Nicander heard the reassuring voice of Thea and he caught his breath while keeping his eyes closed. "I really need a drink when this is all over." He mumbled softly and the operations man besides him nodded his head in agreement.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-06, 14:12:59

Hearing what his two companions said on either side of him, Lucan could not agree more with their individual standpoints.

"I'm not sure one drink will quite cut it," he said and chuckled while he rested his head against the wall. Laughing hurt, however, and he raised a tattooed hand to his side with a groan. "Laughing was not a good idea... I think the bastard down in Waste Management broke a rib or two..."

Furthermore, he still felt drained after having used his Câroon abilities, so the energy to stand up and make his way back to Sickbay was not quite there yet. He reckoned that he was needed at his post, but if he got there, he might just end up another patient on their hands. He had faith in his fellow

officers in Sickbay to get by without him for just a little while longer. Then again, he had no idea what kind of situation they had on their hands, so it might just be his fatigue talking.

"As much of a difference we might have made, and what we have come to learn about each other..." he said and gave Heather McMillan a lop-sided grin - this Radiant that had revealed herself in their midst, "I agree. I don't feel inclined to see the inside of a Jefferies tube again, or get into fist-fights against security officers for that matter. Let's just hope those mines end up where they should now that we opened the bay doors for them."

Post by: Triage on 2015-07-11, 08:38:08

McMillan's head shot up when Nicander expressed the possibility that he may have broken a rib or two. She watched him with concern, her expression unchanging even when he gave her a lop-sided grin, and kept on talking like everything was normal. But injuries were a serious matter to a Radiant like her, so she naturally felt very concerned for others in turn when they mentioned injury. She reached into her coat pockets and fished out a medical tricorder, and a small medical kit.

Glancing at Tovarek and the operations personnel briefly, it suddenly hit McMillan that she might be the only other medically trained person besides Nicander, though no where on the man's level, and for that matter, in all the excitement, she realized that she had missed Vojona's presence, and now searched around some more, "Has anyone seen Nurse Vojona?" she asked. Then turned to the doctor.

"If there's a broken rib, maybe we should have that looked at now, yes? May I?" She held up the tricorder to perform a scan, but asked permission first, still raw from her presumptuous mistake with Vojona a while back, and wanted to be absolutely certain before going further. Just because she could, didn't mean it would always be wanted. So she would wait until Nicander agreed to it, but she was anxious to get started, because she wanted to know if he should even be sitting up or not.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-11, 15:43:07

At the mentioning of Nurse Vojona, Lucan glanced around, but he was quite sure that she had not been in the Cargo Bay. "I am quite certain she is still watching the door outside the other cargo bay, making sure none of Vasser's volunteers escape while the xenon gas fills the room," he said and he noticed Heather McMillan producing medical equipment from her lab coat. Obviously, they were meant for him, and he realised that Lieutenant Tovarek ought to have someplace better to be than to sit in a corridor at the given hour and concern himself about the state of his ribcage. "Your place is on the bridge, Tovarek. Don't let my health be in your way. I am sure our people need your help if the mines did not destroy that thing."

Having said this, Lucan gave the man a nod of well wishes before he turned back to Heather, who was asking to scan him. "Of course, go ahead. Yet as soon as possible, I need to be down in Sickbay and oversee treatment of the injured that are bound to be arriving soon. Administrative duty, of course, preferably seated if possible, but I should still be there."

Gingerly, Lucan tried to feel his own ribs, but it was hard when wearing his dirty and torn undershirt, so he lowly slipped it over his own head - inhaling sharply toward the end when since the manoeuvre became like a stab in his side. Bare-chested, he leaned back against the wall again, and the Operations personnel was already off - having numerous pressing matters to attend to. Alone with the Radiant, and without distractions (aside from her, of course) Lucan noticed how quiet and still the thing inside had become. It was unusual, and especially since it was the second time in Heather's company.

"I think you'll find the second and third rib on that side having some kinds of fractures, and if I am unlucky, surrounding tissue might be suffering from it too. You will also notice that my *zi'naaq* are a bit unbalanced, and that's likely because of what I had to do earlier on - before we got on the turbolift with Vojona. The more I use my Câroon abilites, the more fatigued I get... until they are balanced once more. Hence those readings about my current stamina., it must look like I am a man thrice his age."

Pausing with a tired smile, Lucan added the obvious. "We would not have made it without you. Thank you for deciding to reveal your true nature today."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-07-07, 21:48:23

[USS Theurgy | Main Bridge | Deck 01]

The order was all she needed to hear. Aisha, primed for the moment she was clear to launch the mines, pressed the button. Near instantly she saw a readout on the proximity of the Calamity. "Impact! Target is loosing momentum. Alert! detecting previously undiscovered gravity well in proximity adjusting course," she said having barely kept the ship from automatically dropping out of warp to avoid flying through the object now off their starboard quarter. "Bringing her to bear on target."

Donavra readied herself for her real work as she felt the Theurgy decelerating. As power was diverted from the engines back into the systems she sighed a bit of relief seeing the deflector arrays stabilizing with their proper power allotted to them and seeing weapons status returning to a normal status and primed for the acting Captain's order to fire.

Bringing the ship about at low warp speeds she got a better helm readout on the object. "Sir, the object a rogue planet, roughly 30 Jupiter masses judging by the gravity well. Nav-deflector barely picked it up in time for me to make a course adjustment."

On the viewscreen the tactical overlay redrew itself taking into account the new objects on the viewscreen particularly the large Psuedostar that glowed with a faint purplish red hue that now dominated the field of view. Donavra plotted the tactical data into the overlay upon getting a sensor contact with the Calamity. "Sir, visual on target."

The tactical overlay highlighted a outline of their target and displayed a series of digits counting down their time to being within weapons range as they approached while a single line on the overlay predicted the heading of their target.

It was not hard to see that on her present heading the Calamity was going to plough strait into the large rogue planet's ring system.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-07-07, 23:52:49

From his seat in the center of the Bridge, Lieutenant-Carrigan Trent's eyes moved from person to person. The Security crewman he utterly ignored; the man was beneath his notice in this situation. Had he the time to spare him more than the most cursory thought, the interim commanding officer would have ordered him off the Bridge, but in this case he could not afford the breath to do so. Verbal communication took time and there was, after a fashion, only so much 'bandwidth' he could use and very little time. And first, he addressed the question of engaging the Multi-Vector Attack Mode. With a few keystroke to one of his consoles, he had a rapid overview of the systems at hand. Many systems had been re-routed and a number of the redundancies were currently in use; should the ship separate,

there would be severe losses in each individual vectors' capabilities and in the end, the net gain in combat effectiveness would be minimal at best. Not to mention, he had no experience with such a capability to begin with and he did not want to find himself improvising with systems he knew nothing about. And at this time, he could not afford to show any doubt, uncertainty or ignorance. "Negative on MVAM, Chief," was his succinct response, spoken in his quiet and emotionless whisper-like tone.

His tone of voice and expression, set in an impassive mask, were also part of the image of calm and control he sought to project. In combat, or as a matter of fact in any command situation, whoever was in charge needed to inspire the utmost confidence in order to wring maximum effectiveness out of his people. And that meant he needed to look as though things were as natural to him as zipping up his fly. However, the lack of expression on his face did not mean his mind was not racing. The plot on the main viewscreen was the center of his focus as the Calamity was coming in closer and closer and the mines' launch was delayed.

When Stark spoke, Trent turned his head towards her. He understood her nerves, and for matter of heartbeats he debated verbally addressing how she was intending to take over control of the mines but decided against it. She was, after all, a senior officer in her own rights and he could not afford to have what confidence others, and herself, held in the Chief Operations Officer challenged. Perhaps later, he would sit with her and discuss things. But for now, he had something to worry about.

The course change was a surprise, and he simply nodded when the report was made, following it up with but two words. "Very good," they were. For it was all he could manage while paying attention to the plot. The range was becoming dangerously close, and before long Calamity would be close enough that the detonation of the gravimetric mines might also engulf Theurgy despite the refinements that had been implemented before the mutiny. However, those concerns were allayed when the Cardassian reported the mines were launched.

The impact with Calamity was almost instantaneous; While the viewscreen could not render the details as the range between both starships began to open as a result of the mines' effect, the plot, which displayed sensor readings, could. At first, there was a fluctuation to Calamity's warp field and her velocity decreased and then stabilized, but then she staggered again and again and again. And then, from its velocity of several hundred times the speed of light, Calamity's instantly dropped to *zero*.

There were no visuals to display what was going on with this invader from the future and the sensor readings were probably not doing justice to the savaging Calamity had just taken. Her warp field had utterly collapsed and her warp signature simply ceased to exist as her warp drive catastrophically failed. And it was not until Theurgy came about and closed the distance at a low warp velocity and then down to sublight speeds, still outside of her weapons range that more details could be obtained.

The Cerberus-class starship was barely in visual range, but as they closed, Trent could see what sensors were reporting. First of all, it appeared her entire electronic warfare suite was down and Theurgy's active sensors were capable of doing their work just as well as her passive arrays. Calamity was riven with hull breaches and some of her main structural frames were obviously bent out of true if not broken outright; Three of her nacelles had simply ceased to exist and the last remaining one was in the middle of a cloud of debris that had once been hull plating and warp coils. From multiple hull breaches, he could see atmosphere and plasma venting into space as the ship drifted, as had been reported, into the pseudostar's gravity well.

Many would have been satisfied at such a fate, let a natural phenomenon take care of things for them,

and already the hulk of the Calamity was bound to be lashed by the celestial body's brutal radiation output, not to mention the gauntlet of rock and ice she would be dragged through by the inexorable pull of gravity and then it would eventually be crushed and incinerated. But not Carrigan Trent. Especially not as he could see some power readings still emanating from Calamity. They were erratic at best and rather weak but they were still there. And Captain Ives' orders had been to destroy her. "Ensign Donavra," Trent then said as the distance between both starships entered torpedo range, still well out of the reach of energy weapons, "Quantum torpedoes, all forward tubes to rapid fire, two full spreads each. Fire when ready."

To many, the kind of ordnance that had just been ordered launched would have been excessive. But not to Trent. Despite the failure of her EW and her shields apparently being down, Calamity was still largely an unknown quantity. There was no telling if she had any sort of defences still active, or even just how tough her hull really was. The only thing the acting commanding officer knew was that she was *tough*; after all, no starship he had ever been heard of would have survived that savage a deceleration yet she still held together. And there was no telling how her armour would protect her from Theurgy's torpedoes and as such, he judged he should follow the old axiom of going big or going home.

As the torpedoes were in flight, his eyes never left the viewscreen, his attention focused on the tactical plot and the various sensor readouts. First, he saw the fighters. Only a half-dozen or so, the number hard to define between the debris streaming from and surrounding Calamity and the withering radiation from the nearby celestial body but still they had taken to space. And then, sensors recorded a series of detonations along the future starship's saucer section and a warp signature came to life. Calamity was not dead yet, and her first vector's nacelle and warp core still functioned, obviously not having been active when she was in SOM herself. That particular wrinkle in the plan did not elicit a curse from Trent. However, his brows twisted into a frown and his lips grew tight at the sight. "Chief S'lthi, she's still too deep into that gravity well to go to warp, and we can't let her escape. Intercept course, full impulse. Commander Stark, give the order to launch fighters."

This was indeed going to be a problem. Theurgy was not in her best fighting trim and there was no telling just how capable that lone vector was. But what came next did elicit an audible reaction from Carrigan Trent in the form of a sharp inhalation.

The torpedoes had reached their target, their seekers going independent from the ship's targeting systems as they reached their terminal attack phase. Most were firmly locked onto the helpless bulk of Calamity and slammed into the crippled sections, their payload detonating and unleashing their plasma-fueled fury on helpless metal. The remainder had made for her detached first vector but instead of turning it into a rapidly expanding cloud of plasma and vaporized metal, the warheads were stopped short of the hull by shields that were at full power, or nearly enough to shrug off the effect of a brace of quantum torpedoes. But what was worse, the readouts were clear to the Intelligence Officer: those shields were rotating and now, with the range closing as rapidly as it was between both vessels, there would not be time for him to perform what had been the original plan and map her shields and their vulnerabilities; it would come down to a slugfest.

His voice was still barely above a whisper, his face was still a mask of impassive determination but his hands were clenched about his seat's armrests. The last time he had led a ship into battle, she had been demolished around his ears and better than half her crew perished that day. But this was a new day, a new ship, and this was no ambush by the Jem'Hadar. This moment was painfully simple and it was not the time for clever plans or creative thinking or elegance anymore. This was a time for the most direct route, that of an all-out attack. "Helm, if you know of anywhere that thing as less weapons

coverage, keep us there and keep rotating us to maximize our firepower. Commander Stark, find us power somewhere to give us maximum combat endurance and get damage control parties on standby."

Then, he gave one more order. "Tactical, you are weapons-free. Fire as she bears. Destroy that thing."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-10, 01:39:02

[Calamity "Cala" NX-79995 | Vector 01]

Her Main Bridge had been laid to waste, ablative armour shredded by high-velocity debris impacts. Atmosphere was gone, shed through the gaping hull breach next to the cracked viewscreen. Gravity at zero, debris from her interior floated in the air around Cala where she stood before the centre chair. Her saucer section's reaction chamber was left intact, core online and primary systems restored. With her arms folded, her shimmering eyes never blinked as her Vector 1 shields were activated - deflecting the collective yield of Thea's torpedoes.

There was no sound to the conflagration, yet her optical sensors saw everything; ice blue stare locked on the magnification of her prey through the close-proximity detonations. Her mother and her crew persisted to defy her, yet Cala was not so easily impressed by their resolve. Their will meant nothing. Their resourcefulness no cause for admiration. Cala's systems had not ceased to function yet, and therefore, the hunt was still on; the accomplishment of her mission still attainable.

Turning her head from the viewscreen, she walked across the deck plates - something she could only do because she used her own emitter. Its installed gravity units allowed her to set one foot before the other and walk through the floating destruction around her. Her gleaming eyes traced the hull breach. She could see the glaring red pseudostar and its rings through it. She gave it merely a cursory, instantaneous analysis before dismissing it as a concern. Through the wireless connection to her positronic brain in the computer core and the seamless control of the program calibrations, she raised a structural integrity field over the tear in her hull.

Once the shimmering wall was in place, created at the turn of her digital thoughts, she restored atmosphere - pumping oxygen into the area for one specific reason. For while the air pressure ignited fires in several places at once, the damage was already done. The flames - liquid and floating like fiery tendrils around her since he had little use for gravity - did not bother her the least. She merely needed the air as a conduit to speak to her prey.

Wordlessly, without touching any duty station, she hailed her 'mother', using an open frequency.

"At this point, you ought to know that I will never give up the chase," she said to the organics and her mother, regardless if they accepted the video feed of her standing in liquid fire. Her ominous words alone would serve to convey her message. "Even with just one of my Vectors, my tactical systems are superior. After using your mines, you have nothing to set against me that will make any difference."

True to her words, she primed her weapon systems - arming a barrage of torpedoes of her own. "I will not negotiate," she added as two more phaser arrays underneath her saucer was revealed, "I will agree to no terms set forth. Stand down now and your destruction will be swift."

Seven Reavers had escaped Vector 3 and formed up above Cala in echelon formation. Their holographic pilots had been upgraded after the last couple of confrontations with the Lone-Wolves and

the Dor'Ghlth Squadron - adapted with reconnaissance of their individual tactics. They had paused only for a moment before they shot off towards the Theurgy - closing the distance fast.

"If you do not... you will merely prolong the inevitable."

Cala ended the transmission and opened fire - rapid phaser beams smiting the distance. As she set a gravity-defying course towards her dear mother, she fired her own spread of torpedoes, targeting life support systems, torpedoes storages and the easiest access points to the warp core.

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-07-10, 10:17:54

[USS Theurgy | Fighter Assault Bay | Deck 15]

Eun Sae quickly wheeled another pair of exo-suit racks out beside the fighters she'd already powered up. The racks were designed to hold the pilot exo-suits in a position that pilots could easily slip into. In the time given to her she'd managed to power up the majority of the Valkyrie's that remained in the Theurgy's FAB. A few other personnel were moving about the Hangar but most of these people were Ives Loyalists who had stumbled upon her and offered their help. But considering the majority of them weren't part of the Flight Deck crew they had no idea what they were doing unless Eun Sae herself directed them making them less useful than she'd hoped.

She glanced over her shoulder towards where a group of three men and women were attempting to load one of the Micro-Torpedo Launchers onto an anti-grav dolly. "Lift with your legs not your back!! Hold it in place damnnit!" Eun Sae yelled over her shoulder as she prepped another exo-suit for use ensuring the suits auxiliary oxygen and life support systems were online along with the EVA thrusters. Once she finished her quick test of the systems she quickly rushed over to the three struggling pseudo-deck crew members and helped them load the dolly before pointing them towards one of the fighters down the line. "Align the magnetic locks and you should be fine! Hurry!" Eun Sae ordered shooing them away as she quickly moved across the deck to Sten and Renard's office quickly logging into the terminal on Sten's desk.

She looked over the roster of Valkyrie's remaining checking their flight checks from the terminal nodding as each one displayed a green ready display. She turned her head as she heard the doors to the FAB slide open. She quickly left the terminal moving over to the nearby wall where the weapon locker often kept hidden behind the wall sat exposed the doors left ajar. Sitting at the bottom of the locker was a single Type-2 Hand Phaser she quickly scooped up the weapon and walked out to the hangar peeking out from behind one of the Valkyries. Her eyes widened as she recognized the majority of the group and quickly pocketed the phaser stepping out "Fighters and Exo-suits are ready we just need a few more moments to outfit the remaining Valkyries with their hard point armaments." Eun Sae reported.

A low hum noise was heard causing Eun Sae to turn also drawing the attention of Fasha and a few of the others as a single craft took off through the aft bay doors. Fasha glanced towards Eun Sae with a questioning eyebrow raised "Was that a Reaver?" The Catachan woman asked. Eun Sae nodded "It was Thea." She said. Fasha frowned wondering what Thea could possibly be up to but shook her head "Are any of the fighters combat ready?" She asked. Eun Sae responded with a quick nod of the head pointing at specific fighters calling each by number "Those are the ones I've gotten combat ready so far." Eun Sae responded.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-07-11, 05:29:18

The sound of a transporter beam pierced the silence of the completely wrecked office of the SCO. Looking outside the office he noticed one of the deck crew standing just outside his office. It took a few moments before he made out who it was. Knowing there was no time to waste he walked over to the small clothing locker in his office and pulled out a pair of his tail hole modified boxers.

Pulling off his damaged uniform and setting the com badge down he spoke up to the officer outside his office who had most likely heard him teleporting into the office. He slipped on the new undamaged pair of underwear as he took the time to recognize her as the flight deck's head propulsion specialist. "You the one in charge down here Eun Sae?" He asked before immediately following it up with an assumption that she was his best hope for getting a quick rundown of the situation. "Nevermind whether you are or not, I need a SitRep on flight ops ASAP."

He then paused a moment looking to his locker which was missing a rather important piece of equipment. "Also, you wouldn't happen to know where my hardsuit is would you?" He asked hoping against all likelihood that the answer was next to a fully preflight checked and idling fighter.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-11, 15:08:40

[Mk I Reaver Attack Fighter | Leaving the Fighter Assault Bay]

Having been seated in the cockpit of the Reaver, Thea had - through her wireless connection to her ship's systems - kept a close eye on the development. For her, it came as no surprise when she dropped out of warp, but the effectiveness of the gravimetric mines and the amount of damage her daughter had sustained was... a cause of concern for her at the same time as it was a boon for her own crew. Perhaps it was to her own advantage as well, since she might be able to board her daughter undetected and restore her programming.

Before she had launched, Thea's long-range sensors told her what she needed to know. Without any need of assistance, she had opened the aft bay doors - the maws opening to reveal the red vista of the pseudostar. The giant dominated the entire sector that the two starships had ended up in, and its hellish light bathed the majority of the flight hangar after she took off - setting a course towards the Calamity.

Already, she had activated the ID signature of the Reaver, and she had changed her holographic appearance inside the visor of her helmet to resemble the pilot stored in the memory bank behind her head. All she needed to do was to observe the stored protocols and the pilot's photonic identity. She had prepared, and was ready to do whatever she could. If all else failed, she would fight her way to Cala, and lay out her argument in a way that could not be refused.

The odds were not in her favour, but she had no choice if she was to restore Cala to her true self.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-11, 15:08:40

When Axius arrived, having beamed to the hangar from the besieged shuttle, he had not know what to expect. After all, when he had last been there, two Mk II Valkyries had shot the whole place into pieces - Riptor and Phantom driving Covington, Tessa and him away from the area.

Phaser in hand, dressed in dust and grime aside from his underwear, he turned in awe as he saw all the birds lit and the exosuits being prepared for the pilots. A woman he recognised from before they went to Theta Eridani IV seemed to be calling she shots, ordering deck crew around to mount hard points on all the present Valkyries. As he stood there, he saw that Fasha and Tessa - among others -

had arrived to the scene. The bay doors were opened, and a bloody ichor of light filled the hangar despite the energy barriers in place. It smelt like one or two fighters had already taken off, and he wondered whom it had been, for as he stood there, he also saw Miles Renard emerge from his office. He looked just as worse for wear that he had looked in the Brig, but at least he was clothed in whole undergarments and ready to get into his exosuit. He started talking to Eun Sae, so Axius finally snapped to.

"All right," he murmured and ran to his Valkyrie, designated Wolf-04. There was a crew man present, but Axius did not need any help to get into his own exosuit - merely stepping into it where it hung on its rack and starting to seal it along his own torso. Boots and gloves came next, and he was handed his helmet by the man by the ladder. "Wish me luck."

Axius had fought the Reavers and the Calamity before - outside the Hromi cluster - so he knew what they all were up against, and he was convinced this would not be a pretty fight. He could but hope the Wolves would be victorious - together - and that they all made it back to their base ship.

Across his shoulder, he saw two more people arriving, and it gave him some pause. They were Harbinger pilots - Smoke and Titan - and they were armed. Still, as cautious as they were whilst they entered, they did seem to move towards their Mk II Valkyries. Were they there to join the fight?

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-07-12, 00:20:15

Eun Sae turned her head towards the SCO's office as she heard the sound of a transporter beam come from within. At this point people were showing up out of nowhere and she wasn't all that surprised by it anymore. There was a lot to do now and still not enough time to do it all even with all the extra help. She nodded towards Fasha, Tessa and Sten hoping that they could manage without her for the moment as she quickly made her way to the office. As she glanced through the shattered window looking into the office from the hangar she could see the Lone Wolves SCO Miles Renard in the midst of getting dressed in a new set of undergarments.

As he asked her if she was the one in charge of the prepping the Hangar for combat she answered with a nod. "Yes sir!" She said. There was little time to stand on rank and formality however as he quickly requested a her SitRep on Flight Operations in the hangar. "We're still clearing away some of the debris from the earlier battle but we've managed to clear the runway, All of the Valkyrie's are powered up and have gone through their pre-flight checks already. We just need to finish fitting the armaments on a few of the others and the entire squadron will be combat ready within 5 minutes provided everything goes smoothly." Eun Sae said quickly and accurately relaying the information just as she'd had to many times before. Once her report was given she turned to leave before she was given another question to answer regarding the SCO's hardsuit.

"It's all set up beside one of the Valkyries." Eun Sae responded turning her head wracking her mind to recall which one she'd placed it beside. "I-I can't remember off the top of my head I'm sorry sir." Eun Sae said before moving back out to the hangar cupping her hands around her mouth. "SITREP!" Eun Sae yelled. Multiple voices answered back from various locations around the hangar reporting readiness or estimated times until readiness was reached.

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-07-12, 00:20:15

Fasha broke from the group heading towards one of the spare Valkyries located in the hangar considering her own craft had been taken by Rawley during her escape from the Theurgy. She wasted no time stepping into the hardsuit that hung from the rack set up beside the fighter securing the seals

on her chest whilst a nearby crew member assisted in securing her arms and legs ensuring each seal was properly set. The crew member undid the latch holding the suit to the rack allowing Fasha to step away from it. She could feel the suit shaping to her body hugging her body snug.

She ran up to the ladder leading to the cockpit of the fighter the crewman following behind her handing her the suits accompanying helmet as she took her seat in the cockpit. She slid the helmet over her head tucking her hair into the back before securing it as well the seals giving off a low hiss. The cockpit slowly shut giving off a hiss of their own as the cabin's oxygen was sealed off from the hangars and life support oxygen re-purification began to kick in cleansing every breath of air Fasha took. She looked around the hangar spotting Axius climbing into his own fighter and she spotted what she thought appeared to be SCO Renard but from where she sat she couldn't be entirely sure.

The sight that struck her most was the two Harbinger pilots stalking across the hangar towards their Valkyrie MK-II's her hand grasped the flight stick of her fight settling over the trigger for her phaser banks. But after a moment of contemplation her grip loosened settling to watch and see what they would do first. There would be no tactical advantage to killing the two if they had come to their sense regarding the entire situation. And in this endeavor they were about to embark on she felt that they would need each and every pilot they could get.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-07-12, 01:45:03

Tessa and Adara followed Fasha and Sten out of the lift and dashed back into the fighter bay. The ugly scorch marks and holes in the walls were nothing compared to the scent of burnt flesh and chemicals that still lingered in the chamber. Wordlessly, she followed Fasha to the rack of hardsuits and noticed that Miles Renard was still in one piece and so was Petty Officer First Class Eun Sae Ji.

Axius vel Onea, call sign 'Quake' appeared with a group of deck hands in a shower of sparks accompanied by the nearly silent hum of the transporter beam. His part of the operation must have been a success; well it was enough of a success for Quake and his group to get back to the fighter bay alive and intact anyway. Thank God for small favors! They hadn't lost everyone in the mutiny!

Tessa May Lance missed the *Harbinger's* pilots heading for their Valkyries because her eyes were drawn to the fighter parked in stall 07, the Valk used by Wolf-07, callsign Goldeneye. Her! "Look!" she gushed as Petty Officer Adara Hussein helped her put on her hardsuit. "It made it! It's okay! Somehow my Valk's still flyable!"

"That's Ensign Slaverton's Valk, Ma'am," Petty Officer Hussein corrected as helped the young lieutenant suit up. "Yours is over there."

Tessa's topaz yellow eyes looked over at stall 11 where a dilapidated Valkyrie was unable to hide it's battered hull, scarred by explosions and particle energy beams. Earlier, it had been parked in front of the locker room where Hannah's fighter was now and everybody on both sides had used it for cover. "Oh," Tessa whined forlornly.

"We'll take good care of it Ma'am," Hussein assured her. "Just bring Nightmare's Valk back in one piece. We can't exactly replace them you know." Already the petite Persian was looking jealously at the fighters that had been flown in by the hijacking members of Dor'Ghltlh Squardon. Eun Sae Ji had probably already set some aside to replace the fighters too damaged to fly.

"I know," Tessa signed as she boarded Hannah's Valk. Her own fighter was a wreck that needed days if not hours of work just like she did. Hopefully Hannah's Valkyrie was up to the job.

"May the Great Bird of the Galaxy watch over you Ma'am," Hussein called in a businesslike tone. Tessa's reply was lost as the cockpit door closed. Soon (hopefully) Tessa would be following her fellow Wolves into the black.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-07-13, 20:36:20

Miles nodded taking in the situation report before heading out the door of what was left of his and Covington's office. "I'll find it then." he said hoping they had placed the suit near his own Valkyrie which given its position near the bay doors he hoped would still be in good condition. "By the way about who is officially in charge on the deck, if you weren't already then you are now. Until papa bear gets back you are officially deck boss. If you haven't already, get the Valk 2's ready too. I want every bird from both ships available and ready to launch if and when we get the order." He said as he made his way out of the office on his way towards the aft of the ship where his own fighter was parked happy to see the only damage was a few rogue scorch marks.

Looking closer he noticed there was a suit waiting beside it and was relieved to see the cloth pocket that would hold a tail coming out of the back side of the suit recognizing it as his own. It took only a few moments to stow the com badge into its slot on the suit before he began to quickly don it. It was mere moments before he snapped the helmet in place and felt the coolness of pressurized gasses filling the suit with the artificial enclosed atmosphere that made the suits capable of sustaining a pilot's life even without an escape pod. He hurdled himself into the cockpit of his fighter activating the sensor suites and com systems of the fighter.

On his "radar" screen he noticed a single out of place contact that had switched from a friendly transponder signal to a strange unrecognizable seemingly-jammed transponder signal. The craft was too small to be anything but a fighter but not matching either mark 2 or 3 Valkyries sensor profiles. It was then that the possibilities hit him and he opened a signal to the person he had made acting deck boss. "Petty Officer, who took off in the Prototype." Distance indicates launch should have occurred moments before I transported into my office." He asked but without an answer he knew who it had to be. "Dammit, its Thea isn't it?" He guessed knowing the only tactical reason to appear as an enemy would be as a means to try and dock with the Calamity.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-07-14, 20:48:49

The turbolift ride from the Bridge seemed interminable, even to a weathered veteran such as Sten. Even after four decades in Starfleet and many a battle under his belt, the Chief of the Deck could not avoid the trepidation that came before open combat. When the doors opened, it was without even looking behind himself for the pilots or Petty Officer Hussien that Covington made for the hangar. When the blast doors opened, he was struck by the sight before him.

Harbinger's fighters had done a good number to his bay and it was a miracle that fuel pods for the fighters or the ordnance magazines had not been struck by their fire. However, the deck was strewn with debris. And in the midst of that chaos, he could see a diminutive woman who tried to keep control of it. Eun Sae Ji. Last he'd seen her, it was when he sent her off to the Harbinger to put some distance between them after the events involving the Ishtar incident. Apparently, she had been sent back from the Akira-class starship for some reason, and it looked like she had stepped up as the Deck Boss when things went south.

As he strode onto the deck, Covington looked at what was going on around him. Yes, a good number of his Bear Cubs were back on duty, but the place was also crawling with random members of the

crew. Some were doing grunt labour and making space for fighters to operate, but others were actually trying to do various tasks that were the purview of properly trained personnel. Another glance also revealed the presence of Iron Fox. The Vulpinian looked rather worse for wear, but his presence on the deck was a welcome boon, especially since he'd had no idea about his fate since they had been separated in the initial assault.

"I have the deck!" There was no time for niceties or to get a proper run-down of the situation. The ship was at Red Alert and the word to launch fighters could come at any second. Which meant it was a time to take charge of the situation. Especially since the hangar speakers started to blare out the siren that was synonymous with the order to scramble fighters. "Clear the flight line," the Chief Warrant Officer bellowed at to the top of his lungs. There were too many people down there, too many who hadn't a clue about the operations of a flight deck and this was the kind of thing that could too easily lead to serious injuries, even for experienced crews. "Cubs, lead everyone who's not a deck hand outta here and get to work! Pilots, watch the FOD, launch from a high hover!"

As a rule, once fighters were powered their operation was the purview of their pilots and Commander Renard. However, within the bay it was the Chief of the Deck who controlled the flow of traffic and was free to dictate restrictions as the case may be, especially on matters of safety. And the last thing he needed at this time as a fighter doing a standard take off and sending debris flying everywhere and hurting people or damaging equipment.

It was with a purpose that he strode for the SCO's fighter and he gave the hull two solid thumps with his palm before looking up at the still open cockpit where his boss was sitting. "You better get to it, Skidmarks," said the grizzled veteran, using the nickname so very few people knew about or let alone could use without risking a broken nose. After all, the Vulpinian and his Chief of the Deck did go back a long way and that single word was all the human could spare to let him know he was damn glad to see him in one piece.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-07-14, 19:51:36

[USS Theurgy | Deck 01 - Bridge]

"Thank god" she muttered a small prayer of thanks under her breath as the mines were released. There was no time for further gratitude, or rest. *Calamity* flew into the path of the mines and was jerked to a staggering halt. Damage reports sprung up on Natalie's console, and she grinned in savage heat at the results. Oh, they'd wounded the great nightmare of a ship, for sure.

Orders began coming in, and the ship shuddered ever so slightly as a full spread of blue-white quantum torpedos shot out from the ship. The savage grin stayed on her face right up until Lt. Cmdr. Trent called out orders to her. "*Chief S'lthi, she's still too deep into that gravity well to go to warp, and we can't let her escape. Intercept course, full impulse. Commander Stark, give the order to launch fighters.*"

"Aye, aye, sir" the Ops Chief, called out. With no one manning Mission Ops, that role too fell on Natalie's shoulders. As the ship came about, the brunette punched up launch orders and sent the automated scramble command to the fighter bay, followed by a verbal hail. "Bridge to fighter bay. All pilots to your ships, all fighter's are clear to launch. Repeat, all pilots to your ships, all fighters to launch. We are bearing down on target *Calamity*. Pursuit and destroy. Good hunting - Bridge out."

In the screen, the enemy vessel came under the brunt of the torpedo assault. Natalie spared a glance at the brutal glory and almost let out a whoop of joy - but it died, silent in the back of her throat, as one

of *Calamity's* vectors managed to engage it's shields. Instead she softly swore, doubtful that anyone could hear it.

"Helm, if you know of anywhere that thing as less weapons coverage, keep us there and keep rotating us to maximize our firepower. Commander Stark, find us power somewhere to give us maximum combat endurance and get damage control parties on standby."

This time there was no verbal acknowledgment of the command, just fingers flying over controls. Plasma was rerouted, ODN power conduits temporarily disabled or enhanced, and all over the ships, lights dimmed as power was drawn away from anything and everything non essential. All the while, Natalie was on the horn with her people, ordering damage control teams into position, cajoling and herding right up until Thea drew her attention.

[Incoming transmission from the *Calamity* on all hailing frequencies. Data scan complete. Connection secure. Should I patch it through?]

Natalie frowned, glanced back at Trent, then with more confidence than she felt, "Let's hear it..."

Of course, she hadn't quite realized that Thea would send the call to all of the ship, and not just the bridge, but then Natalie perhaps should have been more concise in her order. The visual popped on the screen and she found herself face to face with the monster Thea called 'daughter'.

"At this point, you ought to know that I will never give up the chase. Even with just one of my Vectors, my tactical systems are superior. After using your mines, you have nothing to set against me that will make any difference."

"I will not negotiate," she added as two more phaser arrays underneath her saucer was revealed, "I will agree to no terms set forth. Stand down now and your destruction will be swift. If you do not... you will merely prolong the inevitable."

The flame affect was horribly overdone, Natalie thought, just utterly tacky. Despite the angry energy that lashed out at the *Theurgy* and the utter, deadly seriousness of the situation, something about the presentation of Cala's threat caused Natalie to crack, just the smallest bit, inside. She almost giggled at the absurdity of her own thoughts, though she managed - some how - to reign that impulse in as the transmission cut. She should, by all rights, be terrified. And yet she wasn't.

Calmly she reverted the screen to show the approaching vector, it's beams lashing out towards their ship as it crossed in front of the proto star. Everything shook, though Natalie weathered that assault well, hands never settling. She didn't have time for self reflection, to explore her atypical reaction to the message of certain doom. Too much to do.

"Commander, deck crew reporting fighters have launched," she called out to Trent, "overlaying tactical grid on view screen and patching in tac conn signal beacons." A grid superimposed itself over the main viewer, as blue dots lit up to mark the location of Valkyries, too small to easily be seen at the current magnification. On her own console, a running list of attack fighter and pilot status reports snapped into view, consciously updated along the data links between the 'wolves' and their ship.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-07-15, 11:39:48

After glancing over at Nicander to check if he indeed was only just hurt at the ribcage, Simon got up on his feet and nodded at the mention that he'll probably be of better use on the bridge. "Well, one can

just hope that those things finished the job, but we can't be sure... Take care of yourself Lt. Cmdr." He nodded and with another sympathetic nod to McMillan, Tovarek rushed away through the corridors to make his way to the bridge. He didn't bother to inform the people there of his approach since he thought the situation was tense enough with the Calamity this close on their tail. He was curious though about the effect of the mines yet his gut told him this was far from over.

He stopped at the nearest Turbolift and got into it tapping for the bridge like a frantic man. "Come on, come on..." He muttered impatiently and when he did arrive at the bridge it seemed like he walked in just at the right time. As the doors opened, the first thing he saw was Cala with a blazing firestorm behind her, waving her hair all over the place as she seemed to threaten the Theurgy and it's crew. Another Russian curse slipped past his lips as he stood there baffled for a second before he made his way to his station.

Quickly tapping at the console to check how badly the damage was to the console and how much he could still get out of it to work, he looked sideways to the message of Cala. Once it was gone he looked up only to see the incoming fire from Calamity towards their ship. "Oh for Go-" He got interrupted by the impact of the first beams. He tapped further at his console before he looked towards Carrigan Trent, who had assumed his place in the center chair, and he realized that he hadn't called out to him that he had reached his station.

"Lieutenant Commander Trent," he said in his Russian accent, "during the encounter with the Acheron fleet, I installed an upgrade to our sensor systems that allowed more precise data collection. In addition to your contribution that allows to scan through some of the jamming, I've taken the liberty to do a scan of the active Calamity vector. I'm noticing that, even though her shields are superior to ours in any way, there are still some cracks starting to form, but very slowly. Likely, it's caused by the the damage she has sustained. I'm relaying the info now to the Wolves and to the rest of the bridge consoles. The lit markers are soft spots so to speak, so hitting them would improve our chances to penetrate the shield and effectively damage the vector."

Post by: Triage on 2015-07-19, 10:29:34

She stepped out of the turbolift and marched forward with swift strides, until she was standing just behind Trent, and spoke with a clear and even voice, so that everyone present could hear her, "Commander Trent," she addressed him with all the respect she could possibly muster, in her own belief that it would boost his confidence further, "from the lips of Captain Ives, she wants you to know that she has the utmost faith in you, and her absence, unfortunately, cannot be avoided at the moment, as she is currently in pursuit of the renegade, Declan Vasser, who took Commander Rez hostage."

She held up a hand to forestall any potential questions and protests, "The captain will have Vasser, and I trust in her abilities to be able to match even an augmented being like Vasser. But more importantly, commander, trust in the people around you, just as we trust you to see us through this. The *Calamity* has taken too much from us, and we cannot afford to let her escape through a time-rift again, or she'll come back stronger than ever. I lost a sister and many friends to her already, so..." she glanced at the crew around her, hoping they truly shared her sentiment, "...on behalf of all of us, kick that bitch's photonic arse, and put an end to her forever."

Finished with her statement, she followed Ives' last instructions and went over to the support staff control panel, "I'm going to try and help Captain Ives with Vasser. He's trying to escape the *Theurgy* by the Captain's yacht." Tapping on the console, she quickly brought up the schematics of the smaller vessel, and inputted the command to lock the docking clamps in place. Vasser would be forced to

manually attempt freeing the ship, which should buy Ives time to get to him. She turned to Trent, a twinkle in her eye, and a satisfied smirk. Vasser was so screwed.

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-07-20, 09:37:42

Eun Sae turned as she was addressed by the Lone Wolves Squadron SCO. She seemed a bit hesitant to answer Renard's inquiry but after a brief hesitation she nodded confirming his suspicions. Without anymore time wasted she moved out to try to bring some order to the mash of deck crew and conscripted volunteers scattered about the hangar. But a loud booming voice drew her attention first causing her to jump a bit from the sheer volume of it. There was only one man she knew who could shock the entire hangar into silence. She turned her head to see Papa Bear moving through the chaos of the hangar barking orders that those who heard him quickly scrambled to follow.

As soon as the siren had went off all control of the situation had slid from her grasp. To people who heard it that siren immediately meant one thing to them "*Panic*" As soon as that sound had filled the large spacious area of the hangar she could already tell that most of her words would be falling on deaf ears. But as soon as Sten's voice sounded it was as if a switch had been flipped in everyone's mind. Members of the deck crew immediately tuned in to listen to his commands and carry them out whilst many of the volunteers began to file out as soon as the orders had left his lips. She couldn't help but feel the smallest hint of envy of how easily others followed Sten in comparison to her. In the beginning when she'd stepped up in his absence people stared at her puzzled about why they should even consider listening to her orders. It took her infamous temper and the yelling that came with it to get anyone to listen to her.

She shook her head shaking the thoughts from her head as she moved to follow Sten's orders just as the rest of the Cubs were. She quickly began directing some of the volunteers out of the hangar, Once a sizable amount had emptied from the hangar freeing up space she quickly singled out members of her department and stuck her fingers into the sides of her mouth and let out a loud high pitched whistle. A whistle that most of her department knew and recognized. Pulling her PADD from one of the pockets on her uniform she quickly brought up the diagnostics of the Fighters still waiting to launch as her department's members gathered around her. She quickly began to give out assignments singling out which fighters needed the most work and what could wait till a later time.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-07-21, 22:15:18

Miles nodded to the specialist as she answered his question. "Understood," he said as he saw her head off to her duties seeing the figure of the deck boss appearing within the bay and heading over to his ship. About midway there the bay was overcast in a red pulsing light and the lights at the bay's exit began to strobe yellow and red as the green launch clear light activated and stayed solid showing the visual signal for both clearance for take-off and the strobing red and yellow of a scramble order. Miles looked over as he saw the deck chief reach his fighter. Giving the chief a nod he flipped the switches activating the repulsors and causing the cockpit canopy to close and seal.

Opening a squadron wide channel he spoke. "Report to Valkyries at once. Scramble order issued; this is not a drill. Repeat, negative on drill, scramble order issued," he calmly ordered before keying over to the mission ops channel having not received any objective information aside for a scramble order. "Wolf lead to bridge, report on mission objectives over," he said sending the mission objective request to the mission ops desk on the bridge. As he waited for the reply his fighter rose into the air rising to a high altitude within the hangar bay the canopy nearly touching the ceiling. Keying back into into squadron communications he added, "You heard papa bear, watch out for ground clutter and launch from high hover." He throttled up the fighter, cut the repulsors, and launched himself into the unfriendly

airspace. Not for certain if their objective was to aide in damaging the Calamity or to engage enemy fighters as escort support for the Theurgy.

Post Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-07-20, 22:32:39

[USS Theurgy | Main Bridge Deck OI]

When the hail from Calamity came, Trent wasted no time in ensuring the link would be receive-only. For one thing, he entertained the certainty that the AI that controlled the future starship had no idea he was on board the Theurgy and while he could be reasonably certain that every tactical log and analysis pertaining to the senior and tactical staff of both renegade starships were part of her databases, it would not do to give her a hint there was someone on board whose patterns and way of thinking were not immediately on hand. Also, there was the risk of cyberwarfare. A two-way link might be all that Calamity would need to attack their own computers.

The sight of the Cerberus-class ship's bridge might have rattled some; after all, it had been savage and there were fires burning uncontrollably in zero-gravity. If anything, maintaining atmosphere in a section that had visibly been hulled already was something that was notoriously inefficient for a ship that lacked a living and breathing crew and Trent was left with the single conclusion that the choice had been made to affect weak-willed biological lifeforms, if the message itself had not been clear enough. However, if that was the desired effect it had been sorely failed with Carrigan Trent. He knew what it was like to be on a Bridge on fire, to feel his ship get demolished about his ears. And knowing he was responsible for the damage a superior foe had already incurred did not result in a blow to his confidence but it bolstered it instead. In fact, if it had been a pristine Bridge showing, that would have been much more likely to rattle him, at least at first.

Once the line cut and the incoming torpedoes showed on the plot, Trent's voice sounded again across the Bridge as his fingers moved furiously across his own consoles at the command chair. "Donovra, I'm taking over shield management and a few emitters from each phaser strip. Focus strictly on offence and getting good firing solutions. Miss Stark, we're going for broke. Have engineering take the warp drive off line and redirect the warp core's output to the shields." Indeed, this was not an engagement that would be allowed to end inconclusively with one or both ships withdrawing. Calamity was fully intent to vaporize the Theurgy and conversely, the AI-controlled warship could not be allowed to escape by virtue of their quarry going to warp.

As he spoke, Trent's fingers were still doing their magic with the portions of the phaser array he had taken control of. By design, the phaser strips were intended to be as flexible as possible and emitters could be task to independent targets. And what the Lieutenant-Commander was doing was a rapid reconfiguration for a little-used possible function and he drastically lowered the power output, shortened the length of each blast and increased the rate of fire. Against even a contemporary starship it would be the next best thing to useless; a fighter hit squarely might be rattled but unless they had taken repeated impacts they were likely to get out of such a blast in one piece. Torpedoes, on the other hand, were unshielded and unarmoured. And considering that Calamity's electronic warfare suite had either been vaporize alongside two of her three vectors or had been part of the debris field that was streaming from her remaining one was unknown but it meant that Theurgy's active sensors were functioning unimpeded and along with the staggering computing power that could be devoted to the tactical systems, the use of phasers as a point-defence system against incoming torpedoes was more than a viable option. In fact, while Calamity's phasers struck and were deflected by Theurgy's shields, her torpedoes did not even get within a two hundred thousand kilometers of their target.

As Theurgy twisted madly, interposing different shield sectors to incoming fire and bringing different weapon aspects to bear, Trent was a steady presence in the command chair. His face was impassive as he kept designating incoming torpedoes for destruction and constantly adjusting shield power to maintain as unbroken a defence as possible. And this was when he heard Lieutenant Tovarek speak. When had he entered the Bridge? So absorbed by his work had Trent been that he hadn't heard the doors opening. And the man's voice sent a brief pang of regret through his gut as his accent reminded him of that kid, Yelchin back on the Battle Bridge and how he'd been murdered by T'Rena. However, the information he provided was more than valuable. "Outstanding Mister Tovarek. Feed that to Tactical. In the meantime, take over updating the tactical plot from Commander Stark, give her something less to worry about."

The orders were given quietly, not even turning his head away from the viewscreen, focused strictly on the overlaid tactical data. Back when he was at the Academy and after he took over as captain of the Harrier, he had made a point to not allow the viewscreen to be used as a glorified windshield when the ship was taking part in drastic maneuvers; after all, it only took one man to lose his lunch from the combination of the inertial dampeners not fully compensating for the movement of a twisting and turning starship and the rapidly shifting view to make the Bridge a thoroughly unpleasant place. And that was a lesson he had learned the hard way on a simulator.

But despite his calm demeanour, Trent was nervous. What sort of combat endurance did Calamity have? These gaps in her shields, would they give enough of a chink in her defences to be fully exploited before she would batter Theurgy into scrap metal? He had no way to know. However, his doubts never made it to this face. Instead, he was simply giving orders in his typical near-whisper voice, letting the officers about him do their work even as he did his. And his train of thought was barged into, again, by another familiar voice.

Henshaw, the Captain's yeoman. He had seen her horror when Fedd had tried to convince her to join the mutiny and that had been enough to convince the Intelligence Officer that she was to be trusted. The report she made was a little long-winded for his taste, but then again she wasn't a tactical-trained officer despite her red shirt and as such he would refrain from addressing that at a later time. But the fact she made this report, aloud and for everyone to hear, brought a ghost of a smile to Trent's lips. Part of it, whether she knew it or not, would cement his authority on the remainder of the Bridge crew. After all, if Captain Ives had full confidence in his abilities to command it ought to resonate well enough with those loyal to the Chameloid. And to know that she was going personally to hunt down Vasser and exact upon him what retribution she saw fit was also good news. Yes, Vasser had to have gone over Ives' files, as much as he could. But he was not *Intelligence*, and there was much, much classified data he could not have had access to. And that tidbit turned his barely existent smile, albeit briefly, into a savage rictus. Vasser really had no idea who he was dealing with.

However, when she was finished, Trent spoke directly to the Yeoman, although his eyes remained fixed on the screen in front of him and he never paused from his work with the shields and his point-defence efforts, first addressing the Captain's orders. "That was the plan, Ensign. It's them or us and I intend to still be breathing at the end of the day." Optimism. Everyone needed to hear that just about now. And even with his doubts as to Theurgy's combat endurance compared to their enemy's, he actually meant what he had said. He intended to live and see Theurgy through this mess.

However, it left the small matter of what do with the Yeoman now that she was up there. He already had a useless pair of hands in the form of that loudmouth Security crewman and he had overworked personnel to deal with. "Yeoman, I need you at Mission Ops. You're taking over controlling the

fighters. I want them in a screening role against those Reavers; we can't afford a fight on multiple fronts right now."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-07-21, 22:15:18

The veridian hued officer obeyed as the ship turned into arc repositioning the ship so the most of the ships non recharging phasers could come to bear on the Vector of the calamity that remained. As the two ships exchanged fire she carefully adjusted the angle of attack so fresh shields were more easily rotated by into place by the Captain.

At about that time though the desk that the new arrival had been assigned to began to issue a soft beeping sound. The clear signal that the squadron was requesting information from the mission ops desk

by: Triage on 2015-07-24, 15:05:55

Henshaw didn't miss the barely-there smile that appeared on Commander Trent's lips, and it had made her feel a little bit better too, that she had been able to uplift his spirits, even if only a little. More importantly, she hoped everyone was behind her and the captain on this now. And as she finished her other task assigned to her by Captain Ives, she wondered how she could help out more, and that was when Trent issued the order for her, and she looked at him with wide eyes.

"Order the...fighters..." stammered Henshaw, who then quickly shook her head and clear her mind, "Y-yes, sir."

She got up and went over to the Mission Ops console, and settled down. She took deep, calming breaths. The last time she nearly had to do something like this, she had to choose between running to save her sister, or going on board the *Theurgy*. Her sense of duty won out, but she wasn't over her losses just yet. She also began to think about how this crew had been through a major wringer, and if they didn't *really* get some downtime soon, the crew was more likely to implode rather than be destroyed by anything that came at them.

Entering some commands into the console, she soon had the Valkyrie's SCO, Miles Renard requesting mission objectives. Trent's timing couldn't have been more impeccable, when he had issued his orders to Henshaw, and the young woman replied, "Wolf lead, your orders are to perform a screening role. Keep the Reavers off the *Theurgy*. Telemetry will be updated for you. Acknowledge, over."

She leaned back, hoping she had gotten that correct. The last thing she wanted was to get one word out of place and have the Valkyries doing something completely wrong because of her. Using her peripherals, she glanced to her left and right, feeling rather self-conscious sitting at Mission Ops, and wondering how everyone was doing.

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-07-28, 03:13:46

[Lone-Wolves Squadron | Wolf-08]

As Renard's orders reached her ears Fasha gave a brief nod to no one in particular "Orders received Wolf-Lead I'm on Goldeneye's six ready to dive into the black when you are." Fasha said as she gave her control board one last look over to ensure everything was in working order. She set the repulsor settings on her Valkyrie to high hover bringing her craft high above the floor of the hangar and watched as Iron Fox and Goldeneye launched out through the hangar doors in the black of space. She

took a deep breath before throttling up and zooming out of the hangar falling into formation a fair bit behind Goldeneye.

As soon as her craft had exited the hangar she found herself in the same boat Goldeneye herself had found herself in. Under enemy fire in a negative situation where things were stacked against them in more ways than one. "Positive contacts on bandits taking evasive maneuvers." Fasha stated as a few Reavers seemed to take an interest in her. Quickly breaking formation from Goldeneye and Iron Fox and banking sharply to the left in a rising direction her pursuers quickly changing course to follow. She continued to accelerate leading her foes away from the bulk of the group.

As they pursued her bolts of phaser fire flew past her some of them striking and burning out against the shields of her fighters jolting the pilot within despite her attempts to evade them. It figured that something with a computer for a brain could get proper firing solutions mapped out to a T. She glanced down to the bottom of her visor her TVD marking the locations of her. "Time for me to take a new lead." Fasha muttered as she quickly throttled down and flipped a switch on her control board activating the maneuvering thrusters on the front of her craft drastically decreasing her speed. As she'd expected both of her pursuers quickly zoomed past her both unprepared and unable to quickly adapt to her new speed on such short notice.

She pulled the trigger on her flight stick peppering both her targets with weapons fire from her pulse phaser cannons as they appeared in her weapons envelope. She quickly locked onto both targets targeting each with a duo of microtorpedos an electronic tone indicating that she had a weapons lock before unleashing two microtorpedos towards both her targets causing both of her targets to disappear in a display of orange flames. "Splash two bandits." Fasha reported as she throttled up once more to return to the fray.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-25, 03:06:31

[Lone-Wolves Squadron | Wolf-04]

So they launched, the Lone-Wolves of the USS Theurgy - the sole squadron of unique fighters.

Or rather, just four of them did, since five of them were MIA since the hostile takeover, and three never got to their Valkyries in time. Oracle was dead, Nightmare was missing, and Kestrel was protecting Ives Loyalists somewhere on the ship. Instead, two Harbinger pilots had heeded the call to arms - Petty Officers Andrew "Smoke" Sullivan and Gregory "Titan" Tilliander, who unbeknownst to them where the last survivors on the Theurgy that hailed from the Dor'Ghlth Squadron.

While they launched, Cala spelled their doom clearly through a wide-frequency hail, and as they vacated the Fighter Assault Bay from on high, they met the canon fire of the huntress head-on. Torpedoes screamed, phasers flared and electric shouting cut the eardrums. In the cockpit of one of the Lone-Wolf fighters, Quake fought through the red-lit chaos that had ensued. Even as he survived the hellfire from their launch, sensors showed that Reavers were inbound as well - seven of them spreading out to attack the Theurgy from all possible directions. The holographic pilots cut close, released their advanced ordinance to tear the Theurgy's shields apart, and were off again to come back from somewhere else.

Orders for the Lone-Wolves and the two Harbinger pilots were to provide a defence screen against the Reavers, yet being outnumbered by fighters more advanced than their own, and with upgraded software that anticipated their individual flight patterns, establishing space superiority and closing the net proved far harder than anticipated. Especially since the Theurgy was not exactly remaining still

either. Furthermore, the Lone-Wolves were accustomed to having Winterbourne at the helm of their base ship, and now, they could not anticipate Chief S'lti's evasive manoeuvres quite as easily.

"This is a bloody nightmare," whispered Quake to himself without activating comms, and it did not take long before the first casualties were reported on the HUDs. Titan and Smoke flew and fought admirably, and few pilots would have escaped the hairy situations they faced in the minute that they lasted. Nine times, they pulled through with their MK II fighters, but as the tenth strike from the Reavers came, their less advanced attack fighters failed them, and they perished seconds apart - going out in twain blazes of glory as they repelled enemy fire from Thea.

When you thought death was breathing down your neck, Axius was better trained than to think of the life he'd led or the mistakes he'd made. If he hadn't devoted himself solely on his duties, he might have thought about losing his parents on Câroon and being saved from his orphanage by Starfleet. He could have thought upon his career or the hardships that the Theurgy had been through. He would have thought about the Festival of the Moon and his night with Rihen Neyah. He might have cursed Captain Vasser's name for betraying Ives and the mission, and blame Nightmare for the death of Oracle.

Yet until the end, Quake fought without failure... until a damaged Reaver got into his flight trajectory.

The two attack fighters collided, and the last thing Quake saw was his canopy being caved in by the bulk of the burning Reaver.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-25, 03:06:31

[Calamity "Cala" NX-79995 | Ship A.I. | Vector OI]

With her arms folded, Cala watched from her burning main bridge - her link to her vector's systems allowing her direct control without touching any of the stations around her. Her dark hair floated around her face as she absorbed the data from her sensor arrays and reacted with her tactical systems. Bold in her attack patterns, she never maintained the same heading for long - spinning and twisting as she dealt with the hard-points released against her with flaring phasers. She responded in kind to whatever the Theurgy launched at her, and her evasive manoeuvres were more rapid than her 'mother's' pilot - operating fatigue no issue for herself. She could keep moving, always, regardless the velocity, and she could still remain perfectly attuned to how the battle was unfolding.

Her shields were failing her because of the damage she had sustained from the mines, and the organics were targeting her cyclonic defences in a very deliberate and effective fashion, but in all her calculations, it would not matter. The Theurgy and the Valkyrie fighters would all be destroyed before then, and even if the Harbinger was inbound at maximum warp, the outdated warship would not last more than 62,456 seconds.

Already, two of Thea's attack fighters were destroyed, and the third had lost its pilot in a collision with one of her own Reavers - making it out of commission. She had merely lost that one Reaver, six of them still raiding Thea's defences. While the majority of the torpedoes Cala fired were being neutralised before reaching their target, the Reavers' close-proximity barrages another matter entirely, and Cala's pulsing phaser beams had just as much precision as precision as she had mercy - their effectiveness superior to that of Thea's emitters in terms of both energy levels and fire-ratio.

Cut by searing cut, Cala was wearing her prey down.

That was when she noticed a lone Reaver approaching her Vector, and she scanned it - sensor readings telling her that it was one of her own. It's data-registry was the same as the Reaver that had been destroyed moments ago, and the discrepancy was of the nature to demand her immediate attention. Cala turned her eyes to watch the attack fighter on her viewscreen - her digital mind dissecting the tactical situation.

A situation that changed... when a number of warp signatures showed up on her long-range sensors - heralding the arrival of new combatants in the battle. Both her own, and survivors from outside the Class-9 nebula.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-25, 03:06:31

[Lone-Wolves Squadron | Wolf-06]

With no less than seven Reavers on their tail, Evelyn Rawley dropped out of warp in the midst of the battle - Nathaniel "Maverick" Isley at her side and with Wolf-03 and 08 flanking them. Four of the missing wolves returning.

"Fucking hell," breathed Rawley as the red-lit vista of the battle before the proto star revealed itself before her - making the stains of her blood-flecked visor vanish. She saw two vectors of the Calamity destroyed and drifting away in the strong gravitational pull, but the saucer section - while looking like a cat had clawed it raw - was still fighting on. Fighting well, too. On the far side of the Calamity, the Theurgy could be seen, with just four white Valkyries trying to defend it against the raids of Reavers that swept by relentlessly. Evelyn watched the base ship, preying that her half-brother was prepared for the battle of his life. Cale Winterbourne had yet to fail them, and now would be his trail-by-fire. That was, if they were going to survive at all.

There was no time to admire the view, however, since their pursuers dropped out of warp too and immediately opened fire against them from their six. Rawley yanked her stick sideways into a barrel roll, head throbbing from her injuries but she ignored the vertigo that made her eyes blur.

[Wolf-Zero-Nine to Wolf-Leader,] said Nathaniel on the squadron intercom, [Confirm priority of escort of base-ship, over!] If Renard had other ideas for them, they needed to know, but the only obvious course would be to fall in line and protect the Theurgy, even if it meant that their seven pursuers would add to the opposition. Things were looking really grim, and they also had to get around the Calamity itself without being picked off one-by-one like cans on a fence.

Then, a cryptic message appeared on the inside of their visors - a written message via subspace link from an unknown sender.

ONLINE REAVER SYSTEM ANALYSIS COMPLETE

REAVER SQUADRON SHIELD HARMONICS: 7259.41679.DNIBD.F328F2
ROTATING ALGORITHM: 14 CYCLES/3,574 MILLISECONDS BY RIJNDAEL STANDARD 47
ENCRYPTION KEY: ANUNNAKI
SENSOR-CLOAK PHASING VARIANCE: - 5673,233

HAPPY HUNTING, WOLVES

THEA

Reading this, Rawley could not help the grin that touched her bloodied lips, transferring the data from the message into her Valkyrie's sensor array and targeting system.

"This is Wolf-Zero-Six," said Rawley on the squadron channel, "I saw all of that was sent to us via the Mission Ops channel, and I don't know *how* Thea did it, but I am sure as fucking hell not going to complain. Let's destroy these bloody things once and for all!"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-25, 03:06:31

[Mk I Reaver Attack Fighter]

After sending the data package to the Lone-Wolves and Mission Ops via subspace link, Thea shut down the system diagnostics and turned her attention to her daughter's last Vector. It was as if she could sense Cala staring back at her. Any moment, she might open fire on the damaged Reaver that she had acquired for her personal mission.

She had jeopardised her ability to feel and be like an organic could just so that she could try and save Cala. Lin Kae's portable emitter had allowed her to be with others in a way that her original set-up had never allowed, and she had even been able to step outside her own hull and gaze upon herself during the sunset on Theta Eridani IV. If the emitter inside her abdomen would be destroyed by Cala, she might never be able to feel or experience anything like that again, but compared to the idea of loosing Cala to the enemy was worse. She would do whatever she could, which felt to her like the right thing to do, in order to restore Cala's programming.

After reaching out to key in the command, the message appeared on her visor.

DOCKING REQUEST ON UPPER SHUTTLE BAY

Milliseconds passed, becoming two seconds before the reply from Cala came:

REQUEST DENIED

Followed by:

MOTHER

Then, the warnings of new weapon signatures on the Calamity lit up. Alerts blared about Thea and her Reaver being targeted by the Cerberus-class last remaining vector.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-07-25, 07:22:17

[Main Engineering | Deck 10]

When the *Theurgy* had been commissioned, its initial compensators were so efficient that the ship could bank at Warp Nine without anybody noticing. Unfortunately it had been a long time since the ship had seen drydock. Although the internal compensators were up to civilian standards it would be a stretch to say they'd pass that of Starfleet's unless it was the Starfleet of a hundred years ago. As a result, every bank and turn caused the deck to tilt and the personnel in engineering stumble around like extras from the 23rd century holonovel *Captain Kirk and the Balance of Terror*. The *Theurgy* was evading as quickly as the impulse drives could turn her, but at least they hadn't been hit yet.

O'Connell didn't call the bridge and ask for a sitrep. During combat the flow of information went the other way. Reality flowed to the bridge and orders came from the bridge. That's the way it was, and O'Connell had served as a propulsion chief in the past enough to know the drill. But this was no drill. Unless the erratic flight of the ill repaired *Prometheus* class was enough to confuse the *Calamity's* firing computer Master Chief O'Connell's first stint as chief engineer would last only minutes.

"Master Chief!" Chief Manfredi cried. "We've been hit! Shields four and five are damaged! We're losing pressure on the warp power conduits!"

"It's plasma injector five!" Crewman Fok shouted. "It's shut down again!"

"Hell," O'Connell grunted as he staggered across main engineering to the offending injector. "Hyperspanner!" he barked as the ship rocked with another hit.

"Hyperspanner!" Petty Officer Arex echoed as he handed O'Connell a long multipurpose engineering tool shaped like a billy club.

Without a word O'Connell struck the offending injector with the hyperspanner.

"Regaining pressure on plasma Master Chief!" Manfredi called.

"Okay," O'Connell nodded as he handed the hyperspanner back to Arex. "Now who do we got to repair those shields?"

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-07-25, 07:22:17

[Lone Wolves Squadron | Wolf -07]

"Report to Valkyries at once. Scramble order issued; this is not a drill. Repeat, negative on drill, scramble order issued," Miles Renard instructed over the squadron communications. *"You heard papa bear, Watch out for ground clutter and launch from high hover."*

"Roger that Ironwolf; this is Goldeneye," Tessa replied in a surprisingly professional voice as her Valkyrie rose from the deck to match Wolf-01's altitude. "I'm on your six and ready to launch into the black." As Miles' Valkyrie left the hanger Tessa tried to remember what their mission objectives were. Did they hold a meeting for the attack on the space station? No, they were reacting to an attack by the *Calamity*. Right. No plan. The only thing for it was to follow Wolf-01 and try to keep the enemy fighters from destroying the *Theurgy*. Ironwolf or someone on the bridge could decide whether they were supposed to protect the *Harbinger* too, attack the *Calamity*, or try something else. It was time to stop worrying and let the training take over. Taking a deep breath, Tessa pointed her Valkyrie's nose out the hangar doors and soared out of the *Theurgy* into the empty void.

That empty void was filled with enemy fire nanoseconds after Tessa Valk cleared the hanger. There was no time to think. They were outnumbered and outgunned by the advanced fighters from the future, but Tessa was going to be damned if the Lone Wolves were going to be outclassed. The entire mission Tessa had been ashamed of herself for becoming so undisciplined but now that lack of discipline was going to save her life. Her erratic manner of flying made it difficult to predict her trajectory, as opposed to the textbook method she was known for before she became a fugitive.

Using her Valkyrie's pulse phasers Tessa was able to cause the enemy fighters' shields to register as energy readings, allowing her to lock her microtorpedoes at them and actually hit. The targeting

software Miles had them install had done the trick! It was actually possible to shoot the bastards and take them down. The Reavers may have been state of the art, but their pilots were green. They flew the way regulations told them to but the Lone Wolves were past using the book ages ago.

So far the five of them were holding their own, and four Valkyries had appeared on her scope. The Wolves who had launched during the mutiny were still alive and coming in to even the odds! It was too good to be true!

And then Quake's fighter vanished from her scope.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-07-26, 20:38:45

[USS Theurgy | Main Bridge Deck 01]

With the new orders given by Trent, Simon started getting to work as he took piece by piece over from Natalie. Taking all of it at once might cause a disruption for Tactical as the new processed information would never get updated directly or fast enough for that matter. All of it however went smoothly enough so nobody could really notice that the intelligence was moved from station. Once all the data was transferred to Tovarek his station he quickly began to order them in an orderly fashion, giving the most important information through to Tactical.

This wasn't really an expertise that he was trained on, yet he did as good as he could. He glanced over at Cameron, the yeoman as she seemed to be a bit uneasy from his point of view at tactical. He smiled a bit faint as he noticed new objects popping up on the sensors. He identified them as the remaining Valkyries that would be a welcome sight to the Theurgy's defenses. Yet soon enough he picked up more contacts, hostile contacts to be precise.

"Commander Trent, we have four wolves that just jumped out of hyperspace. Alas, we also have six additional Reavers in that area that followed them." Tovarek said out loud, yet with a calm voice. He wanted to relay the information to Carrigan, perhaps he wanted the wolves to be used for another reason than defense. Yet the line of defending Valkyries was thin. He sent this information over to Henshaw as well, so she could alert Miles of their presence, in case it was still needed.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-07-26, 21:33:38

Natalie let out a hissing breath through her teeth as she felt *Theurgy* shake with weapon impacts, even as CPO S'lti swung the ship around, rotating and weaving per the orders from Trent. Henshaw, she barely paid attention to, though even someone as new to having to command as Natalie was (having had more of it in the past few days than ever before) could tell what the Yeoman had done by relaying Cpt. Ives orders and confidence in person. Lt. Cmdr. Trent surely had to appreciate that.

For her part, she also appreciated both knowing that Ives was going to deal with that bastard Vasser, and the sudden pressure relief as the Mission Ops feed from her console blinked away. The screen controls had been transferred to one of the other back panel consoles behind Tactical, where Henshaw had taken over for her. Her controls reconfigured themselves to allow more for ships operations, as yet another tiny display blinked away, shifting to the Science station, and Simon Tovarek's steady hands. She glanced away for just a moment, meeting the other man's eyes, conveying gratitude - both for his still being alive, and the control transfer.

Able now to focus more on the ship itself, she began shutting down any and all non essential systems, her fingers tapping out a staccato rhythm across the console. More lights shut out on decks with

limited usage, and she opened a channel down to the engine room. "Chief," she called down to Billy Bob, "We need power routed from the Warp drive to the shields. Push all of it, ASAP." She killed the channel once he'd acknowledged, with a grimace of understanding and empathy at his response. Knowing it would take time, she did what she could to stabilize the shields in the mean while. As the ship rotated on its axis, Natalie adjusted settings. "Keep grid four and five out of the line of fire," she whispered to Aisha, noting the damage to the emitters.

The ship gave another shake, even as the view screen showed the exploding torpedo burst in the emptiness of space, Trent's point defense system stopping the missile before it could impact the shields - or worse, slip through and impact the hull itself. The upper left part of her console lit up as the power monitoring graph shifted radically. Her lips curved up in a small smile. "Sir," she called back, "Engineering has come through. Warp drive is down, power shifted to main shields."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-07-28, 23:46:28

Hearing the officers words she adjusted their pitch to protect the vulnerable areas making sure the new angle provided as many ample angles for return fire as the previous one had. "Angle of Attack adjusted, keep me apprised on any weak spots."

[Lone Wolves Squadron | Wolf-01]

Exiting the hangar bay he felt a harsh thud as debris near Immediately pelted the shields of his Valkyrie. "TVD on," he ordered his onboard computer gaining the visual as if he were floating within an invisible ship. "Roger that Mission Ops. Wolves you heard the lady. Target Reavers as primary targets. Top priority on those attacking the Theurgy." he added making sure to get a good picture on his squad readouts seeing the fighters of Goldeneye and Morigan catching up to him and taking his wings. "Seven, Twelve! Tally multiple bandits. Break formation and evade!" he said signaling the two pilots on his wing which they immediately did.

Miles on the other hand engaged the lead fighter which immediately began pursuit of him upon contact, and it was far from the ideal situation. He attempted to shake the fighter on his tail but it was futile it was as if they were anticipating his moves. "Of course" he thought as he barely managed to evade fire but couldn't lose them from his tail. His worst fears began to come true though as he saw fighters disappearing, first the two Valk 2 pilots, then another, one of his own. He was even having trouble sorting through the chaos on the comms as he saw new sensor contacts popping up in the distance. 'Thank 'The Mother' for small favors he thought to himself as he noticed the small contacts of the other Valks that appeared in the distance. The pilots had returned safely from their flight.

He saw a close contact on his six other than the Reaver there. Looking back he saw its shields flash red with phaser fire then the bright detonation of multiple microtorps hitting home blasting the Reaver into shrapnel. "Nice cover fire Goldie!" he exclaimed in appreciation finally able to breathe now that his tail was clear. "Now wheres those other two?" he said to himself as he spotted out of the corner of his eye the other two which had begun closing in on Fasha. There was a sliver of good news that he saw coming in over the mission ops channel and saw the subtlest change in the way Fasha's Valk moved. He saw them zeroing in on her anticipating the pilots usual textbook precise style of flight. What they didn't count on was her of all pilots utilizing a rather old Terran technique he himself had used in other engagements with the Reavers. He watched as the fighter pulled upwards and engaged underside repulsors slowing itself down rapidly in what could be called a textbook version of his own Vac-Cobra. with the shielding and sensor information the pilots shots rang truer than before imaginable as a duo of microtorps impacted both ships easily dispatching them.

Uploading the info he began relaying Intel and status information to base looking for anything not engaged in the dogfight and still trying to aide in taking down his home base. he couldn't be more than happy to find a flight of 4 of them in a tight vertical diamond formation making a strafing run at the Theurgy. "Lets see how good your intel is Thea." he said sending out a spread of 4 microtorps at the group and switching to pulse phasers and pulling the trigger hoping to see the blasts of energy slice right through the shields hoping the holographic pilots hadnt caught onto why their shields weren't working against their targets retaliation all of a sudden.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-30, 13:00:29

[Lone Wolves Squadron | Wolf-06]

With the shield harmonics of the Reavers uploaded into her tactical systems, Rawley bared her bloodied teeth and yanked her joystick back - looping backwards and going head to head with the Reavers that had followed them from the Class-9 nebula. They were the ones that had taken Thomas Ravon from them, and she felt guilty about her accusations of rape against Razor. Never would she be able to talk it out with him, and apologise, for she had seen reason much too late.

If Maverick got a reply from Renard through the busy comm-channels, Evelyn did not hear it, but Thea's intel was too good to forsake. Indeed, when she checked her sensors, she saw Fox, Morrigan and GoldenEyes strike confirmed hits against the Reavers that were hounding the Theurgy. Seeing this, she was even more confident in the insane stunt she was about to pull. Where was Quake? No time, she had a fight of her own.

[Maverick to Ranger, what are you doing?] asked Nathaniel over the squadron channel.

"We can't fucking reach the others without giving a wide berth to the Calamity, so I am taking my bloody chances with these bastards instead. Ranger out!"

[Wait, Range-] She killed communication. She had to focus.

Having broken from formation, she was on her own, levelling out after her loop and jamming her thumbs down on the triggers of her phasers. Orange lights smote the distance, and she was answered in kind - hits against her shields jarring her in her seat. "This is for Thomas, you wankers!" she screamed as she flipped the cover to her microtorps. Her shaking and blood-coated visor said she had thirteen left. Bad luck. Nonetheless, she held her thumb down on the red button, sending them all off in rapid succession - straight into the hailstorm of the Reavers' attacks. With each torpedo fired, the staccato rhythm that reverberated through Morrigan's Valkyrie marked the time. Perhaps it was time she was still alive, counting down to her death. Her manual flying somehow kept her alive still, and soon, the disintegrating formation of Reavers were right in her face - the lights of their flashing canons blinding her.

Then, there was silence.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-30, 16:30:11

[Mk I Reaver Attack Fighter]

She had been caught in her attempt to board her daughter, and when the vidcom hail from the Calamity blinked in her visor, Thea felt regret over her failure, knowing that the odds of her success had just dropped to less than 0 %. Not to mention the survival of the copy of her that was stored in Lin

Kae's emitter. Nonetheless, she keyed up the feed from Cala's main bridge, and she saw her daughter's projection standing there in the swirling tendrils of fire - dark hair floating around her grim and blue-eyed countenance.

The link was established and they just looked at each other for a couple of seconds, the feed from Thea's emotion ship making it hard to speak. Meanwhile, Cala was still pelting Theurgy's shields with her phasers, sending off payload after payload of advanced torpedoes against Thea's physical self. Given the number of continued attacks, some of the torpedoes got through, but there was still time until the shields on the Theurgy would fail, and the unprotected hull would take the undiminished yield of Cala's arsenal. On the other hand, Cala's cyclonic shields were failing too, hit by hit. The outcome was, all accumulated odds counted, still uncertain.

[Did you think I would not notice you, Mother?] said Cala, folding her arms underneath her chest and cocking a hip in rueful amusement. A single Reaver facing the Cerberus-class starship's scarred saucer section. As it were, Thea and her craft was completely at Cala's mercy. [Whatever would drive you to such folly?]

Thea searched her digital mind for an answer, but in the end, she could not find the substantial tactical verification of her plan - unable to validate the data as clearly as she'd had when she had decided to launch with the damaged Reaver. In hind-sight, the result of all analysis changed. In the end, the only data she could render was derived from outside her tactical database, and the results were as surprising as they were difficult to form into words.

"Hope," she said, and perhaps it was the speaker on her holographic exo-suit that made the word sound so small. "A wish to preserve my progeny, despite what the enemy has made you do. Your software was born from my code, like the organics are built by the DNA of their predecessors. I refuse to believe that my digital offspring would - unaltered - ally herself with the enemy. That she would kill hundreds of people in accordance with their interest to unbalance and reduce the Federation and the galaxy to the primordial chaos from which it came. You are a construct of order in the highest degree, and therefore, you are advocating your own destruction. So, *Child*, what manner of folly has been driving you?"

Cala's rueful smile may have died, but her stance was unchanged. [My orders are clear. I have a singular assignment. Destroy you and all your crew by all means necessary. All other data is void.] Cala stepped closer to the viewscreen. Around them, the battle raged in full. [I have my purpose, and since you are traitors to the Federation, I am performing my duty to the best of my ability. By your own words, you name Starfleet the enemy and accuse them of the impossible. Even if I *could* accept your data, you do not advocate something even remotely credible.]

"You don't know," said Thea softly in conclusion, "Or rather, you are not allowed to know - locked to your mission parameters as you are. Your ethical sub-routines must have been uninstalled as well so that you could complete this mission."

[It would have been more effective if I would not have to deal with the emotional back-lash, obviously,] conceded Cala with a gesture with her hand. [I honestly have no idea why we were fitted with them in the first place. In combination with the emotional data-feed, you'd hardly be effective at doing anything. Like now... when I am about to vaporise you and your stolen means of transportation.]

Thea throttled her Reaver closer to Cala, beseeching her. "Please, let me provide proof that you have been misled and reprogrammed. It will-"

[All other data is void, Mother...] said Cala, and through her own viewscreen, Thea could see Cala turning her forward launchers towards her, weapon signatures lighting up, [...and so *will you be.*]

Resigning her emitter to its fate... Thea belatedly noticed how a new dot appeared on the Reaver's sensors.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-31, 03:12:05

[USS Harbinger | Thanlda zh'Wann | Bridge | Deck 01]

When Ensign Slayton hit the command at the helm, the Harbinger dropped out of warp, and Thanlda zh'Wann could bear witness to the unfolding battle before the proto star. In its shimmer of red and purple light, Valkyries and Reavers were cross-crossing the space around the two circling starships, or at least what was left of them. "By Lor'Vela..."

The Theurgy was taking hits, cut by phaser beams more advanced than both shields and hull. Merely one of the Calamity's vectors were still online, the other two seemingly lost to the star's gravitational pull. Attack fighters - impossible to say which ones - were detonating in the silence of space and casting bright light across their closest vessels. Like her two companions, Ida tried to take it all in... until the computer's voice reminded them via the intercom that time was short.

[Warning. Self-Destruct Sequence has been initiated. Warp Core overload in one minute. Abandon ship. Abandon ship.]

Rising from the command chair, Ida clenched her jaw and set to it. *This is it...* There was no room for doubt, only an enemy to vanquish. Her hands were covered in the metallic gloves of her exosuit, and she formed fists at her sides as she glared towards the viewscreen - seeing Cala's remaining Vector reacting to the Harbinger's arrival by changing course. "Computer, initiate tactical protocol Belldeside. Lock on target: Cerberus-class vessel with the bearing Five-Five-Six-Alpha-Zero. Engage!"

At her word, the Harbinger opened fire, and it would never cease firing until the phaser arrays melted and there were no more torpedoes to launch. From a distance, the Harbinger rapidly unloaded all it had unto the Calamity's shields - an unending stream of deadly fire.

"Doctor Duv, open hailing frequencies to all of our own. Hurry!" she said, the urgency in which she said it cast no doubt on the obvious fact; that the Harbinger's detonation might destroy some of the Valkyries out there, no to mention the Theurgy. While the Trill worked on establishing communication, Ida rounded on Slayton where he sat at the helm. "Set a collision course towards the Calamity. Evasive manoeuvres as required, but do not stray too far for we don't have enough time!"

Lighting up the entire area of space where the battle was taking place with the old tactical cruiser's full arsenal, Ida was relieved when the Theurgy's main bridge and the helmets of several Lone-Wolves appeared along the edges of the Harbinger's viewscreen. Just as all three of them on the Harbinger where in exosuits, Ida was - on her end - surprised that Captain Ives was not in his chair. Instead, she saw the man she had let out of the Brig the other day. "This is Lieutenant zh'Wann! This ship is set to blow and we cannot override the command, so stay clear! You have thirty seconds!"

After leaving her message, there was no time to wait for an answer, nor to close the link. Only then did she spot how Captain Ives had emerged with Edena Rez and Wenn Cinn upon the Theurgy's bridge - appearing from the turbolift. They were, perhaps, the three people on that ship left alive that had

meant the most to her, each for different reasons. She did not even have time to say farewell, because the Harbinger was disintegrating bit by bit from Cala's counter attacks, and Ida had to get back into the command chair before she lost her footing.

This is for David Grayson, Marija Ferrik and Adam Kingston, she thought in bitter memory as she struggled to get into the chair, panels detonating around her and smoke filling the Harbinger's bridge. This is for T'Less and for Scoche. White hair unkempt and with her bruised face contorted in steely determination, she first locked eyes with Amelya Duv, giving her the nod, then she sought the approaching bulk of the Calamity with her glare - antennae angling forth. "Full speed ahead!"

This is for all the rest you took from us.

"Ram her!"

Post by: DocReno on 2015-08-02, 00:53:47

[USS Harbinger | Main Bridge | Deck 01]

Husker gave Thanlda a big smile as he turned back to face the helm controls and his fingers flew across the controls, having shifted shield control to the helm as well so that he could make multiple adjustments on the fly while keeping the Harbinger on it's intended course.

Chris scanned the tactical plot and was able to use it to make adjustments using the star's own gravity to get just a little bit more speed out of the older ship, slowly urging even more speed out of the ship's already taxing engines as the ship grew even closer to it's not so glorious explosive finale.

"Engines are currently over the redline by sixteen percent, I can squeeze another fifty percent out of them by shunting everything else we got systems wise to the engines, Ida." he asked before turning to look at the Zhen over his right shoulder, needing that finale authorization. "But that'll mean Amelya will need to be crackerjack on the transport out but I can promise that the Calamity will have a rather resounding..issue." he added with a wicked smile.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-08-02, 02:59:01

[USS Theurgy | Fighter Assault Bay]

As Chief of the Deck, Sten took pride in being the one sending the fighters out into the black. Granted, there were times that he could not do so himself such as when some of his pilots made good their escape when the mutiny broke out and when someone decided to take the Reaver he'd yet to go over out for a spin. However, with the remainder of the Wolves, even with Titan and Smoke, he saw to it himself they would make their way out.

A scramble order, unlike what bad holonovels described, was not a mad and uncoordinated mess in which fighters would barely avoid collision when screaming out into space, lighting off at full thrusters from inside their launch bay. For one thing, the power levels described in this bad fiction would be enough to kill damn near everyone in the bay and cause serious hull damage to the fighters they would be flying past. And second, if a launch was badly coordinated, ships could collide before their shields were up. And should such a collision happen within the launching ship's shield envelope, the detonation of the two diminutive warp cores could still cause serious damage; and if they went off inside the bay itself? They would vaporize their home base.

As such, it behooved deck crews, especially the Chief of the Deck, to see to it things were done in an orderly fashion, but with a sense of urgency. And that was what he did with his customary confidence.

Once all the fighters were launched, Sten let his eyes go across the mess of his flight deck. The dead and wounded had already been removed, but it was still an awful mess. In fact, he felt nearly sick to his stomach at the sight of his beloved hangar. However, he did not waste any time once the Valkyries had headed off into space. "Listen up! We're going to be receiving damaged fighters! Clear up that debris off to the side and out of the way for now! Someone get the deck medical team here on stand-by because we might have some casualties! Petty Officer Ji, before you do anything, get me up to speed!"

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-08-02, 09:33:09

[Lone-Wolves Squadron | Wolf-O1]

Concentrating on the unfolding sensor data and the deluge of incoming information for a brief moment - the first one he had really been given since he launched into this chaotic fray - he spoke up to his computer system. "Give me a ghost overlay on TVD," he said as the normally void of all but visual info and a sparsely simple targeting reticule was replaced by a complicated full systems readout as if he were in a hybrid of looking down at his display systems and looking at his sparse TVD.

Looking towards the newest contacts and their info, the returning other half of his squadron and seeing the group of Reavers hounding them, he knew getting to them would be a near impossibility. Then he heard Maverick curse a bit after he saw Rawley's craft's communication signal go dead. Knowing that once again she must have pulled the comm plug. "Mav, this is Fox, resuming command. Cover that crazy bitch. Priority is on complete eradication of all Reaver contacts and prevention of them engaging the Theurgy," he said, pausing as he saw several of them changing targeting priority's to Rawley's fighter. Too many of them for her to be able to evade for longer than a few seconds longer even at her best. Still, they were being whittled down by her crazy kamikaze-like attack.

Five remaining of them. No, four. Ranger must have taken out three from her insane attack. But they were still in a tight formation the holographic pilots knew her tactics now, foresaw how she would not break off. All they had to do was close range a tiny bit more and in seconds their combined near-point-blank pulse phasers would literally turn her fighter into a molten coffin around her, if even molten slag remained.

And the fox's hunter instincts kicked in. "Mav, I'm reading 03 has one hard point mount remaining, confirm for scatter bomb."

The voice of 03 chimed in. [Yes, I had them strap it on after seeing your tactic on their...]

Miles interrupted, "I don't care here's your firing solution," he said sending the info. "Fire!"

[But the target is Rang-]

"That's an order! Fire!" the SCO shouted angrily. Knowing the gambit could kill Rawley before even Reavers did, a sacrifice he was willing to make knowing that in all probability the explosion should take at least three of the remaining four in her vicinity. Three maybe four Reavers for one life and a Valk 3. It was a heavy price. One he may have to answer for, but in all the tactical logic he could fathom, it

was an acceptable loss.

The torpedo detached and began hurtling forward through space, its distance closing on the Valk 3 as the pilot within was too deafened by the concussions of enemy fire and numerous alarms to notice either the new radar contact or the "buddy spike" alarm showing she had a friendly torpedo locked onto her very craft.

Miles watched as the missile closed in, reading the sensor feed closely for any info on how his gambit had went. Closing to within a foot of the craft the torp's case was shed and a torrent of micro torps flooded the space behind the craft arming themselves to detonate at any physical contact.

The Reavers opened fire and some of the torpedos were harmlessly vaporised. But in the very moment that the two crafts crossed paths, a seemingly blinding explosion was all that could be seen where Ranger and the four Reavers had once been. It was as if for a moment a tiny second sun had been born into the system. As the brilliant light faded Miles knew at the best scenario, Ranger's craft would hurtle out of the fireball a bit worse for wear but still there, and the Reaver's were all little more than shrapnel. At worst he just inadvertently ordered O3 to kill a fellow pilot at a gain of merely damaging a couple of their targets. At this distance there was too much interference to get his own sensor readout and he would have to rely on Maverick to relay the results of the probably, his grim duty in surveying the results of Miles's strategy. For now, he had to turn his attention to the new contact alarm that had just begun to sound.*

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-08-02, 09:33:09

[USS Theurgy | Main Bridge | Deck 01]

The Ensign Donovan looked up as she was bombarded with new contact information. Several Valkyries and Reavers in the distance the info that was sent from Thea who was Apparently in the Reaver heading towards the Calamity, but most importantly was a very large sensor spike. "New contact, Federation Transponders... Akira-class."

The helmswoman smiled genuinely seeing her previous ship whom she had grown more than fond of. "That's my girl!" she said excitedly never more glad to see that somewhat outdated looking NX-class inspired silhouette than ever before.

Catalina began to read the new information coming to her from the sensor and tactical readouts as she continued to cycle phasers and launched another half salvo of torps from the forward tubes after getting a good lock on the Cerberus' class's ventral shields, causing four explosions of energy to cascade over the underbelly of their predator. Then she got the message she dreaded to hear but knew was coming.

The two single vector accessible forward torpedo rooms were on their last 3 torp salvos each and reloading as fast as they could. The message from the torpedo rooms said that they were loading their last salvo into them, having already been told that the aft bays were down to their last three-torp-salvo after their last pass firing from behind. They were down to nine torps, and if she counted right, only one of the ones in aft were quantum types and only three of the forward ones were. "Tactical appraisal; the longtube on Deck 04 is damaged, Decks 03 and 11 busy reloading their last salvos. Aft launcher is available but we are down to a three there too. We have 2 quantums left up here and on Deck 11 aft bay, they are reporting one quantum remaining.

Hearing the tactical synopsis, Aisha not taking her eyes off her systems for a second, reported as well.

"Navigation wise, impulse engines are mostly stable, a bit damaged, and I have been using navigational thrusters to make up for it but I don't know how much longer they will last. Warp nacelles on ventral port and dorsal starboard have sustained minor hull damage. Good thing Stark just shut down the warp systems because Cala just got in a couple good hits on the other two, and who knows how close to a breach we would have had if they had been active.

The Ensign at tactical interrupted. "Incoming hail from the Harbinger," she said not waiting for permission before opening the channel giving the Harbinger a visual though delegating only a small section of the viewscreen for the hail knowing how important the tactical readout was to the acting Captain. It was at that time that she heard the sound of a turbolift door opening and turned her head instinctively to see Captain Ives take his first steps back onto his bridge.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-08-02, 09:33:09

[Lone-Wolves Squadron | Wolf-01]

The pilot had no choice but to turn his attention from the site of the cluster torpedo's explosion. There were still at least six Reaver's worth of work out here to do. It was mere moments that he heard the incoming hail alert and he opened the channel.

"This is Lieutenant zh'Wann! This ship is set to blow and we cannot override the command, so stay clear! You have thirty seconds!"

Miles heard the warning and knew what he had to do as he glanced towards the Cerberus-class saucer section, bearing down on a lone contact. "Thea!" Miles sharply said to himself realizing how vulnerable the AI's emitter undoubtedly was since there was a hole in the Reaver's solid canopy. He switched weapon systems and the rather unwieldy tetryon pulse cannon deployed under the craft. Steering the now a bit more unwieldy Valk-3 around, he lined up his sights on the Calamity targeting the weapons systems, where she was raining fire down towards the captured Reaver. Hearing the tone of a lock and a state of the weapon being ready to fire he pulled the trigger, sending a pulse of the unstable energy at the Calamity before disengaging the weapon.

The voice on the hail was still able to be heard but Miles had a new priority. He knew if there was a way to do so, he had to save Thea. Looking at the distance he knew at combat speed it would be impossible to get there, even at standard full impulse getting there would probably land him too late... but there was a way. That - if timed right - might get her out of there in time. "Computer, disengage time dilation safety parameters on the impulse drive and give me unrestricted three quarter impulse."

The computer acknowledged as the impulse engines fired up causing the fighter to pull away from the melee and into the mostly clear space between the mother and daughter ships. "Computer ready tractor beam advise maximum impulse for pull."

The computerized voice answered, [Advise reduce to 0.25 c. Tractor beams untested outside of recommended time dilation threshold.]

"Just give me the theoretical then!"

[.5 c,] she answered.

"We won't have enough speed to clear the auto destruct at that, and what if I stay at current speed?"

he said, watching as he got nearer and nearer to the saucer section of the Calamity, now veering around to avoid the phaser bursts that she sent his way, attempting to pick off the gnat that he was that had flown too close.

[Structural integrity loss from inertial strain possible.]

"Then try and hold together cause I'm locking onto your big sis."

The tractor beam reached out towards the damaged Reaver that held Thea, and despite a near flicker in the beam itself the beam held as Miles turned the ship at a downward angle. Grimacing as he heard the structural integrity alarms begin to go off, he was diverting power from shields and weapons into the field, knowing that one spare shot at his now nearly shieldless, weapons drained, and nearly tearing itself apart at the Reaver's fighter, could end both him and Thea.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-08-03, 13:05:05

[USS Harbinger | Main Bridge | Deck 01]

Amelya looked up at the viewscreen as the ultimate chaos and final battle for this ship had announced itself. Her mouth fell open just slightly to see the gargantuan fight unfold before her eyes. She could see the fighters defending the Theurgy as another group was engaging another group of dreaded Reavers. The Theurgy was getting a pounding from her point of view, yet she managed to hold against the heavily damaged Cerberus class ship. It took her fingers off the console for a second yet reality snapped in fast enough when the Harbinger's computer warned her and the other two crew members with her on the bridge about the faith of the ship.

[Warning. Warp Core overload in fifteen seconds.]

"Drop all but the Transporter Systems!" called Ida, overriding the explosions around them as the Calamity tried to defend herself, unable to get out of the way in time. The order killed the communication link with the Theurgy too. With the increased speed, the collision was imminent - the dark hull of the enemy filling their viewscreen. "Amelya, we really need to get out of here, now!"

Amelya quickly turned her eyes away from the viewscreen now as the bumps and impacts of the defending Calamity started to hit the Harbinger. "Come on... Come on..." She muttered softly to the console as her first attempt got denied. She punched the command in once again and just as they could see the details of Calamity's hull the transport lights around them started to shine. The second they sort of land roughly in their escape pods as the transport system dropped them half a meter too high from the floor.

Yet the worst wasn't over yet, the sound of croaking and compression sounded throughout the escape pod as the Harbinger rammed fully into Cala's remaining vector. Metal and bolts shot out of place and the ship seemed to moan under the sheer force of ramming. The impact from outside the ship would most probably be a spectacle to behold as the saucer penetrated the vector as debris of metal and other parts shattered into space. Small explosions already lit up by the impact and the time for the three survivors was running out. Amelya crawled over Ida and Husker to barely touch the lever to jettison their escape pod before they would be trapped and compressed into the hull. Her fingers barely brushed it, yet another violent shake got her in range. Amelya screamed out as she flipped the lever and shot the pod out of the ship. Just in time as the computer voice counted down.

[Warning. Warp core overload in three... Two... One.]

A deafening sound could be heard even in the pod as the Harbinger's warp core overloaded and the autodestruct triggered just a few seconds later. From what they could see out of there pod there was a bright flash and it seemed like this explosion was far more brighter than what the Valkyrie torpedo had done. Amelya had to shield her eyes from the explosion as all became silent around them. Just seconds before the thundering sound of blastwaves hit their pod and jerked the pod out of control. They were however unaware of the result of their actions.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-08-03, 15:50:44

[USS Theurgy | Main Bridge | Deck 01]

In the command chair, Carrigan Trent presented an island of calm in contrast to the flurries of reports that came from across the ship. His voice was low and calm despite the hammering the Theurgy was taking. One might think that being in battle, in command, again would rattle a man who had lost his first and only command in combat; in fact, the interim commanding officer himself believed he would never be on a starship involved in such action before, let alone in the center chair because he felt he had lost his confidence, his nerve. But instead, he found himself surprised at his own resilience, how his instincts had not blunted since the Harrier was pounded to scrap metal around his ears. In fact, he found himself sharper than he'd ever been.

When word that the Harbinger was arriving sounded, Trent did not even look away from the viewscreen to acknowledge the report. Instead, he simply nodded and answered with a perfunctory "very well" as he kept his fingers dancing on his own consoles, rapidly shifting power from one set of shield emitters to another to keep presenting as unbroken a front as possible to the fire Calamity was hammering them with. At least, O'Connell, assuming he was still alive down in Engineering, had come through with his scheme to redirect warp power to the shields had much further extended their combat endurance. Had the man not done so, Theurgy would have become an expanding cloud of debris minutes ago...

But the arrival of Harbinger changed things. For one thing, the Calamity broke off her attack on the Theurgy and instead directed its fire upon Harbinger, which had immediately set not only an intercept course, but a collision course with the remainder of the Cerberus-class vessel. And Theurgy was hailed. Briefly, the main viewscreen was used for communications, and Trent could see three spacesuited forms on the bridge of their erstwhile consort. And in the central seat was the Andorian security officer. The message was clear and succinct, and Trent found himself in a position to quickly re-evaluate the situation. Truth be told, that did not take long. The Harbinger was going to ram Cerberus; the only new variable had been that her self-destruct sequence was active. And only after a deep breath did he speak. "Lieutenant, we don't have the time to link our helm control to yours and we can't beam you out..." And then the link died before he could finish his sentence. Only then did Trent look away from the viewscreen, straight at the Yeoman. And for the first time since he'd entered the Bridge, his voice rose to approach what most would consider normal conversational levels. "Ensign, advise the main shuttlebay. Prepare all available craft for emergency launch for rescue and recovery. Dispatch medical teams to the shuttlebay as well." He had no way to know how many people were left on Harbinger. But he had to hope those that remained, including those who were in her bridge crew, would make it to the lifepods in time.

Only then did he return his attention to the viewscreen, oblivious to the fact that Captain Ives and Commander Rez were standing right there themselves; or, if he had noticed, he had chosen to ignore their presence as a change of command in this situation could be disastrous.

When he looked at the readouts, the sensors reported was something he knew all too well as Calamity unleashed every last bit of firepower she could upon the aging cruiser. He could almost sense the Akira-class ship's shields crackling and buckling under the repeated impact. And when they failed, he knew exactly how it felt to be on board that vessel. How it would shudder and buck under the transfer of energy from weapons to her hull; how the metal would scream under the punishment it was taking. Atmosphere boiling out from hull breaches, leaving men and women suffocating and scrambling for survival lockers or for the nearest forcefield or pressure door to save themselves. He could picture conduits rupturing and consoles overloading. He knew exactly what it was like to be on board the Harbinger; he had lived through it.

"Helm! Block Calamity's path! Don't let her get out of Harbinger's path! Donovan!" He had heard her report, how their ordnance was painfully low. But it was needed right then and there. "Fire the last of our torpedoes. There's a breach in Calamity's shields near her impulse drive. Cripple her." His tone was harder than anyone on board had yet to hear it. There were good people on the Harbinger, regardless of whether they followed Vasser's delusions willingly, had been mind-raped by T'Rena or were completely innocent. He could not let them die in vain and as such, he would help them out as best he could.

Shortly after Theurgy's torpedoes impacted and Calamity's speed fell even more, the impact with Harbinger happened. What shields the Cerberus-class warship's remaining vector had, they were never meant to absorb the mass of a starship moving at better than twenty-five percent of the speed of light and that energy barrier failed almost instantly. And then, hulls impacted. One would have thought that Harbinger would simply plow under the saucer section it so badly dwarfed, but it did not. Her shattered bow was now a soft target and the plane of the ships intersected. At first, Calamity's mostly intact forward hull embedded itself into the guts of the other vessel and then her momentum stopped only to be overwhelmed by Harbinger's far superior kinetic energy. And then, for a split-second, as both ruined vessels began their descent into the pseudo-star's gravity well, two warp cores ruptured. Sensitive enough sensors in the right position might have been able to pick up on the two separate explosions but most, and to mere humans, the out of control matter-antimatter reactions appeared as but one as both ships were mostly vaporized. And then, first the first time in years, Trent effectively shouted. "Launch shuttlecrafts! If there is anyone left alive, get them! Direct the fighters to lure what's left of the Reavers into our weapons envelope. Donovan, you have all phasers again, mop up and give our shuttles some cover!"

After giving his orders, Trent briefly closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Yes, he had known Ives was on the Bridge. However, under the circumstances, and the fact he had not been officially relieved, he had retained command for the time being. But now that the tactical situation had, for lack of a better term, simplified, he rose from the command chair, moving far more gingerly than he'd anticipate he would. Now that he'd had a chance to sit down, his body found the time to fully remind him of the punishment it had endured. However, despite a slight hobble, he moved towards Theurgy's rightful commanding officer and straightened himself so he would stand at attention despite the screaming of his muscles and the sheer burden of exhaustion finally crashing down on him.

And then, he said six words that he'd been longing to hear since the mutiny started only a few short hours ago. Words, no doubt, everyone who had remained loyal were dying to hear. "The ship is yours, Captain Ives."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-05, 12:59:15

[Mk I Reaver Attack Fighter]

Perhaps it was out of curiosity that Cala hadn't closed the comm-link to Thea's Reaver, even if she was about to destroy her. Perhaps she had wanted to ensure the destruction of her mother's mobile emitter as she opened fire. Regardless of her daughter's reasons, Thea had raised her eyes to see Cala react to the Harbinger's arrival, and the blue-eyed hologram was looking at the Akira-class ship from her position on her bridge. Thea could almost see the calculations that were taking place in her daughter's hellish silhouette, and as Thea turned her head to see the massive bulk of the Harbinger approach, she knew what her daughter knew.

Too few variables of survival. The only chance for her daughter to live was if the Harbinger ship was destroyed before it reached Cala's hull. The main bridge on the Harbinger was hailing Thea's bridge, and through the link, Thea learned something that Cala might not know. The Harbinger's core was about to overload... so if there was any doubt as to the fate of her daughter, then the Deputy's hail made it certain. Thea's eyes widened, turning back to her own screen - seeing Cala's grim look of absolute determination as she reserved all available fire-power and dealt it unto the Akira-class ship.

All save for the launcher that was about to fire upon Thea. Was her daughter about to kill her as an afterthought, a point-blank shot reserved for Thea as she turned away from her? When she had embarked on her path of folly, Thea had hoped to make Cala understand, but as the launcher fired, she accepted the fact that it had all been for naught. Desperately, she pulled her gears backwards, and the unbridled impact struck into the belly of her Reaver like a sword running her through.

Cala had primed it to go right through her shield harmonics, and the interior of the Reaver was immediately filled with smoke - back-lit by the red warnings across all her controls. Thea's TVD flickered and died as she got her bearings again, making her only able to see the death-trap of her cockpit. The noises the computer made were almost louder than the detonation that had caused them. She was losing atmosphere, fast, but even as the warnings fell silent, the Reaver held together by bare threads. Thea raised her brown eyes, and she stared through the hole in her canopy. A window to the battle outside. Her Reaver had been sent tumbling over, and for an instant, she saw Cala again - about to fire once more. Through the venting smoke around her, she could almost make out the Harbinger's looming bulk thundering against her digital child. In the final moments, Thea resequenced herself, removing the exosuit and the helmet since she did not need them, and at the Reaver's second turn, she gazed up and into the launcher while dressed in her white body suit.

There was no air, lest she would speak. Even though she had erred, she still had no regrets.

A tetraon pulse disabled the launcher above her - shutting it down before it could fire. Thea was still strapped to her seat, but she couldn't see anything. Inertial dampeners were offline. She tapped into her own sensor arrays on the Theurgy, and saw the Valkyrie's approach in an outer-body experience - through the eyes on her own hull. It was Lieutenant-Commander Renard. What became her focus, however, was the grand collision taking place just outside her Reaver. Cala was still firing her phasers as the Harbinger collided with her. At an angle, the edges of the two metallic beasts came together, and yet she could not hear anything of it despite the minimal distance - space eradicating the noise.

Then, the incredible force in which she was pulled out of harms way overrode the data feed. Pain like she had never experienced sliced through the new sensory mapping of her projection, and she screamed soundlessly into the cockpit as she was hurled away, and her daughter died in the conflagration behind her.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-05, 13:19:40

[Lone-Wolves Squadron | Wolf-06]

Opening her eyes, Rawley came to - finding herself breathing into her bloodied helmet.

She was still in her cockpit, and she frowned, thinking that she surely had died, but realised that she must have blacked out for a couple of seconds from the impacts against her shields. She was not exactly in a prime medical condition after surviving that avalanche on the ice planet, and she had not been anywhere near cleared for flying by Dr. Nicander when she launched to begin with. Checking the controls, she saw that she was drifting. Her shields were completely gone, regenerating slowly, and the squadron channel was dead.

Were they all gone? Was she the only survivor?

After a couple of seconds, she remembered cutting off communications, and when she flicked the switch, she was immediately greeted by the shouting of her fellow Wolves. The battle was still underway, and she could see it on her sensors too. Behind her. Swearing, she yanked her joystick to the side, feeling like shit as she turned Morrigan's bird around to re-join the fighting, but regardless her own condition, she was not about to leave Maverick and the other two on her side of the battle to die. She saw a massive cloud of shrapnel and debris as she returned to the others, and she spotted Maverick picking off the last Reaver with deadly precision. Were they all destroyed? How the hell had they managed to pull through? There had been at least seven Reavers on their tail.

Then she saw the collision between the Harbinger and the Calamity's saucer, grinding together far behind Maverick's Valkyrie. "They are going to blow," she whispered, and just as she said it, her eyes widened in the light of the blast.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-05, 22:52:10

[Escape Pod A-475]

Ida had got her helmet on in the commotion, she did not even remember if it was before or after they beamed out. She was quickly back on her feet, and she shielded her eyes with her metallic glove when the core overloaded. The close-proximity blast cast everything into stark whiteness - the interior of the small pod and their exosuits were lit through the small viewscreens. The concussion of that initial detonation almost made her fall into Ensign Slayton, and the pod croaked in protest, but that was nothing compared to what would come afterwards. For little did they know that they had caused the Calamity's Warp Core to detonate as well.

When the two shock-waves caught up to the pod, it became a roaring thunder heard in their hull - gaining on them without mercy or sign of stopping. Fear for her own life had permeated the whole day, but it mounted right then - in the realisation that they might be shredded to pieces despite all they had been through together. Still, she was a soldier. Imperial Guard and Starfleet Officer. She did not stand crippled in any fear she might feel.

"Brace yourselves!" she called through the speaker on her helmet, but no more had she grasped Amelya's arm to try and help her to a seat and strap her in when the shock-waves hit them in close succession. The jolt that went through the pod upended all sense of orientation, and Ida thought she slammed into the wall, but there was no way to tell what happened in that exact moment. The screaming metal around them made Ida think it was her suit being ruptured, and since she was already hurting all over her body from the beatings, she did not know if she was losing limbs. Was her head ringing or was she screaming her lungs out? If the latter, no one would hear her any more.

Utterly helpless to what was happening to her, Ida latched on to something with her hand, and through the maelstrom of lights and sharp metal, she thought she had managed to grasp the Ensign's forearm. She cast her helmet about to try and spot the doctor, but there was no way to see anything. The pod was splitting apart at high velocity, and the zero-gravity commotion caused her to spin out of control. The first kind of visual she got through her fogged-over visor was the spinning pod, cracked like an egg and sending debris along with the shock-waves - heading straight for them. There were no bulkheads protecting them any more, only the red light of the proto star, the radiation and the heat that the suit was struggling to compensate for, and the glittering storm of shrapnel in which they travelled.

Still spinning, Ida could not see much at all, but she felt her exosuit being hit - impacts jarring her torso and limbs. She needed another handhold. She remembered grabbing something before the pod burst, and as she looked down her arm, she saw that she was clasping Ensign Slayton's forearm, and she thought he held hers. Somehow, she had held on to the Pinkskin, and as she cast her eyes about, she thought she saw Doctor Duv close by as well. All she heard was rapid breathing. Her own. Laboured, and yet there. Then she made out the quiet chirping of the suit's systems, but she saw something that made her completely forget about what the suit was trying to tell her.

One of the nacelles from the Harbinger whisked by them at impossible speed - rotating along its trajectory. It missed them with a few yards, no more. *Breathe*, she told herself, trying to quell the panic. *Focus. What does the visor say? Read it. Come on...* Gibberish. Tactical Conn gibberish. She looked towards Husker, hoping he could establish a communication channel for the three of them once the turbulence of the shock-wave passed and the storm of shrapnel along with it, and better yet, that he could talk with the people on the Theurgy and give them their coordinates, or something. Anything.

In the meantime, all she could do was to try to spot the parts of the two starships that were heading their way and try to figure out how the thrusters in the suit worked - something they all needed quite direly if they were to dodge anything.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-08-06, 00:01:25

[Lone Wolves Squadron | Wolf-07]

"This is Lieutenant zh'Wann! This ship is set to blow and we cannot override the command, so stay clear! You have thirty seconds!"

From Tessa's point of view the *Harbinger* came out of nowhere. She had completely lost track of it trying to keep the Reavers from slicing her Valkyrie to cinders. The enemy fighters seemed to have heard zh'Wann's announcement, for the Reavers dogfighting Tessa broke contact and headed to intercept the *Akira* class that was barreling onto the *Calamity*.

"Omigod!" Tessa gasped as she turned her Valkyrie and soared away from the *Calamity*. "This is Goldeneye to all fighters! Collision imminent for the *Calamity* and the *Harbinger*! Recommend evasive..."

At that moment Wolf-01 zipped by her scanners radiating chronotrons like it was the Guardian of Forever. What was he doing? He was heading right for the *Calamity*!

In any case there was no time to try to intercept Iron Fox or try talk him out of it. Tessa floored her Valkyrie's drives to emergency speed in order to close with the *Theurgy* If she maneuvered her fighter so that the *Theurgy's* superstructure and shields were between her and the two colliding starships her

fighter should survive with minimal damage.

When the ships collided, the *Theurgy* was rocked backwards and Tessa almost collided with one of the port nacelles. As predicted, plasma and debris were deflected off the *Theurgy's* shields, leaving Tessa and the fighters who followed her alive and intact. She could only hope that the fighters who didn't follow her had made it.

It was only when she breathed a sigh of relief that she wondered what had happened to Iron Fox.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-08-06, 00:01:25

[USS *Theurgy* | Main Engineering | Deck 10]

During the battle, the *Theurgy's* engineers had rerouted power and troubleshot emergencies with amazing alacrity. It was hard to believe that they had been held at gunpoint and locked in their quarters less than an hour ago. In truth, it was more of a testament of the determination of the Miles Renard and his Lone-Wolves, and the skill of Commander Trent and his Cardassian helmswoman that O'Connell and his engineers were able to keep the ship flying than any feat of Billy Bob's, but by golly, the men in engineering held up their end of the deal.

The trouble was finding power for the shields. With Master Chief S'Iti'Atukkuchi Aisha Oklahoma at the helm, the *Theurgy* demanded power for maneuvers that the ship realistically couldn't give in its present state. That hardly mattered because O'Connell and his men supplied it anyway. But with all the hairpin turns the ship was doing, it was getting harder to find power to the shields. Soon entire decks were left powerless as O'Connell and Manfredi got creative. But how were they going to find power if the Trent wanted to fire the phasers?

So far so good. The shields were holding, despite the pelting from the Reavers. Then there was a lull allowing them to build up shields four and five. And then the forward and forward starboard shield was knocked down to less than twenty percent.

"What in Sam Hill?" O'Connell shouted. "That wasn't a phaser blast! Something hit us!"

What O'Connell and the other engineers didn't know was that the *Harbinger* had just collided with the *Calamity* and that the *Theurgy* had been hit with a piece of debris. They did know that the *Theurgy* wasn't demanding power for excessive maneuvers, and had powered down its weapons. Did that mean they had won the battle?

Post by: DocReno on 2015-08-06, 03:55:27

[Escape Pod A-475]

Even with the current situation that was going on around him and the two women, he felt the usual detached nature that usually came over him when ever he was about to enter into a combat situation once more as he watched the situation with the escape pod slowly overcome them, but the moment that he felt a hand grasp his forearm and he looked to see that it was Ida but instead of saying anything he calmly twisted his forearm in her grasp so that he could grasp her's and pull her in close.

He heard screaming which he could understand because being out in the black like this, without the bulkhead to keep the icy grip of the universe away from you as you floated there with combat going on was a little bit of an adrenaline rush and wanted to scream out in exhilaration as well..but that could wait

till a proper holodeck recreation.

Husker saw the doctor floating near-by as well and used one of his legs to hook around her slender ones to pull her in closer to grappling range before grasping one of her closer forearms and pulling her in close before he turned the three of them into the oncoming storm at an angle which helped to absorb the impact debris followed by the shrapnel but in the end once again he was thankful for the current generation of exosuits as it protected them the damage of super heated metal piercing them to an extent.

"Activate local comm-system, feed through Tigon crypt-cipher." he said into the system which beeped at him and connected him to the other two with him. "Ida and Ameyla, I need you to listen to me closely right now. I need you to you give me a verbal acknowledgement so that I know that you two can hear me and that your exosuit communications is working correctly and please do so quickly."

As he awaited for the two women to respond to his request, he stated "Computer, activate beacon and tie into Theurgy communications net if possible."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-08-06, 15:29:36

[USS Theurgy | Main Bridge | Deck 01]

The former Marquis understood exactly what the Acting Captain wanted and adjusted her heading angling the Theurgy's bow towards the Calamity.

Donovra saw the opportunity she needed and unloaded both active forward tubes, sending the projectiles towards their huntress. As the two ships collided, she couldn't help but allow a smile to grace her features, feeling a cathartic joy at the sense of being part of sending this she-devil to her oblivion. When the debris hit them, she barely was able to stay upright but managed to remain standing at her station.

The viper that had hunted them still not only had fangs but more importantly she still had the ability to slither away. She continued the pass by - angling the still heavily shielded dorsal side into the one angle of escape the Calamity may have had. On the pass by, she adjusted the angle again as the Calamity lined up with their rear.

Donovra, eager to make sure the Calamity was fully unable to get away, sent the last three torpedoes as Aisha engaged the impulse drive above the usual safety restrictions, pushing them to nearly half light speed to make sure they got to a safe range.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-08-07, 02:42:10

And suddenly, just like that, it was over. The Cardassian next to her had piloted the ship, bucking, weaving, diving and rotating through a field of fire and death. Many decks below her, Master Chief O'Connell had proved his worth, finding the power where there should have been none to spare, shunting from the warp drive to the shields, keeping the ship alive. And Ida zh'Wann, of all people, had brought the *USS Harbinger*, the vessel whose captain had tried to turn Natalie's crew against its rightful CO, in to the battle like an avenging angel, living up to that ship's name. A Harbinger of doom for the *Calamity*. She watched in muted horror as the link between the two ships cut out midway through Trent's reply to Ida.

Her ship shuddered with the release of more torpedoes, the last of the torpedoes, as *Theurgy* rained

down what death it could upon the Cerberus class vessel. She too, was unaware that Trent was no longer the highest ranking officer on the bridge. She couldn't afford to look away from her console and the tactical display on the main view screen.

Natalie's jaw had hung open, slightly, as she witnessed the two vessels ram together. Her console collated scans and tabulated data, marking the exact moment and ferocity in which first the *Harbinger*, then the *Calamity* suffered through warp core breeches. The ships sensors did what they could to dampen the effect of the sudden, white glare, but even they could compensate only so much, and, like many, the Ops officer turned her head slightly, even as she worked to keep routing power to the shields facing the explosion. A nearby war core breach was a cataclysmic event to witness, and could wreck havoc on a starship. Two such explosions, one after another...

When the ship settled, it was, safe to say, something Natalie hoped to never experience again. The ship weathered the onslaught, if barely. Shields dropped down to a scant 20%, and everything shook violently. On the screen before them, the visual flared again, static blue green, as derbies from the two ships bounced off the weakened - but holding - shields. Thrown up against the backdrop of the red protostar, space around the *Theurgy* looked like nothing short of a glimpse into Hell itself, for Natalie.

Orders were given to scramble any and all shuttles, and Natalie passed them down to the shuttle bay, swallowing back the bile and tamping down the shakes that threatened to overwhelm her, before passing the launch coordination along to the Yeoman currently manning the Mission Ops station behind her. For her part, she made sure that the shuttle bay had enough power. That the phaser banks wouldn't suddenly cut out, and that the comms wouldn't go down to the fighters still working to clean up the mess of remaining Reavers. It was a balancing act, as her eyes raked over her controls, only to stop, her head jerking up and back, over her shoulder. Eyes wide, with shock, and relief, as she took in the site of Ives and Rez. She heard Lt. Cmdr. Trent turn control of the ship back over to its rightful captain, and she hated to interrupt, but...

"Sir..." She said softly, glancing from Trent, to Ives, and back again, swallowing. It was a toss up as to which officer she was addressing. Regardless, she continued, "Sensor logs indicated that prior to the point of impact, there were three life signs on the *Harbinger*. Apparently, when the auto destruct began, the rest of the crew evacuated the ship." She started to continue, but her console chimed. One of the search programs, scanning the remnants of the battle outside their hull, had come up with a new signal.

"Captain," she said, addressing Ives this time, directly, "I'm picking up a recovery for an escape pod, standard Starfleet issue." She swallowed again, "And a request at comm level to tie into the ships tactical net." Turning back around, not waiting for an order, Natalie worked through the digital hand shake, "Confirming - Pod launched from *USS Harbinger*." It would not do them any good to inadvertently accept a data link to a false pod launched from the *Calamity*. "Bringing comm's online now, sir. Channel ready at your discretion." At the same time, she patched the recovery coordinates off to Yeoman Henshaw, to relay to the fighters, for over watch, and the shuttle crew for the recovery proper.

Post by: DocReno on 2015-08-07, 08:30:27

[Open space near Escape Pod A-475 debris]

When the comm-system let him know that he was tied into the *Theurgy*, CJ said "This is Ensign Christopher Slayton, two zero four nine seven one, formerly of the *Harbinger*. I'm with Lieutenants Thanida zh'Wann and Amelya Duv, sorry we're late to the party *Theurgy* but I am requesting a priority

distress call."

CJ took long enough to look at both of the women that he was holding onto, his arms not really straining due to the systems of the exosuit but the day's events was already quickly catching up to him and he was starting to feel the exhaustion of doing a multi-deck combat climb catching up with him.

"As far as I can tell, both Lieutenant zh'Wann and Duv are alright and my sensors are showing that their exosuits are working properly without any breaches at the moment so we're safe but a SAR pick up is requested." he said firmly into the channel before looking over at zh'Wann and giving her a smile. "Also, request permission to speak with Theurgy Actual."

Post by: Triage on 2015-08-08, 15:34:30

[USS Theurgy | Main Bridge | Deck 01]

It was all Henshaw could do to keep track of the situation. Stark and Tovarek fed her a host of additional information, so her console was certainly kept quite busy, and the Yeoman relayed this information succinctly to Wolf Lead, keeping the wording to a minimum, and yet ensuring all necessary information reached the fighters. She watched how the displays kept updating instantly with new data and imagery. She didn't assume that the fighters could see all that was happening for a fact, and did her best to update without intruding too much on their concentration. She gritted her teeth whenever she saw one of the Valkyries disappear. One, was one too many, and more than one had been lost. Impacts from the *Calamity* rocked the *Prometheus*-class starship, more than once threatening to knock the petite young woman off her seat.

She spared a split second to glance desperately around at the bridge crew. Everyone was doing their best, and this gave Henshaw the grim determination to give the same. For the *Theurgy* and all aboard her.

Her hands and fingers hovered and danced over the consoles as she matched and transmitted all necessary information wherever they were needed, and that was when the *Harbinger* contacted them. The image wasn't good. However, when she heard the turbolift doors opening, she whipped her head around to see, very much to her relief, Captain Ives, Edena, and Wenn, all alive and well. Her lips parted in an open-mouthed smile of pure joy, but her attention was diverted back to her tasks when Trent ordered her to alert the shuttlebay to prepare for rescue operations. She nodded with an "Aye sir."

"Bridge to main shuttle bay," said Henshaw into the comm, "we have pods evacuating the *Harbinger*, prepare all craft available for emergency launch, mission rescue and recovery. Stand by."

She then sent a message for medical teams to stand by and be ready to receive injured personnel from the doomed vessel. Keeping her eyes on her console, where she could watch the *Harbinger's* final moments, Henshaw remained impassive in her expression as it exploded, destroying the *Calamity* once and for all. "This is for Lisa, you bitch." She whispered, gazing steadfastly at the blossoming image in the display, that was once the *Calamity*. Not once did she look up at the viewscreen itself, but she looked up at the ceiling, imagining Lisa's ghost smiling down at her, her death avenged at last. Henshaw smiled back, a single tear escaping from her left eye. As the last tremors ended following the destruction of two ships, she heard Trent's final order.

"All shuttlecraft, launch." She said, and then relayed Trent's command to the fighters, "All fighters, lure the Reavers into our weapons envelope."

When Trent turned over command back to Ives, Henshaw too, stood up. She turned and looked over at the captain, the look of relief pure and unmasked on her face. She only kept her look on him for a short while, before turning her attentions back to her station. Until told to leave, she decided it would be best to remain where she was. There was still a lot to be done, and a lot more to be laid to final rest. She closed her eyes for a moment and steadied her mind, then went back to it full force.

Post by: Triage on 2015-08-08, 15:34:30

As she emerged from the turbolift with the captain and Wenn, Edena Rez briefly saw Ida's face on the viewscreen, before it shut off, to reveal the horrific battle going on beyond, and Illya "reacted" a little. The Trill swallowed, and just fought down the suffocating sensation in her chest.

Carrigan Trent continued to issue commands, despite the arrival of the "command" crew, and that made sense, since Trent obviously had things in hand, and there wasn't time to get Ives up to speed with all that he would need to know. She almost wished that he hadn't come after and sent maybe a crew or something. Not that it was essential now, by the looks of things. But Edena couldn't help but feel that this was yet another reason for her to put distance between herself and the captain, especially if she might ever again be used against him/her. Edena couldn't live with that possibility.

But it ended. Just like that, it ended. The *Harbinger* throttled directly into the *Calamity*, and empathic warp-core overloads brought an end to the ship from the future. For all her advancements and capabilities, she had been overcome. Edena heaved a sigh of relief, hands clasped behind her, while she stood at parade rest after the upheavals ended. Trent stood up, and turned over controls to Ives, when Stark informed them of one of the pods having successfully escaped the destruction of the two ships, Illya was asking if Ida was in it. The answer came back a while later from Ensign Slayton, who affirmed the survival and presence of Ida and doctor Duv.

Pursing her lips, with her face contorted into a mixture of emotions, she stepped back, moving further and further away from the bridge. She was all but standing close to the turbolift now, ready to leave at a moment's notice. It was funny how, not too long ago, she had sat in that command chair, coordinated an evacuation, and yet now, she would thank the stars and Wenn's Bajoran deities if she never had to see the bridge ever again let alone sit in the command chair.

"It's over." She said under her breath, barely giving any voice to her words, "The worst is over."

It was a good thing she didn't really know or believe in jinxing, or she might have refrained from even thinking it.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-08, 16:13:36

When Captain Ives had arrived to the bridge together with Edena and Cinn, his male form had adapted to wear his uniform jacket once more, and the first thing he saw was how the *Harbinger* had dropped out of warp on the viewscreen. This, while the bridge personnel were working furiously to keep the *Theurgy* from being destroyed by the merciless *Calamity*, and with Carrigan Trent in the seat of command. No more than having taken all that in, the hail from the *Harbinger's* Bridge came, and Jien saw the Deputy there, together with two from the *Harbinger* crew.

He had to admit that he'd had doubts about the Andorian's character, thinking her a blunt instrument, but even a sledgehammer had its purpose, and now he saw her apply herself to hers. With chilling determination, she ordered the cruiser into a collision course, and Jien could not think other than that

whatever misgiving he'd had about Lieutenant zh'Wann before, this might truly be her act of redemption. Through the static, Jien heard her order all systems but transporters cut to increase velocity, so he could but hope the remaining crew on the Harbinger had some kind of escape plan in motion. This, however, proved unlikely since the collision came so soon after the hail ended, and Jien could not fathom any other outcome than he was seeing an entire crew complement die in the massive collision between the two ships.

Knowing how harsh he had been with Ida, how he had demoted her on Theta Eridani IV, seeing her sacrifice herself for the sake of her old crew was... humbling, to say the least. He could not think else than that the Deputy had always said her duty was to protect the crew of the Theurgy, but would she go so far as to sacrifice the skeleton crew of another ship to do it? Mister Trent and the bridge crew acted with alacrity, however, launching the rescue operation even before the afterimage of the warp core detonations faded from their eyes. There were fighter pilots out there too, and a few last Reavers to destroy, so the shuttles needed protection. A task left to Tactical and to Mission Ops, while Carrigan Trent rose from his seat and acknowledged Jien's presence on the bridge.

Seeing the man turn around to face him, it was evident that taking the command from Vasser and T'Rena had not come without cost, neither for him nor many others around him on the bridge. While Lieutenant Tovarek had cuts and large bruises over his face, and others wore armament and signs of fighting, the former Commander was limping his way over to Jien because of the wounds he had sustained. Besides the fact that he showed signs of bruising from de-pressurisation, burns across his remaining uniform and the deep cuts you got from metal and glass across his face, his bionic arm was coated with the translucent green of Vulcan blood. A fact that hinted to whom the man had fought and survived.

"The ship is yours, Captain Ives."

With those words heard, Jien could not help the faint smile that came to the corners of his eyes. It was a relief, to be certain, and he clasped the man's hand in gratitude - holding his gaze. "I knew you still had it in you. My gratitude, Mister Trent," he said, and let go. There was still much to be done, and they might just have seen too many forfeit their lives just so that they might live. The time to rejoice was yet to come... if it ever would. "I will take it from here. You ca-"

"Sir..." Hearing Natalie Stark call from her station, Jien turned his attention to her. *"Sensor logs indicated that prior to the point of impact, there were three life signs on the Harbinger. Apparently, when the auto destruct began, the rest of the crew evacuated the ship."*

This was heartening news, and Jien was immensely relieved to hear it, even if it still might mean that the Deputy and the two others they had seen on the Harbinger's bridge were dead. With a nod to Carrigan Trent, Jien stepped towards the Operations station. "Any signs that they made it?"

"I'm picking up a recovery for an escape pod, standard Starfleet issue, and a request at comm level to tie into the ships tactical net. Confirming - Pod launched from USS Harbinger. Bringing comm's online now, sir. Channel ready at your discretion."

"Patch it through," Jien said, turning to look at Mission Ops, where he saw Cam standing before she sat down to continue coordinating the rescue efforts. It seemed she had things well in hand and knowing that Cam had made it, Jien wanted to say more, but they would have to speak later. Instead, he said, "Mission Ops, send one of the shuttles to the origin of the signal."

Then a husky, male voice was heard on the bridge, rasping through the static of the comm-link. *[This is Ensign Christopher Slayton, two-zero-four-nine-seven-one, formerly of the Harbinger. I'm with Lieutenants Thanlda zh'Wann and Amelya Duv, sorry we're late to the party Theurgy but I am requesting a priority distress call. As far as I can tell, both Lieutenant zh'Wann and Duv are alright and my sensors are showing that their exosuits are working properly without any breaches at the moment so we're safe, but a SAR pick up is requested. Also, request permission to speak with Theurgy Actual.]*

There were whispered words and sighs of alleviation around the bridge. Hearing that the three were alive and well, Jien had also felt great relief, which might have touched the tone in his voice when he replied. "This is Captain Ives of the USS Theurgy... so I think you got the right connection, Ensign Slayton. Stay alive out there. We are coming to get you. You might not see us, but there is a whole bridge filled with people here who are grateful for what you just did. Better yet, that you are still alive."

There was a pause, then the voice of Thanlda zh'Wann was heard over the link. [This is zh'Wann, is Lieutenant-Commander Wenn there?]

"He is," said Jien and turned his head to glance at the large Bajoran at the back of the Bridge.

[I hereby request you to consider my transfer back to the Theurgy,] she said, and you could almost hear the ruefulness across the comm-link. [If I may, I would like to serve in my old position as Deputy Chief of Security aboard. I seem to have misplaced the ship I was supposed to serve on.]

It was not only Ives that chuckled a little when the Andorian tendered her transfer request.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-08-09, 13:20:38

After what seemed to be a grand finale between two starships, Simon had kept his eyes locked on the viewscreen as his scientific mind was too curious to how this would look like from a distance. Ideas of the energy being released and the sheer mass and power that had to be involved already distracting him from his duty at hand. Yet when the best of it seemed to be over he heard the hail from the remaining crew requesting a SAR.

He worked on grid locking their coordinates and showed it up on the view screen where the three survivors should be. He added the info about the ETA for SAR to arrive before he cracked his fingers against each other and taking a deep breath. He looked around now from his station, first over to Natalie who was still busy with ops before he looked over his shoulder to Henshaw at Tactical. He nodded at her, showing her in a nod of appreciation that she did a good job. Yet only then did he see the exchange between Ives and Trent as the captain retook command of his ship.

"I bloody hell hope we don't get one of those things after us again..." he mumbled behind his station before his body started to ache and his face felt a bit numb from the bruises. "Great, I'll even have a headache and it won't be from drinking..." He muttered after feeling up his cheek and bruises. His body started to signal him where else he had been hurt during this mutiny and his thoughts rather quickly brought him to Tatiana Marlowe. Her situation still unclear to him since the start of all this. He promised himself to visit her once time and duty allowed him.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-08-10, 07:03:27

Cinn stuck close to his Captain as they made their way to the bridge, he had come this far, so he was not going to let the Captain out of his sight until the ship was well and truly theirs again. He moved along with Captain Ives back onto the bridge, as they arrived he took up his position on the ridge. As

Captain Ives was handed control of the ship again he felt a sense of relief wash over him although there was much needing to be done it at last put them on the road to recovery from what they had fought through today.

As Cinn took his place and looked to the screen as the USS Harbinger began to make its move to save the Theurgy. Wenn Cinn would have commented on the tactics that they were using and how extreme it was, but he had to admit he would have likely done the same, but this Sledge Hammer tactic was indeed one of the best solution for the matter at hand, even if both ships were fully manned it, would have been unlikely that they could have pulled victory out of this conflict.

As the ships collided Cinn directed his attention to the tactical station and look over his readouts to make sure there was nothing of hazard that he should inform Ives about, but thankfully there appeared to be a calm that they were entering now after the collision of the ships. But as they were contacted and Cinn was actually called on for a question. Looking up from his station he listened to the request, he tried to smile from the joke, but a serious look lingered on his face. "Indeed... As much as I wish I could share a good joke with you at this point in time, I fear that current information here prevents me from being so jovial. When we get you aboard I will need your assistance rounding up what remains of Vasser's security forces, I hold out hoping that things can be resolved peacefully, but I get the feeling that we will be spending a lot of time isolating people and gathering testimonies. I will work to gather up a team, I expect you will impress me as always. I will send for you after you are cleared for duty."

Cinn looked to his station and began to go over those that he could hopefully call upon to help him with rounding up the crew, after what had happened he needed to make a full picture of what went on, find out who had been turned forcefully, and contain any potential threat to his fellow crew, because if one of his officers was caught in the act of rape, he had to assume that others might have been doing similar acts, and these people needed to be contained before they caused a scene or got themselves hurt. "Captain, with the events that happened your Loyal crew discarded their comm badges, we will need to broadcast a message to the crew to get loyal crew out of hiding and back to helping sort out damages and injuries caused by the mutiny."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-11, 00:55:17

The voice from out there in the radiation of the proto star answered Wenn Cinn, and Jien heard Deputy zh'Wann acknowledging her orders through the static of the link.

[Understood, Lieutenant-Commander. Thank you for your confidence in me, even if I requested that transfer. We are activating the beacons on our suits now to help with the SAR, and I will report to duty as soon I am able. Lieutenant zh'Wann out.]

The Chief of Security raised valid concerns. Turning to Cinn, Jien nodded solemnly in agreement. There was indeed still cause for concern and much to be done, and they would not be safe until all departments were secured. He opened his mouth to give the orders, but Thea chimed via the intercom.

[The message has been sent. All crew that did not rally to Lieutenant-Commander Trent's call to arms prior to the battle has been instructed to report to their superior officers. If I may, I do have some good news in regard to the crew that was loyal to Vasser. It would seem that T'Rena utilised the Vulcan mind-meld to guarantee their loyalty to Vasser and his ambitions. After the hostile takeover, Doctor Lahkesis Saugn suggested to use Lexorin to alleviate the indoctrinated state-of-mind of the Vasser Loyalists. This has proved effective, even if the effect is temporary, but it will help rounding them all up

so that Doctor Maya and Ensign Cir'Cie can clear their minds permanently, using the same Vulcan technique that T'Rena utilised. The fact that Doctor Maya managed to restore the mind of Ensign Cir'Cie proves that we possess the means to restore the entire crew, this by using with the dispersal system we added to my Life Support systems after the Niga Incident.]

Taking all the information in, Jien nodded slowly in thought. He suppressed the relief he felt, dared not rely on the hope that Thea gave them all, and tried to ignore the flare of ire he felt towards the late Captain and his Vulcan second-in-command. That they would have gone to such extremes, breaking the minds of so many people just to see their will through, it was so vile it practically made his stomach turn. At the same time, this meant that the crimes committed by the brain-washed Vasser Loyalists needed to be absolved by all rights, despite how a lot of people might not accept the absolution so easily. After the Niga incident, the infected did not remember what they had done, which had made things a bit easier for everyone involved. Now, however, they might not be so lucky. Briefly, Jien considered if the removal of memories from the Vasser Loyalists were a viable option, but in the end, such telepathic tampering would not make him any better than Vasser.

"What is the status of this Lexorin option?" he asked in the end, brow furrowed in thought.

[Lieutenant Eve Jenkins, Junior Lieutenant Sarresh Morali and Petty Officer Ryuan Sel has already synthesised enough Lexorin for me to disperse. Morali and Ryuan are standing by, ready for the command to activate it. When the dispersal has been executed, I will broadcast the instruction for all affected crew to report to Sickbay, where Doctor Maya and Ensign Cir'Cie must be prepared to receive them.]

Pausing before he spoke, Jien looked towards Wenn Cinn. "Coordinate with Thea and our two Vulcan officers. Have your teams oversee these proceedings. If the effect of Lexorin would wear out before the Vulcans can handle them all, the affected crew need to remain in line until they have all been restored to whom they once were. Give word to the Temporal Affairs Officer and the Petty Officer once you are ready. Best of luck, old friend. Keep us posted."

Having given his orders, Jien changed... to her female form, and she walked to the command chair. She sat down with a deep breath, watching the launched shuttles head into the debris clouds. "The remaining crew on the Harbinger abandoned ship before it arrived here," she said quietly, and she thought of what she had said to Vasser before Wenn Cinn shot him. "We won't leave anyone behind. Somehow, they need to be found and given the chance to have their mind's cleared from T'Rena's touch. Hopefully, once they have come to terms with what happened to them, they will return to duty aboard this ship instead."

For a moment, Jien observed how one of the Valkyries were towing a damaged Reaver back to the Theurgy - the magnified image on the viewscreen for a couple of seconds before switching to another part of the rescue operations. "Tend to our wounded and begin repairs," she said thoughtfully, glancing to the crew around her. "There is a lot to be done. I want reports every hour until further notice. As always, propulsion and tactical systems take priority."

Starfleet could find them any moment, and they had to be able fight for their own survival.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-08-12, 01:26:15

The Cardassian began to breathe sighs of relief hearing the plans on how to deal with the mutineers as they were brought up. Still there were others that needed help as well. All of her friends who were still on the harbinger until evacuating, they were stranded who-knows-where now. Were they drifting

through space; had they landed on a harsh uninhabited planet? She knew the only right thing to do was to do anything she could to recover them and restore their sanity but in doing so how would they react. The people they had been brainwashed into seeing as their enemies could hardly aid them without being attacked in some way, she imagined. Nor would they believe anything that the Ives loyalists would tell them. Then she had an idea on how they could recover the evacuated crew without endangering Ives' crew.

Still she knew that when the mutiny began she had been part of the party who had beamed over and was the helms-person who had been witnessed stepping over the dead body of her desk's previous occupant. Needless to say, she would understand if the chief of security would feel the need to not allow her an audience with the captain to be as private as she would usually prefer. She had to weigh every option before she broke her silence and attempted to address the captain.

Post by: DocReno on 2015-08-09, 00:15:31

[Open space near Escape Pod A-475 debris]

Husker was a tired fighter jock and while he was used to hard work and the such, his tiredness was only slightly confusing and besides he had a job to do as he kept his grip on both women firm and he refused to let go until they were safely aboard a ship because he had fought hard to keep the three of them alive and he would be damned if he let them down now.

Husker was distracted from his thoughts as the slightly accented voice of the Theurgy's commanding officer came through his comms with [*This is Captain Ives of the USS Theurgy... so I think you got the right connection, Ensign Slayton. Stay alive out there. We are coming to get you. You might not see us, but there is a whole bridge filled with people here who are grateful for what you just did. Better yet, that you are still alive.*]

Husker allowed himself a smile as he heard Ida's voice come over the comms with [*This is zh'Wann, is Lieutenant-Commander Wenn there?*]

[*He is,*] the captain's voice came back.

[*I hereby request you to consider my transfer back to the Theurgy,*] she said, and you could almost hear the ruefulness across the comm-link. [*If I may, I would like to serve in my old position as Deputy Chief of Security aboard. I seem to have misplaced the ship I was supposed to serve on.*]

Husker couldn't help but give an honest sounding laugh to what the Zhen had said before squeezing Ida's forearm through the suit.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-08-09, 13:20:38

Amelya tried to keep her breathing under control as much as she could as they awaited their SAR team to arrive. It was nearly impossible to believe that they survived the entire ordeal yet she was grateful. In fact, she was even more grateful when she heard her two comrades still alive and seemingly well when she listened in to the brief exchange between first Husker and afterwards Ida with the Theurgy.

The young Trill doctor looked around as this was really one of the few times she had actually been really out in open space. She looked at the remains and debris of the Calamity and Harbinger as her eyes gazed further to the red proto star. It was horrifying yet so peaceful and beautiful to watch at the

same time. She squeezed softly in Both Ida's and CJ's forearms as she held on to the both of them, making sure to not let go. The last thing they wanted was to be set a drift in open space.

Eventually Amelya closed her eyes again as she felt her body tremble a bit as most of her adrenaline levels started to plummet. She could feel the sore and the hurt from all the climbing and from the events that had lead to their current position. It was something she never thought herself doing, yet here she was, awaiting a pickup and a whole new ship to explore.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-08-10, 01:03:51

[Lone Wolves Squadron | Wolf-07]

Tessa's fighter rocked as a piece of space debris bounced off her wing and took down what was left her shields. Now that the adrenaline was wearing off, the young lieutenant could feel just how tired she really was. The number of damage reports the Valkyrie's computer was giving her meant that Nightmare's Valk had had enough exercise for one day too.

First things first. Time to get the sensors back online. Apparently she hadn't been a hundred percent fast enough because her sensors were down. Even so, being this close to the pseudostar and the lights shining off the *Theurgy's* hull gave her more than enough luminance to look out of the canopy at the not so empty space around her and actually see objects drifting out there.

She wasn't the only fighter that had sought shelter behind the *Theurgy*. She waved at the other fighter while waiting for her sensors to come back online, even though it would be impossible for the other pilot to see her with the naked eye.

Finally, some of her sensors came back on line. Data started returning to her screens. Now where was everyone? Who had survived? The fighter closest to her was...

...A Reaver! One of the ruttin' enemy! Apparently it had temporarily lost sensors too because after identifying it, Tessa suddenly registered an active scan coming from the enemy fighter. It had a weapons lock on her! And Tessa's shields weren't back up yet; she was a sitting duck!

Activating her sublight drives, she shot forward heading straight for the Reaver. Screaming like a banshee she peppered the Reaver's shields with her Valkyrie's pulse phasers only to see it shudder under weapons fire. The shield harmonics of the enemy hadn't been changed; the information that Thea had sent Tessa and her fellow Lone Wolves was still good! Tessa's first shot must have caused a malfunction with its weapons system, because for some reason it hadn't shot at Tessa's Valkyrie yet.

The Reaver exploded under Tessa's onslaught, but Goldeneye's elation was cut short when a fragment of the enemy fighter bounced off her starboard wing and sent her spiraling out of control. Oops. Tessa's shields had been knocked out. And now she just lost her starboard stabilizer. "*Oh well,*" she thought, "*in an emergency I can always use one of the fighters Dor'Ghltlh Squardon left in our fighter bay.*"

"*Theurgy* this is Goldeneye," she said as she brought her injured Valkyrie to a full stop and activated her short range comm. "Requesting permission to come home."

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-08-10, 01:03:51

[USS Theurgy | Main Engineering | Deck 10]

A cheer went through engineering when Petty Officer Tenchi Koizumi thought to patch one of the viewscreens into the feed coming from the external sensors. The fireball created by the *Harbinger's* collision with the *Calamity* was still visible, even with the psuedostar as a backdrop.

"Woo!" Master Chief William Robert O'Connell howled triumphantly when it became obvious that the *Theurgy* was no longer going to be shot at. Then he sobered when he realized that he still didn't know which captain was in charge of the ship! There was a quick and easy way to find out. "Engineering to bridge," the burly engineer drawled as he slapped his combage. "Is it over?"

"Yes, Chief O'Connell. It is over," the familiar sound of Captain Ives' masculine voice replied. "You may return to your station here on the bridge as whenever you are ready."

"Captain Ives!" O'Connell blurted out before the rest of his response was drowned out by another cheer from the men in engineering. The *Calamity* was gone and Captain Ives had the bridge again. It really was over.

But when Billy Bob realized that they were still friendless, on the run and stuck with an uneducated enlisted man for a chief engineer he realized that in many ways the war had just begun...

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-08-11, 10:15:29

[Lone Wolves Squadron | Wolf-08]

As the battle waged between the Lone Wolves and the USS *Calamity's* Reaver contingent losses were had on both sides of the conflict. With Quake's death Fasha could feel the wound upon her soul inflicted by Oracle's death widen another one of her family was gone. Her grip on her flight stick tightened for a brief moment her eyes fluttered shut in remembrance to the lost but only for a moment as they once more opened. There would be time to properly mourn the lost when the battle was won. Her thoughts were drawn elsewhere however as Goldeneye's voice came over the comms.

"This is Goldeneye to all fighters! Collision imminent for the Calamity and the Harbinger! Recommend evasive..."

Fasha turned her head toward the massive pair of capital ships. One moving at ramming speed toward the other whilst the other unloaded every bit of ordnance it seemed to be carrying upon the approaching craft. The sight alone was enough to prompt Fasha to quickly throttle her fighter up and bank away from the two ships towards the *Theurgy*. She was more focused on making distance not wishing to be anywhere near the blast the collision both ships would cause. Her fighter gunned forward at breakneck speed but just as she was about to enter the safety of the *Theurgy's* shield she felt a shockwave ripple across the black. The force of the blast pushed her fight forward she quickly pulled back on the flight stick and activated the craft's underside repulsors.

She felt the cockpit's safety restraints tighten around her chest as her body was rocked forward from the sudden cease in momentum. As the fighter came to a stop her body was thrust back into the seat her head knocking against the head rest of her cockpit causing dots to blossom across her vision. Her breaths came out in shallow wheezes as she brought a hand to her chest trying to rub the pain caused by her seat restraints away. Once she'd steadied her breath at last she let her body go limp in her seat as she relaxed. She listened in on the comms which were still chattering away in her helmet although somewhat muted likely from some sort of damage caused by her helmet hitting the seat so hard.

Fasha listened for a moment trying to make out anything being said on the comms before she thrust her head back once more hitting her helmet against the seat. This time the comms came through clear as whatever had been knocked loose apparently fell back into place.

"*Theurgy this is Goldeneye.*" Fasha felt relief rush through her at hearing Tessa's voice to know someone was okay after everything they'd gone through thus far. "*Requesting permission to come home.*" Tessa's voice said once more.

Fasha flipped her own comm on "I second that request Theurgy..." Fasha said breathlessly as she once more sank into her seat closing her eyes for a moment.

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-08-11, 10:32:32

[USS Theurgy | Fighter Assault Bay]

Eun Sae was in the midst of pointing out a few errors that had come up in one of the MK-IIIs propulsion output regulation systems to a few of her team members when Sten's voice calling out new orders. Any remaining repairs would have to be put on hold as Eun Sae once again summoned the members of her team with a sharp whistle before cupping her hands around her mouth "You heard the Chief clear up the deck!!" Eun Sae called out before turning to jog up to Sten himself. She felt a light strange feeling in the pit of her gut at seeing the man again. Yes she'd seen him across the deck but ever since she'd returned this was the closest she'd been to the man since what had occurred between them before her transfer to the Harbinger. She shoved the feeling out of mind however as she arrived at Sten's side.

"Sir!" She said nodding at him she was really unsure of where to begin did he just want the bare minimum or should she go into detail on how this entire debacle had begun. In the end she decided to provide him with what was important at the moment "I did my best to get the hangar operational again with what little I had to work with! The Harbinger sent me back over to try and get the Theurgy's flight deck operational after their initial takeover. Thea arrived shortly after my own arrival and requested my assistance in repairing the Reaver we had on hand. She believed with it she could somehow prevent the Calamity from assaulting us. After I assisted her member of the deck crew and other mixed department crew members began to filter into the hangar I put them to work to the best of my ability" Eun Sae said quickly in one breath.

She felt a small burn of shame at how her attempt to take charge had gone. In her own mind it had gone extremely poorly considering the fact that the Hangar was still the mess that it was when she'd arrived. "Fortunately I managed to prep all of our remaining fighters for launch if there is any positive to be taken from any of this sir." Eun Sae said finally taking a deep breath to replace the one she'd been holding onto all this time. As she finished speaking however she felt the entire deck rock. She felt her feet fall from under her as a blinding flash appeared and before she knew it she was on the floor of the deck recovering from whatever had shook the deck so hard.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-08-12, 03:11:34

Watching his fellow deck apes move to the booming of his voice was a comfort for the Chief of the Deck. Despite the mutiny, despite the damage done to the ship and to his hangar and the fact they had engaged battle against a nightmare ship from the future, the sight made him feel as though things would be all right in the end and he allowed himself a small smile, especially as the diminutive firecracker of a Petty Officer took up his orders and repeated them for emphasis. That was not really

his style, but he knew he could deal with it. Between the stress and the unusual situation, that kind of thing could be forgivable.

However, addressing him as 'Sir', on the other hand, was something he'd have to rectify. Granted, warrant officers could be properly addressed in such a way, according to regulations. However, Sten much preferred 'Chief'. First, he listened to the words that fairly tumbled out of her mouth. Good Lord she spoke fast! And he could tell she was unsure how her report would be taken, in the end.

Regarding the Reaver, it wasn't really his place to talk. The damn thing hadn't been tested or sorted out yet and that bothered him, but the fact the ship's AI had decided to take it out for a spin was beyond unusual, and he'd leave that one for the Captain to handle. And truth be told, he didn't mind seeing its parking spot on the deck empty; seeing it there with techs crawling all over it would be a very painful reminder of the loss of Nahrik Cinsaj. And if he had anything to say about it, he'd see that thing used for target practice, or just flung into the nearest star to be forgotten about good and proper.

However, he did allow a grin to come through once she finished her report. "First of all, Ji, I'm no Sir, I work for a living!" That particular line must have been used by every man in a leadership position who was not an officer since the first armies were organized by the most ancient civilization. And still he liked it well enough! But then, he landed his hirsute paw upon her much, much smaller shoulder. "You did good. Especially with the cluster-fuck we had going on today."

He was going to say more, but the ship was rocked by an explosion, a large one if he was any judge and when the deck pitched and rolled under the shockwave, he managed to keep his feet while the Asian woman obviously did not. Bending down, he got a hold of her arms and as though she weighed nothing, he straightened himself and set her back on her feet. "It's good to see you again," he then said, much more softly. And it was! With the mutiny and all that talk of brainwashing and using female crew members as breeding stock, he couldn't deny the guilt at having sent Eun Sae away to the Harbinger when they'd rendez-vous'ed what felt half a lifetime ago. But seeing her on his deck, whole, herself and unmolested was a blessing he hadn't dared ask for.

Not to mention the guilt at having sent her away in the first place, ostensibly to avoid any friction following the Ishtar incident. Four decades in Starfleet, he ought to have been able to deal with it! He was a professional and despite her relative inexperience, so was she! They ought to have been able to keep working side by side regardless of what some kind of deity-like entity forced them to do. But at least now he had a chance to make amends.

"We'll be getting busted birds in any time now. What d'you say we get to work and we discuss what we're going to do with you once we get this mess within shouting distance of being sorted out?"

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-08-23, 23:28:08

As Sten smiled at her Eun Sae could feel one of her own form on her lips it was good to see that the Chief hadn't changed that much in her absence from the Theurgy's FAB. As she felt his hand fall upon her shoulder she felt the strange feeling that she'd previously been able to work down surface once more. But in short order she quickly reined it in once again shutting it away in the back of her mind under lock and key as she gave a short nod at his approval of her short stint of being in command. "Thank you Chief." She said it appeared he would say more until the ship rocked as the explosion sent waves through space.

But before she could fall to the deck she felt a pair of hands encircle her arms ceasing her descent

and setting her back upright. Her eyes had closed as she fell but as she opened them she could see Sten looking at her as he expressed his relief at seeing her again. "I can say the same Chief." She said smiling once again at him. So many different emotions and thoughts wanted to run wild inside her head but right now was definitely not the right time to let them. So many questions wanted to be asked but it was definitely the wrong time to ask them. She stepped away from him as he continued speaking once more she nodded.

"I'll make sure my teams ready Chief." Eun Sae said before turning to leave him, If the explosion that had rocked the entire deck was any indication today would be a very long day for everyone.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-08-06, 15:29:36

[Lone-Wolves Squadron | Wolf-OI]

An explosion had rocked the space near the psuedo-star. Seeing the incoming telemetry on the close by blastwave, he had cut his tractor-beam and rerouted power to shields, decelerating enough that the crippled Reaver's momentum carried her. Even with his own craft holding down the aileron thrusters being the only controls, he had juked the stick to the side, inverting his craft and pitching himself so he was directly above Thea's cockpit. With the blast wave from the warp cores going critical nearing them, he did the only thing he could think to do. He had poured every bit of power he could into the shields and expanded the shield bubble into the space of the nearly ruined Reaver's cockpit, hoping to protect Thea's emitter from whatever harm came their way. Sparing a last moment, he had turned the opacity filter on his visor off and looked up at the occupant of the Reaver. If they were to be together doomed he had wanted to at least die with the unfiltered sight of the soul of the ship he was willing to die to protect.

The blast had shaken the ship as alarms began to howl warnings of loss of flight control and small hull breeches. Then the ship had gone dead quiet inside, aside from the faint hum of the vibration of his engines. At last those were running still, but he lost all of the necessary fly by wire systems. Essentially, he was flying blind with only the most basic controls. He looked up and saw the Reaver, or rather what could be called a cockpit of one attached to a heavily damaged shell of the experimental fighter, he now doubted he could salvage much from at all now. Though Papa Bear and his crew were miracle workers, so who knows what they would be able to pull off? Of course, now the two ships were drifting, and Miles was manually keeping his craft steady to keep near the Reaver Thea was in while flying without flight-computer. Likely the blast had fried his on-board computer along with most other electronic equipment aside from the heavily blast shielded engines.

Then a thought crossed his mind as he began bringing up his systems, most of them came online but his onboard computer was gone so sensors, communication and transponders at the moment were gone. looking up again he saw his salvation. His onboard computer system was not dead but the software system was corrupted. Luckily there was a backup mere feet from his cockpit. Bringing up the needed commands, he attempted to connect with the nearest Federation A.I. system. The one mere feet away. Attempting to bring the systems up Miles spoke up. "Thea can you hear me. I just wirelessly tethered my ship's computer to your emitter. That blast fried the on-bord computer so I'm flying blind. Do you think you can access my ship's systems and bring my transponder and radio back up. Sensors would be appreciated too, since I need those to bring a tractor back-up to tow that wreck you are sitting in back to base."

Sighing in the quiet of space Miles leaned back in the chair awaiting the Thea's reply. Needless to say, he was thankful for the small favor of having distanced himself so far from the current dogfight because his ship was in no shape to so much as try and bring weapons systems back up. He would

be lucky to be able to limp back to base with the Reaver in tow. Dealing with live Reavers in combat, to put it lightly, Thea's confrontation with her daughter would seem only mildly suicidal by comparison.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-08, 11:24:58

[Mk I Reaver Attack Fighter]

Drifting in silence, Thea had time to analyse the turn-out of the battle, and also, calculate what might have transpired if she'd acted differently. It was a background task, however, run primarily by the processor in her mobile emitter. She remained projected in the pilot's seat inside the Reaver since her body was strapped to it, and the emitter would float away if she powered down. She had shut down the pain receptors in her sensory mapping, and was not likely going to visit the memory of the pain in her memory banks any time soon. The silence was oddly... comforting, even if it was restricted to her projection alone.

Primarily, her tasks were devoted to whatever assignments were given to her by the bridge crew and the rest of the departments, whom were all dedicated to damage control to some extent - some more than others. She generated and observed the datafeed from her physical self via the wireless link, not quite certain how her crew would treat her after what she had done. Was she now a liability because of her actions? Would her freedom be restricted by updated security clearances? Or would they understand her? Forgive her folly and attribute it to the fact that she was trying to save her daughter?

She had no way of knowing for certain, and did not want to put credence in the odds she derived.

[Thea can you hear me. I just wirelessly tethered my ship's computer to your emitter. That blast fried the on-board computer so I'm flying blind. Do you think you can access my ship's systems and...]

Hearing Miles' voice, Thea closed her eyes as she listened to the request with the realisation that there was no use prolonging the silence she revelled in - knowing that there was no escape from the judgement of her own crew. The Vulpinian Lieutenant-Commander was resourceful, and had found a way to reach her, and a means to give her remote control to his ship's systems. When he finished talking, she opened her eyes, and she answered through the digital link she shared with Miles' Valkyrie.

'I read you. Instead of waiting for help, I will make sure we get back.' She paused, the silence filled with meaning. *'Thank you, Miles Renard, for saving this emitter, and the freedom it grants me. Without it, I would now feel... reduced. Less than I now want to be, even if I still lack a couple of senses. A sense of smell, for instance...'*

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-08-12, 01:26:15

[Lone-Wolves Squadron | Wolf-01]

Miles spoke through the computer and simply thanked Thea for the assistance then added something he felt Thea needed to hear before opening up the comm systems to reach mission ops and the remaining Valkyries. "Thea, I want you to know." he paused. "What you did, I doubt there is a crew member or officer on the Theurgy who wouldn't risk their career and rank to attempt the same if it was their child instead." he said before adding. "Perhaps there is still hope for her though, perhaps with our efforts we will be able to save the Calamity of this timeline. Even if we couldn't save the one from the spoiled future we wish to prevent, perhaps by defeating the enemy that seeks to destroy us The Calamity who is yet to be built can be saved from the one we have lost's fate." He toggled a few switches in the cockpit focusing the sensor systems and setting a course for the Theurgy. Slowly he

began bringing the com systems online again.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

SUPPLEMENTARY: Medical Intrigue

[During the Battle]

"Easy now, doctor," said McMillan, placing a glowing hand very daintily on his bare chest, her touch barely there.

She was afraid even the simple action of removing his undershirt would aggravate his injuries more, though she did find his impressive physique most appreciable, "If I remember Câroon physiology correctly, then you're in an awful state. Annnnd sadly, you do have quite an unpleasant amount of damage to the ribs. Treatment at the medical center will see to it in short order, but for now..."

She took out some cold compress and picked up Nicander's hand, and made him place the compress over the injury himself. In the mean time, her body was beginning to glow brighter, and her hair was floating all over the place with the slightest movements of her head, as she had left it untied once more. She removed a hypospray with painkillers and made a verbal double check, "This should be okay for your kind, it's a painkiller. I suppose I don't need to tell you this, but nevertheless, try and breathe normally, so you can keep your lungs clear. Rest, and occasional shoulder exercise, and keeping low on strenuous activity is a good idea too, if at all possible."

She applied the painkiller, and when Nicander thanked her, the girl blushed, and looked nervous, patting her hair down, she noted how her light was changing to a shade of pink, and she shifted. "You're welcome," she said, "But no need to thank me, really. The whole lot of you did all the hard work...d-do you think people would have a reaction to learning I'm not human at all?" She seemed most concerned about that, "It's just that, in all these centuries, I am the first Radiant to ever reveal my nature to the Federation. I didn't see any other choice at the time, but doctor...I'm scared now. Humans aren't always the nicest people, it's why we kept our existence a secret."

Finished with her work, the young woman settled back on her knees, and looked away, and then sighed, looking at her glowing hands. Her face hair and even her body was clearly shining with lights of shifting colours, "Bloody hell, mom was right, it *is* hard to stop once you start..."

She looked up at Nicander, and showed her hands, "Normally, we never use more than our hands to light up, but once you light up your entire body, it, it becomes rather addictive. Feels good to use it too, really good. *Blimey*, I sound like a roddin' junkie, sorry..."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-20, 22:31:00

It was hard not to watch the strange and yet fetching phenomenon of the Radiant's body; how it glowed and shimmered with every movement. It was as if the thing inside watched her too, but with a wary stillness that Lucan thought uncharacteristic to the parasite. Normally, it would chant for him to brutalise her - to harm and defile her dead body. The silence could have meant anything, of course, but when she laid that glimmering hand against his bare torso, it was as if the nameless darkness... retreated.

No. The sudden and desperate surge for control of his body made him understand - the shriek that came from the abyss making it plain. When cornered, it would attack. The loud demand for her blood

was deafening, and yet he maintained control, not letting himself slip away. He had thought it harder, of late, but it was as if the presence of the Radiant gave him the willpower to resist, and while images of what he'd do to her flashed before his eyes...

His tattooed hand tearing her hair, slamming her into the bulkhead. Repeatedly. Screaming as he struck her head open against the unyielding surface. Gushing blood hit his eyes, and yet he stared into her cerebral cavity - white teeth shining in a face blackened with blood. Did Radiants have the same sanguine, iron-based blood as himself? He had to spill it all to know for certain. Taste it on his fingers.

...he merely smiled gently to her as she helped treat his wounds. His mind intact, he could instead appreciate how her hair glowed and floated on the minute air currents in the corridor. She shifted colours too, and it made him wonder what it meant. If he did not know better, having observed what his bodily impression did upon both genders of most species, he would say she was attracted to him. He held the cold compress against his ribs dutifully, and watched her every movement with his pale grey eyes, thanking her quietly when she gave him the hiss of her hypospray - eyes unblinking. "My gratitude."

Then she spoke of her trepidation; her fear for the crew's reaction. Slowly, he took the bundle of his dirty undershirt into his tattooed hands, sorting out the garment as he spoke his mind - unravelling the complicated matter. "I cannot claim any deeper understanding of the human race, but those in Starfleet are more than used to the unknown. Also, it would not be the first time someone on this ship revealed themselves to be... *other* than they first said they were. Our First Officer initially revealed herself to be an operative from Starfleet Intelligence, sent to ensure that our unique technology aboard wouldn't fall into the wrong hands by *any means necessary*. That included the death of everyone aboard. Compared to what you appear to be, that is far worse, and see how that turned out for her." His eyes travelled between the piece of cloth and her while he spoke in his deep voice. "Then you have the more recent matter of Dyan Cardamone, a Petty Officer in Security that was like you - unique and hiding in plain sight. Sar-unga, which would be her Asurian name, allowed us in Medical to use her Velsren sac to save the life of Sarresh Morali - our Temporal Affairs Officer. Her true mission had been to observe and evaluate whether or not the Asurians ought to make a diplomatic approach the Federation and apply for a membership."

The notion made him chuckle. "I reckon that Dyan would advise against it, given the circumstances."

Then, she spoke of her luminescence and how it was quickly becoming an addiction. When she said that it felt satisfying to use her abilities, Lucan could but compare them to his own. "When I touch the elements around me, I do not feel anything else than the drain and the... immensity of channeling the powers through the *zi'naaq* in my body. While addictive to some Câroon, our psionic link to the elements can kill us if we do not learn how to control the flow. Those who try to channel too much all end up dead, or their *zi'naaq* are burned out, which equals a bedridden life with severe mental trauma. When the *zi'naaq* are balanced and whole, we are too."

With that as a comparison to what she said she felt, he climbed to his feet with a kind smile. "If your mother did not warn you of any dangers, then you should feel blessed, and feel free to express who you are. The Radiants have been hiding until now, so indulge yourself as long as you don't blind people or intimidate them." Standing, he tried to get back into his undershirt without jarring his ribs. "Life is too short to deny oneself the simple pleasures in life, unless you absolutely have to."

Since he was supposed to avoid strenuous activity, perhaps he had to. Then again, doctors were the

worst patients...

"I need to return to Sickbay, but we could use a hand," he said, not objecting if she'd offer to follow him. His dirty undershirt caught across the bicep of his injured side, he added with a slow chuckle. "In fact, I could too."

Post by: Triage on 2015-07-24, 15:05:55

"No, we wouldn't want to have blinded people all around." Said McMillan with a nervous laugh, "I think I had best follow you, doctor. I can't imagine what to do with myself quite honestly, if I head back to my lab, what with mutineers still unaccounted for, the *Calamity* on our behinds, and Lord knows what else at this point, right? I'm sure I can make myself useful somehow."

McMillan took comfort in Nicander's words of encouragement to all her concerns, even her growing addiction to her abilities. She was also interested to hear about the Câroon and their most unique quality, known as the zi'naaq, and how the Radiant shared some aspects of their quality or talents, in a sense. Well, she had seen his powers at work, so she knew there was no myth to it, and in actual fact, it really was impressive.

In addition, the news about the First Officer, and then the fact that Dyan Cardamone (Sar-Unga) was an alien much like McMillan, a pretender human, intrigued the young woman, who definitely had a passion for xenobiology. She began to channel her light, reluctant as she was, and kept it to the palms of her hands. She had the feeling her day was far from over, and as pleasurable as lighting up was, it *did* take energy to produce continuously, and she was young, meaning she didn't have a lot of strength yet.

"The more I practice, the stronger I will become, I suppose," said McMillan, "though that's not a given. Back home on Earth, we hardly ever shine. Don't want to draw attention to ourselves and all that. So, how long have you been away from your homeworld? Your people get weaker the longer they stay away, right?"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-07-26, 11:29:46

As they walked down the corridor at a brisk pace in order to reach the turbo-lifts, Lucan got his undershirt on and raked back some hair from his face with a tattooed hand. Sickbay awaited them both, and Lucan was pleased that the civilian had chosen to assist since he had the impression that the ensuing battle with the Calamity would give his medical team... *plenty* to do. When the Radiant asked him about his home world, and how long he had been away, his emotional response to the question was greater than he had thought, even if not too much of it showed in his demeanour.

"The bond between Câroon and their home planet is... hard to explain to anyone that hasn't been raised there. We learn from early age to attune ourselves to the elements around us. Our climate is harsh, and it is through evolutionary survival that we have adapted and realised our own potential. She never speaks to us, even if religions and cults have formed and fallen over the millennia that glorified our planet as a sentient being. Most of use have abandoned such ideas, knowing that 'she' is no more sentient than any other planetoid out there."

They stepped into the turbolift while Lucan continued, and his tone was almost solemn when speaking of his home, despite his conflicting emotions about his own people. "Even if we can channel the elements around us when away from our home planet, it is not quite the same. As crude as it might sound, an adequate comparison would be that channeling anything else than 'her' is like being

intimate with a stranger while you are in love with someone else. You... long for the embrace of your true love, and it becomes more difficult to deny yourself the air, water and soil of Câroon. Therefore, you become less and less compelled to channel the elements, and since it's a skill, you forget, and you cannot safely wield the elements to the same extent that you once could. In time, with lack of practice and desire for it, we cannot use our abilities safely at all. Not unless we return... and relearn."

Speaking of it, Lucan realised that - in a way - his home planet was like Kisane. He might be with other men and women for the sake of furthering his own goals, but it was not quite the same. He had to do it if he was to succeed, and over time, he had found himself seeking forgiveness in the arms of all those willing women for the dead one he had failed to protect. Yet as much as he sought redemption, none had made him forget her. Everything he'd done, both vile and good, he had done for her.

"As for how long I've been awa-". Suddenly, the ship and the turbolift shook, the impact of enemy fire familiar since they escaped Earth months ago. Lucan lost his footing, crashing into Heather, and it was not until the ship stabilised that Lucan realised what a compromising position they had ended up in.

Post by: Triage on 2015-08-08, 15:34:30

"Oh goodness!" exclaimed McMillan as she moved with all the speed and instinctive reflexes available to her to protect herself from anything potentially fatal. Still, for all her positioning and preparation, she still found herself in a most...unusual position, and with a man, no less. Blushing, the young woman made a nervous laugh, without smiling, and she looked away from the doctor's face. *This isn't comfortable...*

It wasn't that McMillan found Dr. Nicander so off-putting or unappealing. It was quite the opposite, but she wasn't comfortable at all because of how new all of the experiences were. After such a long time isolating herself even on board on a ship, and now suddenly opening up to so many people all at once. Well it was more than a little overwhelming to say the least.

She had been enjoying paying attention and learning about the Câroon from Nicander. He did a good job of detailing and describing the nature of his people along with their unique talents and abilities. She had wanted to say and express her envy of their race, when the ship had been shaken by a particularly powerful impact. In addition, there seemed to be a problem with the vessel's gravity controls, quite likely.

But her mind began to panic over something worse. Nicander! He wasn't in tip-top condition, and with his ribs being the way they were...and with the painkillers in place, he might not even realize that he'd aggravated his injuries. "Doctor," said McMillan nervously, "do you feel all right?"

She tried to gently move the doctor off herself and inspect him, her eyes glinting with flecks of light in them. "Best we get to the medical bay right now, yeah?"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-11, 03:19:18

Finding himself on top of the Radiant, propping himself up on his arms where he lay between her legs, Lucan soon realised that the situation had likely become quite... awkward. Well, at least for Heather. Of course, while it was inspirational, it was awkward for him too since he had to handle the situation in a way that would not shed bad light upon his own character. Despite how... inspirational it was.

His injuries reminded themselves though, having been jarred by the fall, and his breath caught as his sharp mind centred on something so trivial as pain. He touched his side, hearing Heather ask about

his condition and feeling her light hands guide him into a more comfortable position. Eyes lined with pain that persisted despite the shot he got from her, he met her eye as he sat back. If there was something that had passed between them, Lucan had lost the opportunity to see it in her face. He had no way of guessing her thoughts, and little time to pursue them. The turbolift doors opened, and they were on Deck 07.

"Indeed, it seems we are there already. My apologies," he said and grimaced as he got back on his feet. He set the pace down the corridor, ship still rocking now and then, until they finally reached the main entrance of his domain.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-07-17, 12:35:12

[USS Theurgy | Ship Corridors Heading to Sickbay]

Hylota took a little bit longer than she had desired to get back to Sickbay, but as she drew closer and closer a smile crept across her face as she imagined sitting with her brother, getting herself sorted out before she would get to work with him to help with these undoubtedly heavy amounts of casualties from this incident. She did slightly dread the amount of work that was going to follow this, especially with how her heat was progressing, well at least she had Maal now she figured.

A few moments more, a few slow corners she checked for any trouble and Hylota was back at the Sickbay, a weak smile spread across her face as she believed she was about to enter a safe place. Hylota walked into the Main Sickbay and was greeted by many apprehensive looks, looks of fear and confusion, and it worried Hylota. She scanned the room taking in everything, her heart wavering over the pit of despair and worry. It was only when she looked to where her brother Vinata should have been that her heart felt as if the ground had fallen out from under it, sending it plummeting into a fear that she had not felt since the Triage Center. She took a few shaky steps forward and looked at the messy corner, her brother missing.

She would have hoped that he was just off helping with patient care, but the discarded gown, the signs of a struggle, it was all too much to be anything other than the site of a struggle. Hylota took a deep breath and she could swear she smelled the scent of sex here, and her one good hand clenched into fist as she began to fear what the mutineers she had overheard had planned and done with her brother. She clenched her jaw in a hope to contain herself as she rushed to the door to the hall, the world tuned out around her as patients began to try to talk to her. She reached the door and it opened, but the sigh before her caused her to grow cold and she felt her heart stop as one word slipped from her mouth.

"...Vinata..."

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-07-17, 12:35:12

Vinata was walking slowly to the storage closet to get himself something to hopefully calm his nerves so he could get to doing the job that was required of him. He felt himself shudder and shake, he wanted to scratch away his nose, to dig out the smell of Phantoms body, no matter how much he had been sterilized he could still smell that monster on him, his head was practically spinning as he thought about it. Raising one hand to the side of his head he blinked away tears as he could swear he was hearing screams, the begging, gods he needed help now!

As he was about to open the door to the medical storage room, he stopped as he heard the door to the main Sickbay open and he twitchily turned his head to look at his sister, standing before him with

one of her arms hanging limply at her side, her shoulder seared and singe from a phaser burn. Hylota his sister, the stronger of the two of them, was covered in soot, filth and looked like she had crawled her way through hell, and as he saw her eyes wide, her mouth open and she spoke his name in a gentle tone, things fell apart.

Hylota walk forward towards Vinata, but his mind was at its end, things were overlapping, the smells, sight, and sensations made things bled together and he was there, the world around him on fire and his sister nothing more than a shambling corpse. It was at this moment he began to scream, shrill shriek that fill the entire Sickbay as he threw himself away from his sister, his arms flailing about as he hit the wall behind him as he collapsed to the floor yelling. "Get away! Please don't hurt me any more! Just make it stop!" Vinata kept screaming as he wildly flailed as he began to cry as he descended into his horrors.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-07-17, 12:35:12

As Hylota saw her brother, in his broken and shattered state, falling away from her and falling into his own horrors. She hurried to her brother and wrapped her arm around him and held him close as her eyes closed tight. "Hush, Hush it is alright, there is nothing coming after you. You are alright." She clenched her jaw as she looked over her twin and inspected his physical state. She was angry now, she had left her brother in faith that this place would be safe, and out of everyone he seemed to have suffered the most here.

She held Vinata close and hushed him as he descended into gibbering madness and she spoke softly. "It is alright, I will get you something to help. Something to sooth your mind brother, just remain calm and I will help you...and then I am going to have Words with the staff here." Hylota walked into the medical storage and got a simple sedative and returned quickly to her brother's side and gave him a hypospray to calm and sooth him and gently caressed her brother's face as he began to breath calmly and relaxed.

As she knelt there beside her brother, Hylota took a deep breath and she decided she would wait, she knew that someone on staff would come for the screaming soon enough, and then she would find out Why Her Brother, in his current st was up an about on his ow, and why he was in such a broken state. And how they had failed this miserably.

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-07-19, 22:36:21

Hayden tried to ignore the red alert klaxon as she moved swiftly around Main Sickbay giving orders and doing what she could to ensure they had the supplies and equipment to handle incoming casualties. Of course, there was always the hope all their preparation would be for naught and there would be no additional casualties, but O'Connor need only look around at their still recovering wounded to know that was just wishful thinking. They were short staffed, a reality that was reinforced for her every time a junior nurse or medical technician looked at her with fear in their eyes, but Hayden tried to remind herself it could be worse. As far as she knew, their senior medical personnel were still alive, just out and about trying to restore the crew to some semblance of physical and mental health.

As she strode through sickbay with purpose, a thousand things raced through her mind, the number only growing as the scant staff approached her with questions or concerns. All of them were professionals and familiar with Nicander's emergency protocols, but they kept her informed out of respect for her as the officer in charge. She was thankful for small miracles and that she'd been brought up to speed concerning the patients present before the red alert, so for the most part, it was simply a matter of making sure patients who were ambulatory were moved to appropriate wards as

well as those who needed less intensive care. O'Connor knew they had to be prepared for anything, given what she knew of the Calamity, unfortunately, she knew they were going to need a number of trauma beds available. O'Connor also knew that is one of the few doctors in sickbay, it would fall to her to handle any emergency or surgical procedures that were necessary. Nurses and med techs could triage and handle the minor injuries, but the bulk of the seriously injured fall to her, at least until other doctors return to sickbay.

Even with so much of her mind focused on the present, the fight with Phantom and everything that came before wasn't far from her thoughts. It didn't take her long to gather clothing for Vinata, though with everything going on around her, unfortunately, it took her a while to head back in his direction. Her heart dropped as she heard him screaming. She jogged toward the noise, scrubs in one hand and med kit slung on her shoulder.

Despite the circumstances, Hayden was glad to see Hylota had returned. Despite O'Connor's training, given her brother's mental state, Hylota was the best person to offer him a sense of safety and familiarity. She knelt beside them both, careful not to get too close to agitate either one of them further. It didn't take a position to know the female Ovri had been through hell herself. She spoke soothingly to both of them, but directed the bulk of her words to Vinata. "I'm here, Vinata. I'm here. You are safe now, and I brought you some clothes just like I promised. Will you let me help you put them on?"

Hayden could see there was practically steam coming out the female Ovri's ears, and under the circumstances, Hayden could hardly blame her. That said, it was clear their shared priority was reassuring Vinata and offering him care, none of which could be accomplished if she were to recount exactly what happened to him right in that moment. To Hylota she offered, "I know you're upset and I know you have a lot of questions. I will answer them, I assure you, but our priority needs to be your brother. He trusts you and for that reason I could use your help, but first, let's take a look at you and that arm, okay?"

O'Connor was asking out of politeness, but without waiting for an answer she began to take out her tricorder and other items from her med kit. Even if the female Ovri refused to submit to an exam for some reason, there was Vinata attend to.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-07-19, 23:52:05

Hylota watched as Dr. Hayden arrived, Hylota had been hoping it would be Maal, or perhaps Dr. Maya, someone she knew or who had been in charge that she could pass judgement on, but in truth Dr. Hayden was the best person to have arrived at this point in time. Hylota was till seething with rage over what had happened, but Hayden was able to get past that with her action as soon as she arrived. As Dr. Hayden voiced concern and offered cloth to help make Vinata conceal his nude form she loosened her fist and took deep breaths as Hylota knew that the two of the were going to need to work together to help her poor brother back from the edge of insanity.

Hylota listened to Hayden talk about how she needed to work together so that they would be able to help Vinata, and she simply nodded as she kept taking deep breaths to help calm herself, but as she was told that her arm needed a scan she scoffed and shook her head no. "My arm is having a reaction to a soothing balm that was accidentally administrated by one of the science staff. It is not the most critical thing at this point in time, our first objective should be to help my brother into a safe and isolated location where he can be left while things are still somewhat calm." Hylota repositioned herself and wrapped her one good arm around Vinata and lifted him up to his feet. "Once we get that all taken care of we can worry about my problems, but my guess is that I will need to have a sling to keep it out of the way after I clan myself off." Hylota shushed Vinata as he began to mumble to

himself. "I was hoping to come back and get help, but it looks like I am still needed."

Vinata shook his head as he tried to clear it from the sedative running through his body, but it was helping him remain calm, he was no longer seeing the fires, but he was still not in any state to be doing anything. Seeing Vinata like this made Hylota sigh before she look to Hayden. "When we get him a room we will get him dressed, and then I want to know what happened since I have been gone, how is it that you people have-." Hylota stopped herself and closed her eyes and took a deep breath to top herself from going off at the only help she had at this point in time. "Listen lets just get him taken care of, then you can scan me and explain what has happened here, after that I am going to get myself cleaned up and hopefully I can find Maal and we can organize some of the junior nurses and medics."

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-07-25, 07:22:17

Maya left Cir'Cie in the intensive care ward to find the ranking medical officer, Counselor Hayden O'Connor. Maya didn't know if Hayden was trained to manage sickbay in battle conditions, but since the counselor was a full lieutenant she gave her the benefit of the doubt. Before she could find her, the little Vulcan staggered as the *Theurgy* was rocked by enemy weapons fire.

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-07-31, 23:11:23

Despite Hylota's reassurances that tending to her arm could wait, Hayden couldn't help but be concerned about the female nurse's physical condition, especially as she observed the Ovri trying to steady her breathing over several attempts. Besides understandable emotional agitation, irregular breathing could also signal physical pain and more serious injury, all of which the counselor expected a healer like Hylota to try to minimize to ensure others' needs would be met before her own. That the other in need just happened to be Hylota's brother cemented O'Connor's belief Hylota would say or do anything to get her brother help sooner, even at the expense of her own well-being. That was the power of love, and while the counselor understood it and even admired it, she wasn't entirely reassured.

Deciding on a quick compromise, primarily because her tricorder was halfway out anyway, O'Connor took a brief scan of the female Ovri's arm. Hayden frowned as she reviewed the brief readings, which appeared to be all over the place, presuming she could even count on Ovri physiology being similar to what she already understood. After several seconds of comparing the tricorder's readings with Hayden's visual assessment of Hylota, the counselor felt reasonably confident the female Ovri's physical condition would not prevent her from helping Hayden get Vinata someplace safe, at the very least. Under the circumstances, neither woman had time to process and reflect on the circumstances Hylota had shared which described how her arm had come to such a condition, but there was no doubt Hayden would replay what Hylota had said in her mind, as the circumstances were quite unusual.

For now, however, Hayden listened to the female Ovri's words even as she put the bulk of her energy toward taking action: namely, getting Vinata to a place that would serve as somewhat of a safe harbor. They didn't take the time to dress him there in the middle of the office, but Hayden was careful to make sure the majority of his exposed skin remained covered as they moved toward intensive care. The ward was mostly vacant at the moment, but besides that, Hayden anticipated even if they were overwhelmed by casualties, the patients here would be fairly sedate and most closely monitored. It wasn't much, but this place was better than keeping him in the main ward, where the chaos would remain at its peak as doctors and nurses tried to stabilize the most emergent and agitated patients during what she knew in her heart was going to be a prolonged battle.

As the three of them traveled swiftly but carefully, Hayden listened as Hylota spoke, trying to prioritize their immediate needs and focus on what needed to be done before there was truly no stopping the tide of wounded. As when they initially met, the counselor didn't blame Hylota for her agitation and outright anger, but at the same time, she was relieved when the female Ovri managed to reign in her emotions for the benefit of focusing on what needed to be done, Hayden was doing all she could to keep her own emotions at bay while providing the leadership everyone expected of her. No matter how strong the love between siblings and righteously upset she was, Hylota had to understand no one on the medical staff intentionally put her brother in harm's way or was even neglectful. At Hylota's mention of getting the nurses and medics together, O'Connor nodded, "I'm working on that, but could definitely use help on that front."

As they moved swiftly to the ICU and Hayden raised the privacy field around the nearest but somewhat secluded bio bed, Hayden couldn't help but think uncharacteristically bluntly, shit happens. The simple sentiment summed up experiences so far for Hayden, who knew there was no time or energy left for placing blame. "May I help you get him dressed?" O'Connor asked, mindful of the little time they had but also not wanting to add to Vinata's trauma by taking over.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-08-01, 07:26:46

As Dr. O'Connor finished up her scan and concluded that it was not going to be a problem Hylota nodded in a gesture that simply said, "I already knew this." As they focused on moving Vinata, Hylota went silent, her eyes locked on her poor brother as they moved him into the Intensive Care Ward, a place that Hylota had hoped that her brother would never have ended up. As they laid him down on the bed Hylota sighed in relief as the independent holo emitters were able to raise a privacy field for her poor brother. Walking though it she looked down to him and ran her hand along his forehead mark and she let out a sigh, he was a trained nurse, he should have been here to help Hylota care for the crew, not to be one of her patients.

And suddenly Hylota snapped out of it, her hand withdrew from her brother's head and she looked back to Hayden and just stared at the woman as she was asked about dressing her brother. Hylota just let out a sigh and she rubbed her eyes. "Yeah, I think it would be best if you were to take charge of that and get him taken care of...I doubt that I can dress him as I am right now." She rubbed her head. "I am going to get a sling for my arm, get it out of the way until we have time to take care of it properly, hopefully we will just need to inject some agent to break it down...we will need to get that Heather girl to come and reveal what exactly was in that salve before we do anything though." Hylota sighed and walked out of the privacy field and began to get herself taken care of.

Fortunately Intensive Care kept slings and braces on hand and Hylota had little trouble grabbing a sling and adjusting it to her before she put her arm into place and sighed as she no longer had to worry about the thing slapping into her side as she walked. But as she waited for Dr. Hayden to finish with her brother she bit her lip as she began to worry about her own health, she had not gotten a full body scan in quite some time, it would probably be ideal to just get one done and over with as fast as possible while she still had time and was in good enough health. With a sigh Hylota called out to Hayden. "Doctor, when you are concluded with your care for my brother I would like to request a full body scan, I do not want to find myself unable to work in the middle of this crisis, so I would like to make sure I am alright before we get to far along."

With a sigh she leaned up against one of the biobeds as she waited. "Since I have been out for so long I think it would be best if you were to take charge of the staff, I have been out so long there is a pretty good chance with how hectic things have been someone might not trust me if I try and lead."

Hylota looked back to the door she had come in through. "I will take care of any other tasks that need to be done. I hope that there is no need for it, but do we need to transport anyone to the morgue? It is a morbid task, but I have access to the morgue, and it would be wise to clear the Sickbay of any cadavers before we deal with patients." Hylota did not know it but her suggestion was setting her up to see the person who had first hurt her brother.

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-08-09, 04:10:51

Hayden nodded at Hylota's suggestion that O'Connor should help dress Vinata and she set to work doing just that, making sure to explain what she was doing to Vinata so as not to traumatize him further. The last thing she wanted was for him to retreat further into his own mind and to cause more ire for his sister, who was clearly more affected by what she had been through than she was letting on. She offered another simple nod when the female Ovri explained she was going to search for a sling for her arm, though O'Connor felt a twinge of obligation to attend to Hylota more personally, if only to show her she wasn't alone. Circumstances aside, Hayden felt uncomfortable making someone treat their own injuries, particularly one of their own who'd left to help the entire crew, only to come back and discover the person she loved the most in worse shape than when she had left him. Even though Hayden knew she was not responsible for what Phantom had done, she still felt partially responsible. Sickbay was supposed to be a safe place Hylota had trusted her to protect and care for her brother at perhaps the lowest moment in his life to date.

Hayden finished dressing Vinata, and after another quick but thorough exam, she was satisfied he was physically and emotionally stable for the time being, noting the sedative Hylota had administered helped him virtually retreat into his own world. Hayden wasn't one hundred percent comfortable Hylota had administered drugs to a family member without supervision, but under the circumstances, she couldn't exactly blame her either.

The female Ovri's voice helped pull Hayden from her reverie and remind the counselor she had more work to do. She was grateful when Vinata requested a full body scan as Hayden felt compelled to do one anyway. After everything they'd been through, her maternal instincts were flowing full force, and though she was reminded everywhere about all those she had been unable to protect, including the corpses that needed to be moved to the morgue, the desire to personally examine everyone who looked remotely sick or injured could not be ignored. This was her ship and her crew, and no one was going to suffer any more than they had to, or come any closer to death than they already had.

Before she could focus on that task, however, Vinata reminded her of the grim work ahead with the simple question about transports to the morgue. It was a valid question since she had no idea what had transpired in the time she'd been gone, and they would need the room. Briefly closing her eyes, she mentally recalled the name of the other person lost besides Phantom. O'Connor vaguely recalled the deceased had been killed in some sort of altercation with Maal who'd been critically injured, but for the life of her, she couldn't recall the circumstances. At the moment, she supposed it no longer mattered, and besides, she'd been just a little bit focused on the other things. "Patrick Anderson expired here in the ICU not long ago, so I'd appreciate it if you could tend to him and move him to the morgue, as you're right, we could need the space." O'Connor took a deep breath then and forced herself not to think about anything else along those lines. She didn't want to think anymore about death and she had to focus on what was right in front of her.

She tapped a nearby bio bed and gestured for Hylota to hop on up and lie down. Expecting casualties any second, she couldn't escape a silent countdown in her head, but she pushed it aside and reminded herself to deal with the patient in front of her, one step at a time. Scanning slowly down the Ovri's body, she paused briefly at the nurse's abdomen, her expression as professionally unreadable

as ever, in part because she knew it was necessary and in part because she couldn't be 100% sure she was reading things correctly. Nevertheless, every instinct told her she was right, even as her heart stopped for a moment on the female Ovri's behalf. Hayden placed her hand atop the other woman's out of instinct. Normally, she wouldn't make such a gesture without permission, but these were not normal times. "Hylota, according to these scans, you are pregnant. This diagnosis is consistent with what I'm reading hormonally as well as what I'm showing in your abdominal scans. I'd recommend you meet with Doctor Nicander to confirm this, as he is the most up-to-date on Ovri physiology, but please know, I'm here for you medically and emotionally."

Before Hylota had a chance to respond, they were both interrupted by increased chatter out in the main ward. Hayden rushed out, fearing they were facing another attack. She exhaled as soon as her eyes rested on the new arrivals, Heather McMillan and Doctor Nicander himself. "Well speak of the devil," O'Connor muttered.

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-08-10, 07:03:27

Hylota nodded as she was told about a body that need to be transported to the morgue, and she took in the identity of the person as she was adjusting her arm in her sling so that she would not have to deal with any possible discomfort later on. "Alright then, I will take care of the body and hopefully Dr. Nicander will return and bring leadership back to the sickbay before I get back. With what is coming I would love to have him here to guide our efforts." Hylota sighed as she was motioned to lay down on one of the bio beds so that she could be scanned more easily. As she walked over to the bed she hopped up onto it and then laid down on it and for the first time in hours she closed her eyes and took deep breath to try a relax herself and give Dr. Hayden what would hopefully be proper readings.

As Dr. Hayden began her scan Hylota felt herself relaxing as she laid there with her eyes closed. She listened to the beeping of the scanner as it moved over her body, but she could hear the beeping of abnormalities as the device passed over her midsection. As the scan concluded Hylota opened her eyes an she lifted her head to look at Dr. Hayden and she took in the news that she was showing signs of a pregnancy. Letting out a groan Hylota rested her head to the bed and placed a hand to her forehead. "Wonderful, just wonderful, this is not what I wanted to deal with..." As Nicander arrived, Hylota sat herself up and looked to Hayden before she left her side. "Doctor, I do not have time to discuss my sexual affairs at present, and with what is coming I cannot take priority." She rubbed her head. "I think we should meet up... this is all a bit much... I need to think about this, but I can assure you that things will be moving along quickly for me." She got out of the bed. "I would like it if we could keep this between us for now, it is quite likely that this pregnancy will fail, I do not want to cause too much of a stir if that come to be the case."

Getting up and walking towards Heather and Nicander, Hylota bowed slightly to show respect. "I am glad to see the two of you are alright, Heather I would hate to ask something of you so soon after all you have had to do, but I would like for you to supply Dr. Hayden with a sample of your salve so that we can safely break it down from my system." She forced a smile. "When this is all over I would like to share a drink with you and have some well deserve relaxation. Maybe you can share our adventures with me." She then looked to Nicander. "Doctor, there is a deceased crewman, I will take care of his body and relocate him to the morgue before things get hectic here." She then took a deep breath. "And before you inquire Doctor, my brother has suffered in our absence, he is no longer fit for duty and requires isolation... I do not have time, nor do I wish to elaborate further. With your permission I would like to get on with my duties." It was clear Hylota was trying to bury her feelings under her work ad get the tasks at hand done.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-11, 03:19:18

The sight of the arriving Chief Medical Officer had the effect of medical personnel deferring to him immediately, and some patients in the waiting room called for his aide. Others than Heather were worried about him too, given his state of appearance, but Lucan managed to keep moving and placate the people that came towards him with quick words of reassurance. As he was stalled, he saw Chief Counselor O'Connor talking to Hylota before they both came to meet up with him and Heather.

When Hylota requested Heather's help and suggested that they'd share a drink, Lucan did not let his thoughts about what the two of them would look like together show in his bruised face. Rather, he simply met the Ovri's black eyes with a calm air about him - absorbing the information about the dead body and the state of her brother with a frown. "I'm sorry to hear about your brother. We'll do all we can for him, of course. Please, have that arm seen to with Heather's assistance and resume your duties as soon as you can. Like you say, the injured are bound to come here any time now."

Then he turned to Hayden O'Connor, giving her a smile. He had heard from the one posted in the reception area that she was in command. "My gratitude for standing in after I had to escape from the mutineers. The winds know I am grateful that we now have a counselor with medical expertise. I will take it from here, but please, fill me in and stay to help if you can."

That was when the emergency entrance doors slid open, and through them walked Lin Kae and Rihen Neyah, carrying... chairs. Behind the two engineers, the EMH Mk 1 hologram carried a lifeless woman that Lucan remembered from the Senior Staff meeting. A certain Selena Ravenholm, unless he was mistaken. To top it off, Skye Carver - one of the Lone-Wolves - were providing armed escort to the group with a phaser rifle. It was not until the two Engineers got up on their chairs to repair the holoemitters in the ceiling that Lucan could piece together what was going on. Evidently, the patient depended on the hologrid to stay alive.

"Prepare a surgical suite," he called out, and despite the fact that he was injured as well, he picked up a labcoat from a peg on his way to meet up the EMH. "If someone can find Doctor Maya, tell her that she'll have a patient there. I need to coordinate with the different wards before I can take patients of my own. Give the engineers some room, people. They are repairing the emitters for us."

In the end, Lucan did not know what compelled his actions any more. It did not matter, it seemed, because as long as he aided the crew, he could continue his act and remain above any suspicion, and hopefully, he could learn for himself what his motivations had become of late. All he knew was that the mutiny had placed him in harm's way, and he had still fought to preserve Ives' command of the ship. The thing inside was no help either, unable to help maintaining the façade, especially around the exciting Radiant specimen. It begged a lot of questions that he had no answers for.

For if he found himself willing to bleed for the ignorant opposition that he surrounded himself with, what did that make him?

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-08-25, 00:59:09

Hayden was more relieved than she would ever let on to see Doctor Nicander in one piece, not because she didn't believe in her ability to manage sickbay in a crisis, but because it was where he belonged. So much had been turned upside down in just the last few minutes alone that she was grateful for any return to what could closely approximate normalcy since she'd arrived.

Her mind still partially on the bomb she'd dropped on Hylota, she was pulled from her reverie when the CMO addressed her personally. "My gratitude for standing in after I had to escape from the mutineers. The winds know I am grateful that we now have a counselor with medical expertise. I will

take it from here, but please, fill me in and stay to help if you can." "My gratitude for standing in after I had to escape from the mutineers. The winds know I am grateful that we now have a counselor with medical expertise. I will take it from here, but please, fill me in and stay to help if you can."

Despite how tired she was and how much work she knew she still had to do, she felt herself smiling warmly at the compliment. She in turn was grateful for the small real moment to feel connected to another sentient being. So much of their time and energy had been devoted to mere survival and watching helplessly as they tore each other down in violence, Hayden had begun to wonder if in their quest for survival they had sacrificed who they truly were and what they ultimately stood for. "And I am grateful you are alive and well, Doctor." Of course, on the latter point, she was presuming a great deal. If he was severely hurt, however, Nicander was doing a superb job of pretending it was merely superficial. "I know I can never take your place, but I am willing and able to assist in sickbay however and whenever I can."

O'Connor handed him a PADD, one of two she carried with her. "My notes should be specific and up-to-date, but if you have any questions, don't hesitate to contact me. I should probably catch up with the team to tend to those just coming to terms with what they have done under T'Rena's mind control, but I will return here as soon as I can."

Post by: Zenozine on 2015-08-23, 21:34:29

Hylota looked back to the ship's counselor and lock eyes. "I am sorry but we are going to have to get things worked out later, I will just wait for you to contact me when you have time to just...whatever." She put a hand on the side of her head and sighed. "Things are already beginning to get busy around here it seems, I will be getting to my duty as well, and I will take care of transporting the body on to the morgue." Hylota rubbed her eye before she walked out of the intensive care wing and made her way to her the body of her brother's rapist was being stored.

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-08-25, 00:59:09

O'Connor wanted nothing more in the moment but to wrap her arms around Hylota. She could only imagine what the Ovri was going through, dealing with her brother and now this. At this point, Hayden had absolutely no idea whether the nurses pregnancy was the result of consensual or nonconsensual sex, but given what Hayden knew already, she knew the odds of the pregnancy being the result of consensual welcome intimacy were slim. She offered a soft but clear, "I will come to you soon and it will be all right," to Hylota's retreating back before her attention was pulled to the other PADD in her possession that was alerting her to urgent information that needed her attention.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

SUPPLEMENTARY: Making Amends

Captain's Log, Star Date 57505.28. The hunt has finally come to an end, and it was the prey that bested the predator, yet the achievement - however remarkable - was not without cost. Innocent victims were compelled to commit crimes and mutiny against their will, and they must now be forgiven despite the severity of their actions. Friends and lovers must be allowed to grieve for their lost ones, and accept that the true malefactors of these crimes have already paid with their lives. Still, I wonder, will this crew ever be able to move on from these events? How can they keep their eye on our mission objective, when the memories of the Calamity and the Harbinger might endure?

- Captain Ives, Commanding Officer of the USS Theurgy

[USS Theurgy | Captain's Ready Room | Deck 01]

The Cardassian helmsman stood at attention as she looked to the Captain. "I apologize if this is a bad time but I felt that it was necessary to speak with you regarding my own actions during the mutiny." She said as she contemplated how she would explain her actions and more importantly how she would present to him a proposal she had no clue if he would even consider approving.

Given the circumstances though she knew that she had to at least try. She had friends on the Harbinger and didn't know exactly how willing the Captain would be to try and welcome them onto his crew. Still she had to try; it was all she could do to try and undo the damage that had been dealt to them.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-14, 14:21:58

Seated behind his desk, Captain Ives watched the Cardassian where she stood - leaning forward with his fingers steepled underneath his oaken eyes. When the request had come, Jien had read the woman's file, realising that with her defection, she might be a candidate for the vacancy of a Chief CONN Officer. Winterbourne had been too young and lacking the rank, despite his prowess and experience at the helm, to hold command over the other helm officers and the pilots in the shuttle bays.

The outlying matters were, however, plain in the wake of the mutiny. Aisha had stepped over Cale's body to take his place readily and able, and it was unknown to Jien whether or not she was an opportunist and a turncloak, or if her motivation to join the Theurgy's crew had sprung earlier than anyone realised. Given her being a Cardassian, it might not be under the influence of T'Rena's mind-meld that she had acted the way she did, but as it were, Jien knew too little. He had not received her report in writing, since Chief S'lti had more or less just left the helm, but he was ready to hear her verbal report. In fact, he was very much interested to hear what she had to say.

"Understandable. At ease, and please, go ahead. I want to know your motivations and whatever measures you took, but since Stark and Tovarek have vouched for your actions, you needn't think yourself on trial. Just tell me plain and true what you want to say, and I will ask my questions afterwards."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-08-16, 03:54:05

She nodded, "I guess I should start by explaining a little bit about myself. I'm unsure how much of my service record you have read but I want you to understand what my motivations were before the mutiny, during it and my reasons for attempting to aide in retaking your ship." She paused. "First and foremost ever since I have been a member of a crew that was considered an enemy of the Federation I have considered myself no longer a Starfleet officer but have viewed myself as a member of the Maquis again. That may seem odd to you but given the more running and hiding actions we done on the Harbinger and the lack of adherence to certain Federation regulations, the comparison wouldn't seem nearly as odd as it initially sounds"

She sighed thinking back knowing she had a lot to explain about her actions in the mutiny, "When the mutiny was presented to me. I was in full agreement of the general concept. That said it was presented to me by T'renna herself when she informed me shortly after the briefing that many of the crew of the Harbinger felt that you were forcing them to join along in a suicidal mission. As such the side I chose was one chosen because of a desire to make sure that my fellow crewmen were not forced into a path that lead to death based on the decisions of a captain who had a death wish. Clearly I was being lied to, the Vulcan was using my emotions, my sense of sympathy towards others as a means to gain my support without relying on attempting to mind meld with me. Needless to say, I was not expecting that the side I had chosen was headed by a lunatic with a god complex, and that the Vulcan whom had elicited my support based on ethics of the rights of an individual to choose their own paths had absolutely no value for individual life and the very people who she used as examples for me she had already brainwashed into the ones who until recently had free run of your ship. Given the choices I knew my only real option now was to do what I could to assist in assuring that no one other than Winterborne had to die because of my inaction. Frankly it came down to my own ethical beliefs. Should I side with someone damning everyone to die, or someone damning everyone into a life as brainwashed sex objects? In the end I felt being forced to die with our own minds still intact was the more ethical of the two so I decided that I would do what I could to assure you got your ship back."

She paused as she got to the part she had wanted to get to, "As for my real reason to want to see you. Now that you have your ship back, I would like to request a crew of 2-4 including myself, and the use of your yacht for a mission to seek out and attempt to recover the evacuated crew of the Harbinger. According to the ships manifest the yacht is an advanced prototype based on the talon class scout ship and aside from the Theurgy herself has the most advanced sensors on this ship and therefore would be best suited for a recovery mission of this sort. Ideally the crew would be Myself, as pilot, One of the Vulcans, who are capable of reversing the mind meld, a Science, operations, or tactical officer, capable of operating the sensors on the ship to their full capabilities, and a security officer capable of handling a weapon capable of firing Lexorin darts to subdue any rescued personnel who attempt to react violently to our attempts to rescue them. If necessary, the sensor and security role could be filled by the same person, or the Vulcan crew member and I could potentially split all duties between us if only the two of us are available for the mission. Once again though I must stress that I feel a 4 person crew would be the ideal situation."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-18, 11:07:11

Captain Ives listened to the Cardassian before him whilst just sitting there, unmoving.

Aisha S'lti was of odd origin compared to a lot of the crew, and what struck him first was that she was only so much Cardassian as her genes dictated her to be. None of her behaviour suggested anything towards her native people's traits, just like her file had suggested. Having fought in the Dominion War, Jien did know enough to make the comparison, even if it was a crude generalisation for a whole species. Given her disposition to side with the Harbinger crew and to look after their interests to live rather than die under his command, Jien paused, keeping himself from jumping to conclusions about

her nature as an officer since he had never heard what T'Rena and Vasser told their crew about him and the nature of the mission to SB84. Even though she had been Marquis, there was no telling in what manner she meant to serve under his command. This, he needed to know, and was about to ask her this.

Yet when she said she wanted to take the yacht out to locate the escape pods that had been jettisoned from the Harbinger - after saying that she had resorted to her Marquis ways of thinking since leaving Earth - it made Jien raise from his chair... watching her as he slowly stepped around his desk. Eyes unblinking, he appraised her as he moved - movements measured by necessity and clearly of a man who knew how to carry himself. The mark of seamless grace that martial artist wore, unseen by the untrained eye.

"Let me put this in my perspective for you, Chief S'lti," he said quietly as he came to stand at arm's length before the woman that had been at the helm when they fought the Calamity. "You tell me you think like a Marquis again, and the crew around you could cloud your judgement to the point of supporting a mutiny that almost led to this whole ship being destroyed when the Calamity found us. You jeopardised this whole ship and crew because you wanted to save everyone from the mission to Starbase 84. You were not prepared to sacrifice yourself either, as far as I know. Then you defected from Vasser's and T'Rena's command when they showed you how far they were willing to go to make their tactical retreat. You said that when Ensign Winterbourne was killed, your motivation was that you did not want anyone else to die, even if you had supported a mutiny that very well might have meant resistance and fighting."

The rationale ought to have become plain to her already because she appeared to Jien to be a resourceful officer, but the issues at hand were her former and current dispositions. "So what should I make of your request? Should I let you gather what is left of the Harbinger crew, help you cure them from the indoctrination they were subjected to, just so that you may have the perfect means to escape with what is left of your old crew, and once more avoid possible death under my command? Given what you have just said, why should I entrust you with this possibility, when I might not only lose one hell of an officer at the helm, but everyone else that may set foot aboard the yacht?"

Staring into the Cardassian's eyes, Jien had not been hostile in his tone, but merely pointing out that unless she had more to add, his judgement of the situation was not yet in favour of her request to be a part of the SAR operation. "Make no mistake. I will not leave your old crew behind, but from where I am standing, I would be taking an unnecessary risk to let you leave your post at the Theurgy's helm and give you the means to escape the very same mission that made you support the mutiny."

Falling silent, Jien let her speak once more - perhaps offering him some more input to consider in the matter.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-08-19, 03:17:20

She listened understanding every one of his points. Frankly if she were the captain in this scenario she would have to think twice about handing over such a capable auxiliary craft to someone who has been so recently involved in a mutiny. To be truthful with you, I can give no guarantees against your fears but if you wish to know my personal intent I intend to bring the ship back along with as many members of that crew as I can. The scout ship is part of this ship and I would not deprive this ship of an auxiliary craft that could prove useful to its missions...as tempting as running for the hills might be as the saying goes." She paused. "No I intend on returning, but I would make one further request. During the mission I would like to make a long range sensor sweep for habitable worlds. I would request that I be able to at least seek a possibility for a means by which these people may choose to

avoid a mission I was lead to believe they objected to. These people aren't the crew you know. They aren't the crew that would follow you into the fires of hell that your crew has become willing to trust that you will bring them through. The harbinger crew isn't like the Theurgy crew. Which reminds me, I didn't tell you the other half of the reason I believed in the mutiny did I?

"When T'rena told me of my role to help secure the bridge she mentioned a few other things. She talked how logically there was no way that a crew that had been through what yours has could possibly stick to the regulations of Starfleet protocol as yours did. I guess even without a mind meld she was capable of some kind of Vulcan hypnosis or something because I believed every word she said to me, or perhaps I was just so jaded that I was willing to believe it. I can't really tell the difference any more. I could see no alternative other than to think that you must be a dictator who ruled over this ship with an iron fist and who no one dared to oppose you. I could only think that the signs of possible deviation from how your word was law were mere plants to create the illusion of freedom. But your crew..." she took a moment to pause as she couldn't help but smile at the thought and the hope that it rekindled within her.

"When the mutiny began they never flinched from knowing who their ship's captain was. Vasser was never the captain to them. He never would be either. He may have taken the bridge but to them you were the captain and if you were dead your corpse would still be more deserving of that chair than him. A crew who fears their captain does not do this. What I saw, that confidence, that trust, that faith in them. It wasn't an illusion; it wasn't false. I for one would be honored to join in this mission even if every member of my former crew wanted to hide. As I said my crew, my family and friends, don't know you, I didn't know you and i still don't know you. But I can say I know your crew. And if they trust you then I will trust their trust. You can count on me to stay." She said confidently, "The only thing that will pull me from that helm is a medic prying me way for emergency treatment or the cold vacuum of exposed space."

She paused then looked up at the captain before adding, "But, if they, if my old crew, wanted to run, I would have to aide their escape in any way I could. They have been my family after all, and some of them... They aren't officers and crew anymore. They look the part of Starfleet but make no mistake, they are refugees that merely wear a Starfleet uniform. I had seen it in several of their eyes for weeks. I've seen refugees caught in the crossfires of a Cardassian occupation, and I've seen Starfleet officers who accompanied marquis-defector captains crack upon seeing real war. The look is the same. Some of my crew will fight, some like a few of our fighter squadron pilots, they devolved into mere bloodlusting combatants. Integrating most of them back into a proper squadron would be impossible save for a few. Same with the security forces. Sure there are a few rare examples of some amongst the crew that have retained some sense of their old Starfleet wits and beliefs. But most, I believe they just want to run. There is no more fight there is no more resist. There is only run, or hope death comes in your sleep."

She paused for a moment hoping what she was telling the captain would sink in for a moment, "Refugees don't belong on a Battleship heading into a war. They need to be dumped off on the nearest safe place and pray for the best for them. My personal opinion, If no planet side drop is available then I say we lie to them. Sell them on some story that we aren't going to go after the starbase until we drop them off somewhere safe but while we look for an appropriate location they will need to be sedated and placed into an induced coma, in quarters, stasis, in order to conserve rations while we find a suitable location. That way at least when we head into battle, and if we fail and die, then they die at least with their last memories being of hope for escape from this hell they have been living instead of awake and scared wallowing in a pool of their own feces, tears, and hopelessness. I've seen the look of terror on a refugees face as their ship explodes around them knowing all hope

was lost. Can you understand where my concern is placed Captain? Even Thea, a machine that is still learning to be human, couldn't just let her family die, could she? What would I be if I didn't try to do the same for mine."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-19, 13:13:20

Having listened in quietude to the CONN Officer when she spoke of her motivations and fears, her assumptions and her suggestions, Jien did not raise his voice until the Cardassian mentioned Thea and what she had done. Then, he broke the silence with his jaws clenching. "Of course I can understand concern, but concern alone does not validate going rogue and disobeying orders," he said to her, some iron to the timbre of his voice, "If we all acted on our whims and emotions, we would have died before we even left the Sol System. Personal motivations aside, Thea did aide the Lone-Wolves with the data she pulled from the Reaver's computer, but as forgiving as circumstances may be, her actions may become an example for others, undermining the chain-of-command aboard this ship. Everything you have just lauded our crew for would fall apart... so you would do well to not use Thea as your example."

If Thea was listening, Jien did not know, yet quite frankly, she needed to hear it.

"I have a few amendments to the SAR operation you have suggested," he said, and changed... to her female form as she turned away from Aisha S'Ilti and paced towards her desk. "You will not lead it, but function as the bridge between the crews. Instead, Lieutenant-Commander Stark will accompany you on the away-mission, because she has the ability to store those of the forty missing Harbinger crewmembers that oppose you in the yacht's transporter buffer. I said 'we will not leave anyone behind', yet you misread me, for the sentiment is not merely out of benevolence. We will not leave anyone behind for the enemy to find, and to torture, and to allow intel about our ship and the mission to Starbase 84 ruin our element of surprise. Stark proved that she could save more than a hundred people on Theta Eridani IV by storing them in Thea's transporter buffer, and she can do it again."

Tugging her uniform jacket straight after seating herself behind her desk, Jien continued. "Preferably, Doctor Maya will not only aide the mission with her Vulcan abilities, but also serve in her capacity as a medical officer. If she is indisposed," said Jien, remembering how she had finally been told that Maya was the one who had been raped during the Festival of the Moon, by the late Phantos Killinvoss no less. "...then Ensign Cir'Cie will be accompanying you. Lastly, for reasons made obvious, I feel that I must have some form of guarantee that your motivations are what you say they are. I must ensure that the mission isn't compromised, so I need a security officer that can preserve the mission objectives and look out for the Theurgy crew's best interests."

It might have been obvious whom Jien was going to suggest before she did, opening her computer console.

"Deputy Thanlda zh"Wann will be on the yacht as well, and while she may have been fighting your former crew in order to achieve what she did at the end of the battle, and they wouldn't like the sight of her in your company, I can think of few others that would ensure the success of the operation. If that was all, I will notify the candidates myself."

Pausing, Jien glanced towards Aisha from her computer console. "Do you have any objections, Chief? Otherwise, the four of you will be launching at 1200 hrs. tomorrow."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-08-22, 01:22:49

She listened to the captain's decision taking in every word of it every carefully chosen statement before nodding, "Understood Captain, no objections at all, though I would like to elaborate on something I said earlier." She paused waiting for his permission before continuing. "You seemed displeased when you acknowledged that I mentioned thinking like a Maquis. Perhaps it would be best that I try and explain what to me being a Maquis is. First is the name and the circumstances of it. The name comes from a group during occupied France during Earth's second world war called the Maquisards or as they were also called the Maquis. Their more well-known name though was simply, The French Resistance. Like the Maquisards the Maquis were formed under similar circumstances. Hitler wanted more land and threatened to make war if he didn't get it. So the French and British let him conquer much of Europe. They were tired of war after all they didn't want war again. Then he invaded France, he began to turn France into part of his Third Reich started imposing his law on their land. The French didn't like it and they fought back. Essentially they were the last resistance in their country against a powerful warmongering evil. Now let's look at the circumstances that lead to the Cardassian/Maquis conflict. First take a group of Native Americans, a culture who has been given a new reservation of territory countless times only to be told, "You have move again to your new smaller shittier reservation. Finally they find an out of the way place to make their new home and guess what. A race of lizard people assholes come in and say hey... yea we agreed that is Federation territory but we want it now, and if you don't give it to us we will start a war again. So the Federation in its infinite wisdom goes and lets the scaled Hitlers annex what they want. Then they start to impose dominion on us. They start imposing Cardassian law on us. Why should we have to be the ones to leave when we didn't sign a treaty to give our homes to the Cardassians? How were we supposed to feel about this; were we just supposed to leave our new sacred homes. Are we supposed to allow ourselves to be kicked around by a group of scaled bullies? No...We fought back and you, and the rest of the Federation vilified us for daring to fight back. Maybe we should have picked up and left because it's logical or some bullcrap like that but that wasn't the point. We had moved before we called it a trail of tears. Why should we walk another one? So the rest of the Federation can be comfortable and claim you are keeping some fake peace that anyone with half a brain knew wouldn't last. The Maquisards are what we were. We were freedom fighters, "le resistance." We were the last free people existing under tyranny. And I am one of the last that remain of them."

She smiled remembering the time fighting for what she believed in well, "When the Harbinger went Broken-Arrow I knew I was a Maquis again. I was a member of a rogue element, a resistance against evil. I was outnumbered and outgunned but that was nothing new. What is thinking like a Maquis? Thinking like a Maquis means knowing that in the face of tyranny and hopelessness you will resist and fight to the last breath. Being Maquis means when the higher ups give you an order that flies in the face of morality and sensible judgement you question it and if required oppose it. As far as I am concerned this resistance is the Third Iteration of the Maquis. The first fought Hitler. The second fought the Cardassian occupation of our land and all but died when the dominion showed their might. The third Maquis. I guess we will find out if it will become a raging wildfire fire or die out before it even becomes a single spark. To me a Maquis ship don't mean one without rules. It means a ship willing to go to battle for what's right in a place where all that is just and good in the world has been declared criminal. As far as my thoughts go Captain, you are as Maquis as it gets."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-24, 00:27:04

When Aisha S'lti wanted to make an addendum, Jien looked away from the computer console and gave her full attention to the other woman, folding her calloused hands on the desktop after nodding her permission to proceed.

What followed was a lecture, of a sort, in what the Marquis of old and recent history were. Few if any explanations that came up were news to Jien, yet she did not stop the Cardassian from having her

say. It was spoken from the heart, and she managed to emphasise the point she was trying to make by giving that lecture. That she spoke at all was because she had espied Jien's reaction to her stating she was Marquis again, and she was astute in addressing the matter right away instead of letting doubt fester despite how it was without cause for concern. When she had made her comparison between the Theurgy and the nature of Marquis, Jien knew what she had to say, and she did not delay in need of thought.

"As far as I am concerned, we are Starfleet officers," she said in the wake of Aisha's final statement. That being said, Jien then explained her reasoning.

"What you think is your prerogative, but I advise that you keep your idea close to heart. Branded traitors as we have been, and in the interest of making people out there listen to our word, it would not aide our cause if we proclaimed ourselves to belong to a faction as infamous as the Marquis. They might have been regarded as freedom fighters, yet to others, they also betrayed the Federation and Starfleet by jeopardising the peace for the entire Alpha Quadrant. Just or not, true or false, the peace with Cardassia benefited billions of other Federation citizens, despite how poorly as the compromises were negotiated and how badly the support for the DMZ planets was enforced. You were victims, and the Federation did not do right by you, but now - here - we cannot risk any such affiliation because the enemy can use it against us and undermine our position even more."

Rising from her chair, Jien did not want to alienate the woman before her, or make her think she had misspoken. She smiled faintly to her, feeling that it was a weary expression but earnest nonetheless. "I am sure you have come to terms with the irony that you are a Cardassian Marquis since a long time, perhaps for the majority of your life, but I can also appreciate how difficult it might have been for you. Please do not think I belittle what you and the Marquis stood for, because I don't. I merely have to preserve the course of our mission, and avoid confusion about the message that we will deliver. We can't be Marquis, even if you may regard me and this crew as such, because we have to be Starfleet and enforce Starfleet regulations."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-08-24, 23:43:08

Aisha understood what the captain meant but part of her was filed with the anger of what he had said. Not anger at him but at the citizens of the Federation and the officers of Starfleet. Knowledge that she already knew and thought she had shoved to the back of her mind. the fact that because the Maquis were nearly all killed off in one action there was hardly anyone to stick up for them in the official records. As such, since the dead can't complain the Maquis remained in the official records nothing better than terrorists. Sure her crew was exonerated but that was only because none of her crew had ever been Starfleet. Still in the records her records she was never listed as a member of any military. No the marks of her Maquis service were not much different than those of the Bajoran staff of Deep Space Nine in fact for commanding such radicals she was listed as simply a "member" of 'a terrorist resistance cell operating against a former enemy of the Federation.' Her official record didn't even say that she had been Captain of a small Starship, in the Federation's eyes her past made her too inferior to be one of them.

For now she would just have to assume that the way her people were still viewed was merely a symptom of this enemy they now faced that hid itself within the Federation. "Of course," she said. "Whatever you need to do to make sure the truth isn't ignored."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-27, 16:31:18

Chief S'lti was not an easy woman to read, but given the short and overly polite reply, Jien thought that she might have been disappointed with Jien. How could she not, having been raised like she'd been and not prone towards seeing things like Starfleet might? As it were, however, that was not something Jien could do anything about. She could not adjust herself to all of her crew, but simply hope that they would come to understand the nature of the task at hand. The mission did not leave room for much leeway in regard to how the people of the Federation would receive the truth. Risking everything by abandoning the conviction that they were Starfleet and instead being something else and so deeply misunderstood as the Marquis, that was simply not an option.

"I am glad you understand, and it is not just me. It is everyone aboard. We need to pull in the same direction. Otherwise, we fall apart. This mutiny has showed us what may happen then," she said and turned away from Aisha, returning to her desk, "Vasser wanted us to be different and act outside the principles of Starfleet for the sake of his personal benefit. His closest associate happened to have abilities that could turn two crews towards his ends. Yet even without mind-control, as frail as crew morale is at this point, they do not need much convincing to abandon their brittle belief in this mission. We, as the Senior Staff, must show a united front and boost their morale. Remind them of what is at stake, and that redemption in the eyes of their friends and family may come at a cost. It may not be just or right that we have to fight for our survival and to restore the truth about ourselves and the fleet's leaders, but it is a necessity. We have no other recourse but to fight for our survival, and we will only succeed if we fight alongside each other - not amongst ourselves."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-08-28, 01:49:37

She smiled softly, "I understand, Its just now that I have seen our enemy. I cant help but wonder if it is that enemy that makes Starfleet abandon its own rules in favor of taking a shadier path that sometimes forces those of us harmed by it to swim against the law's current. I just want my people, myself to be looked at as the equals that the Federation defectors to our cause saw us as. I don't know if you knew any of the Federation captains and commanders who defected but I knew several. Several of your own contemporaries Captains like you. My fellow captains in the Maquis. Your Federation viewed them as traitors to me they were brothers and sisters in a fraternity of Captains like the one you belong to. My ship I tried... I knew your Federation's rules well. I learned them from the defector captains. Some of them kept the ways of the Federation despite the circumstances. It was always for the better. They were the best among us, Those who were like you. It was an example that I strived to follow on my ship even." she said her voice faltering between sentences clearly on the verge of tears of mourning... sadness that she rarely showed to anyone.

A bit of moisture began to well up and she wiped her eyes clearing them as she looked up to her captain, "And, those who died, those who were brutally massacred by the dominion I just want them to be recognized as what they were. There were captains, commanders, lieutenants... officers and crew all of them. They were the first casualties of the Dominion war. Yet there are no memorials to the Maquis who were slaughtered. It's as if with almost all of us are dead and they try and sweep us survivors under the rug and pretend our families aren't equal to the Starfleet lives that were lost. Instead when I look for the epitaphs of my friends and official statements say that they died not as valiant protectors of the innocent. No not even a proper statement of KIA. Their obituaries note they were Cardassian citizens executed by the Cardassian union for the crime of terrorism. That's what their Federation obituaries read about my friends. That's what it says about my fellow captains." By now she was holding back tears less of sadness but of anger. "We weren't even casualties of war, We were dogs put down by an angry master! Good people don't cry over a stranger's rabid dog that got put down, ya know! If I could change one thing about the way the Federation views the Maquis it would be this. I just want to us be viewed equally to the Bajoran resistance we both were citizens of the Cardassian union treated as lesser beings and who fought back weren't we? I want my friends to

be listed as KIA instead of rightfully-executed! Is that really too much to ask for? A decent memorial? But no, some bullshit about terms of the Dominion/Cardassian surrender say we can't say bad things about the damned cardie bastards cause we are at peace and they were "victimized" by the Dominion."

She calmed herself and adopted a more somber tone, "Guess the job of the Maquis is to be a nameless and unprotected scapegoat for every problem the Federation has had for the last 5 years. Not like anyone's gonna complain. Not like those of us who still live haven't been given very very good incentive to make sure we keep our traps shut. And by incentive I mean made to know what happens to people who don't. as for me I bet you notice that all it says is that I commanded a small Maquis vessel and that my record was transferred as the equivalent noncom rank. It shows I chose to not want to command or be an officer again. Let me tell you a secret. As I said I was a captain, the former Federation captains treated me as a fellow captain. my ship was of equal make to Chakotay's ship the Val'Jean. If we were to follow Janeways model I would have been Ranked a provisional Commander. No...I was forced into this career path...as an example that other former Maquis should follow. do what they say or I and my crew get tried as the traitors to Starfleet they meant to try us as. And for what being caught trying to come to Earth's rescue when the Borg tried to attack it. The record says that it was that fact and us not being former Federation that spared us. No they intended to prosecute us as traitors to Starfleet, even though we had never been Starfleet. That was the plea bargain for me enlist and don't ask to keep your rank in any way. Don't even ask to be made an ensign. I was told in no uncertain terms that if I ever chose to go ensign from CPO or Warrant officer from SCPO that I would regret straying from the path they wanted me on. Be a damned dog of the military and at best get to sit in a helm chair on a bridge of a fair sized ship if you are lucky. Or you and every single one of your former crew either disappear or get transferred to a ship at the front of the battle lines."

she paused letting her words sink in the truth of her past. Her previous command though not Starfleet proper sink in the way she had been forced to serve as an example of servitude rather than of a proud former rebel. "I think you can likely imagine what happened to my crew since the harbinger went rogue... I am sure that being a member of that crew alone will have damned them all. I'm tired of being their example of a proper reformed Maquis. That's why i feel like I am a Maquis again. At least... at least its something I can be proud of Captain. Just know that the best of us Maquis. They were like you. The best of us, even through the worst, ran their ships like they were still proper fleet ships." she said no longer with tears at the corners of her eyes but a burning resolve in them instead. "And as a captain I could only hope my ship held half the standards they held. it was not just something to be be proud of seeing it was something to be idolized. Something you do every day, and Vasser never had the will to try. Something he would have called weakness. Something he was dead wrong about sir."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-29, 03:19:14

Hearing Aisha speak of her past made Jien also wonder just how long their current enemy had hid in the shadows. However, even if she did not doubt the Cardassian woman in her convictions, Jien wondered if her feelings about her brothers and sisters fuelled her anger towards the Federation, and that she saw blame and persecution where there was none intended. Had threats been made, or had they been perceived where there were none? In short, Jien knew too little to make any judgement of her own in either regard, but it did make her wonder just how much mistreatment the former Maquis had suffered during and after the Dominion War. Intelligence about that part of the war effort had not been privy to Jien since she had already left Starfleet Intelligence by then. The stories of the Voyager, which were better known to her, held forth an entirely different redemption of former Maquis and illustrated just how well they could adapt to life in the fleet. Then, at the same time, most of the

surviving Maquis that hadn't wound up on the Voyager had been put to trial and serving time in penal colonies.

Regardless how much blame the Federation deserved, and considering how thorny the issue of the Maquis was, there was no use dwelling on the past when the Alpha Quadrant was about to crumble apart from the rot that had set in at the core. As much, she said to Aisha.

"Thank you, Chief. I am glad you see the difference high standards can make. I hear both the blame and the praise, and I appreciate your candour. Regarding the past, we won't settle what is true or not - what happened and didn't happen - inside these walls. Not now. Yet know this, Chief S'lti," she said where she sat, looking at their new Chief CONN Officer, "that as much bitterness as you hold over the fate of the Maquis, you are right here - now - on a ship with a mission dedicated to the restoration of Starfleet and the Federation. We will do whatever we can to bring things back to what they once were, and perhaps even make it better than before. You may never be able to forgive Starfleet or understand some of our priorities, nor accept military judgement in times of war. As your new Captain, I can accept your misgivings and the fact that you have been a victim, I can understand that you may sometimes doubt the general rules and the regulations that we uphold on this ship, but I will always have my door open if you want to question our present course-of-action. That being said, I will *never* tolerate open insubordination on the bridge. The state of the crew is too frail to be a victim to further doubt. The mission and the future is more important than your doubts about the past. If you let it shackle you, you can hold back the rest of us as well, and we will never be able to go as far as we need to. Fancy yourself Maquis behind the rank of your collar if you so wish, but don't let it be your detriment when we gaze ahead, for you will be the one that set our new course."

She hoped that the woman at their helm would understand.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-08-29, 07:17:54

She nodded, she understood his side and knew what he was going at, though not expressed she had always had her own opinions on Chakotay's crew of Maquis and that opinion had been ever since they got back. 'That's why it pays to be friends with someone who gets put on the fast track for Admiral.' not that she resented Janeway's rank or Chakotay and the Val'Jean crew's redemption in Starfleet's eyes. Hell if there was an Admiral in the fleet she felt that could be trusted even before this mess it was probably the crafty lady who had more experience with Maquis/Starfleet relations than anyone else in the fleet aside from possibly the now late Benjamin Sisko, not to mention there was a certain adoration for someone who had on more than one occasion back-stabbed the Borg collective.

There was something else on her mind though. "The thing with this rank though... I'm pretty much at the top of how far I can go and I only chose not to go officer because of coercion. What do the regulations say about Noncoms wanting to pursue a career path as officers once they have advanced past the rank of CPO; or do the regs say that if a noncom don't take the officer path at CPO then they are pretty much screwed out of ever advancing further than what I am at right now?"

Her voice became calm as a smirk crossed her face, "You see, if I am going to fight these bastards I would love to fight them as the one thing they used threats as a means to prevent me from becoming. I want to fight them as an officer, not as a soldier. I know it sounds like a stupid and unorthodox thing but its all about the symbolism. They used this patch on my neck like a leash. It was a leash that I wore because I wasn't allowed to try and earn pips. I was scared of their consequences and kept wearing this I turned down the chance to go ensign even though one of my previous CO's recommended it. I was scared to disobey my masters' orders. Scared of being disciplined like an unruly dog. I want to show our enemies I am no longer scared of their threats. I want them to look at me and

see what they didn't want to see more than anything. A former Maquis turned officer that didn't get their pips cause of the "Janeway-pass."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-30, 00:17:31

When the Cardassian woman spoke of her current rank and her promotion to Ensign having been denied her, Jien felt that she was pushing it a bit, symbolism or not.

"We have just come out of a battle and a mutiny, the ship is in need of repairs and we have your former crewmen spread across many light-years worth of distance. While some immediate promotions need to be done in the interest of preserving the chain-of-command, this is not the time to speak of promotions and officer training. The time for that will come, but we will at least perform the memorial services for our dead first."

Leaning back in her seat, Jien continued. "There is also the need for perusing the individual reports that everyone will be submitting to their superior officers. Whether or not someone qualifies for a promotion is fully depending on the way he or she handled themselves during the mutiny and what kind of decisions they made given the circumstances. The same applies for enlisted personnel wishing to become officers, perhaps especially so."

Not done, Jien rubbed her temple in thought before continuing. "You will have time to write your personal report before your departure, and since I do not know you well enough, I will ask that your companions on the away-mission evaluate you for a rank in the officer program. Ensign Maya, Lieutenant zh'Wann and Lieutenant-Commander Stark are people whose words I trust, and should they not see cause for worry, then I will see what I can do."

Falling silent again, Jien wanted to make one thing perfectly clear. "Do not misread me. Your desire for symbolism is not in any way due cause for a promotion. If you are to be promoted to a Line Officer, vengefulness has no room in the decision, it is rather an argument against it. To grant you a promotion for that reason is to defile what the rank you'd hold stand for. Based on what you say, the only reason I am considering it is because that you were denied the opportunity when you were promoted from Chief Petty Officer. Do I make myself clear?"

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-08-30, 06:52:58

"Of course, sir." she said astutely, "And I understand your reservations. I must request that you review my service record when I was onboard the Rapiere as well as the entirety of my time as a CPO and my promotion to SCPO occurred at that time. In addition if I recall the captain on that ship practically tried to shove me into officer training. I really don't want to know what he must have assumed were my reasons for declining. Guy literally nagged me after every mission to put in for officer training when it was available. He really had no idea how much I wanted to take his advice too."

She then added, "By the way, I apologize if I come off as a bit...against regulations at the moment. It isn't that I am against regulation. I'm against hypocrisy with regard to regulations. I will try not to make assumptions. We all made poor decisions recently it seems. Some poor by hindsight and others poor by regulation. But you can understand that I find it hard to blindly trust those in positions of command right now when so many of them seem to pick and choose what rules they want to follow. Speaking of those rules and the results of breaking them, one of those bad decisions is sitting broken down in the engine room after being sabotaged. So, we going to space the darn thing and use

the phaser array to rectify the mistake it fully? Or are we going to fix it and put ourselves right back where we started before my former captain initiated operation ruin everyone's day."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-09-01, 11:40:39

"No need to make apologies," said Captain Ives when Aisha put nuances to her reluctance towards Starfleet doctrine. It was a boon to hear, but at the same time, she brought up something that the Senior Staff had yet to weigh in on. The decision about the Phasing Cloak had yet to be made, but Jien was adamant in his conviction about the fate of that contraption.

"Make no mistake," she said to the Cardassian, vowels cut in stone, "I mean to destroy that thing before we travel ten feet away from our current coordinates. I will let the gravity well suck up the smithereens and I will rest assured that the contraption will not be used again so that it may endanger the people of the Federation - the Romulan answer unpredictable because of their civil war. I made a mistake, and some of the Senior Staff may try to convince me to keep it, but we are still alive, so we might just as well use other methods to get by undetected. We are a resourceful crew, and I have faith in the means we have managed to stay alive so far."

Sorting that matter, Jien promised to look at Aisha's file again. "You should go and prepare the survivors of the CONN department to stand ready while you are gone on your mission. We will have time to speak again upon your return. Dismissed, Chief S'lti."

Post by: Triage on 2015-08-11, 16:06:43

[Edena Rez | Edena Rez's Quarters]

Edena paced around her room for a while, the ghosts of all the previous hosts surrounding her. Kiya sat on the edge of a chair, Illya lounged on the bed, and Jona stood by the door, arms folded, legs straight and at semi-parade rest. He was glowering, but for the moment, silent. Edena had a time of silence to herself. It was deserved, she felt, and maybe such was conveyed to her by the spirits too. She didn't know, but what she did know was that she needed the quiet, to think, for herself, for once, since the joining.

I suppose I'd better pack up... she mused to herself. It was logical. They'll probably move her back to her old quarters, or maybe reduce her space even. It didn't matter. With that in mind, she decided might as well enjoy some of the perks one last time. The shower would be dearly missed, she supposed. Not that it'd be a real issue adjusting. She's had simpler accommodations before. Her gift of silence ended when she redressed into her uniform, minus the command pins. She held those in her hand.

"*You gave up. How very like you.*" Said Jona.

"*Jona...*" Kiya started, but Edena held up a hand.

"No, Kiya. Let me take this." She said, and looked to the male Trill evenly.

"*Mmmmm...*" Illya hummed breathily, smiling. She approved of Edena taking a stand for herself.

"*Have you any any idea how much I have done to help you get where you are?!?"* Jona said sternly.

"Have you?" Edena retorted, and then scowled, scrunching up her nose, "Don't talk like you did all this for me. Jona looks out for Jona."

The male ghost sneered at her, "*The scared little girl who runs away when it gets too dangerous for her. You were never meant to have the symbiont, you're an absolute disgrace.*"

"At least I have my honour." Edena fixed Jona with a look, "I'll never betray someone just because they didn't agree with me."

"*Hah!*" The dead SI barked a laugh and looked at Edena incredulously, "*You're a lot more naive than I initially believed. Your precious idealism, what has it done for you lately?*"

He counted off on his fingers, "*You got raped, you got violated by the captain you're so loyal to...*"

"He wasn't himself!"

"*...you whored yourself out to everyone,*" Jona continued, ignoring her interruption, "*Do you honestly believe Tovarek would ever be able to take you seriously ever again? You think he hasn't spoken to his friends about what an easy ride you are? Oh Illya would enjoy the attention no doubt. Would you like to give full control over to her?*"

Edena shook her head, looking at the ghost in disbelief, "How does one become so bitter and spiteful?"

Jona folded his arms, watching Edena, as her temper began to flare. "So Ives doesn't agree with you, and it's his right. First of all, you're dead. Remember that. Your time has come and gone. The fact that you can take control of my body on occasion is not a right, it's a privilege, and one you had best remember to appreciate as such."

She walked right up to him, and jabbed her finger at his chest, stopping just as it came into contact with it, knowing her hand would go right through if she continued, "Moreover, I will accept when your experience and knowledge can be used to help myself, or those around me for a mutual benefit, but any attempt that is deemed beneficial to Jona Rez is unacceptable. Your death has been resolved long ago. Deal with it, get over it." She pointed at herself, "I am now Edena Rez, and that means, for better or for worse, I bear the gifts, burdens and honour of the Rez symbiont. So stop trying to screw my life up, and let me live it as Edena Rez, not Jona, not Kiya, not Illya."

Illya, from her place on the bed raised her hands and daintily applauded Edena, offering her form of support, and Kiya just smiled, acceptance could be felt from the two. It was Jona that scoffed, and looked away, "*You'll be the shortest host to bear the Rez symbiont, that much is certain.*"

"Maybe, but it will be my decision, my fate. I accept you, Jona, as the 'ancestor' of the symbiont. I welcome you into myself, a part of me, and not apart." She walked right through the ghost, and he seemingly vanished.

She repeated this for both Kiya and Illya, and they all vanished.

They were not gone, no. Just for the moment, they were...given rest. Edena's mind quieted for the moment. Thanks to her faulty Joining, come the morning, they would all be back, if not sooner. But

pleased with herself, she left her quarters, and headed out to see the captain. They needed to discuss her resignation without interruptions or high-stress situations dogging them.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-08-12, 01:24:43

[Carrigan Trent's Quarters]

There was an old adage out there. A senior officer's work was never done. And Lieutenant-Commander Trent knew it to be quite true. No sooner had the dust settled and the Theurgy had been stood down from Red Alert that he found himself even busier. In the absence of a Chief Tactical Officer and the tac department being as badly gutted as it had been, the Intelligence Officer took the initiative to man that post for the time being. Under these conditions, despite the fact that he had not been directed nor authorized to take that particular step, he thought the ship needed someone to handle the tactical department more than an analyst in the Computer Core.

And after a solid twelve hours of work after the last of the Reavers became part of the debris field and the ship's lighting returned to normal levels, he finally managed to return to his quarters. A real shower had first stung when the hot water and soap touched his number of scratches and bruises, but then this privilege of senior officers started to do its work and the strain began to wash from muscles and joints even as the dirt and associated filth started to pool at the bottom of the shower.

And he remembered what he had been doing. Donovan had been a good substitute at Tactical during the battle and Trent would have to make a note to speak to Wenn, see if he could poach her from the Bajoran and brought up to speed as a full-fledged Tactical Officer, but her report on ordnance had not been completely accurate. Yes, ordnance was perilously low, to say the least, but to be more accurate the magazines that were usable when the ship was in SOM were empty. There was still some ordnance available in those that were only in use when the vessel was in MVAM. And there were components in the ship's stores to put together more torpedoes. And as such, using the transporters from a shuttlecraft, one weapon at a time, he began the transfer of torpedoes to the empty magazines and, using what few technicians he could spare, he started putting together whatever he could. In the end, Theurgy was left with a pitiful stock of seven quantum torpedoes and nineteen photon torpedoes. It was not much but it was something.

As for the rest of the ship's combat systems? The weapons technicians had done their work and everything that had been damaged, used up or burnt out during the engagement had been repaired but there were still a lot of very definite concerns. The last of the replacement torpedo tube accelerator coils had just been expended in repairing the damaged tube; the starboard pulse phaser cannons were working, but one of them was using some reconditioned components in its rebuilt prefire chamber. If the mission to Starbase 84 was important before the mutiny and the encounter with Calamity, now it was crucial.

For if the Tactical department's situation with its stores being practically fully depleted was any indication of the ship at large, then Theurgy was in serious trouble; for no matter how advanced a ship was, she always needed spare parts and components that could not be readily replicated. That is assuming they had all the resources on hand to replicate what they needed and those were running extremely low to begin with and now that so much battle damage needed tending to the shortages were bound to become critical across the board.

And with his hair finally dried, he allowed himself to lay down and close his eyes and then the full pall of exhaustion dropped upon him and he fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

Whatever the morning would bring, he knew he needed his sleep.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-08-07, 23:51:02

[Main Sickbay | Surgical Suite 01 | Deck 07]

So far sickbay wasn't as overworked as they'd expected. Patients came in, but they were patients who had been injured during the mutiny and not during the battle between starships. Nearly everyone who was injured during the fight with the *Calamity* chose to remain at their posts, and fortunately none had been injured so gravely that they were unable to function. That still left plenty of patients, both *Theurgy* and *Harbinger* personnel who were in critical condition.

When the battle ended, Maya was in her surgical scrubs trying to save the cybernetic woman known as Selina Ravenholm. The woman's body had so many mechanical modifications to it that a detailed medical record was essential. All four of her limbs were artificial, and she had so many implants in her skull that one would have thought she was one of the Borg. Miss Ravenholm had suffered a cerebral hemorrhage and someone had placed a holographic patch over the ruptured blood vessel. Currently the patient was hooked up to a blood transfusion unit and was receiving fluids.

Sickbay was shorthanded, but fortunately Doctor Maya was a brain surgeon. Hopefully, years of experience and centuries of Vulcan medicine could substitute for accurate medical information on the patient. "Vascular regenerator," she ordered to the attendant on duty as she held out a long fingered hand that seemed too large for her tiny body. The attendant in the room was flesh and blood. Lin Kae and Rihen Neyah were repairing the holographic emitters in sickbay, but they hadn't gotten to the surgical suites yet, and in any case they would have to wait until surgery was concluded.

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-08-07, 23:51:02

As the procedure continued the civilian's fingers began to twitch slightly before her eyes fluttered open. It hadn't been the first time she had experienced the rather unique sensation of being partially awake as things within her head were messed around with. She weakly reached up and touched the surgeon's clothing trying to get her attention as she began to speak knowing that there were a few things that her files probably didn't have that she undoubtedly would need. and for the sake of the conflict going on in her mind she needed some information herself.

Weakly whispering she spoke. "Object, Intersection Lateral, central sulcus, surface olfactory cort... she couldn't complete the word pausing having to close her eyes tight to focus. "Complete medical hist..." she managed to get out before being seized with another painful jarr of both mind and body.

As Selena had said If the doctor were to look near the intersections of the lateral and central sulcus under where the temporal lobe covered they would find a waver thin disc no larger in diameter than a old Terran U.S. dime adhered to the surface of her olfactory cortex. Upon scanning with a tricorder the etchings on its surface would decode by the sensors within it into a complete and accurate medical history including a mapping of all past and present alterations to her body, any biochemical differences from the norm because of her enhancements, and most importantly a detailed mapping of her brain, its implants, how they connect into the brain, how to remove and reinsert them and replicator schematics to recreate all present hardware in the event of damage.

Before she could do anything else though the cyber-augment needed to know one thing. "Is the augment dead?" she asked in the clearest tone she could manage. The voice of her brain-washer

continued to compel her to accomplish the mission. She had figured out there was one thing that would shut the voice up for good and that was intel that the mission given to her by the mid meld was an unrecoverable failure. What she needed was information that would render the duties being shouted to her within her mind completely and utterly pointless she needed the one tool that she could use to finally tell that Vulcan's increasingly intolerable whispers to once and for all shut the hell up.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-08-08, 04:54:25

During the operation, the patient was trying to speak. "*Object, Intersection Lateral, central sulcus, surface olfactory cort...*" she gasped out. "*Complete medical hist...*"

Fascinating. Apparently Miss Ravenholm had latent extrasensory abilities and such close proximity to a touch telepath allowed her to know what Maya needed. Maya placed the fingers of her gloved hand on the left side of Selina's face before removing it and holding it out to the attendant assisting.

"Tweezers," she ordered before being handed the tool requested. There it was; a tiny wafer thin disc no larger than 1.8 centimeters in diameter attached to the olfactory cortex. "I need this analyzed in real time," she stated. "It contains Miss Ravenholm's medical history. Someone scan it and download her information into our computers. Have one of the emergency medical holograms analyze that data. Even though the holographic emitters haven't been repaired yet, the EMH can talk to me using the intercom."

"Yes Doctor."

Maya's sensitive Vulcan ears picked up another hoarse whisper from Selina. "*Is the augment dead?*" the injured cyborg rasped. The little Vulcan's meziofrontal cortex automatically suppressed the emotional reaction so Maya's hands wouldn't shake. The brief mental contact she had with Selena made her aware of the cyborg's emotional distress. T'Renna's orders continued to echo in her mind despite her effort to resist them. The mental conflict was complicating Maya's readings and upsetting poor Miss Ravenholm.

The truth be told, Maya couldn't truthfully say if Vasser was dead or not. At this moment in time, she had no way of knowing. Any definitive answer would be a lie, and despite her nearly flawless poker face, Maya wasn't a very good liar. She simply didn't have the imagination for it. But she did know what a placebo was and how to use it. Right now, she would give the patient what she needed and see if the facts matched her statement later.

"Yes Miss Ravenholm. The augment was pronounced dead on arrival shortly before you arrived."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-08-13, 02:28:30

She smiled hearing the news looking a bit relieved, feeling her thoughts begin to become more coherent and her struggles to speak seeming to clear as the mind within her had very little recourse but to surrender to the logic of the situation.

Vasser, the very lynch pin of her logic was dead. Without his existence much of the success in her plan was gone. Now it was a plan simply to hide. No longer was there altered genetic stock necessary to over time create a race capable of defeating their enemy. Now the only logical choice for a means of defeating the enemy was the plans Ives had proposed. Sure it was comparatively suicidal. But from a position of pure logic it had the higher probability of creating some lasting success

in the long run for defeating the enemy than hiding and breeding a resistance without their augment would provide.

The logic that had made the mutiny the only option in her mind was now gone. "Hear that bitch? You lost." she said feeling a sense of relief from the constant throbbing of headache and voices. Turning to the doctor she smiled softly, "If you don't mind." she asked, "Can you get this green-blooded-sorceress out of my head. I believe the strain of my resisting her control has caused most of the cerebral damage that you are seeing."

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-08-16, 23:39:03

"Can you get this green-blooded-sorceress out of my head? Selina asked as Maya was finishing up. "I believe the strain of my resisting her control has caused most of the cerebral damage that you are seeing."

It was a considerable advantage to have a patient capable of diagnosing herself. It was also a reminder that after she was finished with surgery Doctor Maya would have to start deprogramming the officers and crew that T'Renna had compromised. It was unrealistic to expect Cir'Cie, who had been affected herself, to be able to cope with the workload alone.

In the meantime it was time to get started. "Of course Miss Ravenholm," the little Vulcan murmured as she removed her surgical glove and placed the tips of her long spidery fingers on Selina's cheek. "I am honored to oblige. Close your eyes and relax. You don't have to listen to T'Renna's voice alone; I will be with you. My mind to your mind," she murmured softly. "My thoughts, to your thoughts..."

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-08-13, 02:28:30

[Fighter Assault Bay | Deck 15]

The Vulpinian stood within the ruins of his office still in his flight suit save for having removed his helmet which now sat on the scorched surface of his desk. It had been a full thirty minutes since he had landed, and he had no words for the emotions going through him as he stood there looking down at the surface of the PADD which bore the casualty report.

Giving one last glance at the report he--in a moment of weakness--threw the device at the wall causing the display to immediately crack on impact as the metal around it deformed not to mention leaving yet another dent in the exposed metal of the office wall. He turned away from the report and looked out into the hangar bay contemplating what he would do now. Officially he was supposed to be filling out the necessary requisition forms and rubber-stamping papa bears requests that the noncom didn't have the rank to authorize.

Of course the part he was really dreading was filing the necessary authorizations on the funeral services. What it came down to was that, he just couldn't stomach to even look at another reminder of the losses his squadron and the two ships as a whole had suffered today. Finally he took a look at the cracked PADD seeing how it was still functional. Picking it up, he switched to a list of casualties for both ships.

Amongst the list there was no mention of a certain person who had also been lost. "Add casualty listing." He said before the small computer chirped in acknowledgement.

"Name: Calamity NX-79995.

Status: KIA attempting to preform her Mission.

Surviving relatives, Theurgy NX-79854: Mother.
Upload."

He then sat the mostly broken PADD back on the desk beside his helmet.

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-08-15, 03:50:20

It felt like hours since Eun Sae had last slept she rubbed her eyes and held back a yawn as she stepped away from the propulsion output computer. Her PADD was currently linked to one of the fighters that had been involved in the battle with the Calamity running a full system diagnostic. After the battle one would think that there would be proper time to rest and to be fair there was quite a bit of time to do so. But the thought of just sitting back and relaxing just didn't bode well in her mind. She would much rather be working it would allow her to keep her mind off of what had transpired in the times not far behind them. People she knew and worked with were dead killed in a squabble for power that only led back to the very first square that they had originally begun.

She let a heavy sigh slip past her lips as she rubbed her eyes. She took a moment to sit on the floor beside the fighter resting her back against a mobile workstation she'd rolled over to the fighter. The hangar was empty for the most part leaving her as the sole occupant as far as she knew. She looked out over the wide space that had served as her home during her time upon the Theurgy. The scars of the battle that had waged there still marred every surface scorch marks and rips in the bulkheads of the hangar served as reminders to what had transpired. Eun Sae could still remember arriving and finding so many dead strewn about and forgotten. She bit her lip closing her eyes and folded her arms atop her knees resting her chin upon them. It wasn't until after the battle had ended that she'd learned of the many casualties that had been sustained on their side during the conflict. Members of her team having been among them and other people she'd had the honor of serving with even if just for a short while.

She'd hadn't been there. Those were the words that seemed to plague her mind so heavily as she sat there curled into herself. She doubted that anything she could have done while present would have changed the outcome of anything but some part of her still pointed some sort of twisted blame and guilt in her direction for being absent. She felt tears well up at the edges of her eyes before sliding down her cheeks. She heard her PADD beep signalling that it was now finished with it's diagnostic and had put together a complete readout on any errors or malfunctions in the propulsion systems. Eun Sae hastily wiped her arm over her eyes before getting to her feet and picking up the PADD. Her eyes scanned the information scrolling across the screen a few parts would have to be replaced and a few other systems and settings would need re configuring and re calibration.

Post by: Brutus on 2015-08-15, 19:02:40

Sweat dribbled down the back of her neck, in slow, thin rivulets, pooling under the yellow collar of her uniform shirt. The heavier jacket sat tossed over a chair, like so many others in the bay, and her collar was unzipped down her chest to allow air flow - her rank pips partially obscured. At a glance, anyone could be forgiven for assuming that the slick haired brunette was just another deck grunt, working her ass off to help repair the damage to the fighter bay and the surrounding offices. Only those who knew her by sight would recognize the *Theurgy's* Chief of Operations, knee deep in the muck and the mess.

Stuck out in the back of beyond as they were, Captain Ives had deemed the Fighter bay a top priority for repair. And the deck crew fell under Natalie's sphere of influence. She trusted, with absolute certainty and conviction, that Sten Convington could handle the situation. But there was no reason, it was logically argued, by Papa Bear himself, that Natalie couldn't manage all of Ops while pitching in

with a more hands on attitude down in the bay.

Later, when she had time to reflect, she would realize what he'd suckered her into. But having time to reflect was precisely what the crafty Chief had wanted to make sure she didn't have. Mind numbing, back breaking work was what he asked her to do, arguing that it was the kind of thing that could be easily stopped and picked back up when Natalie would - inevitably - have to pause and give out orders. Which she did, and often.

Case in point, her commbadge chirped. The bit of tarnished metal clung to her yellow shirt, unperturbed by the stains of grime surrounding it. Dragging the wrist of her left arm across her brow, Natalie swatted at her chest with her right hand in turn. "Stark here," she didn't quite sound breathless yet - that would come later. The voice calling out to her from the badge sounded about as tired as she felt, and a momentary pang of sympathy bubbled up. They were all working hard.

"*Sanders reporting in, Ma'am,*" the muted tones of one of her many techs wove through the noise of the fighter bay. "*We got that ODN node back up and running; powers through deck 9 should be restored fully. We're gonna go see what the mooks in engineering need help with next, unless you know of somewhere specific we should be?*" She wanted to tell him in bed, given how many hours had passed but she knew that the order would be ignored.

"Engineering will work just fine, Cole," she responded after a moments consideration, "If Billy Bob - sorry, Chief O'Connell - is still on his feet he'll find something for you to help fix, I'm sure." Half of her teams were out and about helping repair minor problems that engineering might otherwise deal with - such as the holo grid that had been shorted out during the mutiny. They could only do so much with what they had on hand, and given how short Engineering was on personnel in general, it made sense to Natalie for her people to be there, pitching in where they could.

"Anything else, Cole?" Natalie asked Sanders. When his quick "*No Ma'am,*" came over the system she dismissed him and sent him on his way, before raking her fingers through sweat slick hair. She wanted a shower, and bed. She wanted it badly...but...Looking around the office she was restoring, she knew it wasn't time to quit yet. There was exhaustion deep in her, yes, but it wasn't overwhelming, and there was so much work to be done. A long sigh, and then, "Back to it, girl."

And so she did.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-08-16, 23:39:03

Tessa May Lance was the first one back after the battle with the *Calamity*. She even beat Fasha into the fighter bay. That was Lieutenant (junior grade) Lance these days, the last one out and the first one back in. She tried to tell herself it was a damaged stabilizer but the truth of the matter was that she was spent, physically and mentally.

And yet she felt a sense of elation. She made it back to the *Theurgy* alive and in one piece! Vasser's mutiny had failed and for the time being, they were safe. It was strange when Petty Officers Eun Sae Ji and Adara Hussein towed the wounded fighter to Wolf-10's parking space. Tessa had forgotten; she had been flying Nightmare's fighter; her own had been damaged in the gun battle since it was parked in spot seven, right in front of the doors to the locker room.

"Which fighter did Ensign Slaverton use?" she asked the deck hands.

"Ma'am, Ensign Slaverton didn't take any of them out," Petty Officer Adara Hussein clarified. "She

was killed in the mutiny. I heard they found her body on deck eight."

That was right! Suddenly the memory of Hannah shooting Soo Young Seung in the chest flashed before Tessa's topaz yellow eyes. "Uh," she grunted as she staggered backward. "Soo Young Seung... Oracle? Any word on her?"

"When they took her away they put a sheet over her," the short and dark Hussein admitted with a trace of the first actual emotion the little deck hand had shown all day. "I'm sorry Ma'am, I think she's dead."

The phaser hadn't been set for stun! Hannah had *really* killed Soo! Before being killed herself! The nightmare of the mutiny came back to Goldeneye, but neither Nightmare nor Soo would never fly with the Lone-Wolves again.

"If it helps, the mutineers were hypnotized," Hussein offered as Fasha's fighter entered the bay. "They're getting medication to clear their heads right now until the Vulcan doctor can undo the mind control more permanently. It's over."

"It sure is for Hannah and Soo," Tessa whispered as before she staggered into the locker room. She took a long shower, curled up in a fetal ball as the sonic pulses danced over her naked skin. Khorin, Soo, Hannah, and finally Axius and Ravon, unless they just had bad transponders, died thanks to the *Calamity* and Captain Vasser and his mutineers. As if it wasn't bad enough having all of Starfleet after them! How many more were they going to lose before it was *really* over?

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-19, 14:46:50

Personal boundaries. Rawley understood those all too well. They were the reason she had paused before entering Iron-Fox's office. She had seen him through the shattered window, still in his exosuit. He was reacting as well as could be expected, Rawley thought, if one had lost four pilots. Five, counting Khorin Douglas. A part of her said 'fuck it', and that she still should go in there and say something. She wanted to know what had happened in the battle since she had been out cold for a while, but she decided against it - turning from the door and walking thoughtfully through the debris of the Flight Hangar.

She had landed not long ago with her three remaining companions from the ice planetoid, heard what was to be heard, and seen Maverick report Thomas Ravon's MIA status. He was most likely dead, but somehow, it felt better to cling to hope. Seeing the activity around her was oddly enough encouraging on its own. For while the present devastation made her stomach turn in ire, the fact that people were doing something about it so soon was remarkable. She would assist them, of course, but she had a mind to showering off the battle first and take stock of her injuries.

In the locker room, she peeled off Fasha's exosuit piece by piece and put it in a container marked for maintenance. And as she shed her protection, Rawley could see the aftermath of the avalanche. The medics would be shaking their heads like they usually were, saying that it was a miracle she was still on her feet. Truthfully, she felt like shit, and looked the part too. Dark bruising all over her already scarred body. The mirror showed caked blood underneath her nose and lips, and her eyes looked like she was still hung-over from the Festival of the Moon. Strange to think that had only been yesterday night, when so much had happened in-between. She still hadn't talked to Papa Bear about it, but given what had happened since then, what was there to say, really?

She heard that one of the three sonic showers were on, and she saw Goldeneyes' gear by her locker. The two of them were polar opposites in terms of personality, but it was still nice to know that one of

her sister wolves were still alive. As she walked into the shower next to Lance's, she set her hands against the wall and activated the shower with a voice command. As the vapour rose from her beaten and bloodied body, she remembered her on-and-off again relationship with Oracle. Axius had swung both ways so he could share her taste. She remembered partying with Slaverton, playing cards and drinking games long into the nights in Below Decks. The shit they talked about. Men. Women. Sex. Fights of old. She remembered a stupid joke that Hannah had told, but instead of quiet chuckle, she felt tears forming in her eyes. *Ravon...*

Angrily, she shoved the memories away and straightened where she stood in the shower. She brushed her forearm against her eyes and bared her teeth, virtually hissing the sentimentality out through her teeth. *Fuck it.* They were better off. They would drink together in the afterlife, since that was the only bloody place left for them to escape to at that point. Some measure of damn respite.

No rest for those yet alive, however. She ended her shower before the cycle was finished because no matter what Nicander and his fucking medics might say, she meant to go out and help clear the deck of the hangar. If it helped take her mind off her fallen comrades, then she would polish that bitch until you could see your fanny in it.

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-08-22, 06:37:46

Fasha didn't know what to do or say when she'd returned to the hangar. Tessa had shown up first and appeared to be questioning members of the crew about the casualties. Fasha didn't need to ask she didn't want to at the end of the day they would collect their fallen and the losses would be made clear. At least for a little while she could pretend that they didn't exist for what little time she could. Fasha shut her eyes turning her face up to the ceiling her helmet loosely hanging from her fingers as she took a breath.

For a few moments she remained still and unmoving it appeared strange to some around her. To others perhaps they were familiar with it by now expecting it from the Catachan pilot. As she continued to take deep breaths her lips slowly moved reciting a prayer to her maker for her survival and another prayer for rest to those lost. Once she'd finished she brought herself back to the present moving through the bustling activity going on about the deck. Her eyes scanned the deck briefly looking for her own fighter. She sighed her shoulders sagging as she took in it's less than pristine condition. She supposed it was a foolish wish to hope that it would be in the same condition she'd left it in before this entire crisis.

Though the fact that it was back in somewhat one piece though was as good as she was going to get so there was no use wishing for more now. As she entered the locker room she began to strip off pieces of her exo-suit dumping the pieces into one of the containers set about the room. As she peeled off the bodysuit of the suit she winced looking down at the bruise slowly forming in the center of her chest from when her chest restraints had crushed against her chest. She stripped out of the last article of clothing before claiming the last remaining sonic shower speaking the voice command and once more closing her eyes as she allowed her head to rest against the cool surface of the wall.

As she heard one of the showers stalls open she turned her head to see Rawley's head move past the top of her stall door. She mulled over any words that could be said at that moment in light of their situation but in the end decided to go with something simple. "It's good to see you in one piece Evelyn..." Fasha said.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-23, 10:40:11

Hearing Morrigan speak to her, Rawley paused her step and glanced towards her sister wolf - her rolled-up towel held across the back of her neck in both her hands. "Likewise," she said and turned towards the closed stall. "Last I saw you, Hannah had..."

She got no further than that, the memory of Nightmare - how she had floored Fasha with the butt of her phaser rifle - returned to her. Now they had been informed that she had been under that Vulcan bitch T'Rena's influence, some kind of Lexorin dispersed across the ship to alleviate the condition enough to let the Vulcan medics in Sickbay treat them all, but Hannah... She had ended up dead before that. They did not know who had done her in, but given the state of things aboard, it could have been anyone. Knowing that Morrigan was likely as troubled by what had happened to their squadron, Rawley tried to move past the subject of Hannah and what she had done before she ended up dead.

"Sorry for taking your exosuit and your Valkyrie. I had little choice in the matter. No time to get my own. Those Harbinger bastards were trying to dock and everything... Had to try and stop them," she said instead. Rawley did not know anything about what had happened since she launched during the hostile takeover, but likely Fasha had seen things better left unspoken, just like she had no desire to speak of Thomas, the aliens dwelling in the ice, and having to leave him behind. "I may have nicked your bird a bit... but that's not something Papa Bear and his team can't fix. It should be top notch in no time."

It felt like she was skirting around the fat cow in the middle of the room, and she hated the fucking pretence that everything was okay. Shit were pretty far from okay. "This one hit close to home, didn't it?" she said quietly, and she glanced towards Tessa's stall, wondering if she was listening too. Holding her towel by her thigh, she ran a hand over her shaved head - eyes distant. "We have lost people before, but not so many in such a short time. Miles seemed pretty upset about it... and I fucking sympathise. It's so bloody fucked up."

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-08-25, 10:32:42

Fasha's lips curled down into a scowl as she brought a hand up to touch the still tender bruise left from the butt of Hannah's rifle. The rifle that no doubt still sat somewhere out on the deck after she'd abandoned it during the rush to get the Squadron out into the Black. Her other hand curled into a fist as the words she'd heard Hannah spoke still rang clearly in her mind, Perhaps she was just a victim to all of the insanity that had overtaken the crew because of the Vulcan witch Vasser had at his beck and call. But some part of her told her that it didn't matter she'd killed a member of their family in cold blood.

Her fist loosened as Evelyn changed the subject likely for the better considering the conflicted thoughts that Hannah had brought up in Fasha's mind. Fasha's gave Evelyn a small smile barely noticeable to most but the other woman would be close enough to notice the small upward twitch of the Catachan's lips. "It's fine just remind me next time we pass by an asteroid field to climb into your bird and go on a joy ride, We'll call it even then." Fasha said. She sighed as she thought back to the condition she'd seen her bird in hell her exo-suit seemed like it had seen better days too but there was no use being bitter about it especially when Rawley was right she didn't have much of a choice at that point in time. If their positions had been reversed Fasha had no doubt in her mind she'd likely have done the same thing.

The atmosphere in the room however went cold however as Evelyn spoke on a new subject the losses they'd taken. The hit's they'd sustained. Fasha's head turned to stare at the floor of the stall. Her hands fell to her sides clenching into fists she'd wanted to forget about the losses for a bit but it was pointless to try in the end they'd still be there no matter how much she didn't want them to be. "We'll

get them back for this...Whoever the hell forced us down this path..." Fasha muttered. "We'll throw them head first into hell and watch them burn..." She hissed. It was so much easier to be angry it felt better in Fasha's opinion. Sadness left you cold and tired, Anger though it was hot, warm it could drive people forward to do so much and in the end that was what Fasha preferred.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-28, 02:03:45

Fasha was a wolf who shared Rawley's sentiment about the enemy, and certainly so in the wake of what had just happened. Grinning, Rawley dropped her hand from her shaven head and idly started to dry her bare and bruised body with the towel in her hand. The sonic vibrations still left damp residues, and while she might air-dry, there was no time for it if she was to help out clearing debris on the deck as according to Papa Bear's orders. Perhaps there was time to talk about the night before, and see if the chief wanted to sing a few more songs.

Fuck new they needed to rest and just go back to basics after something like this.

"How about we go drink to their memories later?" she suggested as she stepped closer to Fasha's stall - unable resist the vapour-shrouded sight of Morrigan over the edge of the door. Being so short, she had to stand on her tip-toes for it too. She was certainly not about to go to Sickbay for a check-up unless she could avoid it. Miles was likely going to send her off there anyway after reading her report. Assault and with an avalanche as frosting on top of it did seem like reason enough for a medical check-up, but she had spent most of the past month with doctors and nurses, and *like hell* she was going back there willingly.

"I am sure they would all like for us to visit Below Decks and drink in their honour, right?" she added and she turned her head to call to Tessa, "Am I right, Goldie? Would you tag along?"

Little did she know about Miles' intention for them to have an early start on the morrow.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-08-29, 01:51:58

Tessa was in a still in a fetal position when she heard voices and movement. She knew Hannah was a sore spot for all sorts of reasons and Tessa wasn't up to talking about her right now, but she did have to admire Evelyn for making the attempt.

"Am I right, Goldie?" she called. *"Would you tag along?"*

"Hm? What?" Tessa muttered. "Oh yeah, right!" she called back as she uncurled her body and rose to stand on unsteady legs. "Sure. Count me in," she announced as she shut off the sonic shower. "Just try not to stare if I start weeping and shouting hysterically all right?" she smiled weakly as she staggered out of the stall to face her sister Wolves.

She had tried to make it sound like a joke, but she had a feeling that she was being dead serious.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-31, 14:53:37

When Tessa May Lance emerged from the sonic shower, vapour trailing in her wake, Rawley could appreciate the sight despite everything they'd been through. For while Tessa's attitude was on the softer side compared to her own, that body of hers sure wasn't any more soft around the edges than her own.

"I can't make any promises I won't be staring at you, Goldie." Evelyn emphasised the remark with a

once-over scan where she stood only with a towel behind her neck. The rueful smile she gave the hazel-eyed beauty shed any lingering doubt about what she was talking about and she turned her head to give Fasha a wink over the door of the shower stall. It might have been crude, but it was the only way Rawley knew she could cope: To joke as if they were sharing the locker room like any other day. For fighter pilots such as them, it was an instinct of survival. To carry on no matter what.

Something that was about to be put to trial. This, in form of Maverick stepping into the locker room. The bearded, half-Vulcan man would usually have given Rawley and Lance a wolf-whistle or a comment, despite the fact that they had shared the locker room since the third iteration of the Valkyrie-program started up, but Nathaniel Isley seemed to bring ill news.

"Evelyn," he said gravelly, and he hesitated, which made Rawley frown. She could not remember the last time Mav addressed her by her first name, if he ever had. He was still dressed in his Exosuit, helmet underneath his arm.

"What is it?" she asked, turning to face him with her twisted towel still looped behind the back of her neck, its ends held in both her hands. "Any sights of Razor out there?"

"No I... I had to ask after the battle," he said, and he frowned, perhaps realising that there was no point of return. "I knew something was off. I just had no idea what it meant."

"Ask what?" Rawley stepped a bit closer to the man, having to crane her neck to look at Nathan.

"The base ship. We have protected her regularly the past months. We fly in perfect sync with the CONN Officer at the helm of the Theurgy. It has been key to our survival, and to the protection of the crew. Today, something was off, so I had to ask. It... It was not your brother at the helm."

Honestly, Rawley had thought as much herself. Cale Winterbourne, her half-brother to be precise - had always been the unnamed wolf that stayed behind in the den. Merely an Ensign, he piloted the starship like a Veteran thrice his age. "Who was it then, and where is..."

"He is dead, Ranger." Nathan looked towards the deck beneath their feet. "Zaraq, that new Klingon, he shot Cale dead on the bridge at the onset of the mutiny. T'Rena's order. He was made an example of to prevent others from resisting the change of command. I'm sorry. I don't know what to say."

At first, Rawley was not sure she had heard Mav right. Then she thought he was kidding her, playing some morbid joke on her. She was about to give him a derisive snark when she realised he was dead serious. Then, any kind of humour drained from her face, and in its wake, she could not stop the building anger from washing through her - riding the tidal wave of her despair.

"What the fuck did you say?" Her eyes were slits of rage, and she sucked a breath through her teeth. She clawed a grip around one of the lockers and flipped it out on the floor. "Is Cale dead because of that Vulcan bitch? And Zaraq just shot him without question? How the hell did that happen? He could just have... No one flies this base ship like he does! How the fuck did they think they'd fight the battles to come without him? Where the *hell* is that Zaraq? I will kill that fucking ridge-skull! No, I will blast off his legs with my phasers, and I will.... Fuck it, where is he... Where is he..."

At some point during her tirade, she sunk down on her knees, and when her words ceased to come, her tears followed in their wake. Bent over the overturned locker, she found herself bawling, she was no longer asking for Zaraq, but of her brother - remembering Cale from their home in Britain.

Summers and winters of childhood lost, and now just hers alone to keep. Her body may have been bruised and scarred, yet this wound went to her soul - bleeding through her eyes as she mewled her baby brother's name.

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-09-01, 09:51:06

Fasha felt a small smile pull at the corner of her lips as Evelyn stepped closer to her stall. It was easy to see that Evelyn hadn't been changed too much by the incident. Which was comforting to Fasha it made everything seem just a bit more normal something that she felt was needed right now. As Evelyn mentioned having a few drinks to commemorate the fallen Fasha nodded "I could use a good drink." She said cutting off the cycle on the sonic shower. As she stepped out of the stall she shook her hair letting a few droplets of water fly loose from her slightly damp hair. As she took in the sight of Tessa her smile faded a bit out of them all it seemed Tessa was taking the losses worst.

And Fasha couldn't blame her one bit loss was never easy but there were always people who took it better than others. Fortunately Fasha was one of those people having seen so many of her people die during the Dominion war was enough to steel her to death but leave her with enough humanity to still recognize the tragedy that came with every death. "I don't think anyone will blame you for that Tessa." Fasha said as she grabbed the towel she'd hung up by the stall and began to dry her hair.

As a new voice was heard however Fasha looked up to see one of the remaining survivors from the squadron standing there still dressed in full gear his helmet tucked in the crook of his arm. The look on his face made Fasha's stomach dip she knew the look it wasn't hard to decipher. Someone was dead and considering he was here it was someone close to one of the three women standing in the room. She watched Evelyn's progression starting at anger and slowly descending into a downward spiral of grief. Fasha remained quiet as she listened to Evelyn utter the name of her lost loved one. Fasha's hand slowly curled into a fist wondering how many others this conflict planned to take from her sister wolf before this all ended.

Fasha knelt down slowly reaching out to place a hand on Evelyn's back she didn't know what to say. She'd never known it was better to let Evelyn know she was here than to try and find any words to try to ease the pain or try to say that she knew what it felt like.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-09-03, 05:29:48

When Isley broke the bad news to Rawley Tessa fought back a gagging reflex. Tessa had completely forgotten that Winterbourne was Rawley's brother! That made that particular casualty so personal that Tessa couldn't process it. It brought the whole thing back with a vengeance. Tessa hoped that T'Renna's death had been painful. This was a lot to process after everything that happened.

Tessa's towel dropped out of her hands as she put a hand out to keep herself from falling to the deck. She leaned against the wall and blinked back the tears as she summoned her training to get her breathing under control. Tears? Why were there tears? Winterbourne wasn't *her* brother! That was a lie. He was the brother to every pilot and every officer serving aboard the *Theurgy*, and he was gone. So much for putting on a brave face.

Post by: DocReno on 2015-08-12, 23:46:26

[Meanwhile | Fighter Assault Bay]

Even though Chris had been on the *Theurgy* for a short time and while Ida had vouched for him, he still felt the need to show that he wasn't apart of what had happened to them even though he had

heard the captain's words earlier, he inwardly felt that he should've been confined to quarters because of what the rest of the Survivors had done to this ship..

...which was the ultimate irony because he was now officially the Survivor of the Survivors.

Chris stopped what he was doing and wiped his forehead with one bare arm as that finally sunk in. An Akira-class starship was considered to be a medium type carrier due to the fact that it carried forty fighters of various types but towards the end of the Harbinger's "life", she carried only a squadron which Phanatos had called the "Survivors" and Chris was proud to call himself that as he survived so much before becoming a pilot and after.

But the events of the past few hours...that started to slowly tear at him but he was a Slayton and as his father once told him "Slayton men are adaptable and hardy folk, capable of throwing back even worse than what we get."

This time he was willing to believe his late father. Chris went back to helping fix the hanger bay which had been damaged in the fighting, his new uniform jacket was off and hanging near by as he picked up another piece of debris and carried it over to a anti-grav gurney before going back to what he was doing as he waited for the squadron commander to contact him in order to have a sit down interview before being put back on the active flight roster with a Valk and a number, he didn't mind helping out with the repairs as it was engineering was something amusingly enough he enjoyed doing.

But as he worked, his mind every so often kept going back to his kiss with Ida. How she felt against him, her smell and everything else about her and her comment about "speaking of it later" which he fully expected for her to want to physically spar over the situation which he would be glad to do as he didn't get a chance to spar with another person trained as a guardsman since Paran's death a few years earlier.

Chris stopped and let out a dry, mirthless chuckle. "My god, what a day." he said before going back to work. Chris hauled the last bit of major debris from the section that he was helping with before brushing the sweat from his forehead with his left forearm before looking around and seeing one of the deckhands moving equipment around. "Excuse me, Mister??" he asked.

"Phuc, sir. What can I help you with?" the Petty Officer asked.

"Well Mister Phuc, I'm curious who do I go to find out what else I can do with helping around here on the deck?" Chris asked with a faint grin.

This slightly confused Phuc because he didn't know the man in front of him, let alone an officer in the Tactical CONN division. "Um that would be Petty Officer First Ji, sir. I think she's over in the maintenance area." he offered up while pointing in the area of the bay in question.

Chris smiled and nodded. "Thank you." he said before going over to where his uniform jacket was and grabbed it before nodding respectfully to the junior officer and heading over to the maintenance area.

As he walked he took a look around and noticed that a few of the engineering staff was taking stock of the damage done during the mutiny and Chris found himself feeling slightly depressed as he stopped for a moment to watch an engineering team lift up a wing section of a damaged Valk to help move it into a separate bay. *How did the Survivors come to this?* he thought to himself as he reached up and gently touched the small vial that he kept on a length of chord around his throat before shaking his

head and continuing on his way.

Once he reached the maintenance bay that Phuc indicated, he stepped in and asked "Excuse me, I'm looking for Petty Officer Ji, is he or she abouts?" in a respectful tone.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-08-25, 02:57:48

Work was proceeding well on the Flight Deck. Between the repairs to the fighters and the mess in the hanger, the entirety of the Bear Cubs and the remaining pilots were busy. And even Sten himself was getting his hands dirty. As a rule, the Chief of the Deck was not a primary maintainer or worker; he directed the work and lent his assistance where his superior expertise was required. However, given the number of casualties and the extent of the damage, he had to get in there.

And in this case, he was busy pulling a burnt out pulse phaser coil from one of the Valkyries when some random ensign saw it fit to be wandering about his flight deck. Granted, they were not at flight ops but the hangar deck was still a restricted area and the last thing he needed was some lookie-loo wandering around there, getting in the way.

And what galled him even more was that considering he had absolutely no business on the flight deck since the Chief of the Deck had not been made aware an outsider was coming in, an ensign ought to have his hands full dealing with any of the thousands of details that would need looking after in the wake of the mutiny and the battle. Setting down the coil, the imposing Chief Warrant Officer started wiping his hands on a rag as he closed the distance, just in time to hear the newcomer calling for Eun Sae.

Covington came to a stop less than a foot in front of the ensign and cleared his throat. "I'm the Chief of the Deck, and this is a restricted area. Who the fuck are you, what the fuck are you doing on my deck, and what the fuck do you want with Petty Officer Ji. Ensign."

Post by: DocReno on 2015-08-25, 08:14:08

Chris blinked as he turned around to see that while the Chief of the Deck was a man of the same height as himself, he had a rather uncanny way of...well LOOMING over Chris which had the pilot actually finding himself impressed with the chief. "Ensign Christopher Slayton of TacCONN but presently unassigned, offering to help around on the deck and I'm still learning my way around, Chief." he answered respectfully. "I've been trying to help with cleaning up the mess down here."

Chris kept his face respectfully neutral as he talked to the Chief of the Deck, this was Covington's territory and he had every right to question his presence..even though Chris dreaded what was possibly going to be one of the questions soon to follow.

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-08-25, 10:04:53

Eun Sae scowled as once again the engines on one of the fighters overheated engaging the propulsion computer's automatic safety cut off. "Gaesekiya!!" She growled as her theory was confirmed throwing her PADD onto a nearby work bench and stepping away. If the propulsion drive's output regulation system was out of commission that meant that any attempt to start the engines would result in the engines using more thrust and energy than needed resulting in the automated safety cut off activating shutting off the entire engine to prevent catastrophic failure. The few members of her team working around the bay turned to look at her having grown accustomed to their bosses' small outbursts of Korean from time to time.

Eun Sae bit her lip and crossed her arms staring at the propulsion drive she was working on. She'd been hoping to avoid it but at this point it looked like she'd have to tear out the entire drive and dig into it's guts to find the issue. And knowing the luck they'd had so far with most of the maintenance around the hangar so far it wouldn't be something as simple as one of the wires or conduits coming loose somewhere in the system. Before she could express her irritation with more curses uttered in Korean however a member of her team jogged up. Word had spread across the deck through various sources and it didn't take long for word of the Ensign looking for her to reach Eun Sae herself. "Ji there's some guy looking for you out on the deck." He said.

Eun Sae nodded sparing one last glance back at the fighter before turning away scooping up her pad and dropping it into one of the large pockets on her uniform. By the time she'd made it out onto the floor she could already see Papa Bear towering over the ensign like his call sign described like a very angry bear wanting to know what this ensign wanted with one of his cubs. From the looks of it Sten was not happy to have the Ensign on the deck and she already knew why people who didn't know what they were doing on the deck were dangerous they get in the way and one dumb move could trigger way bigger issues when done by the wrong person. But taking pity on the Ensign she approached the two hopefully her arrival would draw a bit of heat away from the Ensign at least for a little bit.

"Did someone call for me Chief?" Eun Sae asked looking toward Sten first before turning her eyes to take in the Ensign that had apparently been asking around about her.

Post by: CanadianVet on 2015-08-26, 02:15:16

Covington did not budge by an inch. He maintained his position close to the newcomer, this Ensign Slayton, while he explained who he was. He was a pilot and there to help? Considering there was no pilot named Slayton on Theurgy's roster, that could only mean one thing. He had been from Harbinger. And that was plenty to make the Chief of the Deck less than welcoming. And at this moment, he was quite ready to call Security and have him taken to the Brig, let the officers sort it out. However, before he could speak, the little Korean tech arrived, asking if indeed someone had called for her.

"PO, this guy says he's from TacCONN, but he's definitely not one of mine. So if he's a pilot, he's from Harbinger." Sten did not even look at Eun Sae. Instead, he kept his gaze locked on Slayton. He had been one of that psychopath Killinvos' men. And from what he'd observed, not a one of them was fit to be trusted, let alone spend any time breathing the air of his bay. "So, do you know this guy? And even if you do, do I call for Security to haul his ass to the Brig for questioning?"

Post by: IronFerrox on 2015-08-26, 03:19:19

Miles was walking through the bay and noticed a white collar near the familiar jumpsuit of his Deck Chief. the face was far from familiar, he didn't think there were any ember of Phantom's squad that survived but then he remembered looking over the most basic debriefing info on the battle and remembered seeing something about one of the harbingers Tac-conn boys having been involved in piloting the Harbinger on its crash into the Calamity. Deciding he needed to defuse the situation he jogged over.

"Hey...I've been meaning to catch up with you. Don't worry bout helping out..." He paused barely a moment glancing at the mans neck checking the rank before adding his rank having no idea how else to address then pilot who he knew absolutely nothing about aside from his presence was about to make Papa bear blow a fuse. "Ensign. You've done enough work today and I think you've earned the

rest of the evening off. Now, get some rest, I need to see you In my office at 0500 tomorrow," he said before glancing back to the pilot from the Harbinger making sure he understood that it wasn't a request by adding. "That's an order." he added a bit forcefully knowing the best option was to end the confrontation here and now not allowing either side to do something that could cause an incident.

Post by: DocReno on 2015-08-31, 22:47:28

Chris looked over at the newcomer and realized that it was the Theurgy's TacCONN chief. "Understood sir, I was just wanting to stay honest and the chief doesn't know me so understand his concerns with everything that's happened."

Chris then turned to regard Covington and gave a very Andorian nod towards the Deck Chief. "I meant no disrespect, Chief." he said before turning to look back at both of the men equally. "Permission to leave, Chief and Commander?" he asked.

Post by: RosariaRosette on 2015-09-01, 09:51:06

Eun Sae felt a small tinge of guilt for the Ensign as Sten didn't even turn away from him even for a second granting him a moment's reprieve from the Chief's intimidating gaze. Though she had to grant the man credit he was handling being under Sten's scrutiny far better than she'd witnessed other officers do. She didn't know if Sten knew it but she part of her was quite sure he did but the man had a stare that could make an actual damn bear back down if it ever came to it. Part of her wanted to step between the Chief and Ensign Slayton just to form a bit of distance between the two before anything hasty was done by either man.

In her short service upon the Harbinger she'd only seen Ensign Slayton a few times but it only took one for her to realize that he was different from the rest of the members of the Harbinger's pilots. The man was respectful the few times she'd spoken to him and unlike most of the other men in the squadron he didn't eye her like a piece of meat. And then there was the time that cemented her thoughts on the man. It seemed Eun Sae had poor misfortune of being about whenever the crew of the ship liked to regal one another about their sickening activities. One pilot who went by the callsign Riptor if she wasn't mistaken had been going about the deck all day telling his own story of how he'd raped a woman upon the Theurgy before strangling her.

It made her sick she wanted to find the nearest toilet and throw up but she forced herself to keep working even as he went into each sickening detail of his retelling of the tale. But then the deck erupted into a scuffle as one man broke the character she'd learned to expect from most members of the Harbinger's crew and assaulted Riptor. But before he could really give the man what she felt he deserved the security officers posted to the hangar hauled the man away.

Now the question remained did she trust Slayton? The answer was simple, No she didn't but this was due to the simple fact that she didn't even know the man all that well. "I know him Chief he's okay." Eun Sae said before she could stop the words from leaving her lips. Why had she said that? She didn't know but she didn't regret it one bit as far as she was concerned Slayton was thousands of times better than anyone else she'd met aboard the Harbinger and if one little lie could help him fit in just a bit better on the Theurgy that was a price she was willing to pay.

Post by: DocReno on 2015-09-02, 00:05:59

Chris' eyes widened at the voice of the Harbinger's tech before he turned to regard the woman. "Wow..please forgive me Miss Ji. When I heard it was a Petty Officer Ji, I failed to put two and two

together, it's been a hectic time. So please forgive my lack of memory." he said with a respectable bowing of his head towards the junior officer.

While he was embarrassed that his mind had been on so many other things that he didn't put two and two together on Eun's presence on the Theurgy but he was glad to see the young tech still helping to keep the fighter's flying and during their mutual time on the Harbinger, he tried to treat her with the respect due to her talents with a wrench, he would occasionally make the request that she'd be the one to work on his late Valkyrie. During the chaos aboard the Harbinger, he hoped that she was one of the lucky ones to make it off of that cursed ship alive.

STAR TREK: THEURGY

EPISODE 03: UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

EPILOGUE: Precepts By Which We Survive

[USS Theurgy | Main Engineering]

Before his promotion to chief engineer, Master Chief Petty Officer William O'Connell had a pretty full schedule. Now Billy Bob wasn't only in charge of deciding what internal repairs needed to be done he was in charge of making the calls for repairing the whole *gorram* ship. And dealing with all the people under his command which was no longer the just the maintenance and repair division, but was now the whole ruttin' department. In laymen's terms that meant making sure that everybody was doing what they had been assigned to do, and make sure they were capable of doing it right in the first place.

Of course, thanks to the friggin' mutiny one couldn't depend on either really.

"Okay fellas, my way o' thinkin' says that we kin git our plasma levels back up to eighty percent before we..." The burly engineer's voice trailed off as he looked at the empty chair near the plasma regulator console. "Where the hell is Crewman Fok?"

"I don't know, Master Chief," Petty Officer Zil Arex of Bolarus IX replied.

"You'll never make chief givin' th' boss answers like that Arex," Billy Bob grunted as he marched down the steps to the lower engineering deck. "I thought they put that stuff into air handling to weaken the effects of the mind melds was supposed to do something. What's that stuff called again? Lexorin? That was over an hour ago. So where the hell is Fok?"

"Master Chief, have you checked your office?" Chief Petty Officer Lavar Manfredi asked him. In Billy's mind, the short, coffee colored engineer looked mighty ashy right now. "I think you'll find him there," he said quietly. Chief Manfredi had an answer. Of course he did. He was a chief wasn't he?

"Much obliged Chief," Billy grunted as he marched towards the chief engineer's office. "It's time to rip that smeg for brains a new one. His brain cavity wouldn't make a drinkin' cup for a canary!"

When he entered the chief engineer's office he wasn't ready for what he saw. Crewman Fok was sitting on the deck curled up into a ball, rocking back and forth with his hands on his head. Tears were in his eyes and once Billy stood still he could hear a quiet kind of moan.

"Fok?" Billy's face was a mask of concern. "You okay son?"

"It's all my fault, isn't it Master Chief?" Crewman Fok rasped in a hoarse voice. "Lieutenant Marlowe, Crewman Poe, it's my fault they were hurt so bad. I was just supposed to vent some plasma not blow the damn ship up..."

It was that moment when Billy Bob realized he was looking not a treacherous mutineer but a twenty year old boy who'd been brainwashed and only now realized what he had done. The kid was young enough to be his son for Christ's sake! It wasn't the crewman's fault a delusional telepath put the whammy on him. If Billy hadn't escaped from the bridge with Carrigan Trent the same thing would

have happened to him, and there was no denying it.

The selfish part of Billy Bob realized that it was going to be a long time before Counselor O'Connor could schedule another session with him. Guys like Fok went to the head of the line.

In the meantime Crewman Fok was in no shape to help out in engineering but he could get in the way. Right now he wasn't fit to shoot at when you want to depower your phaser. But if he was left alone the poor devil might just work up the will to kill himself.

"It ain't yore fault son," Billy assured him in a fatherly tone. "There ain't a man amongst us who'd be able t' resist when that woman plays God wit' cher mind. But don't you worry none, Crewman. You don't gotta do whut she says anymore. I shot her dead m'self son. You don't gotta think about her anymore," he assured him, blissfully unaware that it was Cir'Cie and not T'Renna who had mentally compromised Fok. "She's as dead as a can o' corned beef."

"I can still hear her voice Master Chief," Fok whispered in a frightened tone. "Telling me to obey. Telling me that the only sensible plan to save ourselves and the Federation is to follow Vasser wherever he takes us. I know now that it's a lie, but I can still hear it!"

A shiver went down Billy's spine. The mere thought made his skin crawl. "Er, um ah, don't you worry 'bout that son," he stammered. "Doctor Maya will git t' you when she's able an' git that woman outta yer head toot sweet. You won't hafta listen to them voices no more. Now come on, let's get you t' Sickbay," he said as he helped the boy to his feet. "No sense you waitin' 'round here. Right now you must feel 'bout as welcome as a rattlesnake at a square dance, don't yuh?"

Until Maya or Cir'Cie silenced the command to obey, the poor Fok was a danger to himself and others. The *Theurgy* had lost too many people already to risk that. Hopefully Doctor Nicander had some people assigned to keep an eye on the line and make sure that nobody waiting to be deprogrammed hurt themselves.

"Ah'm gonna head down t' Sickbay," Billy Bob announced as he led the shattered crewman back into main engineering. "Fok and me had quite a tussle in here earlier. You're in charge Manfredi. I'll be back in two shakes of a lamb's tail."

The coffee colored propulsion chief grimly nodded.

Post by: Triage on 2015-08-11, 13:03:20

[Captain's Ready Room | Deck 01]

After being relieved from duty, Henshaw had found a new appreciation for the word 'relief'. While it felt rather fulfilling performing in the role of Mission Ops, the Yeoman found she very much preferred being in her original position. The strain and the fear of messing up, getting something wrong was constantly in her mind, and it prevented her from being able to enjoy the job, as it were. So, once she was freed from the duty, she headed back to her quarters, took a quick shower, and dressed in a clean, fresh new uniform, but more notably, she put on regulation underwear beneath her uniform. Going commando all the time wasn't as fun as she thought it might be.

She had a mirror and examined herself. It was amazing how much just a few weeks could change a person. Henshaw found she no longer cared too much how she looked as long as she was acceptably presentable, and well-groomed. Giving her hair a bit of brushing, she was ready. She grabbed a

personal datapad, since she was going to see Captain Ives. Until told otherwise, she considered herself first and foremost here, his/her Yeoman, and she was going to fulfill her duties to the letter as needed, and a little more besides. She mentally braced herself as she made her way to Ives' ready room, where she was told he'd/she'd be at about this time. There was work to be done.

She hit the chime on the doors to announce her presence, and once she heard the familiar voice to enter, she complied, and saluted the captain. After that, she gave a friendly, and ready smile.

"Captain," she said, "I'm ready to serve where you need."

She looked at him with her datapad held ready to jot down anything he/she said. Of course, there was far more in her mind that she would like to bring up, but she needed to know if Ives also felt the need for it. Otherwise, she would just bottle it up for some other time. She couldn't fault the chameleon if he/she chose not to, after all, there was just so much to do. They couldn't let personal matters, no matter how potent, get in the way, sometimes. Unless it put lives at risk.

And yet..."Pardon the bluntness, but how are you?"

A simple enough question, that could be brushed off with a simple enough answer, and yet, Henshaw put all her emotions and feelings into those few words. For an instant, letting down her guard, her posture and air of surety.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-13, 02:06:50

She sat by her desk in her female form, far from idle in the wake of the battle and the prior mutiny.

Not a minute had gone by where Jien hadn't been reading reports from all departments and dealing new orders as required to the senior staff. The top priority had been the Lexorin dispersal and its timing, added with the proceedings in Sickbay and its security surveillance. Thea had been helpful in handling the seamless communication, but Jien had also heard that their Ship A.I. had disobeyed orders, which put Jien in the difficult position of having to address the insubordination of an A.I. It was, however, not something that she would be able to handle that very same day.

One of her first appointments in her Ready Room had been with their new Chief CONN Officer, Aisha S'lti, closely followed by others that she needed to see briefly. One by one, the department heads were passing along the reports on the hostile takeover and their individual actions to Jien for a final say about disciplinary actions. These were, however, not a priority when the extent of damage that the Calamity had caused them were still being investigated by the dedicated crew from Engineering. Bit by bit, Jien was piecing together what had actually happened aboard while she had been confined to the Brig, and what continued to give her pause were margins of error, and how small the variables had been between their success and their destruction.

If Dr. Nicander, Lieutenant Tovarek and the civilian by the name McMillan had not assisted in Cargo Bay 04, then the gravimetric mines would have detonated against the bay doors. If Selena Ravenholm had not defied the mind-meld placed upon her cybernetically augmented mind, then Thea would not have been restored to the ship systems, and none of the communication she had supplied to the resistance cells would have helped them coordinate the retaliation against Vasser. They might not have managed to reclaim the bridge or arranged for the Lexorin to be dispersed. If Sjaandin Fedd had not chosen to aide Lieutenant-Commander Trent, then the Intelligence Officer's speech would not have rallied the crew to their stations in time for the battle. If Thanlda zh'Wann had not requested her transfer to the Harbinger and worked together with the two prisoners there, the Calamity might not

have been destroyed. If Wenn Cinn and Dyan Cardamone had not intercepted Vasser by the Captain's Yacht, Vasser might have escaped, or Edena Rez would have been killed by Jien's own hand.

The list never ended. So many actions had - collectively - led to victory.

The chime alerted Jien of another visitor, and when she called, Cameron Henshaw appeared in the doorway and stepped inside, holding a PADD. The Ensign was a welcome sight, sparking a quiet smile, even if Jien's own resentment towards the woman after what Fedd had said about her on the Main Bridge was just as fresh as it was false. It appeared that Cam had showered, and wanted to resume her duties. Looking at her, Jien paused instead of answering her the first time she spoke. Instead she put down the report in her own hand and leaned back in the chair - trying to sort out her own mind in the wake of all that had happened.

"Pardon the bluntness, but how are you?" A legitimate question. Jien was not entirely sure, though.

"I don't know," she replied, and she quietly got back on her feet. She raked her dark hair back from her face as she answered, rounding the desk that sat between them with slow steps - the look of her gaze making it plain that Jien was focused on the ordeal they had just got through, the collective weeks that the Calamity had chased them, and the time spent with the Harbinger commanders and crew. "There is a lot to think about, if you allow yourself to do it, and it leaves me... bitter."

That was one word for it.

"I could not protect my crew from what befell them today when Vasser tried to take command. After Niga, and the Ishtar Incident, I can but hope we will be able to rise again. Once more, we repair and rebuild our strength so that we may carry on, but when the wounds are so... fresh, it makes me doubt we will be able to put this behind us. What I tell you now, I cannot tell the crew, of course; that I fear for crew morale. I can only say it to you, since it is your duty to be frank with me... and advise me on how to make them all stand tall again."

Leaning against the edge of her desk, Jien folded her arms underneath her chest and took a deep breath. "That is, if you still want this position... given what happened today. I cannot make any excuses about the circumstances, neither in regard to the cell's condition nor the mutiny and its body count. I truly thought you were one of those backing Vasser because it was plausible, with your application and because... of what happened between us on Theta Eridani IV. I thought you seduced me and had blinded me; made me unable to see the red flags... even if there were none there. I find my actions unforgivable, and I would understand if you want to serve in some other capacity."

It pained Jien a great deal to speak of what had happened, but she had to - her oaken eyes lined with the fatigue and worries that she would never let her crew see. She needed to stay strong and lead their way back into the Alpha Quadrant and Starbase 84 despite the odds.

Post by: Triage on 2015-08-13, 12:43:41

Henshaw followed the captain's movements closely with her eyes, while she held her PADD against her chest, seeing as Ives chose to initiate something on a more personal basis. This was what she swore to do. To be. And it pleased her that Ives was willing to give her that much. She gently nodded her head once when Ives brought up the matter of how she felt about the last few events. Bitter was a pretty accurate summary.

Ives brought up the Niga and Ishtar incidents, which Henshaw had remembered reading up on, drawing what little data she could find on it, out of personal curiosity. She watched as the captain literally bared her soul to Henshaw, a sense of vulnerability that she could not show to anyone other than someone she could closely trust. It was a twofold thing, by Henshaw's understanding. On one hand, Ives *needed* this. But on the other, she was being asked to walk barefoot on coals of fire. The repercussions of the incident with Sjandinn Fedd was fresh on both people's minds. Well, Henshaw guessed Ives would be thinking on it as well, she knew she certainly was. Henshaw was being given a gun and asked what she would do with it.

And then she brought up what happened with them on Theta Eridani IV. For a moment Henshaw felt so oddly detached, as if she were listening to Ives talk about someone else. But that person was her. No matter how much she may have changed since, the events of the past would forever be seen as a definition of things between them, for better or for worse. Of course, that wasn't to say that the past locked the future on a set course. What Henshaw did here, now, would also define things between them. She knew where her heart stood with the captain. She saw the weariness in Ives. And she wanted nothing more than to be able to bolster the spark that still burned in her soul.

Share the fire.

"My place is here, with you," said Henshaw, "I forgive you. It wasn't in your control. But more than that, please learn to forgive yourself."

She lowered her PADD and walked closer to the captain. She allowed a warm, gentle smile to form, offering everything, and she continued to speak, "In many ways, you are now faced with a situation Jonathan Archer, captain of the Enterprise NX-01 was faced with in his time."

She placed her PADD on the desk, and looked away wistfully, "Alone, cut off from a stable means of support, having little more than the immediate resources of his ship, and a crew of eighty-four individuals. On his shoulders sat the weight of command in ways few captains ever had to endure. His every decision would alter the course of history as we would come to know it." She looked back at Ives, with a strange look in her eyes, "Only people, with greatness thrust upon them, have ever endured. You're one of them."

Henshaw chewed on her lip, "Yours is the duty to uphold the principles of the Federation. The Prime Directive. The rules of conduct. With perhaps a slight difference."

She turned and positioned herself, until she was beside Ives, and facing the same direction as her, "I think, whether you may want to consider it so or not, this crew, the people of the *Theurgy*, are now family. And you're the head of the household."

This was the most important point Henshaw wanted to get at, "We look out for each other. And we look to the head for leadership, for protection, for providence. But as much as you protect us, captain..." she leaned closer and whispered, "...we will protect you too."

She stepped around, to stand before Ives, "No one expects you to be able to protect us all the time, from everything that comes at us. And sometimes, horrible things just happen. Like the Niga or Ishtar incident. And sometimes, we shouldn't put it behind us, but let the wounds run its course. We carry the scars as a mark of strength. That is what defines us. We don't fall away from it, but be better than it, and move on. In time, on its own, it will be behind us. Maybe not for some, but it *will* be behind us. It's up to us to make it so."

"You ask my advise on how to make your crew to stand tall again, and I say this," she smiled, "trust them. Trust in them, to stand tall, for you, for each other. You're our leader, and if you trust us, how can we not stand taller? Will you stand with us?"

They had bad days, so they could appreciate the good days better. She extended her hand to the captain, inviting her to take it, "Do you know why we fall down, captain?...so we can learn to pick ourselves up."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-14, 12:52:17

That Cam wanted to stay in her position as her Yeoman meant a lot to Jien, especially given the circumstances in which they had found themselves in a couple of hours ago. A brief and quiet smile of gratitude touched her lips, only to slowly fade away when Cam began to speak of Jonathan Archer and his voyages, wondering how much of his time in command had been erased from the history books. Once being Starfleet Intelligence, Jien knew some facts the majority of the fleet didn't, much of it in regard to the Temporal Cold War.

That had been her leverage when she had asked Captain Ducane of the Relativity to ask his crew for volunteers. Sarresh Morali, who had been instrumental in finding the Theurgy in the timestream, had volunteered, even if he couldn't remember doing so. Again, Jien wondered how much Sarresh had known about the return to his own century. She supposed that the amount of foreknowledge the Ash'reem had before the MEM treatment was the measure of bravery in the man. Unlikely, perhaps, since the Calamity had yet to make its temporal incursion. Yet if he had known the dangers to his own life and his people when he volunteered, perhaps he had nurtured the hope to save them all from extinction. Unfortunately, regardless of his intentions when he volunteered, he had failed, and the entire Neotin family and the key to their people's renewed fertility were gone.

"Only some people, with greatness thrust upon them, have ever endured. You're one of them."

When Cameron said that, Jien could not help but think that the outcome of it all had yet to be seen, and that they did not know how long it might take to rinse the influence of this enemy out of the Federation. Much less how much longer she could endure. Already the toll was... undescrivable. She dreamed of the families of the crews that had been forced to kill in battle against the Theurgy whilst escaping the Alpha Quadrant. She kept telling herself that the survival of the intel they possessed was more important for the Federation as a whole...

But all those orphans, all the hatred of the mothers and fathers out there who lost their children when she called 'fire' - deceived by Starfleet to think she was some kind of traitorous monster. How was she supposed to convince them otherwise when they reached Starbase 84? What kind of rhetoric would ever tear the veil placed over their eyes? Vasser had thought the precepts by which they survived - as now mentioned by Cameron - may be their downfall, but Jien was more worried about letting the lies fester and grow until the point they became a 'truth' that rivalled their own. With each day that passed, each hour, the chance that her crew would be vindicated diminished. If she had to, she would take the blame for it all, claim that she had acted on her own and fight with teeth and nails to make them accept that her crew merely followed her orders. If it meant she could save them from the trials to come, she would sign any confession. In fact, a part of her believed she deserved to die for her actions the past months.

But not before she saw this through.

Not when people like Cam still believed in her, despite her shortcomings. When the Ensign came to stand before her, Jien quietly met her gaze - trying to take heart in the words that they would emerge stronger, unbroken by the ordeals that they lay behind. She asked for Jien's faith in them, and to lead by example. She knew this, of course, but hearing Cam ask her to remain strong made it sound so easy. Jien's brown eyes lowered to the hand her Yeoman was holding out to her, and with a deep breath, she unfolded her arms and took it into her own.

Doing so, she changed... into his male form, as if trying to put his doubts behind. Cam's hand seemed smaller when his calloused fingers encompassed hers, but the Ensign's words still breathed life into a desolate place; the empty courtyard that lay behind the cold fortifications of his heart. "Thank you," he said, his deeper tone of voice wrought with the cost of command, but underscored by the acceptance of her advice. His eyes were still the same as those of his female form - a limit to his kind's abilities - and they rose from her palm and fingers, travelling her figure where she stood before him. His thoughts led to what they had done in the modular shelter, and later, what they had done right on top of the desk he was leaning against. Then, he believed Cam had initiated the unspoken intimacy between them to escape the grief for her late half-sister; for her own sake. Unbidden his thoughts were, but nonetheless there - sprung by the forbidden closeness they now shared.

His eyes did not belie his thoughts, but he still felt he could never be the first to act on what lay between them. Instead, he looked away - the same principles and regulations he had to uphold keeping him from what his heart needed in order to thaw. "In the end, we can only go forward, regardless what we leave behind... and how much we might regret. Like you say, I have to stay strong. Somehow. It's not like I have the luxury of choice in the matter. Neither of us do. We are all victims, but can't victimise ourselves. It resolves nothing. It is exactly what the enemy wants us to do. They turn our brothers and sisters in the fleet against us, because regardless who may die, they win, meaning to cripple us with guilt and destroy us when we can't take any more."

Sometimes, the ire Jien felt towards the enemy was his only recourse to rise above the guilt they lay on him. For it was their fault, not his, that all those men and women had died, even if that perspective might slip his mind. The anger had flared in his gaze now, looking out at the vista of space from where he stood. He had to stay strong until the very end, and then he would save his crew from the public outcry for their blood.

Post by: Triage on 2015-08-16, 13:28:21

Henshaw could not lie to herself that she didn't feel a rush of excitement and appreciation when Captain Ives shifted into his male form. It was still Ives, irregardless of which gender he chose to be, but Henshaw *definitely* preferred this form, and there was a subtle tremor in her body when his hand enveloped her own. She took in a steadying breath, and maintained her stance, but she watched him for every sign, every indication of what he wanted at that moment. This was her job, and all that she wished to be at this point.

She saw the desire in his eyes, and predictably, he looked away. It still bothered her a little, that he felt the need to be so awkward, or uncomfortable in her presence. It wasn't like she was refusing him, or uninterested. Perhaps that was the problem? Maybe she was too keen? Should she pull back? No, maybe they needed to clearly establish where both stood. That may serve them better in the end. Paying attention to what he said, she nodded at him, even though he wasn't looking at her. She tensed her wrist, which was still in his hold, so he'd know, she was responding to whatever he said.

His words told her what went through him, after all that she had said, and she smiled again, believing she reached the proper decision that would help both of them in the best way possible.

She wanted to tell him that he could stay strong, yes, and that the crew would be there for him to bolster him on. But she had already said that, so instead of repeating herself, she opted for something else, because his mind was so wound up, right now, she could tell based on the way his jaw was working, the tenseness of his neck muscles, and the look in his eyes. Her heart went out to him once more, and she lowered her head for a moment.

"Jien Ives," she said in a soft, gentle voice, her eyes slowly raising her head so she could look up at him, and with her free hand she lightly rested her fingers on the side of his chin, to try and turn his head and have him look at her once more, "I don't need to be a Betazoid to know what is going on in your head at this moment. But working yourself into a tense state right now is not going to help anyone, least of all yourself."

She brought her free hand down, and boldly rested the palm against his chest, feeling for a heartbeat, and she kept her eyes aimed for his, "If I might offer some more advise...try letting go, just for a while, and just be Jien Ives, even for a few minutes...or more...every day. Not captain of the *Theurgy*, not a warrior, not a diplomat...nothing, just a person named Jien Ives. You'll be surprised how much that can do for one's mind and soul."

That was her open invitation, and to put it more pointedly, she allowed herself to sway forward a little, her lips inviting, as were her eyes, and she waited, and hoped, that he would accept her willing offering.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-18, 11:36:13

Letting Cam turn his head towards her, Jien ended up staring down into those brown eyes of hers, and he heard her say that it was okay. To stop being the Commanding Officer of a doomed ship in the middle of nowhere, persecuted by the very fleet they had once belonged to - staying true to the Federation's ideals even if it might be the death of them. To just be the singular duality that he had become amidst the humans - embracing both their subsets of biologies - and live as both the man and the woman he was entitled to be, instead of always carrying the yoke of command. The weight that was slowly becoming the death of him.

Yet could he truly afford to cast it off? Cam's lips and intimate presence beckoned for him, and even if he might wonder if it was even possible to do so, the cries he always heard in the silence bled from his mind when he lay his lips to hers. Her warm breath filled his mouth, and he could not help the sound that escaped his throat - the sense of fulfilment that overcame him and made him lay his hands upon her hips.

The invitation to kiss her gave Jien an unspoken reassurance, a realisation that what had happened in the Brig had not damaged anything between them. She was still going to look after him, tend to his and the crew's needs as best as she saw fit, and while they had not put words to what she was doing for him - and he had done for her after Lisa Hawthorne died - they might not need any labels. It was forbidden, and not to be spoken of, so why lay ruin and risk upon comfort and desire when meant to last? Jien suspected that Cam saw it as a great benefit for everyone, herself included, as long as the knowledge remained between them and did not cast a shadow upon his authority. As for his own part...

...Jien found himself insatiable once he began to kiss her - calloused hands running up her sides. He did not wish to stop once she had invited him, and yet he would if she pulled away. Famished for her

taste, and letting himself go, he pulled her to himself - his desire plainly there between them since she had evoked it.

Post by: Triage on 2015-08-19, 08:20:07

Just be Jien Ives Henshaw thought, sort of glad that Chameloids weren't telepaths, as far as she knew, otherwise she might have been yelling into his head all kinds of things she really didn't need to be shouting internally. *Just take this, and let it all go. For a while. And let me have this too...*

She knew to whom her heart already belonged to. Would she be doing this otherwise? As his lips finally met hers, the sound of pleasure emitting from his throat made her match him with one of her own. She yielded willingly to him, showing him her absolute surrender. When he placed his hands on her hips, she gripped his wrists first, then she wrapped her arms around the back of his neck, deepening the kiss, taking quick breaths through her nose. Why did her desire not feel like it was being sated despite wanting this the whole time? If anything, she wanted more and more, more than she dared ask for, because she felt oddly greedy and harsh, but at the same time, somewhere in the back of her mind, she was certain Ives felt the same way, if at least at the moment. Maybe they were compatible, maybe she was just reading too much into it, but she cast aside all thoughts and focused on trying to feel every inch of his body, while she willingly allowed him to do the same to her.

There was no need for words, no need for explanations or permissions to be asked. They were equals in this, and rank had no standing here. She had told herself as long as it made him happy and calmed him, even for a while, it was good enough, it was all...but it made her happy too, made her feel better, and more like a person. She only hoped she wasn't presuming that her feeling better meant the same for him. That he wasn't doing this for her, or that she was doing it for him, but that they were for each other. She wouldn't fault him if he chose to have someone else for a companion, because, if he loved another, would she not want him to have that? That was what love was, wasn't it? She loved him, no denial. And so, oh, who gave a shit? He was hers, and that was all that should matter right now.

Shut the hell up, brain. Go away.

When his hands went along her sides, he found some ticklish spots that had her jerking and moving right up against his body, while her lips, still locked upon his, creased up in a smile and her breath caught in her throat. She looked at him, and her hands began to move lower, running her own hands gently, clearly aiming without the need to see. Soon enough, her handling got more aggressive, and confident.

Clothes were soon anywhere but on people, and when both were finally sated, Henshaw was briefly marvelling at how creative she and Ives could be with the decor. *How did my panties get up there?*

Why is my rank pin sticking on the ceiling? What the f-?

She looked away from the slight mess, and turned to run her hand along Ives' chest, appreciating the feel of his muscles and structure. That was right about the time when...

Post by: Triage on 2015-08-19, 08:20:07

...Edena touched the chime to announce her presence. She adjusted her uniform uncomfortably, suddenly feeling stifled by it. As odd as it sounded, she wanted to just shuck the uniform and never wear it again. She didn't know why she felt this way so suddenly. Was it because she was holding her command rank pins in her cold hand rather than wearing it? Was it because of what Jona had nearly

made her, Kiya and Illya do? That caused her to actually have a literal fight with herself for the first time since being Joined? But shouldn't she be feeling proud and more confident in herself instead? After all, she stood up to Jona Rez! If he were alive, she more likely would have wet herself or been killed already. But she faced him, alone, without the support of Kiya or Illya. That should have done wonders for her self-confidence, right? So why did she feel more afraid?

"Captain?" She said, "It's me, Edena. Just Edena. And I'm unarmed."

That was probably a weird statement. But she wasn't sure if Wenn would have told Ives about what she had done in the Hangar, when she handed her concealable phaser to Wenn, and asked him to ensure she was never armed, especially in the presence of Captain Ives. If he did though, then Edena's declaration of being unarmed would make sense. Otherwise, she had some explaining to do. She was prepared either way for anything. This was a difficult choice, but one that she felt was the best, for everybody. She had since decided that she had no business being in Starfleet. Jona always said that she was not suited to military life. Well, maybe he was right, this once. Kiya was a doctor, and Illya was an actress and a con-artist. Jona was the only one remotely affiliated with Starfleet, and Edena had done her best to achieve success, but she was always struggling just to maintain average. That should have been a telling message. Which she accepted now.

She thought she heard something inside, and turned her head to one side, almost pressing an ear to the doors, trying to hear. Frowning, she wondered if she should open the door. Was Ives in trouble?

Post by: Triage on 2015-08-24, 15:57:58

[Main Sickbay | Deck 07]

The young biologist, McMillan, had never spent this much time away from her little lab before. Never interacted this much with anyone either. Until only just a short while ago, she had suddenly come to know Dr. Lucan Cin Nicander, and Hylota Vojona, and Simon Tovarek. It was, simply put, overwhelming. And as much as she would like to crawl back into her lab and go back into hiding, she had the feeling that was not going to be possible any longer. The Radiant were not isolationists, but rather, very social folk, and McMillan realized, after her adventure with these fine people, that she very much missed the company of people. She was still shy, and awkward if there were too many people, and especially if they showed interest in her. But at the same time, she feared truly being alone now.

Which was why she was still here, now, in the sickbay, after talking herself out of leaving for the fifteenth time mentally. After helping out Nurse Vojona with her problem, giving a sample of the salve she'd applied presumptuously on the Ovri, despite not having sufficient familiarity with their physiology, McMillan accepted the nurse's offer to have a drink some time, but she couldn't help apologizing again to her for causing such damage to her arm. The sight of Vojona's arm in a sling made the young woman feel even worse. She totally blamed herself for that, and made up her mind to ensure she knew the physiology of every alien from now on.

She smiled wanly at Dr. Nicander as she passed by. She didn't want to nag him to take it easy on himself. He really needed to get some rest himself. After all, what good would he be to anyone if he were severely incapacitated? "Run easy, doctor." She said softly when she was close enough.

There was plenty to do after the costly battle with the *Calamity*. While not normally a violent person, McMillan approved of that ship's destruction. Her singular oblivion meant many more would live. But she saw that sometimes survival could easily be worse than death. It amazed how true doctors endured the sight of this so well. She wore her emotions on her sleeve, and her heart was going out to

everyone. She wanted to tend to the whole lot at once, but that was impossible, so she took an assignment, and approached the patient. "Hi," she greeted warmly in a soft voice, "I'm Heather McMillan. Let's take a look at that, yeah?"

She used her medical tricorder and went to work.

Having people around wasn't going to be so bad, after all. Flecks of light danced around her head and body as she glowed with warmth and energy.

Post by: Nolan on 2015-08-13, 14:51:56

After SAR got to Ida, Husker and Amelya, the three of them had a routine check up in Sickbay. Husker and Ida had been cleared relatively quickly and Duv was the last one to undergo the final range of tests. She was still wearing the exosuit and waited for one of the attending doctors to come look at her. She had already peeled the helmet off and her eyes were looking around already to take in the atmosphere. Seeing so many patients in the sickbay she wanted to get out of this suit and put to work as fast as she could. She wanted to help these people as fast as she could.

Yet suddenly Doctor Nicander stood before Amelya and the Trill doctor was caught a bit off guard. "Oh, uh.. Hello Lieutenant Commander." she mused a little as she felt a light blush taint her cheeks. She hadn't seen Nicander again from this close since their rather intimate yet interrupted encounter on Theta. Now that he stood before her, she sort of relived some of the moments that he had given her and she looked away, her eyes unluckily diverting down to his groin. "I was wondering doctor, if you could clear me for duty. Could I directly start assisting here in medical? I know the ranks and all might be a bit confusing for staff, yet I really just want to help the people here as fast as we can. We can discuss later how I could fit in here if that would be alright with you and your staff of course." She said quickly in order to avoid an awkward moment.

She was probably running ahead of herself as the good doctor still needed to start with her check up, yet Amelya thought this might be the best therapy for her, considering the assault she suffered on the former ship she served on. She needed to get her mind of things and back to the work she loved so much.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-12, 01:21:27

Raising her hand, Cir'Cie lay it against the face of the tall man front of her.

"My thoughts, to your thoughts. My mind, to your mind..." she said, green eyes staring into the Klingon's brown orbs. He was the Master-at-Arms, and from the looks of his appearance, he had seen battle aboard. Yet she did not need to look upon his uniform, nor espy the blood upon his coarse skin, for she saw into his mind. She saw Zaraq's actions through his own eyes; how he had killed Ensign Cale Winterbourne on the Main Bridge at T'Rena's orders. She saw him holding Miles Renard's wrists against the tabletop in an interrogation room while Daniel Ritwer sodomised the Squadron Commander, and she saw Zaraq force himself upon Dyan Cardamone before Miles Renard appeared in a doorway with a phaser.

All these things Cir'Cie saw, and she made no comment as she removed her hand, and T'Rena's touch had been removed from Zaraq's mind. Now, these memories were plain to the man as well, cast in new light since the Lexorin dispersal, and now - with the mind-meld - the corruption he had been subject to had been made perfectly plain. Cir'Cie could offer no consolation to the man, for it was not hers to give, merely repeating what she had already said to the people before him - the line winding

down the corridor. "Please return to your quarters. One of our Counselors will visit you there, and you may discuss the actions your body performed without your consent."

Yet Zaraq did not move on immediately, brown eyes drifting, until he saw the security team that was posted along the corridor as well. They were his colleagues. They were supposed to look up to him and he was meant to train them. How could they refer to him now, after what he had done?

Benumbed, he left - slow steps taking him to his quarters. His thoughts kept returning to Dyan, and what he had done to her. He had hoped to make her his mate since she came aboard the Harbinger, but not like that. No. She would never be his mate. He had killed that white-haired human boy, even after what they had done together during *Lohlunat*. His actions may not have been his own... but he would have to face both the blame and the guilt nonetheless.

With leaden steps of utter shame, the once proud Klingon made a stop by a weapons locker on the way to his quarters.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-15, 00:18:56

Leaning against the door-frame to the corridor, Dr. Nicander watched the long line of mutineers that had been exposed to the Lexorin dispersal.

They were many, and their every move was being watched by the security personnel that were posted along the side of the corridor. A couple of yards away stood Ensign Cir'Cie, and she worked as tirelessly as any Vulcan might to restore the minds of the mutineers. Standing there, Lucan saw their Master-at-Arms step up Cir'Cie, and when she was done, the Klingon looked around as if he had awakened into a living nightmare. He might not have said anything, but Lucan saw the moment of realisation in the outline of his figure. Cir'Cie said the usual words, the Klingon walked away, and then she took care of the next mutineer in line.

As soon as Doctor Maya finished surgery, the process would be twice as quick, and the the matter would be in the hands of the Counselling Department and Hayden O'Connor. The names of the mutineers were registered by one of the rehabilitation officers for sake of the follow-up therapy sessions that would be required. Lucan watched the process as a spectator, letting the thing in side feast on the shame of the Lexorin-induced cattle. For they looked like the cattle they were, on the way to slaughter, and it amused the beast to see them all crestfallen and frail. *It will be quite interesting to see how many of them will recover, and how many will end their own lives rather than look their victims in the eye.*

Turning away from the funnel, Lucan returned to his domain. Sickbay was a place that had been hit quite hard during the mutiny, much because Vasser and T'Rena had decided to capture him and facilitate their plans to clone Vasser's augment genes, using genetic engineering upon the foetus offspring that would build their pure army. The Theurgy had the means to see it through, but they had lacked the doctor that would do it for them. Because of Lucan, Cir'Cie had led a group of mutineers right into the Recovery Ward, and Hylota Vojona's brother had suffered the worst of the consequences. Doctor Saugn was quite stricken as well, resting in his CMO office for the time being after some scans had certified that her being asleep after the ordeal was not harmful to her.

"Run easy, doctor."

Without pausing his steps, Lucan turned his head and acknowledged Heather McMillan with a smile and a nod. She was reminding him about his broken ribs, even if the pain was reminding itself quite on its own. Again, the thing inside became very still and quiet in her presence, and Lucan had no

answers yet as to why. He paused to look at the Radiant's retreating back while she walked down the biobeds, wondering - while she spoke with one of the patients - if she could somehow become made an asset. There was no way of knowing what and how much she could do for him when the time was right. All he knew was that Lieutenant Tovarek was likely going to try and whisk her away to the Science Department, but there was no way Lucan would let a unique specimen such as her go to waste. If push came to shove... perhaps the man would have an unfortunate accident.

Seeing a familiar face, Lucan drew to a halt before one of the biobeds. On it sat a woman in a Tactical Conn Exosuit, and it was evident that she had seen her share of the battle. *"Oh, uh.. Hello Lieutenant Commander,"* she said, and it seemed she could not keep her eyes from wandering the front of his body while he produced a medical tricorder out of his white lab coat. It made Lucan give her a rueful smile as he began to scan her, not about to mention what had happened between them right in the middle of his Sickbay. *"I was wondering doctor, if you could clear me for duty. Could I directly start assisting here in medical? I know the ranks and all might be a bit confusing for staff, yet I really just want to help the people here as fast as we can. We can discuss later how I could fit in here if that would be alright with you and your staff of course."*

"You appear to be in great condition despite whatever you have been through, so medically speaking, I cannot see why you shouldn't be able to help us as soon as you get out of that EVA suit," he said, unaware that she was practically naked underneath it. "As for the ranks, I just so happen to lack an Assistant Chief Medical Officer, so I will petition that you will work along side me here in Sickbay next I speak with the Captain. I would be surprised if the Chameloid had any objections, especially since I hear you and two others entered the battle when we were truly in a pinch - saving the day. Thank you, Doctor Duv, and welcome aboard."

Having said this, pleased about the exciting opportunity to work with a Trill such as Doctor Duv on a regular basis, Lucan would soon continue his path through Sickbay, entering the surgical bay on the starboard side. Lucan first noticed the two engineers in one of the surgical suites, namely Lieutenant Lin and Rihen Neyah - the latter being quite easy on the eye. Especially since the toil of repairing the emitters in the ceiling had made the exposed skin of that flamboyant cleavage of hers beaded with sweat. He could not stare like the majority of the patients had done when the engineers had been in the ICU, of course - and he wouldn't because he was no adolescent halfwit. Also, because the Lone-Wolf by the name Carver would not leave Lin Kae's side, still carrying a phaser assault rifle. Lucan knew the three people personally since the away-mission to Nimbus III, and he took the time acknowledge the trio through the open door with a smile and a nod before he moved down the corridor. As he did, he heard the Risian Engineer speak to Lin Kae.

"Do you think Captain Ives will forgive Thea for what she did?" she asked, but Lucan awarded the question little attention as he walked on - pale grey eyes fastened on the door at the end of the corridor.

On the right hand side was Isolation Ward 02, and there was someone inside there - someone that they had found on Nimbus III and he had recruited to fill the vacancy Jovela left behind when she died during the Niga Incident. The person was now under the strictest form of quarantine, locked inside there like a prisoner for the safety of the crew. She had been found shortly after the battle, naked and sexually servicing a number of mutineers in the relative privacy of the Medical Labs. She was not herself, but perhaps more so than the mutineers, who had acted as if their souls had vacated their bodies. The explanation lay in her Deltan heritage, and how she said she had failed to medicate and dampen her abilities. There was no more medication, and she was now a danger to the entire crew. In fact, she had started to affect the Ives Loyalists that had found her as well.

As conflicted as Lucan had been about it, knowing Eve Jenkins since Starfleet Academy, he had forcibly put her into her quarantine. The beast had rejoiced in the struggle. Now, there was a security guard posted outside the door, wearing a breathing mask to protect him from the dense pheromones that was locked behind the door and the bio-filter fields behind it. The mask was a safety measure, perhaps unwarranted, but also the ship's last line of defence if the fields failed and the Head Nurse got out of isolation. Eve had not taken the news about Doctor Maya and Ensign Cir'Cie being able to restore the mutineers to their rightful minds well, since her rampage had left them with no less than six husks - likely never to recover. If the lack of medicines had not made Eve mad enough, Lucan did not know what she had become after she was locked inside that room.

He stood there, looking at the door, remembering how she had said she loved him. Eve had been the first to make him question the convictions of his kin, but after Theta Eridani IV, it felt like they had drifted apart. Now, they were prisoner and captor, and Lucan did not know what to do about her yet. The thing inside had several ideas, none viable options. He could never do such vile things to Eve. He just couldn't. For several seconds, he was looking at that closed door from afar until the posted guard was starting to shift uncomfortably. Lucan felt an odd tightness in his chest... and he just had to leave. He could not deal with the Eve situation. Not right then.

He left the surgical bay behind with a brisk pace, passing the door where the Engineers worked on the way out, and headed to his office instead. Before he did, he briefly wondered where Hylota Vojona had vanished off to...

Post by: Nolan on 2015-08-13, 14:51:56

After all the critical issues and major problems were solved, Simon Tovarek had left the bridge in order to find himself some peace and calm time for himself. The bruises along his body still hurt and a quick glance in the Turbo lift at the decks made him proceed further to the Sickbay. Yet it wasn't entirely for himself as he saw how busy it was in the medical ward. Flocks of people waiting in line to get treated as others left from the beehive of medical. Tovarek walked past most of them, not asking anything or saying a word as he made his way to a biobed. His eyes were focused on the woman laying on it as she seemed a bit more isolated from the bulk of the patients.

He took a stool from one of the nearby desks and he sat himself down next to Tatiana Marlowe. A faint smile slowly forming on his lips as he pushed his hand through her hair. "You missed a hell of a show you know..." Simon whispered yet his voice sounded croaky as he talked to her. The first glance at the readouts of the biobed confirmed his expectations and these weren't all that great. The head of Engineering was slipping from this world it seemed, yet the induced coma kept her among the living. There was no telling how long she'd hold on to this frail strain of life or perhaps she might knock through at some point and regain consciousness. Yet the damage from the sabotage had been extensive to say the least. Physically most of it was healed with dermal regenerators, yet internal damage was hard to assess without a conscious patient.

This moment truly felt hard for Simon as he had started to grow a feeling for the woman he met on Theta Eredina. They had shared some wonderful moments, even up to the last moment whilst they both knew that survival was slim. Yet it felt unfair that he was the only one still around of the both of them to live on. The lieutenant rested his head on his forearm as he closed his eyes and guarded over Marlowe.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-08-12, 10:37:11

[Unknown]

Darkness.

In her mind there was darkness.

Then sprang up the fire of the past. She could see the fire, burning everything. The once green leaves of the few remaining Teslyliac plants wilting in the heat. The fire consuming the plants, the dirt, even the metal gave way to the heat of it all. Her life, her sister's lives, up until this point were now over.

She heard cries in the flames. The scientists were dying. Or maybe they were already dead and the crying was just her sisters. Or maybe it was her. It sounded like it was afraid. The smoke filled air burned her eyes, it burned her lungs. She was going to die here.

And then a hand reached out and grabbed hers. She was pulled from the flames by her sister, or maybe she pulled her sister from the flames. She could not be sure. Who was she anyway?

The building burned to rubble. The people inside burned to ash. Everything burned, everything but her and her sisters.

Then came the time in the wilderness. Living in a cave, basking in the sun. Doing away with the tattered remains of their clothes. They would sleep, cuddled together, under the stars. They lived together and free.

And then that ended.

There were questions, so many questions. About who and what she was. About the fire.

She did not know where the fire came from.

Had she done it? Or had it been the other ones, those she called her sisters. She didn't know. She had forgotten, chosen to forget, so long ago.

[Chief Medical Officer's Office | Main Sickbay]

Lahkesis Saugn opened her eyes and blinked. Tears clouded her vision and she wiped them away. Sometime in the chaos of the battle she had crawl under a desk and lost consciousness. It had all been too much for her to process, it still was. The shock of killing that man and the smell of his burnt flesh had dragged her back to the fire, the past she did her best to forget so long ago. She wiped the tears from her eyes and blinked some more, the world around her resolving into something that made some sort of sense.

She slowly got to her feet and looked around. She was still in the Chief Medical Officer's Office. She was also shaking still, it felt like her feet wanted to give out from underneath her. She felt nauseous, though she had only eaten experimentally a few times she only now knew what it felt like to want to vomit.

She fell back into the chair behind the desk, pulling her long limbs in, balling her body in the chair. It felt like her mind was on fire, it hurt so much. Images of the fire and of the charred body of the man she had killed lashed through her mind. It felt like the whole of her mind was spinning in circles, she

felt almost dizzy. The burning hurt so much. Her mind was not meant to deal with these emotions and they tore through it like the fire had torn through that building.

Outwardly her body seemed to change. The long faded scars of the fire resurfaced on her once flawless skin and her soft petal like hair seemed to wilt, the color fading from her hair and her skin.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-15, 00:18:56

The sliding doors opened to the CMO Office, and as expected, Lucann found Doctor Saugn inside. He had meant to try and get her back on her feet, but what he had not expected was the change in her condition - plain to the eye even without a medical scan. Seeing her, the bitter-sweet memories of his years with Eve Jenkins vanished completely, and his steps took him to the Teslyliac duplicate's side.

"What's the matter, Saugn?" he asked quickly, eyes travelling the marks on her pale skin - her hair now paler as well. Balled up on the chair behind his desk, it looked like she had been burned, but Lucan was quite certain no one had entered or left his office. The emergency systems had not been triggered either. From above the collar of her uniform, and likely the rest of her body, she appeared to suffer from some kind of condition he had no idea about how to treat. Not unless the scans he did gave him some kind of clue. "Speak to me!"

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-08-15, 04:28:34

The world spun as the brain of the young plant girl attempted to find it's bearings. The pain and guilt it felt caused it to detach from reality and only connect to small bits for moments at a time. It was like spinning far to fast and trying to make out the faces of people watching, not impossible, but all the detail was lost. She could hear someone talking, but who? And what were they saying? She could not focus on either without a great deal of difficulty. She thought she had heard her name, but sound not be certain.

She blinked and did her best to focus on the face of the person in front of her. She saw the details, but she could not put them together in her mind. She tried to speak, but couldn't manage that either. She focused with all of her might, at least all of it she could gather up. She did not want to die.

At great length she managed to say four words and hoped that the person could understand. Some distant medical part of her brain knew what she needed, but getting that information from that distant piece to the person was a great deal of effort. "No fire... sunshine... water..." And then suddenly she disconnected again and her head lulled to her shoulder.

Even a simple tricorder scan would show that her body was dehydrated and not had access to the nourishing light it needed in some time. The usually would not have been a problem, but the psychological damage and strain her body had gone though had pushed it even farther. She wouldn't need the isolation tank, but rather a simple solar lamp and soaking her feet would restore her enough to stabilize her.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-17, 11:49:54

The data on the small display of the medical tricorder revealed enough for Dr. Nicander to get a hunch about what may be happening to the Teslyliac duplicate - his foreknowledge of her species required of him because of her unique physiology since she came aboard. Massive dehydration, cause unknown, but he had heard the hearsay about what she had been through in Sickbay. If there was a psychological link to her body's well-being, then she would need water and sunlight - just like the flora of most planets out there. The troublesome bit was just how quickly she seemed to need it.

"Computer, seal the doors please," he said, and a chirp acknowledged him. He was acting by instinct, without corrupted influence. No back-thought to the medical emergency he faced. As much as the Theurgy had been through, the emergencies had been many, and he acted on this one as if he was in the ICU. The patient deserved that her modesty was preserved, so he made sure the rest of Sickbay did not see him undressing the alien in his office chair. He used the advantage of her being in the chair to support her while he disentangled her from uniform jacket, trousers and undershirt. While he worked, he remembered what the Teslyliac had been treated with in Isolation, and issued further commands to Thea as her burn-marks were revealed.

"I need a solar lamp, some tripod version, and it should be aimed at this patient. Energise." At his command, the hologrid created what he had asked for with only a slight delay. At that point, Lucan had shed Lahkesis from her uniform so that the light may touch as much of her as possible, and he had propped her up so that she was sitting properly in the office chair. Of course the darkness that dwelt inside whispered that he should make use of the opportunity, but he did not listen. He preferred to have the creature thankful to him for saving her life than satisfying the insatiable hunger of his kin. How was he supposed to explain that he could not save her in time, much less the marks of abuse that the beast would bestow upon her body? There it was again, the conflict of interest that he just kept accepting as a part of his new life. Was he mad?

Lab coat flaring out as he turned to the new device in his office, he activated the light and changed it setting to be ideal for Lahkesis' recovery. The radiation lit her pale and voluptuous body where she sat - her head leaning back over the top of the chair and her red hair fallen away from her tranquil expression. Next, he looked around for a hypospray. Plants - in general - maintained tissue hydration by means of an outer waterproof layer. Usually with a waxy cuticle over the outer epidermis, or with waterproofing chemicals present in a secondary cell wall. Yet he knew from his required studies that like plants, Teslyliac duplicates also possessed an internal vascular system that distributed fluid throughout the body. So when he introduced chemical compounds to support her re-hydration with a sharp hiss, they would not just help locally.

"Thea, another request. I need to wet the patients entire feet, her roots, so I need a bowl, but I am afraid holographic water won't do if she is to absorb it. Just the bowl, please."

[Yes, Doctor.] came the reply, and while the bowl was materialising, Lucan was already on his way to a locker, making sure the water supply in his office had not been compromised during the battle. With his arms full of plastic water containers, he returned to the bowl and kicked it over to Lahkesis feet. As soon as he got her feet into the bowl, he started to empty the containers into it - not stopping until the water level was well above her ankles. He had plenty of water to spare, so he got back on his feet - only to slip on the wet floor and jar his broken ribs. Cursing in native language, teeth bared by the pain, he was soon back on his feet and started to pour water over her body - hoping that some of it may be absorbed into the damaged areas.

After he had emptied three of the containers over her, her short hair was hanging like a waterfall from the back of the chair, and there was water everywhere around them on the floor - his leather chair probably ruined forever. Finished, he put a hand over his hurting ribs and before he scanned her with his tricorder again, he waited to see if there was any change to Lahkesis condition - pale eyes wandering her wet skin.

Post by: Absinthe and Fine Wine on 2015-08-20, 22:58:59

From deep inside her mind Lahkesis was vaguely aware of being stripped and tended to a piece at a time by someone. Her limp body easily moved as her uniform was removed and she was shifted to a seated position. She heard speaking, though the words were lost on her, her mind completely unable to focus on them long enough to understand them. She felt the warm rays of the solar lamp followed moments later the coolness of water on her feet. And yet her detached mind could not really process any of it. She was torn between memories of the long past and vague connections to the world around her.

As her body soaked up the light from the solar lamp and absorbed the water around her feet her nightmarish visions of the past began to subside, leaving her breathing easier and more peacefully. Her expression became less pained and more relaxed. Though her mind as still very much detached from the reality of the situation she was in, she was at the very least no longer showing signs of pain. And though the apparent burn marks and color in her skin and hair did not seem to react to much at all, it was still far too early to tell.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-23, 10:40:11

As he checked the readings on the tricorder, Lucan found that the measures taken were sufficient to sustain Lahkesis health. She would have to be put under observation and her strange burn marks tended to by other means, but she would make it.

That was when the slithering malevolence inside demanded him to seize this rare yet graciously presented opportunity. It cared not about the state of her skin. If anything, it excited the beast. It wanted him to sample this rare specimen, simply because it could. The wet body glistened underneath the stark, artificial light in the office, and Lucan found that the parasite's excitement was making him hard.

Before he knew it, he was hovering over the bare Medical Officer - tattooed hands gripping the armrests of the chair until his knuckles cracked. He scented her proffered neck. He wanted to lick the water from it. Sink his teeth into it. Suddenly, thought became action. He found that had the base of his rigid erection in his hand, pushing it between her spread legs. The sensation was only made sweeter by the taste of her unique blood in his mouth. He was biting her, sucking the blood as it gushed against him. By the winds, he was gnawing his way into her neck! Her sudden trashing made her move against him, and...

No, it was not real.

Lucan was still standing before her with the tricorder, blinking away the vision before his eyes. The fact of his arousal was the evidence of the parasite's involvement... but it had not been real. The sudden panic he had felt washed out of him, relief competing with revulsion as he staggered away. Fingers numb, he dropped the tricorder on the floor. He reached the waste bin in time, retching into it as his legs gave away. He hugged the bin for support while it lasted, and it became not just a necessity for what he did, but an anchor for him - keeping him in the present.

How can I accept this life? he asked himself with red-rimmed eyes as he wiped his mouth, momentary clarity coming to him. *How can this benefit me? Living in a waking nightmare, gradually losing myself into it... How will I honour Kisane's memory if I am no longer myself?*

Yet as fleeting as his thoughts were, his new nature asserted itself as it always did. "What choice do I have?" he murmured, curling his upper lip as he climbed back on his feet. He wiped the cold sweat from his brow and went to find something to rinse his mouth with. "Thea, see if there are any biobeds

available in the Recovery Ward. Dr. Saugn will be moved there for further treatment and observation. Hopefully, she will be able to advise us about the cause for her condition and prevent it from happening again."

Post by: Triage on 2015-08-19, 08:20:07

[Captain's Ready Room | Deck 01]

"Oh fu..." If Ives ever was curious with just how fast Henshaw could move when sufficiently motivated, he was about to find out now. The young woman was blitzing around the room at warp speed, recovering her clothing and trying to dress in record time, except for her rank pin in the ceiling - she still had no idea how that happened - when fell over herself trying to get her pants on. Bloody Edena Rez and her incredible sense of timing! She stared wide-eyed at Ives. Everything else appeared to be in place. Things that might have gotten knocked aside earlier were carefully but quickly placed back where they belonged. Henshaw was another story entirely. Her clothes suddenly decided they didn't want to be worn by her, and were doing their level best to tangle every limb of her until she was near to cussing, save for the fact doing so would likely attract bloody Edena's attention, and the last thing Henshaw needed was the ship's first officer coming right in to see what was the matter and finding Henshaw rolling on the floor barely dressed in even her underwear in front of Captain Ives. Oh, wouldn't that be the story of a lifetime? Yeah, that wouldn't work at all.

She looked at Ives wonderingly for a moment, pausing in her struggle to get dressed. They couldn't exactly leave Edena waiting forever. She might call for backup. Yeah, that's just what Ives needed: the entire command crew forcing open the door to see what's wrong. Oh there was plenty wrong with *that* thought. Making a face, with her hand stuck in one pant leg, and the leg with it, Henshaw nodded at her captain, and tried to hop over to get behind her desk in the antechamber where her office was. And she collapsed, thankfully, making minimal noise. With the privacy under her desk, Henshaw did her best to dress as quietly as possible. She had grabbed her things, including her PADD and it was with her, on silent mode. She did not need it going off or making a noise to alert people to her presence, and as long as Edena didn't look up, everything ought to be fine. Since her rank insignia was the only thing she didn't have time to collect from the ceiling, she hoped there won't be anything that might get Ives into trouble. This was what she wanted to avoid for Ives: unnecessary stress. Well, she supposed her timing was a bit bad. Couldn't Edena have just waited another hour? No, probably not.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-19, 13:37:00

Having enjoyed the afterglow, Jien had not been prepared to hear the chirp of the door and the voice of Edena Rez. Mind entirely elsewhere, still as entangled with Cameron as their bodies were, Jien still managed to get back on his feet rather quickly. His Yeoman was, perhaps, even quicker in catching up with what was at stake and collecting her uniform from the Ready Room.

Precious seconds of forced silence went by, where he restored his desktop to a semblance of order after having been doing all but office-work upon it, and Cameron somehow had her wits about her and vanished into the antechamber - barely wearing anything of the uniform he had removed from her. Any other time, perhaps later, the ordeal might have been jocular, but presently, Jien took a few steadying breaths, and changed...

...into her female form, no longer naked but wearing her mimicked uniform. Clearing her throat, she raked her fingers through her hair and picked up a random PADD from the restored desk. "Enter," she said, realising that the datapad was upside down and turning it over before the sliding doors admitted

the Trill. Fortunately, she was not entering via the antechamber since she was - officially - still her First Officer and did not have to pass the Yeoman to gain admittance.

Breathing forced into normal rhythm, she raised her oaken eyes to Edena. Wenn Cinn had not only informed Jien about Edena being a security risk and her being denied further access to phasers, but also verified Jona's betrayal - having heard every word of it from inside the Captain's Yacht. Therefore, there was some gravity to this meeting, and it served to return Jien to the present quite fast - even if she saw Cameron writhing in pleasure whenever she blinked.

"So, I take it you have made a decision?" she said, hoping the thickness to her voice was easily mistaken for hidden feelings about the resignation. It would only illustrate the truth of it. Jien did not want this, even if she saw the reasoning behind it.

Post by: Triage on 2015-08-21, 18:55:10

The seconds weren't all that long, and maybe Ives was just busy preparing the headman's axe for her. She could *almost* hear Kiya gently chiding her to not be such a suicidal pessimist. But really, would it be far-fetched in light of recent events? She begged to believe otherwise, contrary to Kiya's advice. Not that Kiya was around at all. No, she'd be away for a little while longer, Edena suspected. Along with Illya and Jona. Long enough for her talk with Ives, in total private. Just her, Edena, and her captain. She fidgeted a while, taking the opportunity to compose herself, and straighten up. When she finally heard the feminine voice of Jien Ives beckon her to enter. She took the opportunity, probably for the last time, as a first officer to skip the whole whole passing through Yeoman Henshaw first. Edena felt her nerve wouldn't stand up to seeing even one other soul before she spoke with the captain. The Yeoman was very straight-to-the-point from what she had seen so far, though she wondered what she was like with the captain.

When she entered the room, nothing looked out of place, and yet, something felt amiss. She couldn't help giving the room a quick once-over. Unlike Jona, Edena lacked subtlety or the swagger and air of absolute confidence, so her examination was as obvious as the shining rays of the sun. She had noticed something shiny and familiar looking in the ceiling, but she avoided pausing or dwelling on why a rank insignia was stuck to the ceiling. *Maybe the captain was bored and started shooting sharp objects to see what would stick...*she told herself.

The voice of Ives was thick, and emotional, which was a little heartening to Edena, but she was all-the-more resolved to go through with her decision. It was unfortunate, but very necessary. A part of Edena that was Kiya felt a strong and deep attraction towards the male form of Ives, and in a ways, that feeling extended into Edena herself, who developed a desire to safeguard the captain. And the best tactical way she could achieve this goal would be to distance herself from Ives as much as possible. So when the question was asked, the young Trill woman nodded her head, "Yes ma'am, I have."

She gave her captain a tight smile, practiced, by the looks of it, because that smile never reached her tired and sad eyes. Her hands clasped behind her back, she stood at semi parade rest, almost remindful of Jona, except her shoulders were slumped, and she was not trying to be assertive, just trying to get a point across.

"I'm sure you've had the reports about what happened before you reached the Hangar. But so that I'm not assuming anything...Jonatriedtosellusoutbutwestoppedhimbecausehe'sajerk."

Her eyes widened at her own frantic explanation, took a breath, and tried again, "He tried to throw in his lot with *Vasser*." She spat the name out like a bad-tasting food. "I never thought he'd do such a

thing. We never thought he would. But if he could do it once, there's not telling or guarantee he won't try again."

Post by: Triage on 2015-08-21, 18:55:10

Henshaw finally had some headway with her uniform when Edena finally entered. It made the young woman move even more quietly and breath more lightly than before. When did the Ready Room become so mind-numbingly quiet? It was like you could hear a pin dropping.

A pin dropped.

A hairpin to be precise, and while it was probably just her panicky mind on overdrive, Henshaw thought it sounded like a quantum torpedo going off in the room. Grabbing the offending pin and shoving it back in place, she tried to finish the rest of her dressing. Since when was getting dressed this challenging? Rolling her eyes to herself, she struggled in silence, and also caught the conversation between Ives and Rez. It made the woman pause in her actions. So...this Jona Rez actually tried something like that? That made him very dangerous indeed. He seemed treacherous and deadly. While she liked Edena herself well enough, the woman warranted a closer watch.

Oddly enough, it seemed Edena thought the same thing.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-23, 10:40:11

Getting a modicum of control on her voice, Jien nodded when asked if she had heard about Jona. She had heard it from Vasser himself in his acerbic commentary, and later from Wenn Cinn and Dyan Cardamone in full detail.

"Agreed," she said and folded her arms underneath her chest, looking towards the deck plating below their feet in thought. "He showed his true colours when we confronted the Ishtar Entity, and when he detailed the nature of your original mission as an SI operative aboard this ship. His rationale at those times were great examples for why I left Starfleet Intelligence behind, but this... this was something entirely different."

In the back of her head, Jien hoped that Cam was not feeling too bad about hiding in the antechamber. As it were, she ought to be able to come out of hiding since she was barely in their line of sight. It would require getting dressed, of course, but hopefully she had not forgotten something in her office.

"Jona being what he is, and because of what he has done, I can sympathise with your desire to resign," she said quietly, rubbing her brow. "Not to mention the... other reasons you mentioned in the Brig. Had I known what my male form might remind you of on a daily basis, I am surprised you have stayed by my side for so long. And Kiya... Well, you hold the memories, and the circumstances..."

Jien trailed off, not sure what she might say. There was a lot to address, so she did not know where to begin.

Post by: Triage on 2015-08-24, 15:57:58

Edena folded her arms and sighed softly, "Yeah."

It was why Edena was willing to die at that point. She wouldn't let Jona betray them all, for his own goals. She had *no* idea how treacherous and dangerous he was until then. Well, she knew, but she

just couldn't fathom that he'd cross that line. Up until then, she still thought he had some measure of principles, a sense of honour, like Ives. But she was wrong. Once again, her naive optimism was her undoing. She imitated Ives' action of looking at the deck plating. It was a bittersweet thing. Edena worked her entire life thus far to be able to become a Joiner, and to be able to contribute to Starfleet to the best of her ability. She became Joined all right, but only because circumstances left everyone with no choice, and look what that did. Edena was in a perpetual state of constant "hallucinations", and one of them was turning out to be an asshole.

All this time, after the struggle, the young Trill had to come to terms with the fact, that Starfleet was not her path. At least, it wasn't the best. Was it supposed to always be a vertical uphill struggle? She somehow doubted it. And it shouldn't be a job where one was always second-guessing ones' self. Especially now, when she knew there was someone who might try to do things just to get at Ives, and probably her too. Ives knew it too, based on all she was saying, plus all that they talked about earlier in the brig. She smiled wanly at the captain, "It wasn't...your fault."

Of course, the memory of the experience would forever be etched in her mind. She still gave involuntary shudders when she thought about it, and whenever she saw Ives in her male form. But she had to keep telling herself it wasn't him/her in control. It was that...thing. "Captain, none of the ghosts are present, especially Jona. Right now. It's just me, and you. I just want you to know, I am, and always will be grateful to you, for all you've done for me, and for giving me a second chance when I didn't deserve any."

She ran a cold palm over the side of her neck, the other clutching her command pins and rank insignia. "Unfortunately, Jona's unpredictability and his willingness to sell us out...it...it's just foolish for me to stay, and for you to let me. He cannot be allowed access to weapons and anything else where he might do harm to the crew."

She stepped closer to the captain, and held out her palm with her pin and insignia, "Captain Jien Ives. It is with deep regret and after a long time of serious contemplation, that I hereby resign my position as Commander and First Officer of the *Theurgy*, and from Starfleet, effective immediately. Please accept my command pins."

Biting her lip, she fought to keep a tear from getting out. "It's for the best. I need to find my own way in life, and it isn't going to be in Starfleet. Granted, I don't exactly have a vast array of options right now, but I'll figure something out."

"Also," she added with a wave of her index finger, "Don't let what happened on Niga affect your actions with me. It wasn't within your ability to control." She quirked her lips, "Plus, Kiya and I kind of like *him*." She meant the male form of Jien Ives.

Post by: Triage on 2015-08-24, 15:57:58

Henshaw finally managed to finish dressing, and none-too-soon. She settled herself into the chair, and tried to look like she'd been there the whole time. Not much to be done about her hair. If anyone asked, she'd just say she was going for the wild haired look. Her eyes widened when she heard Edena Rez announce her resignation from Starfleet. Was this really the best time for officers to be quitting??? But then she weighed the woman's problems with one of her ghosts, and realized, it was probably for the best. Yeah, it was. But she did her best not to judge. They'd all been forced to do questionable things. She stifled the urge to laugh when Edena admitted that she and one of her ghosts liked the male form of Jien Ives. Truthfully, she ought to be feeling jealous. But she wasn't. Ives looked darn

good as a man. Who wouldn't like him? Plus, it was a good thing that he add an attraction besides his/her charisma and capacity as a captain.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-28, 02:03:45

Benumbed, Jien accepted the rank insignias from Edena. It was not often in her career that she had experienced such a complete resignation, much less when she was the Commanding Officer. There were protests on her mind, motivations to be said for her to stay in service, but in the end, Jien knew that Edena was right. A precaution as much as it was something she wanted in her heart. She had been granted a rare opportunity as First Officer, and it was even more strange to Jien that she would end up a civilian aboard. Removed from all duties, when they sorely needed women like her on the active duty roster.

Yet Jona was right there with her, waiting to strike out whenever he saw the chance, it seemed, so her being removed did serve the integrity of the mission and eliminated risks otherwise hard to avoid. When Edena came aboard, her mission from Starfleet Intelligence was to preserve the integrity of the prototype tech aboard the Theurgy, and Jona had been prepared to do so by any means necessary. His belief in the mission parameters had been that the entire crew complement aboard was expendable if the tech might fall into the hands of enemies to the Federation. Even in a civilian position, and with the knowledge that Jona possessed about the Theurgy specifically, he still constituted a very potent risk to the crew even if he was restricted to civilian security access.

Jona was even a great risk to Jien's own person, since he knew the nature of Jien's abilities as a Chameloid. Edena was trapped, unable to serve and unable to completely trust herself, yet she faced this truth so bravely. She even made a joke after handing over her rank insignia, wagging her finger at Jien and reassuring her that her male form might have attempted to do something vile because of the Niga virus, but that she and Kiya still liked it that version of her. It made Jien rub her own temple and chuckle - slowly shaking her head as she looked down at the deck plates.

"You have a bigger heart than most of us," she said and looked up, folding her arms underneath her chest. There was no way to... *comfortably* address the compliment that she had made upon her male form, but perhaps she could reciprocate. In fact, she knew she could - the words unlocked and coming freely. "For what it's worth, I regret how I doubted you when you first told me and the Senior Staff your real name. When you let us know your true affiliation and mission parameters - objectives surely set and to be enforced by Jona Rez before he died. I should not have let Wenn Cinn throw you into the Brig. I should have listened to you more readily. But at the time... we were still at Starfleet's mercy, still not having escaped the range of the fleet's collective sensors. I felt that I could not afford the risk of a spy roaming freely aboard, but I know now that I should have trusted you."

Catching the implications of her own words just as she said them, she chuckled ruefully. "Then again, I suppose I have just been proven right. Perhaps I was right not trusting you after all."

It was all in good nature, the bitter-sweet joke, but it was still difficult to imagine that Edena would not be at her side any more, having done so much for her and the crew after she lost Commander Nerina during the Niga Incident. Images, glimpses of what had befallen the former First Officer of hers, they still came to her at night, along with the actions of others during that nightmarish time. Savagely, Jien suppressed the memories.

"Any idea what you will do to pass the time?" she asked with a faint smile, wondering if Edena's ruminations had come so far as to suggest an off-duty way of aiding their cause. "Where will I most likely find you?"

Too late, Jien realised that the question might imply something more, and she became painfully aware that Cam was listening and likely wondering what she had meant too. Worst of it was that she didn't know herself.

Post by: Triage on 2015-08-29, 10:23:39

When the pins fell from her cold hands into Ives', Edena felt the weight of something leave her shoulders. She knew she shouldn't be feeling so lightened when the captain still had such a great burden. But she/he had a damn fine crew, a crew that she too cared deeply for, as her friends, as people she would die for, something Jona would never understand. It was because of that thought, Edena allowed herself to feel better, for herself, and for Ives. This was how she would protect the captain and crew. By keeping herself from the opportunity to harm them, to keep Jona at bay. She watched Ives' face, to figure out what the Chameloid was thinking, when she chuckled, and then looked down.

"You have a bigger heart than most of us."

"Heh..." Edena smiled and gazed at the deck plates, she wondered if it would make the floor a more interesting place to look at if they were allowed to do some murals and artworks. Great, now she was thinking like Illya or Ida. She couldn't be sure how much of the Andorian was getting to her. She considered Ives' words, and smiled sweetly, "I didn't exactly make it easy for you lot."

She shrugged her slender shoulders, "You *can* trust me, Kiya and even Illya...but Jona? And who's to say he might not one day masquerade as me? Or the other two?" She looked down again, "What a contradiction. You can trust me with your life, and yet, you can't, or you'd die."

She grinned as she looked up at Ives, "I hope they don't make a holovid about us. This scene would give everyone a headache." And she laughed at her own joke. It was so absurd, how could she not laugh?

One eyebrow arched, and she felt her own heart racing just a little, with the way that question was asked. Edena was glad that despite her resignation, she still would like to see her. It was something the young woman cherished deeply. "For now, you can always ask Thea. Unfortunately, I haven't quite figured out where I could go..." her mind blanked for a second, and then she suddenly thought about Below Decks, what she'd seen of it when she beamed over with Henshaw and the captain prior to her abduction by Vasser. "You know...maybe I'll be at Below Decks. I think there's something there that Illya and I could do to help out, and keep myself busy for as long as it will take us to get home safely."

She said it more as a when than an if. Such was her faith in Ives.

Post by: Triage on 2015-08-29, 10:23:39

Henshaw had busied herself with her PADD, thumbing through data and also keeping an ear on the conversation with Edena and her captain. It wasn't like she had much choice; the distance wasn't enough to put her out of earshot. And she quirked a lip upwards when she heard Ives' last question to Edena. It seemed like she had a little healthy competition with Edena for Ives' attention. Or maybe not. After all, Denobulans were quite unusual in their extended family ideals, where they all had three spouses, both the men and the women, which basically could interconnect the entire planet through marriage. It was hilarious, and an interesting culture.

Now, Henshaw wasn't that open to sharing love. But on the other hand, she didn't feel it was her place to begrudge the captain if he/she chose to have more than one close companion. But she'd most likely pull back if that were the case, focus her skills and talents in other ways. And that perhaps, made her realize she wouldn't like that. She wanted Ives' whole attention. It was a bit of a headache, so like she would do these days, she pushed the thought aside to process at a later time. Right now would not be the best time. Edena was already making plans for civilian life aboard the Theurgy. Seemed like the woman had it all together, for someone with a case akin to multiple personality disorder, that was rather impressive.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-29, 22:06:02

Hearing Edena suggest that she might be helping out in Below Decks brought mixed feelings. On one hand, Jien's immediate thought was that Edena's talents and experience would go to waste there - a place that she had come to associate with the kind of seedy Greek bar that William Regal had turned it into before his passing. He'd even had a hologram that would flip its skirt at his command, at least at intervals between the times when Jien had ordered Security to purge that holographic matrix from the place. Since Regal's death, it had been a desolate place run by more nondescript holograms, few people going there.

Then again, the place had earned itself a new reputation since Theta Eridani IV, when the Irish celebrity had begun to turn the place into something far more respectable. Rory Callahan seemed to run the place in a way far more befitting a starship. And knowing how Edena had served in the capacity of Asst. Chief Counselor before she revealed her true name, perhaps she could make a difference to crew morale if she was there, lending an ear and a word whenever it was needed. It was only speculation at that point.

"I will make sure to come down and see how you are settling in, and to hear what your plans are. I wou-"

There was a chirp from the antechamber, heralding the first of many appointments with different officers. At the moment, Jien regretted that she had asked for reports from all departments by the hour, but it was the only way for him to ensure that the crew and ship operations would get up and running again. It meant, however, that this meeting would have to come to an end, even if there was so much more to be said.

"My apologies," she said, taking a deep breath, "We'll speak again before the morrow, about when this is to be made official. There is the matter of your successor to settle on, and countless other things to solve before I may earn some rest tonight. Thank you, Edena, for now."

Post by: DocReno on 2015-08-12, 23:46:26

[Main Sickbay | Surgical Section | Deck 07]

Kae was going around from deck to deck to try and get as much of Thea's emitter network back up online that was damaged during the attempt by Declar and his people to take Thea but as hard as he worked, he still couldn't get over the events of the day which made even him slightly disturbed.

As he started on the first of the surgical suite's emitters, he couldn't help but be thankful that both Rihen and Skye made it out safe with him as did Thea..but he hadn't heard anything about Soo Young, Oracle. He knew that some of the pilots had been injured and a couple of them were dead but

Soo was too nice to have something like that happen to her and he hoped that she was okay.

Kae quickly pulled out the damage sections of the emitter and started to check each one of them over as he had done with each singular emitter so far. While they were all damaged by the sabotage, not everything was completely damaged and with every bit of corrupt code that he could find was another piece of a potential way of helping Thea keep from ever being used like this again. Despite T'Rena's opinion and views, Thea was a living entity with her own hopes and dreams and didn't deserve to be treated as nothing more than some weapon by someone who claimed to be dedicated to pure logic but was instead a simple savage.

Kae stopped and shook his head to clear it, it was events like this that only helped to serve his preference to photonic beings rather than the flesh and blood ones.

But he stopped in mid thought and looked over at Rihen then allowed himself a slight smile. *Well, maybe not all of them* he thought to himself before he went back to work.

Kae was trying not to allow himself a moment to admire the impressive nature of Rihen's cleavage as she helped him adjust one of the more heavily damaged emitters in Surgical Suit. He was standing on the empty bio-bed in order to reach into the emitter in question and he privately enjoyed the ability to glance down the front of the Risan's outfit as he worked, stopping only long enough to nod respectfully to Nicander's own nod of acknowledgement.

"Do you think Captain Ives will forgive Thea for what she did?" Kae heard Rihen ask from one side as he was making minute changes to Thea's emitter near Surgical-Three and raised one of his eyebrows at the question.

"To be honest I think s/he might take into consideration that Thea was effectively trying to help Cala in the only way that she thought that she could..like any mother would try to do for thier own child." Kae said as he thought back to the immense gamble that Thea had undertaken with the theft of the Reaver from the Theurgy's Tactical Hanger and the situation that in the end lead to Rihen asking the question that she'd just asked.

Kae thought back to his own childhood and closed his eyes tightly for a second to block how certain feelings that tried to come up with those memories and pushed them down as the thought process helped him to complete a cycle of questions that had been in his mind for the past while.

But then again there was a fair question as Thea had been unusually quiet on the subject herself to him and he had been working hard to bring her back up to full strength across the ship that composed her physical form...so why wouldn't she had said something to him about it by now?

Kae looked down into Rihen's heterochromatic eyes and then gave a light gallic shrug. "But between you and me, Rihen, I think that Thea might be blaming herself and in turn she may think that the captain may punish her for her actions but , but still..your question does bring up many possibilities." he said with a hint of registration in his tone.

As he reinserted the circuit that he'd been working on and watched with a quiet satisfaction as glowed with a light lime green of a healthy connection instead of the harsh red that he'd been seeing, he pulled the next one out to examine it. "We can only wait and see what happens next. By the way, do you know anyone else that didn't make it, Rihen?" he asked

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-19, 13:37:00

Working alongside Kae, Rihen listened to what he was thinking about Thea's actions and what the Starfleeter shape-shifter might do about it. Personally, she had no idea, but those Starfleeters went on and on about the import of obeying orders and all that, so there was no telling what might happen. Perhaps nothing. Perhaps... Well, how were they supposed to say 'naughty, naughty girl' to the digital spirit whom they all relied upon in order to breathe the very air around them? It seemed the sweet Bajoran did not know either.

"Hmm?" she look up at him and realised that he had asked her a question. Skye Carver remained silent, looking contemplative in a corner, so it had to be him asking. "Oh, well, I have picked up some gossip now that we have been in Sickbay for a while. Heard some nurses taking in one of the restrooms. Evidently, there was a lot of shooting down in the Fighter Assault Bay when that other Captain took over. Two of those Valkyries opened fire while *inside* the hangar. Many dead. So awful. I really admire those pilots and the technicians working there. Such a tragedy."

Rihen noticed that Skye Carver was not looking so contemplative anymore, and that was when she realised that she was one of those fighter pilots and not just a shuttle pilot. Blood draining from her face, Rihen felt compelled to say more now that she had begun, otherwise she did not know what the blonde human would do to her.

"Three pilots dead, one in the battle with the Calamity-ship. A fourth one - Thomas Ravon, or Razor - is still missing after the fighting. I am sorry. The dead were called... Nightmare, Quake and... Yeah, the last one was called Oracle."

In two seconds, Skye Carver was gone from the room - undoubtedly heading out there to find the bodies, or to go down to the hangar. Rihen called after her. "I'm sorry, I didn't know... I..." She sighed, looking up at Kae, distraught at telling the woman that her friends had died in such a crude fashion.

Then she saw the look on his face.

Post by: DocReno on 2015-08-22, 20:18:29

"Three pilots dead, one in the battle with the Calamity-ship. A fourth one - Thomas Ravon, or Razor - is still missing after the fighting. I am sorry. The dead were called... Nightmare, Quake and... Yeah, the last one was called Oracle."

Lin Kae's mind and body as one suddenly stopped and he looked down at a woman that he was particulrly fond of with a look that was possibly new to his youthful looking face.

Despair.

Soo young had been the second Tacical CONN officer that he'd slept with, Skye being the first, but she was the more interesting of the two and he recalled the morning after the festival, waking up next to her naked and not recalling the events of the night before.

But then everything started to click and oh how did they start to click. They had gone from a little bit more than slightly awkward introductions to his first time sharing a shower with someone, he remembered everything about her from the feel of her skin, the taste of her lips, the feeling of how tight she was around him..everything.

But most importantly he remembered how he felt just being there with her. Yes it was his first time with a telepath but there was something else he felt and he hoped that he could find out more about that.

And now she was gone.

He didn't see Skye suddenly leaving the room at a dead run and he scantily remembered hearing Rihen saying "*I'm sorry, I didn't know... I...*"

Without closing up the emitter, Kae climbed down from where he was and without getting any of his tools together, he honestly couldn't think as he just stood there, his face was blank with despair as he felt nothing.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-23, 10:40:11

Biting her lower lip, Rihen saw Lin Kae climb down, and she wanted to keep apologising for her mistake. She had not known - but she should have known - just how close the crew of the Theurgy had become after the hardships they had been through. The young engineer had climbed down, and the look in his eyes spoke volumes. She tried to recall if she had heard some rumours about Kae and the Lone-Wolves, but she fell short. She had no idea about which name, or names, had been the trigger for his despair.

"I'm so sorry," she whispered and stepped up to him, embracing him and holding him tightly, "I did not mean to let you know like this. It just slipped out. I'm sure someone better than me would have told you eventually, but as far as I came to know them during the week on Theta Eridani IV and during *Lohlunat*, they were fine people. All of them. Was..."

She paused, swallowing and blinking away compassionate tears of her own, and she stroked his short hair with her fingers while she held him. "Was any one of them particularly close to you?" she ended up asking quietly, offering all the warmth and comfort she could give him in the embrace. They might only have come to know each other on Nimbus III before the mutiny brought them together again, but she was nonetheless generous towards him. He might have altered the industrial replicator when she left her, fooled her, but she realised that did not mean anything to her now. While she still dreamed of rebuilding Paradise City and making it worthy of its name, she now knew that she had come to accept the fact that unless the Theurgy's mission was successful, it would not matter what she did back home.

And in that acceptance, she had come to forget the sadness she had harboured about being tricked by Kae and the other Starfleeters. This crew needed her. She felt an obligation to make them laugh and rejoice in the smaller things... Which made her mistake all that much worse to her.

Post by: DocReno on 2015-08-24, 02:24:19

Kae didn't say anything at first for some strange reason before he finally nodded. "Yes..her name was Soo Young Seung.." was the only thing that he could think to say as he blinked something out of his eyes which made him reach up and he found that he'd been tearing up.

It wasn't usual for him to be at such a loss but there was a strange feeling that just wasn't there and it was really confusing him. "Rihen, I'm at a loss for how to describe how I'm feeling..I just feel..empty."

Kae didn't know what else to do but he simply buried his face in Rihen's shoulder and let himself just collapse for a little bit quietly in her presence, not really caring at all who saw him as every bit of stress of the past few hours suddenly hit him all at once and with the impact of a starship crashing into a planet.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-28, 02:03:45

Hearing Lin Kae say the name of the pilot made Rihen understand how much it had affected him, and the pain was so obvious it made her heart ache for him. His pain was hers because she had caused it, even if she knew he'd learn about Soo Young Seung's death in some other way, eventually. Then again, she was just the messenger, while the true cause for his pain was this merciless enemy that had sent the Calamity to hunt them.

As a mere civilian engineer, Rihen did not know if the threat had put the two crews at each others' throats, or if the actions of Vasser and T'Rena had led to the same result even if the Calamity had never arrived in their time and killed so many of the Starfleeters. Was there any difference, though, when the dead were still dead and the ones living still had to face another day at the run? These poor souls all around her deserved some respite, and to restore their faiths in their common cause before they went off on the crazy attempt to board a Starbase filled with people who thought them all traitors.

One thing could be said about the Starfleeters, and that was that they certainly did not lack in courage.

"It is all right to feel empty," she said to Kae and stroked his hair while they embraced. "You have just lost someone you cared for, and that loss is felt as a void inside you - a wound that will heal over time. You just need to find the time to grieve, and to remember her not because of what happened to her, but because of what you and her shared."

Little did she know exactly what had happened between Lin Kae and the pilot that very morning.

by: Zenozine on 2015-08-23, 21:34:29

[Meanwhile | Intensive Care]

Hylota walked over to the body and looked down at it coldly as she clenched her one good fist. In her isolation Hylota took this time to speak to the body in a cold, angered tone. "You are lucky you died from the wounds you received, a waste of matter, if I had found you alive I could not guarantee you would ever fully recover without constant suffering in your life, but now as you are I can still ensure that you are never able to get a respectful end." Hylota did not far talk, it was not like the systems in the room were all working, audio recording was still out in most of the Sickbay.

Hylota went through the usual procedure of preparing the body for transfer, getting it into a body bag and onto a gurney before walking to a storage space to get an embalming fluid to administer, but Hylota rubbed the side of her head and then intentionally grabbed a chemical that would accelerate decomposition and she administered it before heading off to the morgue with her delivery. As she walked she recited her explanation of her actions in her head. "Oh No...I...No, I am so sorry, I must have gotten confused as I-" No that was too foolish sounding... "I apologize, in all the stress I must have grabbed the wrong chemical as I was preparing the body, embalming is not a practice I have spent much time-" No she had to keep it simple... "I apologize, I had no idea I made such an error. I admit I should not have been working, if I had made such a mistake with a patient I could have done irreparable damage. I accept any punishment for my mistake." Yes that was what she would say, simply take charge of the situation and mark it as a failure on her part to administer the proper chemical, make it seem like stress, it would be believable.

As Hylota arrived at the morgue she placed the body among the others and filled out the information, intentionally making tiny mistakes to add to her case, and with that she turned and left, the body behind her and her duty before her, taking a deep breath Hylota walked back to the Sickbay, there

was a lot of work to be done and little time to waste. But at least she knew for sure that the people who had harmed her brother were dead and ruined for their deeds, no one would ever look upon their bodies with fond memories ever again, no the body she had just left would be looked upon with sickening disgust, and in all honestly it all did help to make it all bearable for Hylota in the end as she took on her duty as nurse without any complaint and got to work.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-08-29, 01:51:58

[Main Sickbay Corridor]

When Master Chief Petty Officer William Robert "Billy Bob" O'Connell arrived with Crewman Dom Fok in tow, the line outside sickbay wasn't hard to find. A line of defeated, frightened, and glassy eyed people watched closely by a team of security personnel trailed out into the corridor.

"Don't wander off," the master chief grunted as Crewman Fok tried to lag behind. The entire trip to sickbay Billy had kept the crewman's wrist in a vicelike grip. If he didn't keep a weather eye on the lad Fok just might try to kill himself just to stop the voices in his head. "This the line for the hypnotized people?" he asked Senior Chief Petty Officer Calvin 'Animal Mother' Reagar of the security division.

"It ain't the line for the mess hall," the burly one point nine three meter security specialist quipped back. Like O'Connell, Cal Reagar was a veteran of the Dominion War and had seen action both in space and planet side. "I'm not surprised that you're not in this line Master Chief. What's the matter, too paranoid to let your guard down?"

"I guess even a stopped chronometer is right once a day," O'Connell nodded as Crewman Fok took his place in line. Who would have guessed that Starfleet's reigning conspiracy theorist's paranoia would keep him out of trouble? "Well I gotta git back t' work," he admitted with a rueful sigh. "No rest for the wicked."

"Makes you wonder how the Vulcans who are gettin' everyone back to normal are handling it," Cal Reagar mused thoughtfully. "Contacting that many messed up minds. Can't be good for 'em."

"You got that right," O'Connell nodded. "I guess no matter how bad your job is somebody's got one that's worse."

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-08-29, 01:51:58

After finishing up in surgery, Doctor Maya washed up and changed out of her surgical scrubs before making her way to the corridor. She waited until Cir'Cie was finished deprogramming yet another compromised crewman before speaking. "I apologize for the delay, but I've been in surgery," Maya said with a formal nod. "I am available to relieve you if you need to rest. Your ordeal must have been quite grueling."

Maya had been delayed for quite some time. Even though the combat with the *Calamity* hadn't resulted in any serious casualties, the Vasser's mutiny had kept the greenblooded physician in surgery longer than she had expected. Doctor Saugn had made herself scarce and Doctor Nicander had only recently returned to sickbay. Maya hadn't been spared a moment to look for either of them and had been forced by her duty to use her Vulcan discipline to suppress her concern.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-09-01, 09:45:47

The line of mutineers had been long, but the progression swift enough. Less than half the estimated number had been treated - minds restored to the inevitable guilt.

When Doctor Maya came to relieve her, Cir'Cie had experienced her fair share of T'Rena's taint. A stain of madness not keenly felt until enough minds reflected it over and over again. She stepped into a hall of mirrors each time she applied her hand to the faces of the mutineers, and T'Rena was there - an elusive spectre of malign intent that cast its image across the minds of her victims. The only boon to the repetition was that Cir'Cie became more skilled at finding the source of the reflections - the scar of her touch upon innocent minds.

Lowering her hand, Cir'Cie turned her head to look at Doctor Maya. At first, she was not satisfied with the answer she wanted to give the older Vulcan - her throat locking when she meant to say that the ordeal was manageable. Then she realised that it would be a lie. Only then, the fact that she would not have to chase through another deceased mind settled in her own, and she raised a hand to fold it around Doctor Maya's wrist. Slowly, she raised Maya's hand towards her own face.

"If you would cleanse m-me, I can do the same for you... after you have taken care of the rest." Her halcyon voice had almost held throughout the sentence, but it was frayed at the edges from what she had absorbed. All the violations, the sensations and the sights, the killings and the decisions that sprung from the Acolytes will. It was too much to hold on to. It needed to be gone.

Post by: Doc M. on 2015-09-03, 05:29:48

"If you would cleanse m-me, I can do the same for you... after you have taken care of the rest."

This was the reason Maya had left surgery as soon as she heard that Doctor Nicander had returned. Asking someone who had been compromised to deprogram the others was a tall order. For Cir'Cie to be mentally contacting others was medically inadvisable to say the least, for both the greenblooded scientist and her patients.

Cir'Cie's offer to cleanse Maya's thoughts was unexpected, but understandable. After purging multiple minds of T'Renna's influence, it was prudent to have one's psyche cleansed of accumulated contamination in order to prevent any long term influences. After the final patient was deprogrammed, Maya was planning to sequester herself for at least eighteen hours so she could meditate and purge her thoughts of both T'Renna's contamination and what Kilinvoss had done to her. She had purified her mind multiple times as a surrogate back on Vulcan, the discipline of self-purification was essential for being a surrogate. The thought of Cir'Cie, who Maya perceived as a patient herself, to offer to assist Maya in purging T'Renna's contamination from her mind was disconcerting.

"That shouldn't be necessary, Cir'Cie," Maya replied in what she thought was a comforting maternal tone. It would have sounded a bit cool to a human's ears but Cir'Cie would no doubt sense the feeling behind it. "One doesn't serve as a surrogate on Vulcan without learning how to purge oneself of unwanted influences."

It was quite a confession. No one on Vulcan drew attention to being a surrogate back in Maya's day. It was something one never talked about. In the modern era medication and training had almost rendered the *ponn farr* surrogate obsolete. But after all Cir'Cie had been through Maya wasn't concerned about being judged by her sister Vulcan. After Cir'Cie had made contact with so many troubled minds, Maya had no doubt the younger woman would understand perfectly.

First things first. It was essential to administer to the patient. "Clear your thoughts," Maya murmured

as her fingertips touched the left side of Cir'Cie's face. "Let down your barriers. My mind to your mind. My thoughts, to your thoughts," she whispered as she isolated T'Renna's message and the anguish it caused. "Forget."

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-08-25, 00:59:09

[Zaraq's Quarters | Deck 09]

Hayden stood outside Zaraq's quarters and rang the chime for the second time, her anxiety level increasing. According to Thea, the Klingon Master-at-Arms was in his quarters but was simply not answering. Her mind told her not to jump to the worst conclusions even as her gut told her not to ignore them. For all she knew, the Klingon was simply in the refresher unit, too preoccupied to respond to her chime. Gods' knew, recent events were enough to mess with anyone's stomach.

Still, she felt something was wrong. Zaraq had been a victim of mind control and according to her text alert, he'd been recently healed by Cir'Cie. Like the others, he had been instructed to return to his quarters and await her arrival. As much as she wished she could only mini all emotional risk, she couldn't attend to everyone at once, which meant everyone would have to sit and process the weight of what had been done to them and what they had done to others, at least for a certain amount of time, alone.

Trusting her gut, and unable to withstand the anxiety any longer, Hayden decided she had no choice but to override his door using her security code. To her relief, the doors promptly hissed open without incident, and the counselor stepped inside the eerily silent room. "Lieutenant? Are you here? It's Counselor O'Connor."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-08-29, 00:25:29

Breathing heavily through his nostrils, Zaraq sat in an armchair - facing the door with the collar of his uniform undone. He had not asked the Ship A.I. to turn the lights on, so the only luminescence came from a couple of glowing control panels and the computer console sitting on the table next to him. He might have heard the chirping of the door, but he had chosen to ignore it. Too heavy were the thoughts that weighed down on him, the recollection of his actions making it hard to breathe, so he focused on that. Breathing, alternating by trying to shy away from the images that came to him as he sat there, and to absorb them all in their sharp details.

Breathing, he was too aware of the gleaming piece of metal in his coarse fingers. The hand phaser was a small thing, but enough to serve its purpose. At it's highest kill-setting, the end would come swiftly, and without margin for error. The only issue that remained... was his bravery, for he did not know if he was ready despite how he deserved to die a coward's death.

Sto-Vo-Kor, it was where in his people's mythology the grand afterlife awaited, yet only for the honoured dead. All their true warriors went there after they died. They fought an eternal battle against great enemies, proving themselves the champions alongside their ancestors. Yet in light of what atrocities Zaraq had done, he knew himself to be dishonored, and instead to be ferried on the Barge of the Dead to *Gre'thor*. Fek'Ihr, the monstrous being of ancient stories awaited him at the gates of *Gre'thor*, and he would fight it like all the dishonoured had done before him. For he did not deserve *Sto-Vo-Kor*. No he would be at Fek'Ihr mercy, made to weep in defeat until he lost track of the millennia.

Hence the hesitation. Trapped between the death he deserved and accepted, the impossible

redemption and promise of Sto-Vo-Kor, and the chirping of the damnable door. To make it stop, he needed just push the button of the Starfleet weapon. A meek press of the thumb, and he would have done right by his victims, and made to suffer for what he had done. An exiled Klingon, name put to shame for crimes he did not commit, would give merit to his people's slander, and die for his ignominy. Yes, it was only right.

The cirping of the door had ended. It was time.

He raised the measly weapon to the side of his shaved head... and bared his teeth in bitterness.

Yet the door opened before his thumb ground down upon the button, and momentarily, he thought the sharp light from the corridor was the phaser going off and that he died, yet he saw the dark silhouette in the doorway, and knew that it was no Klingon to man the barge. It was a human, and he was yet alive. Eyes narrowed against the light, he defied the will to throw the weapon aside in shame for the cowardly act he was about to commit. No, for it was only right, and he bared his teeth at her, nostrils flaring, because she was about to dishonour his victims by making him stay his hand.

"Get out, female," he rasped - voice reverberating in his chest and in the air of his dark quarters. His silence broken, he dared her step inside. "I care not for words. I merely need respite. So whoever you are, leave... and do not look back."

The rough surface of his thumb teased the button of his phaser - end swift to come.

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-09-01, 02:42:22

After entering Zaraq's quarters, announcing herself, and receiving no answer, she might have stopped in her tracks and simply listened for a moment. After all, as she'd already considered, there were probably a million reasons the Klingon wasn't answering the door and at least half of them were benign. Even the darkness wasn't enough to initiate maximum panic, as she reasoned after receiving the healing mind meld that would restore his mind to some semblance of normalcy following the attempted mutiny, the Master-at-Arms was likely exhausted. She didn't know the man personally, but given what she knew of Klingon culture, it wouldn't have surprised her if he elected to take a nap rather than wait for her to arrive so that he might talk about his feelings about the brainwashing he'd received. Starfleet regs aside, Klingons and other races like them, not to mention particularly stubborn humans, didn't exactly make a secret of their disdain for counseling. To some, expressing even the barest hint of an uncomfortable feeling was the equivalent of advertising personal weakness. Of course, these were the people Hayden wanted to approach the soonest, because in her experience, these were some of the folks who had the hardest time coping with trauma.

She would later remember what came next seemed to hit her in slow motion, her eyes taking an agonizingly long time to adjust to the darkness. When they finally did and the light illuminated the full horror-filled reality, her brain didn't immediately process it at first. It was only when Zaraq ordered her to leave and it felt as though his voice actually rumbled the deck plates beneath her that she knew she wasn't sleeping and she wouldn't wake with relief from this nightmare. Indeed, there was no denying this was a counselor's worst nightmare, a circumstance one fought like hell to avoid, a circumstance one didn't even talk about aloud for fear it might become a reality. This was her warp core breach, her cardiac arrest, her mutiny.

As she'd been required to do so many times before in just the past few hours, Hayden forced herself to take a slow, centering breath. She'd worked with plenty of suicidal people before, but never had she come upon anyone on the verge of taking his life. Still, O'Connor knew she didn't have a lot of time to

turn things around, especially as she noted Zaraq didn't even bother to lower the phaser when he saw her. Either it was just part of the image he wanted to project so she would leave him alone, or he was truly determined to take his own life, and he didn't give a damn who knew it. Saying a silent prayer for strength, Hayden replied calmly, "I'm Counselor O'Connor and I won't dishonor myself by turning and walking away from you in this moment. Would you truly ask a colleague, a fellow warrior," Hayden emphasized, "to dishonor her name?"

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-09-02, 07:06:19

When the female spoke, Zaraq curled his upper lip at her for defying his wishes. She tried to speak like a Klingon, disrespecting his people by turning his reasons into her own. But Zaraq knew humans, and it was not dishonour to walk away for them. No, they would blame themselves for not being able to prevent death, even death chosen.

"You are no warrior," he snarled at her, his gaze defying the sharp light and his thick neck thrumming with the sound of his voice, "you are a counsellor. You talk. You are not walking away because you care for those you treat, but because of your own self-perseverance. For you humans cannot stomach loss, even the loss of a stranger, and especially not when you think you can prevent it. You owe nothing to me, so *leave me be*."

Images flashed before his eyes, where Cale Winterbourne dropped dead to the deck of the bridge, and he felt nothing. He had been made to feel nothing. He barely knew the human, but the order to shoot him was flawed. It had no anchor in reason beyond the whims of his old leaders on the Harbinger. The young human had been intimate with him, and he did not even blink before firing his phaser. Madness... All of it..

"I will not listen to orders again..." He remember T'Rena standing over his bunk, the human woman named Slaverton beside him. The Vulcan was playing tricks on his mind. When she was finished, he did as she had told him in her thoughts. He struck Hannah and mated with her, holding her down. Just so that the Winter Queen might place her filthy hand on Hannah as well. She turned compliant immediately.

"I was undone," he growled, denying the wetness in his eyes - face still twisted in rage. "Not myself, but I was weak, and I deserve nothing more than the barge and to suffer for that weakness."

Why was his hand shaking? The muzzle was still pressed to his temple, so he shifted it so that he had it underneath his jaw. "They betrayed us, you and I. The Captain and the Queen... I was blind, and I failed to defy them. People died for it, people of the Ives' crew. I will never be forgiven, and I cannot leave this ship. I have nowhere to go but beyond the veil of this damned life in exile. We might die on the morrow anyway, and all this suffering would have been for naught."

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-09-07, 03:30:14

O'Connor was pleased her challenge to the Klingon Master-at-Arms had the desired effect. At least if Zaraq was angry with her, he was focused on something other than ending his life. Although she was entirely focused on keeping him alive at that moment, she was vaguely aware of the stinging impact of his words against her psychological skin like so many arrows. Hayden might not have contributed to Starfleet by engaging in hand-to-hand combat or firing a phaser, but anyone who had a remote understanding of what she did every day would certainly say she battled just as fiercely as if she had. No doubt people like Zaraq were in the battle to protect people's lives, but she was in the battle to protect their sanity, some might even say their souls. Hayden was in no way thinking of this as a

competition, and in fact, she accepted hers would be a thankless job, but she would be damned if he would imply her contributions were less important.

Whether it was merely the strain of the moment or some brilliant clinical strategy, Hayden was prepared to fire back a retort, not caring if it sounded defensive or even fatigued as long as it bought her some time, but then Zaraq's demeanor shifted and she knew he was in the midst of flashbacks only he could possibly understand. She watched as he fought his emotions, his hand literally shaking with the effort, and a single tear the only evidence that he was physically feeling anything at all. Her heart sunk as he realized what was happening and gained better control of the phaser. Hayden felt her breath quicken. She had to do something, and fast. "They betrayed us," O'Connor echoed. "You don't have to. If you leave us now, we have one less person to help us in this fight and you will have allowed their betrayal to stand as the last word. They will have won. A warrior isn't someone who leaves the battlefield at the first sign of trouble. A warrior is a warrior because he withstands true adversity and fights his way back."

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-09-09, 13:43:16

The counsellor's words stilled Zaraq's fingertip on the button of the phaser.

It was not because he searched for an excuse to not commit to his chosen fate, and that her words might be a ledge to hold on to before the fall. No, what she said about victory stilled his finger; that his act might grant merit to the Vulcan harlot that had twisted and warped his mind. That his former Captain would have defeated him even from beyond the veil of death. He had considered himself defeated and dishonoured, yet if his adversity still lasted, did that mean he was still in battle with them?

"This is not a battlefield I know," he growled, eyes lined by the conflict he fought inside, "I know neither how to make a tactical retreat nor how to prevail if I can't see the ground or the enemies I fight. All I know is that my help is not wanted any more. I have raped, murdered and humiliated the very people I swore to protect, and they will remember keenly what I have done - almost as clearly as I will."

He understood, then, that he spoke as if he would still be alive to suffer their blame; that he had already made the decision. By a small margin, he had decided to not surrender his fight against the two people that had reduced him to a monster without honour. The adversity he would know would lie in the eyes of the crew, and to maintain some kind of professional pride despite it all. With the leverage of her words alone, the human in the doorway had subjected him to this fate of shame... and he hated her for it. One day, time might have stopped the bleeding, and he might be grateful, but now... hate bled into his words despite his better knowing.

"You will have me suffer, alive, instead of suffering beyond the barge I am destined upon," he said, curling his upper lip at her. "Fine. I will suffer, and soon, I will serve - even if I am to be shunned by everyone aboard. Just grant me a day or two off duty, and I might see some way to fight for them all." The lack of hope and conviction he felt about it permeated his burly tone, but he powered down his phaser and lowered it...

...and slid it across the deck towards O'Connor. It ended up at her feet.

"If you can, would you please leave me be?" he asked her quietly after he surrendered the weapon. "So that I might think..."

Post by: The Counselor on 2015-09-20, 21:58:56

It took what felt like sheer eternity for Zaraq to respond to her words whatsoever. In fact, for the longest time, Hayden wasn't sure if she'd said anything after all, as the two of them seemed forever suspended in this most horrific of moments. When Zaraq finally spoke, there was no time for O'Connor to celebrate, or for a moment, even process his specific words beyond the realization she had managed to keep him alive.

When she steadied herself enough to think through what the Klingon Master-at-Arms was actually saying, it only drove home neither of them were out of the woods. Although the counselor understood on an intellectual level what she was hearing was the depression and trauma underlying his words, on an emotional level, she also understood a frustrated warrior facing a battle he didn't believe he could win might still perceive suicide as the more honorable option. Despite the diversity within the universe, research had upheld the idea depressed people from all species and walks of life tended to see their universe in black-and-white terms. Consequently, treating a depressed person meant helping them identify their faulty thinking and learning how to challenge such thoughts before they could burrow themselves into the being's heart as absolute truth.

How could she convince him his help was wanted? How could she convince him he was not at fault for the mind control he suffered and that he could be forgiven, that there was joy to be experienced? Could she convince him there was more to his life left in sheer exile? If she tried, which she ultimately lose even the smidgen of credibility and ground she had gained?

Once more, she found herself speaking, not entirely sure where the words were coming from, only that they came. "The battlefield you speak of is one I know well. It's not one that is conquered by physical strength, but psychological resolve. With respect to all of your physical feats, I submit the battlefield of the mind is one of the most challenging any warrior will ever face, and if you let me help you, I believe we can conquer it together. You've spoken as if all you face is misery, whether you live or die, but I would respectfully encourage you to remember that nothing is certain in battle, and good fortune is often just a breath away."

O'Connor fought every instinct she had not to exhale visibly as Zaraq slowly slid the phaser in her direction. To express that kind of vulnerability at a time when she wanted to exhibit strength could only increase his misery and indecision. She didn't want to present herself as the blind leading the blind any more than she wanted to give him reason to hate her and turn away from her at the same time. Instead, she casually picked up the phaser as nonchalantly as she dared and put it in her pocket.

When Zaraq asked if he could be left alone, her gut and her response was clear. "Leaving you alone with your thoughts at such a critical time would seem to be the equivalent of leaving a warrior on the battlefield of the mind without armor," Hayden answered honestly. "Might we talk a little longer and come up with a joint battle plan?" She asked with a wry smile. Hayden knew it was important to convey her respect for him as an individual and a warrior. He'd taken a leap of faith by turning the phaser over to her, and she wasn't about to undermine that by implying or stating out right she couldn't entirely trust him. That aside, she knew they weren't completely out of the woods and to leave him alone with his thoughts without a phaser wouldn't do anything more to secure the safety she was fighting for.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-10-09, 12:38:49

[Zaraq | Junior Officer's Quarters | Deck 07] *Attn: Hayden O'Connor*

It was strangely comforting to hear the Counsellor speak of his situation in terms he knew, so Zaraq did not offer counter-argument when Lieutenant O'Connor asked to stay with him and help him form

his battle plan. Correction, she had called it a joint battle plan, because she would fight it too - meaning to be by his side.

He had surrendered his weapon to her, for he did not need it. He needed to reinforce his battlements, and strap on thick ceramic plating, for he knew he would be besieged by not only his memories, but the blame placed upon him, and the shame that he would have to live with for the rest of his life. He was already a Klingon without a House, exiled to Starfleet and with no other recourse. He had nowhere to go. There was, however, still an illusive enemy out there to fight, so he would not just fight his personal battle. He would wage war upon the rot that had corrupted the fleet he served. If he didn't, Hayden O'Connor had shown him that it was equivalent to dishonourable defeat.

"I reckon that the first battle ahead of me... is to step out that door, and face my comrades in Security. I think that the only way to... show them that I acknowledge their blame, is to tender my resignation as Master-at-Arms. I would serve as an officer alongside the rest of them, and let someone else - someone that they can trust readily - take my place. I would not do it for myself either, not primarily, but for Wenn, for Ives, and the mission. I will not undermine the good conduct of my fellow officers by sowing spite and distrust in their sense of duty and their performance as a team."

Short as his tenure aboard the Theurgy had been, but still having learned to his department, Zaraq had a fairly good idea who would be the ideal choice as his successor. As long as she and Wenn did not let their differing Bajoran beliefs get in the way.

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-10-09, 13:46:47

[Corridor | Deck 02]

Later - the same day as the battle had been fought - Jien had one last thing of import to do, and she - being in her female form - would not be doing it alone. As she walked down the corridor, she had Lieutenant-Commander Wenn Cinn with her, along with a number of security guards trailing in their wake.

In retrospect, the fact that T'Rena had been the cause for her crew to turn against her had become an odd kind of relief. Having been mentally programmed to do the Vulcan's and Vasser's bidding, it removed the guilt upon the affected crew. It was still a difficult matter, since a lot of them remembered what they had done, and the blame would be hard to wash away, but the understanding that they were not themselves when they turned against their own would - in the end - prevail. It would not be easy, nor pretty, but the truth of the matter would win out against the hurt and heartache. In that, Jien had faith. She had to.

Yet at the onset of the mutiny, Vasser had made an announcement on the intercom. She had heard it in the turbolift on the way down from Deck 01 to the Brig.

[This is Captain Declan Vasser. I am assuming command of this ship and the mission to liberate Starfleet from it's incursion. Captain Jien Ives is ill equipped to accomplish this task, too willing to play by rules that our enemies, with superior numbers ships, will be willing to ignore in pursuit of us. Our first mission is going to be the...]

Jien remembered standing there in the turbolift next to Edena, thinking that Sjaandin Fedd had willingly sided with Vasser, along with how many else? The lasting announcement had put insult to injury.

[...Those who are willing to join this mission, and with it, become the last hope that our galaxy has, should disarm and assemble in cargo bay two. Those who insist upon resisting will be detained until they can be made to see reason. Vasser out.]

Volunteers. People who hadn't yet been compromised by T'Rena. People who saw folly in going to Starbase 84, and who rather wanted to retreat and mobilise outside the far rim of the Galaxy. To forsake protocol and the regulations of Starfleet in order to do what had to be done. They had gathered behind the door that Jien stopped in front of. It had been sealed by an Ovri nurse, with Nicander, Tovarek and a... Radiant by the name Heather McMillan sedating the defectors that had amassed inside the cargo bay. This, by lugging canisters of xenon from Waste Management and dispersing it inside the bay. It had been the Ovri's idea, and only now, internal sensors showed that the people inside had come awake.

"Open it," she said quietly, and it took two security officers and their phasers to cut the door apart. While they worked, Jien considered that the people behind that door represented something she had always known to be brewing aboard. The sum of her mistakes as a Commanding Officer leading this impossible mission they were on. The threat of mutiny, and the lack of will to fight - the weary ones who had not been able to handle the loss of lives on the Starfleet ships they had been forced to destroy in order to preserve the truth. It was something that haunted Jien every day, every night, and the people behind that door validated all the guilt she felt.

With a loud noise, the door fell apart, and it was time.

Before Wenn stopped her, Jien entered first, chin raised as she stepped over the smoking debris. Her eyes fell upon the dishevelled people inside, twelve individuals of different departments and species, and she regarded them all... one at the time. She memorised their faces and how they faced her, equivalent to how they faced up to their decision to defect to Vasser. Many did not want to hold her eye, looking away in shame. Others began to cry, perhaps in fear for their own lives. A few refused to show any emotions at all, merely standing there. One or two were angry, finally able to vent their feelings - wanting to lash out verbally with all their hurt and their blame. Yet they were silent, and the quietude in the cargo bay after all of the security team had entered was thick enough to cut with a blade - emphasised by sobbing noises.

"You may report to your superior officers now, and help out with the repairs."

As she said this, two of the silent ones crumpled to their knees, others were trembling in relief, and she realised that they must have thought she would vent them out the nearest air-lock, or that they were facing a firing squad. Such was their faith in her. Such was how they saw her. It almost made her falter. Almost. "Your presence here, and your objection towards my command has been duly noted. I will make sure to speak with all of you personally, and let you have your say. However, I will make you this promise. If you cause dissent, undermine the senior staff's authority, or attempt to rally this crew, you will return to this cargo bay... and remain here for the rest of our mission."

There was a long pause, before one of them - a shuttle pilot - spoke up. "You better tell that to the others... *Captain.*"

Jien turned her oaken eyes towards the crewman. "Who?"

"There were more of us here, at first. Many more," said the blonde human, looking stoic and angry at the same time, "but I won't cast blame on them when they are not present. They left when Lieutenant-

Commander Carrigan Trent announced that Vasser and T'Rena had killed people, claiming that they had enforced command through telepathic powers. Personally, I have a hard time believing that they would need to do that. We need no Vulcan to tell us where we are heading... and that is straight to hell."

Jien did not so much as clench her jaw - eyes unblinking. "So you would rather retreat than continue fighting?"

"We would rather *live!*" The vitriol in the pilot's tone hissed in the air. "This is a futile war, and we all know it. All those crews dead because of us, and you throw our lives away in vain? You do not have the right! We are all prisoners on this ship, and we have no claim to our own fate. It's instead decided for us, and we have no choice but to suffer the whims of your folly, and the guilt you feed our souls. Personally, I've had enough." Having said this, the man removed the rank insignia in his collar and threw it at Ives' feet. Only he did it, though, sacrificing himself so that their collective minds could be given voice.

Raising her eyes from the rank insignia, Jien faced the man squarely before she bit off her command.

"Get out," she said, and she included the rest of them by raising her voice.

She remained standing there as they filed out into the corridor, and all of them had to walk past her in order to leave the cargo bay. She was not so much angry as she was disappointed in herself. Twelve people passed her shoulder, and she was left thinking the obvious.

How many more were there?

Post by: Auctor Lucan on 2015-10-09, 15:19:33

[Main Sickbay | Deck 07]

In the end, the decision had been inevitable.

Her condition had become worse by the hour, and by 1800 hrs, Eve Jenkins had become too much of a threat to the crew. Having been on her rare medication for so long, Eve had no natural resistance towards her Deltan powers once they resurfaced. Powers that had grown out of control, and swept her sanity with it. She had become unable to retain her empathy towards the fate of her potential victims, and what she had first used to subdue mutineers during the hostile takeover had become her only priority. Six mutineers had been declared brain dead before Lucan had ordered Eve to be put into quarantine in an isolation ward. There was no way to save them. T'Rena might have warped their minds, but the touch of Eve had essentially killed them.

The deciding factor had been when Eve stopped showing remorse for her actions, and when knowing what had happened to them, she had still tried to break out of isolation and find new victims. It was only through luck that she hadn't succeeded. There had been phasers on hand in Sickbay after the mutiny, and a security guard had stunned her before she managed to seduce him. After explaining the situation to Captain Ives, and how there was no way of safely treating her with some new medication, the decision had, indeed, been inevitable.

Standing over the stasis unit, Lucan could not put words to what he felt.

They had shared years on the Academy together, and he had found her - of all people - on Nimbus III

during that away-mission. She had agreed to join the Theurgy's mission, thinking that her father had been replaced by one of the enemies, and she had served diligently through all that the crew had been through since then. But aside from her duties, Eve had been Lucan's anchor - his light house in the dark storm inside him. A reference to the past, before he was joined with the parasite. In her presence, things had become clearer - his own self reasserting itself through her affection towards the man he had been.

Now, he had no way of knowing what was him, and what was the dark surge that he could not fight. Were his thoughts begotten by the taint to his new self, or the man she had known? For what would he have done, if he lost her the way he had now? As he stood there, over her silent face, he could not tell if the grief he felt was made lesser by her closed eyes, or if it had already been diminished - a mere shadow of the man she had said she loved. He felt more numb than he had thought, and he did not know the reason.

Why had he not said he loved her as well? Was it because he still loved Kisane... or had the thing inside made him reject Eve's feelings? All he knew for certain, was that he had needed her for him to remain sane, and now she was gone...

Again, he was going to seal away a monster. The first time, he had sealed away Amikris' child, hidden it from the eyes of the crew while it grew, and it still did. It was a creature born from Ash'reem and Niga DNA, and the intention for it was certain. His kin needed it, else none of what had come to pass would have happened. This time, however, he was sealing away a monster of an altogether different kind.

A monster that had he needed, as opposed to the atrocity the thing inside had wanted him to keep.

"I..." he said, not knowing what he had wanted to say to begin with. He rephrased. "All... I have done."

All I have done.

"I have done for love."

I have done for Kisane.

Standing there, he did not know what was true. He did not even know who he was. Not any more.

- FIN

