

(Uss Illuminar- Bridge - FO - Commander Sienna Williams-Verin - 0820)

## DAY 3

[illegible]

“Blah, blah, blah,” that was all this creature ever did. She whined and complained all the time. “Blah, blah, blah.” And she never really takes that great a care of me. Hey! How hard is it to keep me fed, find a place for me to ... do my business, and could you just play with me once in a while? It was all

so frustrating. And by the way, what kind of a name is Wee Beastie? Really? I liked the idea of being called Willie Wallace, or even Barkheart. But nooooooooo! Wee Beastie it was. Ugh! So frustrating.

So yeah, when she came at me this morning with a “treat”, as she called it, and it taste like something I evacuated out of my body yesterday I was a little testy. As punishment she didn’t feed me. And that was not the final bone. The final bone came by locking me up in this doggy brig. Don’t I have any rights? Shouldn’t there have been some kind of trial, or at least a tribunal. You can really lock up intelligent creatures like myself for no reason, without any due process? That was not right. The time had come to fight back.

First, to get out I needed to make her believe that if I didn’t get out I was going to lay an amount of waste out my rear end that it would look like that experiment that got out of control a few months ago. So I whined, and whimpered incessantly until she came over.

“What the matter ya wee son of a ...,” she said. I guess she was still irritated from the nip I gave her. Finally she rolled her eyes and said, “Fine. I’ll let ye oot. But ye better be gud doggie.”

Finally I was free. Now was the time to launch my plan. She had already turned her back and was walking toward some plant that she had brought back from some mission that she hadn’t taken me on. The wench. Oh she’ll pay. She Will Pay!

I launched my first attack at her ankles. I bit hard and I bit deep, and it felt goooooood. She screamed and dropped the plant to the floor. Then she tried to kick me. If I had vocal chords that would have allowed it I would have laughed because she missed me by a mile. However it did give me an opportunity to attack her other leg. This time a little higher. I could feel my teeth dig into her muscle. The taste of the blood was a little metallic, but I wasn’t in this to enjoy the blood. This was personal.

She dropped to her knee, a little wobbly, looking at me. That was the look I was looking for. The moment when anger turned into fear. Oh yes my friend, be afraid. Be very afraid. I ran as fast as I could and launched my body into her as hard as I could. This caused her to tumble all the way to the floor and put her in the perfect position. I jumped at her face, my teeth bared. She screamed and covered her face with her arms. Perfect.

I redirected my attack from her face to her now completely exposed throat. Opening my mouth as wide as possible I slipped my teeth over the flesh then squeezed my jaws as hard as I could. The screaming changed to a different sound. It was all liquidy, and gurgles. When I was at the maximum capacity for my jaws I put one of my paws on her should and pushed away. My head pulled back bringing a large piece of her throat flesh with it.

She started to spasm and thrash around, sending squirts of blood throughout the lab. It was like it was raining blood. It was horrifying. It was fantastic. It didn’t take long for the body to stop moving. All the movement that was left was for the pooling lake of blood to roll across the floor, towards me.

Suddenly the door to the lab slid open. A familiar face in a blue uniform stepped in and let out a gasp. Then he saw me. Oh no, a witness. He was going to have to go as well. I turned and bared my teeth again, starting to move towards him. He pulled out one of the sticks that I had seen before. Maybe he was going to play after all. Suddenly a bright light poured out of the stick.

(reply anyone who cares to)  
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

The rumfus in the lab was loud enough Jatón could hear it from his office. Once it dawned on him one of his officers was in danger, he leapt from his station and dashed to the lab in question. By the time he got there, Ensign MacTaggard was on the floor, unmoving in a pool of blood. A snarling ball of fur was in the corner, looking ready to do the same to Jatón. As the creature leapt at him, looking ready to do the same, Jatón pulled his phaser from his belt and shot, praying to the ancestors it was enough to stop the thing. Luckily it was. The beast let out a yelp and crumpled to the floor, seemingly lifeless.

Jaton let out a sigh of relief, before running over to Penny. She looked in dire shape, and he feared he might already be too late. But he had to try. He hunched over the body, and tapped his commbadge. "Computer, emergency STS. Two humanoids and one animal to beam directly to sickbay."

The gruesome scene dissolved around him as he, the beast, and its hapless victim dematerialised.

(Reply Quinna, any in sickbay)  
(Posted by Spencer)

[illegible]

SO Patrick McGown had not been on the Illuminar very long. In fact, it was almost like he had just gotten there when he had been put on patrol. He really did not know the lay of the ship, but he figured that he'd figure it all out before there were any real emergencies. Then, off course, there was this SFI agent, that rumor had said that CSO Lee had all but water boarded to try and get information out of him. And then the CO was stabbed. That should have been more than enough excitement for one day. After all, what more could happen.

That was when he heard something crash in the Science Lab. He went to the door and as it opened he saw a Lieutenant in Science blues hunched over a bloody body and a small... was that a dog?... laying on the ground beside him. He watched as the lieutenant tapped his comm badge.

"Computer, emergency STS. Two humanoids and one animal to beam directly to sickbay."

As they disappeared he stepped into the room to get a better view of the situation. He saw the pool of blood and pieces of torn flesh and immediately emptied the contents of his stomach on the floor as well. When he stopped heaving he tapped his own comm badge.

"Medical emergency in the science lab. Lt Lee, I'll need you here too."

He stepped back and waited for the back up, leaning against the wall with his hands on his knees, trying to stop any further regurgitation. After a few minutes the door slid open again and four security officers came in, full combat prepared with Lee following them. It was like a scene from an old “Cop Show” he had watched as a kid. All phasers



“Can’t you tell,” said McGowan. “look around, there was some kind of animal attack. I came in here to find a Lieutenant in a science uniform leaning over a mutilated body and a dead animal laying beside him. I transported them all to sickbay.”

Lee glanced around at the mess in the lab, wondering if this was the result of the mysterious attacker. It was clear that there was no sign of the attacker. “Stand down” he said to the Security officers “Resume patrol duties.” Who was the science officer and the dead animal? It occurred to him that the only crew member who had animal was Penny and her dog. It still doesn’t explain who attacked Penny and her dog, if it was them.

“Mr McGown” said Lee “Don’t clear anything here. This is now a crime scene. I need a detailed forensic examination of the scene.”

(reply McGown)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

Quinna was fuming. She had just cleared out sickbay. Her new patient had been settled into sickbay and the security, well let's just say now was not a good time for a call.

Quinna caught the glow of a transporter in her peripheral vision. She wondered if someone was not trying to get back to her patient.

“What the Hell is happening now! I swear!” Quinna grabbed and with a jerk of her hard, she was out of sickbay and heading to the science lab.

She turned and looked to see a body on her biobed, covered in her blood. After Quinna rushed to McTaggard's side. It was clear that there was nothing to be done. "There is nothing I can do." She was sure. The only way if McTaggard was to survive is if she was a Zombie or her Ghost haunted the ship.

Quinna turned to send orders to Mason Quincy. After all, he was the medical examiner. She ended up tripping and hitting her head on the biobed. Looking at what happened, she saw something hairy. “OH MY..... Is that a tribble? Someone get it out of here.”

(Reply Ayl)

“That is a dog?” Quinna found it hard to believe what she just heard, “That (pointing to the dog) did that? (pointing to the body) “ Quinna struggled to her feet and appreciated it when she got help to get her to her feet.

(Reply Ayl)

“That is just disgusting. Eww. Here I thought I would have been a python getting up close and personal that you would have to worry about.”

(Reply Ayl, anyone)

(posted by Kris)

[illegible]

Mason sat at his desk and he entered the official autopsy.

“Female Patient, Penny Mg Taggard, was declared dead on stardate 2446.02.01. The victim had canine bite marks on the ankles. The victim's throat was ripped open. Teeth markings indicate canine. Saliva in the wound matches the dog that is also deceased. The cause of death is affixation by severing of the trachea. So the dog did it in the science lab with his teeth.” Mason then closed the report and then turned to the body.

"If you treated that dog like you did me... Well, let's just say .... No...I am not going to say it. You were a bitter lady who was cruel to me, but you deserved better than what you got."

Mason turned and filed his autopsy. Then with a few commands, the autopsy table rolled into the morgue case. The door closed and the hiss of a seal was heard. As for the dog, it seemed poetic justice that he put the dog in with her.

(Reply none)

[illegible]

"I see. In that case, I will keep this on a 'need to know' basis in my department. I will need a background brief on the Roanoke. Can you arrange to send this information to my padd. It's best that you don't know what we be doing."

The Captain nodded. "You will have the file on Roanoke sent to you shortly." With that he took his leave.

“Devers and Hammons. You are relieved of guard duty and I am assigning you both to investigate this matter which the Captain spoken of. I will brief you more once I get more detail.”

Hammons swore under his breath. "Not those misbegotten \*\*\*\*esons again! I thought we were finished with them after the President and Cinc got taken down by virtue of being in bed with them, almost the whole Admiralty was sacked and they were rounded up all around sector 001."

He stalked off fuming with Devers and turned his head to speak with him. "I set up a sting for those cretins back on Mars under Commander Peters and with the Captain's help but they killed our suspect before we could nab her in the act. They have no conscience and will discard any who get in their way." It never occurred to him though that they might hold a grudge and the CO could be in danger.

(Reply: Devers)

"The first thing we need to do is scan for bugs in security without anyone knowing what we are up to. I'd say a drill in the shuttlebay with all hands. You and I can then have free run of the place. They had the freaking Security Control Center on Mars bugged and it was the most secure area on the base. If we find one we will leave it in place so they won't know we are on to them yet."

(Reply: Devers)

"He/She/They aren't going to be easy to ferret out unless they make a mistake. Stay on your toes and suspect everyone."

(Reply: Devers)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Devers listed to the Captain and Chief Lee discuss something called Roanoke.

After the Captain left, the Chief had turned to Hammons and him. “Devers and Hammons. You are relieved of guard duty and I am assigning you both to investigate this matter which the Captain spoken of. I will brief you more once I get more detail.”

Devers nodded. He had heard rumors of various factions in Star Fleet, however, they were all whispers and innuendo. While there was some truth to the fact, as there was the attacks back in 2443. He had been stationed on a ship that was too far away to respond. He'd read the news like everyone else, being shocked to find members of the Admiralty, as well as the Federation Council involved.

Walking next to Hammons, "I set up a sting for those cretins back on Mars under Commander Peters and with the Captain's help but they killed our suspect before we could nab her in the act. They have no conscience and will discard any who get in their way."



"Well that surely had an effect on the landscape. Do we have a list of known associates. We could run a trace on everyone, see if there are any interconnections or possible relationships with members of the crew. I'm sure it's a long shot, since they cover their tracks, but it's a place to start."

(Reply Hammons)

"The first thing we need to do is scan for bugs in security without anyone knowing what we are up to. I'd say a drill in the shuttlebay with all hands. You and I can then have free run of the place. They had the freaking Security Control Center on Mars bugged and it was the most secure area on the base. If we find one we will leave it in place so they won't know we are on to them yet." Hammons said.

"For a bug to be effective, it has to tie in somehow with our subspace communications network. If we find connections there, we can trace back to the listening devices. Better yet, if we know the carrier frequency, we can use it for a disinformation response. Might be a way to flush them out," Devers replied. "We'd need someone from engineering though to really do a job.."

(Reply Hammons)

"He/She/They aren't going to be easy to ferret out unless they make a mistake. Stay on your toes and suspect everyone."

"Always do," Devers replied, "Grandfather taught me that."

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Security Offices - SO PO3 Hercules Devers - 2100)

After Hammons and he split up to start their plans in motion, Devers went back to security. After greeting the OOD, he made his way back to the office space. Grabbing a secure PADD, he sat down with a cup of coffee and time to think.

He started the search for intersections between the crew and known members of this Roanoke. The computer indicated it would take a bit of time, which was to be expected.

The bug issue really bothered Devers. How long had they been on, when did they get put on and more. The retrofit when they were at Mars would have been the perfect opportunity. He called up the manifest of who worked on the ship at Mars and added them to his query.

If these people were as good as Hammons says, this was going to be a difficult case.

(Reply Hammons, IYW)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 10 - Flight Control Center- CO- Captain Sekal - 2205)

Sekal looked up as Matrix announced his entrance. The center had a number of chairs arranged before the control boards.

"Ensign Matrix reporting as ordered Captain."

"Take a seat please Ensign. This will not be brief. What do you remember of Roanoke and the events that transpired on Mars?"

(Reply: Matrix)

The Captain settled back as he recounted the high points. "The cell on Mars was eventually ferreted out due to the efforts of Commander Perters and his security contingent while President Stieve Atremi and the bulk of the Admiralty were found to be corrupt and in collusion with those who set off the devastation bomb on earth which caused untold death and destruction. Roanoke was believed to be snuffed out as its leadership and the bulk of its operatives were rounded up. However this has proven not to be the case."

(Reply: Matrix)

"What we now know to be former operatives penetrated a facility and were running an operation dedicated to weapons research which is a Roanoke staple. They were killed in what was found to be a fluke accident. I find the circumstances to be extremely pat and illogical and have my reservations that the conclusion is correct. Logic tells me there is more behind this. Command believes more ships and bases have been penetrated and I find it likely that today's events point to the Illuminar being one of them."

(Reply: Matrix)

"What I require from you is this Ensign. I wish for you to go back two days in the system power output logs and look for any sign of irregularities while you monitor ongoing usage and note them. Where and when being keys and bring the data directly to me. Once power usage has been noted I want you to begin looking at other areas of the ship operationally. Someone is getting information off this ship and perhaps receiving it and it is imperative this flow of information be shut down. Do you need anything from me to help in that regard?"

(Reply: Matrix)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

"Take a seat please Ensign. This will not be brief. What do you remember of Roanoke and the events that transpired on Mars?"

Aye sir replied Matrix as he took a seat. Scott wasn't entirely sure what this meeting was about. Likely something engineering related one way or another. He placed his PADD on the desk in front of him and intently listened to the captain.

"The cell on Mars was eventually ferreted out due to the efforts of Commander Perters and his security contingent while President Stieve Atremi and the bulk of the Admiralty were found to be corrupt and in collusion with those who set off the devastation bomb on earth which caused untold death and destruction. Roanoke was believed to be snuffed out as its leadership and the bulk of its operatives were rounded up. However this has proven not to be the case."

Mostly new information to Scott and rather eye opening to say the least. As a junior officer and lower decks crew member he wasn't privy to such information. Scott was still trying to learn the ship and its crew. All Scott could answer was, "Yes sir," and continued to take mental notes as the captain continued.

"What we now know to be former operatives penetrated a facility and were running an operation dedicated to weapons research which is a Roanoke staple. They were killed in what was found to be a fluke accident. I find the circumstances to be extremely pat and illogical and have my reservations that the conclusion is correct. Logic tells me there is more behind this. Command believes more ships and bases have been penetrated and I find it likely that today's events point to the Illuminar being one of them."

Scott was taken by those words, “Sir?”

"What I require from you is this Ensign. I wish for you to go back two days in the system power output logs and look for any sign of irregularities while you monitor ongoing usage and note them. Where and when being keys and bring the data directly to me. Once power usage has been noted I want you to begin looking at other areas of the ship operationally. Someone is getting information off this ship and perhaps receiving it and it is imperative this flow of information be shut down. Do you need anything from me to help in that regard?"

Scott had taken several notes on his PADD and had secured several log entries while doing so. “I assume I should be working alone on this?” asked Matrix.

(Reply Sekal)

"So are there any more surprises in your pants or do I have to have you searched?" Solice asked.

Weston smiled and answered with a twinkle of playfulness in his eyes, “I am not sure how I should answer that question, Doctor. Is that a proposition? To be honest, I May not be up to the challenge today.”

He watched as Solice rolled her eyes and shook her head, as if she were saying, “Typical” inside her head.

"I will be having medics come in and completely change you into patient PJ's for lack of a better word," she said. " We certainly do not want you exposed in one of our gowns."

Weston chuckled,  
 “To be honest it would not be my most compromising position in the last month,”  
 he said, half joking. As the doctor turned to leave he stopped her.

“Dr. Solice,” he said, I was not playing or manipulating when I told you that I knew of your father. That is if your father was Michael Preston Solice and he died on the USS Auberhonois?”

(reply Soilce)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

“Dr. Solice,” he said, “I was not playing or manipulating when I told you that I knew of your father. That is if your father was Michael Preston Solice and he died on the USS Auberjonois?”

Quinna turned. She wanted to drop a tear but she was not sure if she believed him, “Excuse me?”

(Reply Weston)

“Sorry, you are wrong. The USS Auberjonois and her crew have never been declared lost and all aboard dead. The Auberjonois is missing. The ship went missing in the gamma Quadrant. And anything you tell me can be found anywhere.” Quinna said.

(Reply Weston)





“I will be in my office if you need me.” Quinna had intended to spend the next couple evenings in and around sickbay after what happened earlier that day.

(Reply Weston IYW)

(Posted by Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Sickbay - Deck 5 - SFI - Michael Weston - 2336)

“I have heard what I needed to hear, you have satisfied my curiosity.” Quinna sat hoping it was ok, though she

did not care if it was not. "So this information that they were trying to get out of you. Can you tell me? Perhaps that would keep the security away. After all, you will be out of my hands and into theirs within the next 48 hours."

Weston took a deep breath and let it out slowly. He smiled and looked at the doctor kindly. "I do really appreciate your concern, but if I am honest, I really am not worried about what happens when your curfew order is passes. It really is not that I don't want to share, but it really is for your own safety. The more you know the more danger I put you in. Please rest assured, it is not a lack of trust. Giving you information is NOT in your best interest, even if it were in mine. "

“Look, I can help or not. However, I am nicer than our security friend.” Quinna provided

Michael chuckled, which immediately sent a wave of pain through his shoulder. “That you are. At least you haven’t held a scalpel to my throat. But really, I cannot tell you much more than this. The information I have is important, and I will need to get it to your CO, privately, as soon as possible. Lives hang in the balance. Perhaps the captain can break your restriction so that he and I can have a conversation without prying ears.”

(reply Solice)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Sickbay - Deck 5 - CMO Lt. Quinna Solice – 2337)

“You know my mother once told me when I left for Starfleet academy that people would use my missing father to get to me.” Quinna wanted to see how he would react to her statement.

Michael nodded, “Your mother was a wise woman, even if she was a little premature since she told you that when you were 15.”



Quinna noticed that Michael had fallen for the bait. For now. Her past and the past of all the children were changed due to the one incident that caused the ship and crew to go missing. It was indeed a mission that was “not authorized” by Starfleet. Everything he told her was exactly what was in the official record.

“Unless your Starfleet file is incorrect,” Michael said, “did she not disappear in the same incident with your father? Look, you people seem to think that my sole purpose in life is to come here and throw you all into chaos, and that is not the case. Clearly I put my life on the line to bring you the information I brought. If my... attitude has been a little... persnickety, perhaps it’s because of your treatment of me. By the way, I do appreciate you rescuing my nether from your security chief.”

Quinna grabbed a chair and sat next to the biobed.

"Look," Weston said, "you don't have to trust me, even though I've never given you cause to not trust me, but if you ever want to hear more about your father's... disposition, then let me know. I can only share so much without putting you in danger. But I think that you deserve a better version of the truth than you got. That's just me though."

“I have heard what I needed to hear, you have satisfied my curiosity.” Quinna sat hoping it was ok, though she did not care if it was not. “So this information that they were trying to get out of you. Can you tell me? Perhaps that would keep the security away. After all, you will be out of my hands and into theirs within the next 48 hours.”

(Reply Weston)

“Look, I can help or not. However, I am nicer than our security friend.” Quinna provided

(reply Weston)

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

Reea stretched and yawned. She was at her desk in her quarters, finishing paperwork from a busy day. It was amusing it was still called paperwork, even though no actual paper was involved anymore. Hewmons were odd creatures.

She had changed into her night clothes, a shirt and shorts, and was sipping on a Ferengi drink that helped one sleep. She wasn't having trouble getting her rest, but with the man that beamed onto the

ship that had been attacked by an unknown energy weapon, there had been a lot of excitement that had everyone on edge. A little help sleeping once in awhile, wasn't a bad thing.

Upon hearing about what happened, Reea had gone to sickbay to see if she could do anything, but she had been stopped outside by security. Doctor Solice hadn't called for her and the guards wouldn't let her in, so it was clear she wasn't needed or wanted. She learned that Ariel was helping, which made her grumble inside. Reea had been on board several months and it seemed there were some that still hadn't accepted her yet.

Completing her last report, Reea turned off her computer and stretched again. She got up and recycled her mug back through the replicator. Before getting into bed, she looked at a holo image she had on the nightstand. Inside a frame made from actual silver, was a picture of her, with Shola and T'Lov. Reea was in the middle and her arms were around their shoulders.

She smiled.

Though it was probable Reea would never see the girls again, she knew she had made two friends for life. After Shola had been discharged from the hospital, the trio spent most of Reea's leave time together. They had visited different places on Vulcan and seen many sites. They had dinner with Shola's family. Reea had even arranged for the girls to visit the Illuminar. Maybe someday they would join Starfleet themselves.

Finally lying down for the night, Reea took a deep breath and let it out slowly. However she was perceived, she was on the ship to serve, to learn, to face new challenges, and along the way, earn lots of profit.

"Computer, lights off."

(reply none)

(posted by Renee Bishop)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 4 – Personal Quarters- EO- Ensign Scott Matrix - 2348)

Scott tossed his PADD onto the table and unbuttoned his shirt while walking to the replicator. "Martini...three olives."

A moment later the stiff drink appeared. Scott gulped it down and ordered another. He missed his date with Abbie...sure she was disappointed, but not more than he. ~Duty calls~ he reminded himself.

His inboard computer display blinked blue...indicating a messages. No doubt more work for his next shift. "Computer...display messages." ~Lower deck duties no doubt.~ he mumbled.

The display lit up with the usual duty roster, but personal messages surfaced to the top of the interface.

Thirty-five minutes passed since he read and re-read the last message. His fourth martini was starting to change his mood. The news was a surprise to say the least.

“Computer...resume message to Captain Sekal.” He continued.

After dictating the news and his intent, Scott sipped his sixth martini and had disrobed into his sleeping attire. “Save, but do not send.” He requested.

“Computer...send to Abbie...my apologies for not making our date. Starfleet has a way of interfering with the best intentions.”

[Acknowledged]

Scott sunk into his bed...the days stress, duties and the martinis started to take their toll on his energy. He slept well.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Steve)

[illegible]

Scott retired to his quarters, took off his uniform and ordered a stiff martini. The dimly lit room was only illuminated by the display on his work desk. The day's messages and orders populated the screen. The conversation with the captain was interestingly absent.

Scott gulped down his drink and requested another from the replicator. His engineering prowess selected the real alcohol in leu of synthol. The olives were rash to say the least and he noted to fix that in the replication matrix as soon as he had time.

“Computer...what is the response from my inquiry to the captain about Admiral Matrix?” requested Scott.

~Okay~

Scott downed another drink and tucked himself into bed.

[illegible]

Scott started his shift early and had already programmed several log augmentation programs per the captain's orders. The subroutines were discrete and wouldn't take any computer cycles or noticed by the normal security protocols. Scott had programmed the routines to look for anomalies in power cycles and out of the ordinary communications.

The chief engineering officer handed him the morning PADD. Scott acknowledged the request and started to plan out his day. The encryption codes to his purple PADD beeped. With that, Scott picked up his daily toolset and progressed to deck 14.

[illegible]

The trip to sickbay had been full of spite and blame. Each step was a step closer to self control. It was like it was before, but it was different. The loss of control of her emotions was the same, but she could tell it was not from any neural degeneration in her brain. It was almost natural. But she just had no hypothesis of what was happening. There was a glimmer of a thought but she could not focus on it.

She tried to move as slowly as possible, but Gregory was right there, almost urging her forward. She had resolved herself to the fact that she was headed to sickbay, but she also knew that there was little to nothing the good doctor could do for her.

When

the doors opened she stepped inside and looked around. Unsurprisingly, sickbay was a buzz of activity, as one might expect with a shift change occurring within the hour. But Quinna was not to be seen. T'Mur walked over to the CMO's office and sure enough, there she was. She stepped into the office, Gregory close behind.

"Good

morning Quinna," T'Mur said. "I'm sure that everyone has made sure that you are aware of my arrival."

Gregory

stepped forward, handing the medical tricorder to the doctor. "Commander Williams-Verin wanted me to give you this. She had been taking some readings that might be useful. She also mentioned something about serotonin levels that are elevated."

Quinna

took the PADD and started reading. She knew the symptoms, but was unclear as it was not T'Mur's time. Quinna looked over at Gregory, "I can take it from here. No need for you to stay."

(Reply

Deiter)

Turning

back to T'Mur. "We should run some tests. Do you have an idea what is going on?"

T'Mur

gripped the edge of the chair in front of her and almost spat out, "Nothing is going on. I have been a little ... on edge. I cannot explain that. If I rest then maybe I can reduce my stress. But I am unable to rest."

"Then

sit back and relax before you tear my chair apart." Quinna made another check in her symptoms chart. She wanted to have a discreet conversation, even though Vulcans do not talk about it.

T'Mur

made her muscles relax and stomped around the chair like a petulant child to sit down. She sat back and crossed her arms. Quinna was her friend, but this sounded like a conversation that she just did not want to have.

"Okay,"

T'Mur said sarcastically, "what?"

Quinna

moved to the front of T'Mur. She squatted down and placed her hands on T'Mur's "For now I want you to take some deep cleaning breaths." Quinna demonstrated. "In through the nose and out through the mouth."

Quinna

then stood again. You could hear the joints in her knees crack as she stood. She moved over to Gregory. "It is time for you to go." Quinna stood there. "Do I need to remind you who rules the roost here?" Quinna was obviously still wound up from the day before.

Gregory

had heard rumors of Dr. Solice's tirade. He was not one to get involved in questioning another department head's running of their department. "I have discharged my duty," he said "Thank you Doctor."

With

that Gregory headed out, noting he had time before his morning run.

T'Mur

reluctantly went through the breathing exercise until she could feel her body settle and her mind come back in tune. Finally she was able to speak.

"Quinna,"

she said, "I apologize that I was short tempered with you. It is not usually how I treat my friends. It's just that for some reason Lt. Gregory and Sienna had just.. well.. they just irritated me. And I don't really even understand why. It has been this way for the past few weeks. I am... afraid that the treatment on Vulcan has failed. It is not the same, and yet it is. Does that make sense to you?"

Quinna

noded, "In a strange way, yes." Quinna pulled out a medical tricorder and started to scan. "I am not picking up any traces of your treatment failing." Quinna said. Then she asked, "Can you talk me through the events, leading up to being here. Thoughts, emotions, anything you can think of?"

T'Mur

forced herself not to roll her eyes. She took a deep breath.

"I

could not sleep so I went for a walk," she began. "After about a half hour I decided to go to the bridge and observe the Gamma shift. Once there I noted that CPO Falcon had made unauthorized adjustments to the tactical station. I asked him to put it back to

its original status and he .. did not immediately comply. I was a bit over emphatic when I insisted that he comply. Then Lt. Gregory asked me to go to the ready room and told me that I skipped the chain of command.” She felt the rising irritation again. “Then Sienna, Commander Verin came in and they all seemed to think something was wrong with me.” She grit her teeth and almost spat out, “They forced me to come here.”

She took a deep breath and held her tongue from making any further statement. “How did I feel? I don’t know. It all ... bothered me. I know that it shouldn’t but it did.”

I am not seeing anything related to your pan’ar, but I do not to rule anything out.” Quinna said. “These are symptoms to number of concerns. It could be anywhere from lack of sleep to more serious such as lack of oxygenated blood to the brain or perhaps even...” Quinna paused, “Pon Farr.”

T’Mur’s eyes widened, almost in horror, her voice a whisper. “Pon Farr? It cannot be.”

“I know it is too soon so, Lets make sure it is not something else.” Quinna commented back.

“No, you don’t understand,” T’Mur said, pleading in her eyes, “it CANNOT be. I have never been bonded. When my time for bonding came there was too much neurological damage. My proposed mate ... opted out. And my body, well, never went through the initial imbalance. I just assumed that I would never be afflicted so.”

She leaned forward, her face reflecting her deep contemplation. “What was it that Dr. Tate said about the procedure? “The neural regeneration rolls back the clock for a patient.” Is it possible?”

“It could be, I don’t want to jump the gun yet, but I don’t want to ignore the possibility.” Quinna commented.

“Jump the gun?” T’Mur looked at the doctor oddly. “I do not understand how jumpin on a weapon would possibly make this situation better, but I can understand that doing so would be unwise. Perhaps you are suggesting that I defend myself in some way? Perhaps a good workout would help?” She shook her head. “There are still some human phrases that I do not understand.”

“Why

don't we just go to sickbay and run some scans. No one will know." Quinna Suggested.

T'Mur

could feel the irritation start to rise again. The suggestion of the workout seemed like a much more likely option. "If this is what you are suggesting, it is something that I would have gone through to end my adolescence and be bonded to a mate. What tests could you possibly run? I am not stupid. I have seen Sienna, and you, already run medical scans. You already know my condition. What are you not telling me? Did this treatment turn me back into an adolescent? I do not know what to do. "

With

that she gripped the edge of Quinna's desk and stood up. When she release her grip the metal desk had imprints of her grasp still in it. She stook several deep breaths and then looked at Quinna. But the look had changed. She was no longer angry. It was more ... feral. She stepped around the desk and put her body against the doctors, pressing her back to the wall.

She

grabbed Quinna's right arm with her left hand in a vice grip. Her right hand reached up and stroked her face gently. The dichotomy of the two actions was off balancing. Her eyes locked onto Solice's with an intensity that almost burned into her brain.

"I....

need...." she breathed on her neck.

Quinna

heart pounded, she did not expect this to happen. She could see in T'Mur's eyes the blood boiling. "You need to let me go now, Ensign!" Quinna demanded.

T'Mur

looked into Quinna's eyes, searching for ...something, but not sure what. She was looking for something familiar, but there was nothing familiar to this. It took a moment for the words to sink in. She did not release the arm but she did step back. Then T'Mur looked at the arm in her hand as if she had no idea how it got there. Finally she let it go and stepped back.

"Where,

is the logic in your actions?" Quinna managed to ask.

"Logic?"

she was talking to herself. "Logic... has little to do with what is happening."



Quinna said while nursing her right arm “Your actions just now has confirmed, Ponfar. And if I was able to give you what you needed, this would be a different conversation.” Quinna wanted to comfort T’Mur as she would any friend, but at the same time she wanted to keep her distance because..., well her arm hurt.

shook her head and her eyes cleared to realize what she had done, or more precisely, what she had almost done. This was wrong. This should have already happened to her. She was no adolescent, but now... she needed to find a safe place to hide away until this passed. Safe for her... and safe for everyone else.

she began, "I am sorry."

that she turned and left the office, knocking the chair over in her wake. Within seconds she was out of Sickbay, looking for a place for the overwhelming sensations to pass.

none)

by Al Muir and Kris B)

Dieter had gone to accompany T'Mur to sickbay and Sienna had remained on the bridge. Her bed was calling her name, very loudly and she fell into it, face first. Whatever was going on with T, she had to ignore it and hope that whatever was going on was something related to her treatment and could be resolved. She could not believe that the second woman that she loved in her life would crash and burn again. Her pillow grew damp as she cried herself to sleep.

And as in the past, there was a psychic scream that woke her up. It had happened twice in the past when people had been hurt. Sienna bolted straight up out of her bed, less than two hours later and she was scared. Where was T'Mur? What had happened? Then the yellow alert claxon went off and Sienna fell out of bed.

"What the bloody hell is going on. Luma?" A moment. ::Luma?: Sienna called out, worried when Luma did not respond. Vex was absent at a terrible time. Sienna grabbed her uniform and pulled herself into it and her boots, again running out of their shared quarters, blinking as she realized that only 2 minutes at most had happened.

::Luma, love. Please stop crying....:: Sienna placated as soothingly as she could, her own heart aching as she looked around the hallway, trying to figure out what was going on. She heard Quinna's voice



It was not a shove of removing something that was completely alien, but a gentle shielding of his mind that did not budge, but gently moved her own, wild mind further away. "I need to belong. I need to feel... complete. Why is this happening to me? Why am I so empty? I need to be... one."

"You were never bonded?" His eyes showed confusion for an instant. He retained his grip on her chin and leaned closer as he fought through the rampaging emotions emanating from her. "Yet I sense a faint bond that has begun forming." He received the flash of the thought that leaked through and stiffened his arm as she fought to get closer to him, holding her in place. "It appears that Doctor Solice is correct."

Finally she dropped her eyes. "The bonding could not be fulfilled. He that was meant to be... found a replacement. I never reached this time. It just seemed logical that I never would."

Her eyes turned back to his, "But I feel the draw. You sense it. I sense that in you. But it is not you, is it? Why can it not be you?" T'Mur took her two fingers of her right hand and ran them over the back of Sekal's hand. It was an intimate touch usually reserved for mates or lovers.

"I am already bonded and I am the Captain. My duties and expected comportment are clear." The primal, savage nature of her need came through with clarity. It was attractive and magnetic to an extent certainly. Her life was at risk because of Pon Farr, without a mate her system would continue to teeter farther toward the edge driving her toward madness and death from the shock to her body. Vulcan wasn't a convenient option since they were on mission many days away by high warp. Fulfilling her physical needs was an option if a suitable mate could be found but bonding her to him was not. But there was another forming bond and he could logically extrapolate who that was to.

A moment of clarity and calm in the storm of her emotions came. "I apologize, Captain. This is not your problem. I must solve this, or get control of myself. I need to ... think. But my thinking right now is not very clear. I must clear my mind. I should go."

She turned to walk away. This situation was already embarrassing enough. Now she had compounded it with accosting her commanding officer. There was really only one that she wanted to bond with. But was it even possible? It was not usually a choice but an obligation to fulfill. Even if she could make the choice, does she know what it entails?

"Ensign." The word stopped her midstep. "You have only one clear choice. You are already forming a bond. Commit to it and deepen it. That bond will stabilize and bring you through Pon Farr. You have permission to take what time you need to take control of yourself before returning to duty."

T'Mur looked at the captain and nodded. They both knew what had to happen. It just became a matter of when. With a plan in mind she had to prepare. "Thank you Captain," she said with genuine gratitude. This one Vulcan had treated her with more kindness and respect than her whole planet. She hoped she could be worthy of that respect. "Thank you for everything."

With that she almost ran down the corridor towards the turbo lift.

(reply none)

(Posted by AI and Charles)

[illegible]

He had just come from a workout in the gym and was headed back to the turbolift. In a day and a half Keung Lee would be interrogating the operative once again in an effort to squeeze the information from him that he was holding back. And he was holding something back, of that there was no doubt. In the meanwhile there was a more immediate concern, that of a leak of information from his ship.

He passed a crewman in the hallway from Operations while giving a nod. It was only a few steps later when he heard.

"Captain may I have a moment?"

He stopped and turned to address the owner of the voice. What happened next passed in a blur.

He sensed rather than saw movement followed by the thud of impact to his chest. Pain immediately radiated from the area. His eyes dropped to the handle of the knife protruding from just off center to the human breastbone. From there he looked up into the eyes of his assailant which were self-satisfied and gloating. The eyes were misinformed. To a human it was a killing blow causing near instantaneous death. But the CO was not human and his heart was low on his right side. It had been a trained strike done on instinct ... without thought. Still the Vulcan knew that shock would follow quickly.

The gloating eyes soon closed as Sekal's right hand lashed out in a chop to the temple of the assailant. His strike was heavily pulled in order to not crush the others skull causing death. Sekal needed information and not a corpse. The other crumpled to the deck as the Vulcan's knees nearly folded. His eyes returned to the knife handle, radiating outward from the area was a green stain on his uniform. He took a short and careful step to the side then turned his back to the wall and leaned heavily against it. He didn't attempt to remove the knife as this would cause a free flow of his life's fluid.

He steadied his breathing against the throbbing ache and reached carefully with his left hand to activate the comm.

His voice was less than robust. "Captain to sickbay. Medical Emergency on deck 5. Security to deck ... to deck..."

He slid down the wall to a sitting position as his eyes closed. His head slumped forward and he became still. His breathing was slow but regular.

(Reply: Medical, Security, any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5- CO- Captain Sekal -0806)

After his blow that took down the assassin it became immediately clear the wound was not a minimal one. Through the mental oversight of his systems it was apparent the blood loss was beginning to

mount. Perhaps the sudden powerful movement to disable the other had caused a major blood vessel to be compromised. Still he couldn't stop yet. There was one last thing to be done even as he began withdrawing into his mind. He hit the comm.

"Captain to sickbay. Medical Emergency on deck 5. Security to deck ... to deck..."

He was dimly aware of sliding down the wall but his focus was on more important matters. His heartbeat slowed to minimize the blood loss and he began making alterations to other bodily functions. They would need to perform with less oxygen due to the reduced blood flow. His brain was prioritized in order to continue to perform at a peak level but it too would need to operate at a reduced rate soon. Before that point was reached he was already deep into the healing trance.

[illegible]

Quinna was just relieved the night shift in sickbay. Quinna had already been up early and was feeling the caffeine percolating in her veins. She turned to Michael sleeping on his biobed. The Jury was still out on him.

His voice was less than robust. "Captain to sickbay. Medical Emergency on deck 5. Security to deck ... to deck..."

Quinna arrived to find the Captain slumped on the wall. She placed her hand on the bleeding wound. She applied pressure in hopes to control the bleeding. Medics rushed with a gurney to take the Captain to sickbay. She tapped her combadge with her hand covered in green blood. "Security to sickbay."

Quinna rushed after the gurney. “Do not touch the knife. Get the captain hooked up to fluids and let’s get the bleeding under control before surgically removing the knife. I need a profile of the knife from the inside. I need to know the type of knife and what it cut.”

Quinna then tapped her badge once again, “Solice to Verin, Medical Emergency in Sickbay.”

(Reply Verin)

(Reply anyone in sickbay Verin, Security, etc.)

(Reply: Medical, Security, any)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 1 - SO Hercules Devers and COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 0808)

Inside the holodeck, the security NCOs were at their daily practice. Gregory was with them. He still could outrun them all, but hand to hand was not his specialty. Today they were practicing ground techniques, or what to do when your attacker is on top of you.

Gregory watched as one of the NCOs Alex Collier knelt over Hercules Devers, his hands around Devers neck. Devers moved his hands in between Colliers and with a quick motion, dislodged the hands from his throat. Devers then pushed off his legs, while rolling to the side. Suddenly he was on top of Collier, Devers fist inches from Colliers nose.

"Remember to keep control of the hands till you have completed the buck and roll. At that point, apply punches liberally," came the voice of the instructor. "If you don't control the hands, your opponent can thwart your buck with a quick slap to your ears, or worse. OK, Places."

As Gregory looked at his opponent, he was not so sure of this. "It'll be fine Lieutenant," Crewman Chinlo said.

"Easy for you to say," he said as he laid down.

Suddenly the ships comm burst to life, "Captain to sickbay. Medical Emergency on deck 5. Security to deck ... to deck..."

The NCO's sprang into action, bursting out of the holodeck and into the hall.

Gregory was last out the room as the Security teams started taking control of the situation. The doctor was there already, taking care of the Captain. Nearby was another body crumpled on the ground. Gregory recognized the man as one of the newer members of operations. Kind of a loner. Why was he here. Gregory pointed "Collier, Chinlo, you stay with the Captain. You don't leave his side unless I tell you to."

The medics got the Captain onto a gurney, rushing to sickbay.

Pointing to another two, "Lincoln, Edwards, you take Sanchez there to medical and stay with him. Same thing, you don't leave his side unless I tell you to."

"Computer, order yellow alert. "

"Gregory to Lee. The Captain has been attacked. Scramble your men and start searching for the assailant."

(Reply Lee)

Gregory paused, "Devers, lock this hallway down. Start searching here."

As the yellow alert klaxon began to sound, Gregory entered sick bay for the second time today.

(Posted by Tim)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 – Security Office – Chief of Security Lt jn Keung Lee- 0810)

"Gregory to Lee. The Captain has been attacked. Scramble your men and start searching for the assailant."

Lee checked on the operatives in the Security Monitoring Centre to assist in scanning the decks as well as any footage on the attack on the Captain before leaving for sickbay.

(Posted by John)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5- Sickbay - MedTech Anson Williams – 0810.5)

Williams slid the gurney into sickbay and headed straight to the trauma center. With two other techs he moved the gurney along side of the bio-bed and together they moved the captain's body onto it. With the tap of a few keys the bed came to life and readings began display on the screen by the bed. An

overhead view of the holographic view of Sekal's transparent body showed the injury highlighted. A knife with a nine inch blade was driven to the hilt in his chest.

Williams whistled. If Sekal had been a human he would have died instantly, with the blade of the knife driving straight through his heart. Fortunately he was not human. But the blade was sizable, and it did slice a lung, and put a sizable cut into his upper aorta. He was bleeding profusely internally. It was lucky that the blade hadn't been pulled out. If it had it might have sliced all the way through the aorta and it was doubtful the captain would have survived the ride down the corridor to sickbay.

In all of his years as a medical technician Anson had seen many injuries under many unusual situations. But this one was bad. Could it have been worse. Absolutely. But it was still pretty bad. Blood was seeping into the sliced lung, as well as out of the hole in the main artery to the body. It would not take long for other systems in Sekal's body to start to become irreparably damaged. Williams took a step back and looked at the pale color of his captain.

He had always thought of Vulcans as almost impervious to harm. Sekal was even further up that ladder of indestructible. It was hard for Williams to see him in this condition. It only drove the need to keep his head and do what he can to keep the captain alive even deeper. He downloaded all of the data onto a medical PADD and handed it to Dr. Solice as she stepped up to the bed.

(reply Solice)

(posted by Al Muir

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Sickbay - Counselor Ensign jg Reea - 0811)

When Reea awoke the next morning, she had resolved to not be excluded from the events of the day regarding the wounded man in sickbay. She might not have actually been able to do anything, but at least she would be there to know what was happening firsthand, instead of relying on rumors and scuttlebutt. Rule of acquisition 74, Knowledge equals profit.

Reea had several PADDs with her, so if anyone wondered why she was there instead of in her office, she would at least look busy. She planned to find a desk in a corner.

Her plan didn't go the way she thought, when she stepped out of the turbolift and saw a medical team taking someone on a gurney into sickbay. Medics were giving a report, and from what Reea could tell, the person might have been Captain Sekal.

Reea rushed down the corridor and followed the team into the trauma area. It was definitely the captain, and he had a nasty-looking knife in his chest. Holding her breath, she watched the scan showing the damage done to her CO's body. It was bad, very bad.

Making sure she didn't get in anyone's way, but being visible so she could help, Reea waited for Doctor Solice.

(reply any)

(posted by Renee Bishop)

[illegible]



(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 0815)

Sickbay was a scene of chaos. The good doctor was busy working on the Captain, shouting orders and such. He knew the Captain was in good hands.

Gregory walked over to Collier and Chinlo, who were observing but out of the way, “You two are to stay in sick bay and protect the Captain. You don’t leave until Commander Verin or I tell you. You need relief, get me. If in doubt, shoot first and ask questions later. Am I clear?”

The two NCO's nodded and moved to better protect the Captain, while not getting in the doctor's way.

Gregory looked around, and saw where Sanchez was. Another doc was working on him. "What's the prognosis?" he asked.

“Looks like he got hit on the head. I don’t see signs of a concussion, so he’ll probably be ok. I’ve given him a mild painkiller so when he wakes up, it won’t be quite so bad.”

Gregory nodded, "Lincoln, Edwards, This man is our only link to the attack on the Captain. When he is awake, get his statement. The attacker may come back, so keep an eye on him."

=^= Lieutenant Gregory, meet me in the ready room please. Counselor Hammons as well please. ^=

Gregory tapped his badge, "Copy that Commander, on my way."

He took one last look around. It was going to be one of those days.

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Sickbay - Deck 5- Chief of Security Lt jn Keung Lee -0820)

Lee arrived at the sickbay to be acknowledged by the two armed Security Guards at the entrance of Sickbay. Four Security officers passed by Lee as they swepted that particular deck checking crew members that they were actually on duty. Upon entry, there was another Security officer posted near to the Captain who was being treated. Weston was still asleep on the biobed. Well, at least it wasn't him who attacked

Lee saw Quinna and approached her “How is the Captain?” he asked.

(reply Medical)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 14 Security office Chief of Security Lt jn Keung Lee -0830)

Lee was finishing off his report regarding yesterday's events. That dog has a lot to answer for, he thought. Never mind the fact, the attacker was still loose! The security monitoring system had no record of the attack on the Captain. It seems that the attacker knew how to avoid being tracked. His combadge buzzed with "This is Commander Verin to all senior officers. Please meet me at the conference room on deck 1 in 30 minutes. We need to talk." Lee guess this was about the attack. The shift change over allowed a fresh batch of Security officers to guard and patrol the decks with ensign Picard

co-ordinating the searches as shift leader. He sense the crew were getting nervous and jittery. He remembered the new counsellor, ensign J G Reea who would be of considerable help to assess the mood of the crew and perhaps she could provide some advice. He left his office to the sickbay.

He arrived inside the sickbay to find ensign J G Reea in her office, knocked on her door before entering.

"Good morning. ensign Reea." Said Lee

(reply Reea)

“Commander Verin has called for a meeting at 9.00 for all senior officers to discuss the events regarding the attack on the Captain. You may not have realise this, but you should be present in the meeting too. We need your expertise here especially with regarding the assessment of the current state of the crew and you be certainly be useful in helping to locate the attacker.”

(reply Reea)

"Good. Let's go" said Lee.

(reply Reea)

(posted by John

[illegible]

Sienna walked onto the Bridge and into absolute chaos. One long look around the Bridge told her that the Captain was not there. He should be there. "Can anyone tell me what is going on?" She spoke in her 'commander' voice, a tone she had learned from her admiral mother.

Information came trickling in and Sienna closed her eyes in pain. "Our shields are up with the yellow alert?" She asked tactical.

(reply tactical)

"Get us away from this starbase. Pick a direction, any direction and get some distance between us. I need to talk to the senior staff and get some of these pieces put together." She sighed mentally and cursed what she needed to do. With Carson off the ship and Vex as well, Sy was nervous. Looking

around the bridge again, she took a deep breath. "Ops, wake the senior staff and get them up here to the conference room in 30 minutes. Keep us on this heading, stay at warp. Keep our shields up - no one in or off this ship without my authorization."

Heading to the ready room, she closed her eyes, Luma still screaming telepathically. It was so difficult to deal with and she could not shield her completely out. Something was wrong with T and she was feeling so out of her depth. She needed to talk to Admiral Saleke and Sy wanted her Mother. Things that would not be happening until she could calm Luma down.

Sienna moved to get her morning coffee and pour it into her body. She really wanted her bed, a hug from her Mother, to see T'Mur. Instead she had to figure out how to lead the ship. She prayed the Captain would survive.

She hit a button on Sekal's desk. "This is Commander Verin to all senior officers. Please meet me at the conference room on deck 1 in 30 minutes. We need to talk." She hit the send button, then her comm badge, "Lt. Gregory, meet me in the ready room please. Counselor Hammons as well please."

Sienna put her head back in her hands and just waited for replies. Their eccentric, blue haired counselor was who Sy needed right at this point in time. And T would be at the briefing, she had just been promoted. Hopefully whatever was going on with her was not serious. That forming bond between them said something was up still but not much more.

Today was going to be an exceedingly long day.

(reply all senior officers - conference starts at 0900)

(posted by Mel)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 0822)

Quinna moved around sickbay. She was covered in the Captain's blood as she had tried to control the bleeding out of the Captain's chest. The Knife itself was secured and stabilized. If not done correctly, the captain would bleed internally. "We are going to need blood replicated, just in case. The specific parameters are in the Captain's file. Get him prepped for surgery. Be careful and do not move the knife at all." Quinna ordered. She then looked at the chaos that is buzzing around sickbay.

Quinna tapped the sticky commbadge, “Solice to Trei. Ariel, I need you in sickbay, now!” Quinna’s voice raised a bit at the end.

(Reply Ariel)

Quinna turned to see a familiar voice, Lee saw “How is the Captain?” Quinna was surprised to see him there, especially after kicking him out the prior evening.

“It is not good. I am about to take him into surgery. Lt. Trei is coming in. She will be the one to talk to you while I am operating on the Captain.”

(Reply Lee)

“Look I promise when I am done, I will come to talk to you.” With a pause, Quinna added a second thought comment, “that is of course you keep that phaser holstered.” Quinna manages to squeak out a slight smile.

(Reply Lee)

Quinna took a deep breath. As she waited for Ariel to arrive. She took the time to schedule an appointment with Raae.

(Reply Ariel)

[illegible]

She made it to Sickbay as fast as she could. She saw the chaos going on around her. She approached Quinna before Quinna left for surgery. The emotions in Sickbay were off the charts frantic.

"What do you need me to do Ma'am "

(Reply Quinna)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

"What do you need me to do Ma'am "

Quinna turned to see a friendly face. “I am sorry to take you away from your counseling duties, but I need you here. The Captain has been stabbed. I am about to go in and surgically remove the knife and repair the damage.”

(Reply Trei)

“I need you to get this place under control. I am going to need the ICU next to my office prepared for after surgery.” Quinna said. She needed to think. “I, umm, touched a few things with blood on my hands. Can you have a biohazard team come in and clean up?”

(reply Trei)

“Try and get sickbay cleared up. I do not want Mr. Weston to know what is going on. Keep everyone away from him.”

(reply Trei)

“Look above all else, You are great at keeping people calm. Even without your empathic abilities. Keep doing that.”

(Reply Trei)

"I am sure I forgot to say something. I am not sure how long we will be in surgery."

(Reply Trei)

(Posted by Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay - ACOUNS ACMO LT JG Ariel Trei - 08.30)

The orders were given. She tried to sort out what she should do by priority but her skills at calming down everyone was the best thing she can do. She tapped her COMM badge ordering a HAZ/MAT team to come to Sickbay and clean up the scene but made it certain that they did the job quietly not to disturb any patients. What they didn't know couldn't hurt them. She orchestrated the staff to regain control of Sickbay. If they needed to talk, she was here for that but also to maintain control of Sickbay. The situation calmed down and tasks were being attended to. She took a seat in a centralized area to better deal with any problems.

"Calm down people. I am here to keep control of the situation. Any questions come to me. If not you have patients to tend to. Resume that action. A HAZ/MAT team will come to clean the area. Stay out of their way.

(Reply Quinna, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Ready Room - FO- Commander Sienna Williams-Verin, COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory, Lieutenant (jg), Alaya Hammons - 0831)

Gregory walked onto the bridge. Looking at the viewscreen, it was clear the ship was at warp. He looked over at Operations and nodded. "Lieutenant Menzi, Sanchez was attacked and is in sickbay. Make sure someone looks in on him."

The Saurian operations officer nodded, while Gregory walked to the ready room. He pushed the chime.

"Lieutenant Gregory reporting as ordered, " he said to Commander Verin.

Sienna was sitting behind Sekal's desk, looking exhausted. Sitting on the desk was a small black device that would be easily be recognized as a sonic wave disrupter, used to disrupt voice prints onboard a ship. Sy looked completely exhausted and like she was running on fumes. It took a few minutes more for the blue haired Betazoid counselor to appear as well.

"Oh my gosh, the Captain's been hurt and in surgery? And can you get Luma to calm down, Commander? She is not listening to me at all." Alaya looked between Gregory and Verin, "Something weird is going on, the crew have been edgy since that guy was beamed aboard yesterday." Alaya was a strong telepath and could not keep out everything on a ship even this small.

"No, I'm not having much luck with her. I think it has to do with the Captain being one of her bondmates in the past. If Vex were here, she would likely be calmer, but from what I understand she views all of her people as well, her own to protect and nurture and we've learned that death hits her extremely hard." Sienna turned to Alaya, "This is why I have invited both of you here. We have a problem. Starfleet has Intelligence that there are operatives aboard this ship. And I don't know who I can trust. I hate to have to ask this of either of you - but as the strongest telepath aboard the ship, Alaya can scan both of us to make sure..." Sienna shook her head, "Information came recently that there could be hidden personalities and that a phrase or an image can trigger that personality and orders. I would like Alaya to read me, deeply, then read you Lt. Gregory. Since the Captain is going to be out for at least a day, probably more... and with Commander Peters gone... You are the de facto First Officer until the Captain is back on his feet." There was so much raw emotion in Sy's words.

Alaya glanced between the two, "No, I won't. Sienna, Commander... I won't need to know that you can't be one of those horrible Roanoke people. Your twin lost his Imzadi to this crowd.."

Sienna spoke quietly, "I will not ask anything of Lt. Gregory that I would not endure myself and I need the reassurance that I do not have one of those implanted personalities." Sienna looked over towards Lt. Gregory, knowing that as a human, they tended to not be as open as other species.

"There is a question, Commander, that was asked by a Roman poet, 'Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?' " Gregory began, looking between the two. "It is generally translated as 'Who watches the watcher.'"

"I don't know anything about these hidden personalities. It sounds like science fiction or a boogeyman designed to frighten little children. "

"That sounds like you do not believe the orders that I have received. Do I think that either of us have this implantation? No. But I can not say it 100 percent." Something was bothering her, making her edgy. Alaya looked up in concern.

"I am sorry, but I cannot comply with your request. My rights to privacy are sacrosanct and form the basis of the Federation Charter. To do what you ask is wrong." He paused. "I swore an oath to protect and defend the Federation, and I will do so with my dying breath. I hope that is sufficient for you, because if you order me to participate in this scan, I will be forced to resign my commission." Gregory looked at Sienna and then Alaya.

"Yesterday I was ordered to deep read the operative if he died. This left me feeling awful but the order was there, it came from Admiral Winters. I am glad that I did not have to do so, but I would have done it in the interests of Federation Security." Sienna was exhausted, and it came out in her voice.

Gregory shook his head, "That idea, 'I was following orders' has been used throughout history. It is a short road from that to rampant paranoia. The difference in your order is that the operative would be dead. I am very much alive and will not give away my Seventh guarantee."

::He means what he is saying. He is angry, stubborn and a little sad:: Alaya sent to Sienna. Sy nodded.

"If we can get Luma calmed down, would you rather that she was the one to read you? She is the only person aboard that I can trust implicitly. And I would rather not have to ask this. I don't want to believe it. But Roanoke was in the Admiralty of Starfleet and the President was involved. We thought they were gone, but they are not. I need you at my back, Dieter and I don't know you at all. That breakfast meeting we planned for tomorrow was supposed to take care of that, let us get to know each other informally." She sighed and put her head in her hands.

Gregory looked at Sienna, "Ma'am, I will have your back. However, I will refuse and reject any attempt to use any telepathic scanning of my mind. I am sorry that you feel this is the only way for you to trust me. However, what you are asking is such an intimate violation of my person, I cannot and will not allow it. If my word is no good for you, my oath to StarFleet, then we are an impasse."

Sienna looked into Dieter's eyes and knew, somehow, that he was safe. "My parents told us stories of what it was like during the time of the civil war. And the compromises that they had to make with themselves in order to save the Federation. I hate that I was ordered to ask this of you. And I hate that I have to literally be suspicious of everyone, friend or not."

"I was only following orders has been used to justify too many tragedies throughout history. I thought that Starfleet wanted officers who wouldn't blindly follow orders, but analyze the situation first." Gregory said. "I refuse to give up my essential liberty to purchase temporary safety."

"Yes, I know what your views are, you have expressed them. The thing is, I don't know you Mr. Gregory. We need to be able to trust each other implicitly to work together. The Captain and I were in the Academy together, we were in the same department on Mars but had much different focuses. He and I compliment each other very well. I'm a biologist first and a people person. For a Vulcan he's very people oriented but his scientific focus is in harder sciences. You have been very focused on the ship, there are few rumors about you and as far as I know..." She paused and winced, "Luma likes you. She's still in shock from the Captain's attack. Can I trust you, Mr. Gregory? Do you have my back? Can you fill in where I am stuck? I did the rushed version of the command course, I got promoted due to my work on Trill. I know the basics of engineering and operations, I do not know the intricacies of it. If you can answer yes to all of that, and Counselor Hammons senses that you are being perfectly honest, then I can ignore the order I was given. Besides, she doesn't want to do it and neither do I." Sienna really didn't know who to trust. "Alaya really needs to go deal with Luma before we all meet in the conference room."

"Yes, I have engineering training. All my actions have been, and will be in the best interest of the ship. And yes, I will have your back, and will not be afraid to share my mind. That is implicit in the oath. Is that sufficient?" Gregory replied.

Sienna did not have to look at Alaya before she nodded. "Sufficient. No Ma'am. I'm Sienna. Commander Verin if we're being formal. Williams-Verin if my Dad's around." She smiled with a bit of worry in her eyes as Alaya slipped out of the room to find a quiet place to deal with Luma.

"I already know we can't keep our shields up and run at warp speed efficiently. Do you have any suggestions?"

"Ma'am, at warp, the deflectors are sufficient to protect against space debris. There is no place to transport to, and the shields come on quickly. Better to push our scanners to make sure we know what's out there. Between tactical and their sensors, and science with their sensors, having two sets of eyes will be better than one. Tactical are shorter range, so we effectively have a nested defense."



Sienna nodded again, “I don’t trust what little I’ve heard about this group. I want the shields to stay up at least another 12 hours and keep us running at mid-warp. I don’t care if we change directions randomly, we can’t stay on a straight course. Further ideas?”

“Right now we have the assailant or assailants who attacked the Captain. We have an intelligence operative in sickbay. We have a mission to figure out weapons trafficking. We need to secure the ship internally first. Rather than security running all over the ship, we should be using our internal scanners, match comm badge signals with life signs. See if there is a mismatch. “

"We warped away from the starbase without notification, probably good to let the command know. It might be worth, if you are concerned about these Roanoke people, transmit that the captain has been killed. Likewise, route all external communications through operations. Misdirection is our friend."

Sienna nodded, liking these ideas. “You should also consult with Luma, when she calms down. The only thing I’ve been able to get out of her is that no one was in the corridor with the Captain. She is adamant about this and I need to know how he evaded our sensors.”

"Aye, Ma'am," Gregory replied. "We'll get to the bottom of this."

“Find some breakfast, some caffeine and get to the conference room, Mr. Gregory. Dismissed.”

(Reply none)

(Posted by Mel and Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Sickbay - Counselor Ensign jg Reea - 0832)

Ensign Lee from security approached. Reea didn't know him well, but she figured his department would want to talk with as many people as possible to try to discover who attacked the captain.

"Good morning, Ensign Reea."

"Lieutenant Lee," said Reea with a friendly nod.

"Commander Verin has called for a meeting at 9:00 for all senior officers to discuss the events regarding the attack on the captain," said Lee.

That was expected, but Reea wondered why Lee would tell her. She wasn't a senior officer.

Lee said she should attend, as she had value and could contribute.

"I appreciate you saying that, Lieutenant." This was the first time one of the higher-ups said anything like that to her since her first day reporting in.

"Good. Let's go," said Lee.

"I will join you shortly. There's a few things I need to finish here first."

Lee left, but there was still time before the meeting would start. This would be her first one with the brass, so she needed to prepare mentally, especially stopping the flutter in her stomach. She needed to make sure she made a good impression.

(reply none)

(posted by Renee Bishop.

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Surgical Suite -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 0845)

(PART - 1)

Quinna walked into the surgical suite. Everything was ready and the surgical team was waiting for her. They were dressed in red. It made Quinna wonder why red. Of all the things she thought about when entering the surgical suite was why do they wear red. Quinna has read that colors mean something. Red was fire, heated. When someone was seeing Red, it meant that they were angry, furious. Quinna thought that Red was not a good color for surgery. She needed to remember to write the head of Starfleet medical.

Ok. Our goal is to get the knife removed and keep the Captain alive. Unfortunately, this will not be microsurgery, so if you are not willing to put your hands inside the captain, I won't blame you if you wanted to leave." The team stayed.

Quinna took the laser scalpel and made the incision around the knife. “I need suction.” When the suction cleared the blood, Quinna got a clear picture. Relief came as Quinna noticed that the knife had missed the lungs. However, the knife did cut a major artery. Quinna clamped off each end of the artery to stop the blood flow. The alarms started to go off. Even if the heart was not wounded by the knife directly, it was certainly affected. The blood no longer flowed to the heart. Quinna needed to hurry and close the artery. “Someone one turn off that alarm. It is annoying me.”

(Reply if you want to be on the surgical team.)

To be Continued

(posted by Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5- Sickbay- CO- Captain Sekal -0846)

External sensations were minimized. Pain had been blocked out. His body was his consciousness, his consciousness was his body. He had been moved to a stable platform. He seemed to feel the light and drink in sounds. It took too much effort to focus on the sounds so he concentrated rather on the sensations. Time had lost any meaning and he seemed to exist in a void.

The wound had been enlarged so he routed the majority of the blood flow around the damaged area. The skin cells could not exist without it but they could be maintained at a reduced rate for many hours if necessary before they began to die. He called on his energy reserves to maximize the replacement of blood cells, plasma required a larger fluid reserve than his body carried but he was receiving that fluid from an external source and he was aware an IV had been applied. He made instant use of it.

At some point his heart stopped and his brain noted it dispassionately. There was no fear.

"The healing trance is the most important discipline you will learn. Master it and it will save you many hours of recovery. Your body will respond to your mind to prolong your life."

The memory had come unbidden. He was looking into the face of his Kohlinar trainer.

"All things die master."

The old Vulcan was sitting cross-legged before him. "Not all things young Sekal."

The young Vulcan was confused. "That is illogical. All things have an end."

"Not the Katra." The trainer leaned toward him meaningfully. "Your katra will continue to exist. It can be transferred and stored as we have done for many of our greatest minds. You have seen it."

"I have seen the chamber yes but is this life?"

"It is consciousness young Sekal and consciousness is life. Where there is still life your katra will command."

He commanded ... his heart obeyed. And beat...

He monitored the flow of blood through his system and it took not many minutes to determine that his blood pressure was steady and building. Also the blood was now flowing to all areas of his body uninterrupted. Slowly at first but in a rising tide. He began the process of resuming normal function.

There was a great deal of healing to be done but he had expended much of his mental energy. Small blood vessels and skin needed to be knit along with two places, his lung and aorta but that process could continue for now at a low level while he regained strength for a renewal of the process.

He slept.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

His conversation with Commander Verin weighted on his mind. He was pretty sure he made no friends in that conversation. However, there always was some exigent circumstances that called for suspending some rights or others. Yet those should be few and far between.

It was clear that the attack on the Captain was done by a deranged person, but with the computer reporting only sensing one person in the hall, that made this investigation even more difficult.

Entering the conference room, lost in thought, he knew this was going to be a long couple of days. With the Captain and Second officer out, he and the Commander would be pulling double duty.

Looking around, he saw a large Magillan, a new member of the crew the manifest had indicated, in Engineering. He sat down next to the fellow, and reminded himself to go learn more about him later.

Gregory made notes on his PADD as Chief Lee and Ensign Reea provided updates to the Commander on the status of the investigation and the chaos in Sickbay. The Commander touched the device she had placed on the table. "Now, no one can eavesdrop."

Looking at Gregory, the Magillan, Bohb and Ensign Matrix, she spoke "I will be straight up honest here. I know the Captain had Engineering working on something but I do not know what. The Captain had compartmentalized this so that only a few people know what each project is, and no one but him knows the end game. I intend to call Admiral Saleke later once I know how Captain Sekal is doing."

Gregory made some notes, as this was the first he heard of Engineering working on some project or other. There had not been anything mentioned in the logs when he started Gamma watch so this was new. He listened with interest as Bohb put a device on the table and began to explain what he had found. When he stopped, Gregory spoke up.

"Thank you Mr. Bohb." Picking up the device, he examined it closely. "Mr. Alyl, please take this item and have your teams look it over. I want to know everything there is about it. Mr. Bohb, please make sure Mr. Alyl has your data. If this is some new energy source, I want to know everything that we can about it. Most importantly, how can we detect it? "

(Reply Alyl, Bobh)

"I recommend we go silent for the moment. All communications off the ship have to be approved by you or I, Ma'am. And I understand Chief Lee's needs, but keeping the ship on lockdown while trying to find the attacker, we need the crew moving around in case things go south. And with 15 decks to patrol, Security is stretched thin as it is. I would recommend we put extra security around Engineering, Medical and the computer cores. Since we are at warp, and have shields up, it's not like anyone can transport onto the ship."

(Reply Lee, Verin)

"Mr. Lee, have you initiated a scanner sweep of the ship? We can scan for biosigns and correlate those with comm badge ID's."

(Reply Lee)

"Operations can interface with security and science for the scan."

Gregory looked at Commander Verin, "Operations reports re-calibration of the lateral array was finished. We will be pausing on other scheduled work for the moment so the resources are focused on the search."

(reply Verin, any)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 Conference Room - FO- Commander Sienna Williams-Verin - 0855)

5 minutes before the start of the briefing Sienna walked in, carrying a small device that was a gift of her Mother that she had never had to use before. She sat it down in the middle of the table and took Sekal's seat with a deep breath of frustration and exhaustion. Who could she trust?

She nodded to Counselor Alaya Hammons as she walked in and took a seat. Alaya was the strongest telepath currently on the ship and was dealing with Luma as well as helping her with scanning the ship's personnel. As people came tiredly in, Sy nodded to each and gestured for them to get something to eat and drink from the replicator. There had not been enough time to get real food and drink from the chef's stores. This would also eliminate the chance of poisons being inserted into the food. Things she had never had to think about before.

Someone or several someones had been hunting on her ship. When everyone except medical had arrived, Sienna sat back down.

"First off. Thank you for all arriving on such short notice. Yes, the Captain has been attacked, less than an hour ago. No, I don't know why yet. Mr. Lee?" She nodded towards Lee. "Fill us in."

(Lee)

She turned next to Reea, who had been in sickbay. Reea was not her first choice of people to have been here. She was new, she was ferengi, no one really knew her, and she was unable to be read by Luma. "Counselor Reea can you fill us in on sickbay?"

(Reea)

Next she turned towards Dieter, and Ensign Scott from Engineering as well as the new Bohb. "You three." First she stopped, took a deep breath and touched the device on her desk. A sonic distortion field that was considered to be not standard Starfleet issue. "Now, no one can eavesdrop."

"I will be straight up honest here. I know the Captain had Engineering working on something but I do not know what. The Captain had compartmentalized this so that only a few people know what each

project is, and no one but him knows the end game. I intend to call Admiral Saleke later once I know how Captain Sekal is doing." She took a deep breath as she sat back in the chair.

"Let's talk people. I have us with shields up, and running in a random direction currently. I want to be paranoid and safe."

(reply all senior staff at the meeting)  
(posted by Mel)

[illegible]

When Bohb entered the Conference Room he immediately began to search through the room for a place to sit. Generally the chairs at these tables were a little... small. And he hated having to stand in the back of a room. Fortunately he remembered his first meeting on the Hades and he had made it a habit to bring his own chair. He found a space that did not have anyone else sitting yet, pulled the chair to the wall, then unfolded his stool and sat down.

He nodded to Commander Verin and smiled. Then he noted the device on the table. Instinctively he wanted to touch it and see what it was, but he controlled his urge. That did not prevent him from letting it hold his attention. He allowed it while the others sat down, some of them looking at him as it was their first time interacting with a Magillan. He was soon flanked by Ensign Scott and Lieutenant Gregory.

Once everyone sat down the FO went through her customary welcoming comments and thanking everyone for coming on short notice.

"Yes," she began, "the Captain has been attacked, less than an hour ago. No, I don't know why yet. Mr. Lee?" She nodded towards Lee. "Fill us in."

(Lee)

She turned next to Reea, who had been in sickbay. Reea was not her first choice of people to have been here. She was new, she was ferengi, no one really knew her, and she was unable to be read by Luma. "Counselor Reea can you fill us in on sickbay?"

(Reed)

Erin turned to the Engineering sector of the room, "You three." Then she stopped, and reached over to touch the device on the table. Both was a little jealous, as he wanted to play with it so badly.

"Now, no one can eavesdrop," she announced.

Bohb looked at her with great interest. First of all why would she announce that? Then he wondered, who would be listening? Then he could feel the sonic waves being emitted from the device. ~Oooo that's interesting.~

"I will be straight up honest here. I know the Captain had Engineering working on something but I do not know what" she admitted. "The Captain had compartmentalized this so that only a few people know what each project is, and no one but him knows the end game. I intend to call Admiral Saleke later once I know how Captain Sekal is doing." She took a deep breath as she sat back in the chair.

"Let's talk people. I have us with shields up, and running in a random direction currently. I want to be paranoid and safe."

Bohb looked at Gregory, then he looked at Scott. He was the new guy in the group but apparently they didn't have much to say. Finally he met the expectant gaze of the FO and shrugged his shoulders. He dug into the push he always wore and pulled out the small hexagonal device and put it on the table with a clunk.

“Well I’m not certain about any conversations with the captain, but I was doing some ... research in the science lab and saw this little baby just sitting there. Apparently it had been scanned for... explosives?” He shrugged again. “Who ever did the scan just left it there. I must say that I was curious about the object and ran a few scans myself. I was surprised by what I found, to say the least. Now... it has been my experience that all of the technical details are usually lost in a meeting of this ilk, so I will bypass those and give the summary. This is a compressed, highly concentrated power source. What it powers I am completely uncertain, but if I were to hazard a guess, just by the composition and materials, I would say that it is the power source of some kind of advanced weapon, perhaps a side arm or small rifle. But that’s just a guess.”

He looked around the table at the others, who all gave him a strange look. He shrugged once again and sat back down.

(reply any at the table)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - Operations Ensign Sanchez - 0900)

Before he could make sure that the Captain was dead, the Vulcan had hit him, rendering him unconscious.

Waking up in sickbay, he slowly looked around. There was lots of commotion. The Doctor had taken the Captain into surgery, and it was not sure if he would live or die.

~That tears it~ he thought. Oddly, he was not in custody, although there were two security guards nearby.

Sitting up, he felt light headed. One the security guards looked up, "Hey, he's away. Medic," he called.

A blue shirted medic came over. "How do you feel? You took a nasty bump to the head."

Sanchez thought for a moment, "A little light headed, my neck is sore."

The medic looked at the vitals displayed over the biobed. "You don't have a concussion. I've given you something for the pain. I'd recommend you go rest in your quarters for the rest of the day. I've sent a script to your rooms replicator, take the pills every 6 hours. You should be right as rain in no time."

"Thanks Doc," Sanchez replied, "Can I go now?"

Edwards, the second security guard held up his hand. "We want to get your statement first."

"Here?"

"Best get it as soon as we can. While memories are fresh."

Sanchez shrugged "I was in the hall, coming from the gym. I passed the Captain, said hello and woke up here."

Edwards nodded. "You didn't see anything unusual? Hear anything?"

"No sir, the traffic was light. I think it was just the Captain and I in the hall."

"OK, we're going to escort you to your quarters, and post a guard just in case the attacker comes back. I'm sure the Chief will want to ask you some more questions."

"That sounds swell," Sanchez said.

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 Conference Room - Chief of Security Lt jn Keung Lee- 0910)

Lee had ordered an bacon, egg, mushroom and hash wrap as well as a mug of tea from the replicator. Slipping his tea, he took his place at the table where he left his Padd. He glanced at the device that the Commander had placed on the table. This is slowly getting a bit of habit seeing unidentifiable devices. Have to do something about it, thought Lee as he took a mouthful of his meal.

Commander Sienna Williams-Verin started speaking "First off. Thank you for all arriving on such short notice. Yes, the Captain has been attacked, less than an hour ago. No, I don't know why yet. Mr. Lee?" "Fill us in."

Lee put down his wrap and consulted his padd as he swallowed what he was chewing. “The Captain was attacked by an unknown assailant an hour ago and is currently being treated in Sickbay. I don’t know what his condition but Counselor Reea might know. There was also another attack in the Science lab and that victim was Science officer Penny McTarrard including her dog. Now whether those two incidents are linked, we are yet to find out. This ship is under lockdown and my security team are sweeping the decks for the assailant. Unless crew members are on duty, everyone else are ordered to remain in their quarters for the time being. All public areas including the fitness suite and holosuit are off limits for the time being. Noone is allowed to be off the ship or allowed on.”





(posted by Renee Bishop)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 Security office- Assistant Chief of Security PO2 Carol Linnis- 0930)

Assistant Chief of Security PO2 Carol Linnis had been tasked by Chief Lee to co-ordinate the search for the attacker of the Captain and the science officer. She was nursing a headache as she sat at one of the work stations in the Security Monitoring centre. She was mystified by the fact that there was no sensor data of the attack of the Captain. She leaned back, rubbing her head. It been a stressful morning already when she had to intervene in an argument between a Klingon security officer and an Andorian engineer who late for his shift when she was on a walkabout. The Klingon Security Officer didn't believe that the engineer and told him to remain inside his quarters. He was eventually convinced after Carol had checked with the Andorian's supervisor. Then there was the crewwoman who was feeling claustrophobic and having an anxiety attack of told to remain in her quarters. .

There was a gasp from cadet Jane Walker sitting at her workstation “Oh my..that’s horrible”

Carol was instantly alert “What is it?”

"It's the playback from the Science lab on the attack on that science officer. Look!" said Carol, her face paled in shock as she manipulated the controls on her workstation

Carol starred with horror at the scene played before her of the science officer whose name she couldn't recalled by averagely attacked by her dog. Why did that happen? That was her first thought, then realised it was not the assailant who attacked the Captain. There was an odd sense of relief. The Chief needs to know this. She forward the transmission to Lee's padd.

Cadet Walker looked pale. "I go and get you a glass of water" said Carol kindly.

(posted by John)

[illegible]

The door closed behind him. He'd have to get past the guard, but that wouldn't be too hard. Since it seems they didn't suspect him, it was time to make his departure.

Opening his safe, he pulled out a phaser, a different communicator badge and identity cards. These read Maxwell Smart. Now to make his way to the Starbase, he could blend in and disappear.

Taking his Sanchez communicator off, he put it in the safe. Sitting down at his desk, he opened his terminal to send a message. That's when he noticed that the ship was in warp. No where near the Starbase.

~Well, this has an effect on the landscape.~ he thought. He could not be captured, and had a contingency plan if that happened, but for now, he needed a place to lay low. And he knew just the place.

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

Hammons hadn't cooled down much from finding out that Roanoke might be aboard yesterday. Then today the CO had been blatantly attacked. He was aware that the boss was in medical to see if there was anything to be done while he waited for them to retrieve the knife from the Captain's chest without killing him. Security teams had been scanning the deck since the time the alert had been sounded but there had been no lingering trace of a transporter beam. The turbolift logs were being sifted to find out if the perp had fled from the scene by using them and the entire deck sans medical itself were in the process of being searched with a fine toothed comb. So far there had been nothing found that was out of the ordinary. No person had ducked into ongoing operations if the crewmen inside were to be believed. No Jeffries tube access had been used since yesterday as far as the scans showed (and they would have picked up lingering thermal traces). And the isolated crewmen who had been found had been elbow deep in their jobs. They would be questioned, grilled actually; everybody would. Still he couldn't help but feel uneasy as though they had missed something.

He had already spoken with some of the guys who had been in the gym, no sooner had the Captain called than they had tumbled out to the scene. The attack had taken place within sight of the recreation area and within quick reach of medical. Whoever had stabbed the CO had counted on a quick, silent kill and the location showed it. Almost anyone but a Vulcan would have died instantly, there would have been no bringing them back. But the erstwhile killer had flubbed the job, either unaware of the differing Vulcan anatomy or more likely forgetting in the heat of the moment, their strike long and arduously practiced to kill humanoid beings. Their mistake had hopefully saved the Captain's life.

He walked down the hall to the spot which had been cordoned off. One security grunt was still scanning the area for clues. Steven ducked under the marking line and stepped inside. "Run me through this one more time James. Where are the initial traces of blood?"

The man rose from his crouch. "Close to the wall sir. Right here."

Hammons stood back and looked from there to the spot where the Captain had been found hunkered down against that same wall and within a couple of feet of the comm unit that showed a drop of green blood. "He wouldn't have moved far with that knife stuck in his chest." Indeed from the first traces of blood to his sitting position was less than five feet which is half again the length of a human stride. Even shuffling his feet the CO wouldn't have taken more than a few steps. So the attack couldn't have taken place far from that spot. In Hammons mind not more than 4 or five feet.

"And the crewman?"

"He was lying prone here sir."

Hammons noted the location and nodded. "Do you have everything at the scene recorded yet"

"Yes sir, I was just finishing up my double-down check. Give me just a minute."

Steven folded his arms and his eyes surveyed the scene restlessly until the crewman was done.

"Scans complete. All evidence has been entered and I can make a complete three dimensional map from it. Every drop of blood, hair and fiber."

"Good. That means I won't spoil any evidence." He moved to the wall where the blood droplets had already dried and turned his back to it then slid to the marked spot where Sekal had sat on the deck and stopped. He reached out with his left hand and though the Vulcan's arms were longer it was within reach.

"What are you doing sir?"

Hammons gave him a disbelieving look. "I'm reconstructing events. You know back before sensors kept an eye on everything the authorities had to do actual work to gather evidence and solve a case." His eyes dropped to the spot the other crewman had occupied and he frowned. A couple of steps from the wall and he would be almost atop him. So Hammons slid back to the spot with the blood and looked around. "That's peculiar." He stepped out from the wall and turned back toward the gym, he could have reached out and touched the guy. James Merriweather watched him with interest.

On impulse Hammons turned and took 3 normal steps which put him not far from the cordon. "Merriweather come over here and face me." His eyes were hooded as the crewman came around and stood before him.

"The CO was leaving the gym so facing the way I am. Pretend you are driving a knife into my heart."

Merriweather took a step back to position himself then sidestepped to Hammons right. Thrusting his hand forward he stopped it at Hammons chest and held it there.

"All right. Now you hear someone behind me running down the corridor and shouting. Can you see him?"

James repositioned his body. "The CO is a lot taller than you but I can see around you without any problem."

"Do it with your left hand." The man repositioned himself, due to the placement of the wound the offset was larger.

"The same except I have an even wider view."

The wheels in Hammons head were turning. "And if you wanted to take that guy out too?"

James pantomimed withdrawing the knife with a swift jerk then stepped around Hammons.

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Personal Quarters - Ensign Sanchez - 0945)

Initiating Plan B, Sanchez pulled out a bag from under the bed. Taking out the science uniform and specially modified tricorder, he got dressed and slung a small bag over his shoulder

Next, he crawled under the desk and removed the wall panel there. One reason he had made sure to get this room was that there was a Jeffries tube next to the wall. The panel removed, he shimmied into the Jeffries tube and pulled the wall panel back. It would pass on a quick glance in the room, but no way to prevent that.

[illegible]

Done he went, making his way to Deck 10. Exiting the Jeffries tube, he paused to get his bearing before heading to the Shuttlebay. His goal - the shuttlebay storage area. Fortunately, he didn't encounter any security personnel and slipped quietly into the Shuttlebay. Moving along the wall, he made it to the door to access the storage area.

Once inside, he entered a Type 9 shuttle. Closing the door behind him, he activated the low power mode, enough to do some work, but not firing up the warp core. His goal was not to use the shuttle to escape, but rather hide.

Making his way through the craft, he grabbed the shuttles toolkit. Moving to the transporter controls, he opened the toolkit. Carefully he began to take apart the transporter controls, revealing the isolinear chip bed that regulated the device. Opening his bag, he took out three specially programed chips, swapping them out for three chips. Closing the controls panel back up, he moved to the front of the shuttle. Crawling under the main controls, he began to work once more.

When he was finished, the transporter would be hooked into the sensors of the shuttle. He would enter the pattern buffer of the transporter. The sensors would monitor where the ship was, and when the conditions were right, would finish the transport. If the conditions were not met, the system would reverse the transport in a week.

Trying not to think of spending a week in the pattern buffer, he continued his work.

(Reply None)  
(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

Finishing up his work under the console, Sanchez stood up and went back to the transporter controls.

A few keystrokes and the isolinear chips were connected and communicating with each other. Sanchez entered the codes to finally activate the system. It was time.

Sanchez stepped onto the transporter pad. "Energize," he said.

The sound of the transporter being activated filled the shuttle. Sanchez started to dematerialize into the aether.

(Posted by Tim)

After the meeting broke up, Gregory headed back to his room for a quick nap. Down to two command officers, regulations stipulated 6 hour shifts with 6 hours downtime, unless at red alert. Since Commander Verin had been up early, he's go back on shift at noon, give her some time to rest.

In his quarters, he slid into bed and was quickly asleep. His dreams were restless, a chaotic mishmash of images that made no sense to him at all. They eventually formed around his aborted climbing adventure on Bajor, where his misstep almost ended in tragedy. As he began to fall again, he saw the tall, bald Bajorian. "It is happening again," the giant said as Gregory's body hit the floor.

Standing up, he shook his head. Only a dream. Someday he needed to figure out what the giant meant. What was happening again?

Checking the time, he realized he had to get ready anyway. No use trying to catch a few more minutes of sleep. Slipping into his uniform, he grabbed a cup of extra caffeinated tea and headed to the bridge.  
 >>>  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 1200)

Gregory stepped onto the bridge, stopping to look at the Master Systems Display to get a feel for the ship's status. Lieutenant Menzi was still on duty. He'd learn the other names soon enough. He walked to the front of the bridge, taking a seat next to Commander Verin.

"Ma'am, I am here to relieve you," he said. "If anything urgent pops up, I'll be sure to call."

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

After the staff meeting T'Mur started to melt down. She managed to get back to her shared quarters with Sienna and find a corner of the room she could climb into and make an effort to get herself back in control. The ensuing hours she rocked between different levels of madness and calm. She knew what had to happen and her conversation with Sekal kept replaying in her head.

*"You have only one clear choice. You are already forming a bond. Commit to it and deepen it."*

That was the driving force of her last few hours. Not only did she need to be prepared, she needed to prepare Sienna. The honest truth was that her experience here was nonexistent. This was going to be learn as you go. At least she felt certain that she would not be giving Sienna a horrible disease.

As she became more lucid she began to make their quarters more receptive to her plans. She replicated flowers. She wanted real ones but didn't dare leave the quarters for the trip to the arboretum. She put roses on the table, and made a carpet of rose petals on the floor that lead to the bedroom. Then she replicated candles that produced a scent that she knew Sienna would appreciate. Finally she had to prepare herself.

That was when the wave of torment struck her again. It took every ounce of self control to not destroy everything that she had worked so hard on. She managed to stagger to the sonic shower to remove the layer of perspiration that coated her. Then she looked in a closet to try and find something to wear, but leather was not what she had in mind. She went to the replicator one last time to get a loose flowing gown that left very little to the imagination. She climbed onto the bed and sat in the middle, in an attempt to meditate until Sienna arrived.

It took Sienna until the afternoon for her to get free of shipboard duties to get back to her quarters. Absolutely exhausted she staggered inside, leaning against the wall in her exhaustion for a moment. Her eyes took in T'Mur's preparations and Sienna found herself smiling, following the rose petals into their now shared bedroom. She looked upon her mate and smiled.

"Are you feeling any better?" She asked carefully, moving over to sit on the bed as she took off her uniform jacket and draped it on a chair. Sienna reached one hand out to stroke T'Mur's hair, forgiveness and acceptance already in the young telepath.

T'Mur opened her eyes and looked at Sienna deeply. She so wanted to feel better, but she knew that she had to be honest.

"No," she said softly. "I do not. I cannot. I have a hole in me. It is a hole that must be filled."

She reached out and grabbed hold of Sienna's hair and pulled her in for long, hard, passionate kiss. Slowly, through the contact of their lips she opened her mind and began to let the wildness slip through. It began to invade Sienna's own mind. Then she quickly withdrew. They were not ready. Sienna was not ready.

"I have to tell you something," T'Mur said. "I am certain of it now. The treatment has put my body back into an adolescent stage that prepares it for the bonding to a mate. It is... an unpleasant experience. It is... embarrassing. And now... now I have a need. I need you. I... NEED... you."

Sy drowned in T'Mur's presence then when the kiss broke, that feeling left. Her eyes flew open, as T'Mur began to speak. "You are not unpleasant or an embarrassment. I.. don't know what you mean by having a need, but I will help you any way I can. I know I can't be a mate in the traditional Vulcan



sense but I want to be yours and I meant the words I told your Father. Earlier hurt, I felt like you were rejecting me, but T... I'm here." Sienna felt herself parroting words that her brother had once said to another, but it seemed to fit. "If I didn't want to be here, I would have found another place to sleep. Now can you tell me what's wrong? What with the Captain, no one filled me in on what is going on with you. Do we need to get back to Vulcan? I can defy Starfleet and get us there."

T'Mur shook her head. "I do not believe that will be necessary. What I need..." She let that trail off for the moment. "Pon Farr is no menial task."

"T, pon farr? How can I help you with that? I don't have the correct parts as I understand the way it works, which is hardly at all. I love you." Sienna kept stroking T'Mur's beautiful hair as if she could do not help doing the caresses."

"This is different," she said. "This is the Time of Awakening. The koon-ut-kal-if-fee. "It is the time of maturing. Mating is more than procreation. It is a connection. It is a connection to every part of the mate. Mind, body and Kahtra. We will never be truly apart again. Never, no matter what. It is not your anatomy that I need. It is your strength. What I have is yours, what you have is mine. We will, forever... be one. It goes beyond a ceremony. It goes beyond sex. It is, in its truest form, a bonding. Please, do not take this on lightly. No matter what happens between us, we WILL be connected."

A beautiful, whimsical smile flitted over her features, then true utter delight, "T'Mur, what do you want? If your body was not driving you...would I be what you wanted? Lynn thought I was what she wanted, and I turned out not to be. What happens when I die and you live on another lifetime?" Sy continued to pet T'Mur's hair, not touching her skin at all. Not daring to sense the person she loved.

"If your body were to die," she admitted, "you would remain in me. A part of you will always live in me. Even if I find another mate, your imprint will remain. And you ask if you are what I want. Our bond has already begun to form. I have known this already. Others have known also. I would be completing what has already been started. Perhaps that was what finally pushed my body into this state."

She could sense the reluctance to actually touch her skin. The direct contact would link them. Gently T'Mur brushed the hair behind Sienna's ear and slid her palm along the cheek line, Their minds instantly connected

::This is inevitable. We are already connected. This will bind us::

She moved her hand away, knowing she needed to hear the words before she pressed deeper.

"Sienna, Sy, I will know everything about you. There will be no secrets between us. We have both felt pain at the hands of others. We will share that pain. And the pleasure."

"T'Mur, I love you. I have only loved twice in my admittedly short life. I do not have a lot of experience but for many Betazoids this is true, we love only a few and very deeply. I've known all of my life that I fall into that group. I think that even if you had been born a guy, I would have loved you. You are beautiful, intelligent and deadly. You balance me, and I like to think that I balance you. I feel, deeply that I belong to you, as you do to me." Sienna turned her caress so that just her fingertips stroked along T's neck.

::Please:: That one word had so much emotion and desire behind it. ::What little bond I had before was nothing but pain, I never experienced the pleasure. I would like to share that with you, to be yours. This bond will not be one sided, I could not endure that:: So much emotion.

A tear formed in T'Mur's eye. She had never truly allowed herself to share her emotions with another. Vulcan emotions are raw and savage. Even when it came to love. But the pleading was more than she could take. She reached up and took hold of Sienna's neck with her right hand. With her left she reached around and unzipped the tunic and pulled it down to expose her shoulders. Then she began to explore the flesh of her throat.

Pulling her in she reignited the passionate kiss that she had started earlier. She allowed herself to think the one thought she had not allowed herself to say out loud. But she drove that one thought as deeply into Sienna's mind. ::I love you so much::

Sienna surrendered herself to T'Mur and gave as good as she received. Met emotion for emotion. ::How do we do this? Or is it a you do this with my desire?: Her words were tinged with want. ::My dearest...: She continued stroking her fingers along T'Mur's face, seemingly intoxicated with the feeling of their souls touching.

Slowly she moved her hand to position her fingers on pressure points and blood vessels on her face. "This may feel a little... strange at first. I will have to change the blood of certain vessels and use pressure points to make the strongest connection."

She leaned in and kissed Sienna one more time, and used her strength of her hand to press into her head. Then she used her left hand. "My mind to your mind. Your mind to mine. We are one."

As she spoke the words she drove her mind deep into Sienna's. She could see the images of what she was thinking. And deeper she pressed. T'Mur could sense the discomfort of Sienna as she reached her mental barriers. They were now sharing each other's surface thoughts entirely. She could see the image of herself and Sienna intertwined on their bed, breathing heavily, in the act of expressing their love. It was... beautiful.

They fell over on the bed and their bodies began to react to the images. But it was not enough. It was wild and exciting, but the feral nature of the awakening was not even close to being satiated.

::My Beautiful girl, I open myself to you. Take what you need, I am yours. Your partner, your lover and your mate. I decided this months ago. I want this. Do what you need to.:: Sienna tried to relax those inner barriers that all telepaths had. Something deep in her feared this slightly but almost all of her wanted it. The fear was rooted in her lack of knowledge and the taboo nature of Vulcan. ::I am yours...:: She repeated the thought.

T'Mur pressed her mind against the imaginary bubble of Sienna's telepathic defenses. She knew that this was going to hurt. She drew on the feral strength of the ancestors and pushed past them. Her body could hear the sudden draw of breath and cry out. And then she pressed deeper.

::That was the pain. Now comes the pleasure:: she sent down their connection. The tendrils of her mind began to stretch out and intertwine with Siennas, as their very souls began to intertwine.

Sienna opened herself entirely to T'Mur, taking a leap of faith as even the fear that T would reject her faded completely. T'Mur could see everything as she could see all that was T. ::Yours:: Sy spoke as firmly as she could manage, lost in the wonder of the bonding. The entrancement that was T'Mur. That sense that she truly belonged with her.

Now they were connected and T'Mur made a discovery. She was able to tap into Sienna's telepathic ability. She was able to remove her hands from her love's face and still press onward. She had reached her deepest secrets. The mental images were surprising but also intriguing.

::This is what you desire?::

A sense of deep shame crossed their shared thoughts, ::Yes. Always. It's why I love when we meld like this. It makes me feel complete.::

::Then I shall give it to you. I shall make you feel safe.::

In the real world T'Mur reached for the edges of Sienna's uniform and ripped it off her body. She pushed her down and sat across her waist.. And still her mind pressed on. She used her considerable strength to hold her hands over her head and began to nibble on her neck.

A soft sigh of relief as Sienna surrendered the last pieces of her to T'Mur and enjoyed the pleasure amplified between the two.

T'Mur had never felt so connected to anything or anyone. The discovery of each other's desires and pleasures. Nothing was off limits. And she intended to explore those avenues. She knew this was going



After over six hours of surgery, Quinna walked into sickbay in her red scrubs. She walked up to Trei, “the Captain is in ICU. He made it through surgery. But there is no certainty until he wakes.” Quinna held tight to box with the knife.

(Reply Trei)

“You are doing a great job. Get some rest. I am going to be in the ICU room to help settle the captain. Will you be ok?” Quinna asked. She had left everything else to Ariel to take care of.

(Reply Trei)

(posted by Kris)

[illegible]

The shift in Sickbay was not that grueling after things calmed down but she was getting a bit tired in need of some rest. Quinna came in and told her to get some rest. She was most appreciative for the order. She instructed the staff to continue as they were. If they needed her, they can Call her on the COMM. She left sickbay to get some rest before dinner and possibly an emergency call.

(Reply None)

(Posted by Edward)

>>

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay - CMO Lt. Quinna Solice - 15:00)

Quinna managed a quick shower in sickbay. She needed to clean the stickiness of green blood off of her body and out of her hair. As the sonic shower rushed over her, Quinna shut her eyes and leaned against the shower wall. For one minute, her mind was completely silent. Quinna was silent.

The moment passed too fast and Quinna knew that her time was done. She exited and put on clean scrubs. She felt more comfortable than in a uniform. She also wanted to be prepared in case she needed to go back into surgery. She let her blond hair down. Small curls graced the bottom of her hair as the rest was disheveled. It was not quite a bedhead but it was not quite brushed.

Quinna reached for her commbadge but then remembered that it too was covered with blood. She had tossed the badge aside and it landed in the corner.

When she exited the sickbay bathroom, she found a communications terminal and called for Lt. Lee.

“Solice to Lee.”

(reply lee)

"I need you to come to sickbay," Quinna said.

(reply Lee)

"I will see you when you get here." Quinna then walked through sickbay. She nodded at Trei as she was doing an excellent job. She then turned to see Michael Weston. She grabbed her medical PADD with his information. She nodded at him to acknowledge that she saw him. Without a word, she moved into the ICU. There she found what had to be the most uncomfortable chair and sat.

She placed the knife on her lap and then opened up the PADD. She started to put input the surgery information into the Captain's medical record.

(Reply any come on in.)

(posted by Kris)

[illegible]

This sickbay had seen a lot of business in the last couple of days.

Weston himself was not even the starting point. He had heard of a Vulcan woman with her own problems that came through before he arrived. Then there was Captain Sekal. That was disconcerting as now he did not know who he needed to, or even could, confide in.

There was this doctor, but she was not really in a position to hear what he had to say. Then there was a woman who had come in with a severe case of death by dog. He wasn't sure if this was a typical day on the Illuminar or just a series of coincidence around his arrival. Michael really wasn't one to believe in coincidence.

His mind went back to play over the events surrounding Captain Sekal. He could not fathom any of the medical actions, but the attack, stab wound, and the other man that came in with him. That was what held his attention. This yellow uniformed person who was unconscious. He may not have seen a lot of medical procedures, but he had seen his fair share of unconscious men. There was a feel to the circumstances behind why a man becomes unconscious. Evidence often times goes unnoticed by an average investigator. Evidence such as marks and bruises.

He had overheard the man's story, and what truly shocked Weston was that there was no question to the veracity of such an unlikely tale. To suddenly be rendered unconscious in a hallway that was unoccupied by anyone other than himself and the captain seemed... odd. He wondered what the doctor's medical readings showed. He was sure that it would show some form of confusion, and there would be a bruise somewhere around his head or neck, roughly the size of the captain's hand. But getting out of his bed to check on it would have drawn attention away from where it needed to be.

When this Sanchez character left sickbay, with an escort, Michael wondered how long before he ... disappeared. He doubted it would take very long. It had already been six hours. Weston was sure he'd be hard to find, even on a ship this small. His mind began to work on the ways somebody could get off a Federation starship without being noticed. The list was rather small, but extensive enough.

Then he saw the doctor pause at his door and nodded at him. Was there a hint of a smile there? It was the only interaction that he had with anyone, besides a series of minor noticeable empathic sweeps by the Betazoid watchdog outside, that were easily brushed off. Time with a telepath in ... intimate circumstances will build up certain abilities. But those had disappeared when Ariel Trei had left sickbay.

He checked his shoulder to see how much it could handle. Pain was not always as useless as people gave it credit. It could also focus someone. He used some of that focus now. Swinging his legs off the table he was able to stand. He made his way to the doorway. There were not many people in the medical room. And with Trei not there to monitor his emotional state he was able to make a conscious decision. These people needed his help, and now he could finally give it.

Weston checked the central medical bay to see that it was empty for a brief time. He knew that this condition would not last long. He found a medical uniform that was about his size and quickly changed. He stretched his shoulder and winced at the pain, but he would be able to handle the pain. Then he looked in at the ICU room where it showed the CO still alive, and in a form of coma. Most likely it was a healing trance. He looked at the doctor and smiled. She was cute.

Then he turned and walked out of sickbay. The best way to fit in is to look like you belong. Still he needed information, without attracting attention. His first order of business was to find something that get left sitting around all the time, a ship's PADD. He would need to find this Ensign Sanchez.

(reply none)

[illegible]

He was pretty certain that ships security were looking for him, so he did have to be careful. But these were simple fleet security men, and Weston had had extensive training and experience in evading being found. It was a singular trait that made him effective. As a child he excelled in playing hide and seek, as either a seeker or a hider. There were probably some people today still trying to find him from a game that had never ended since they never found him.

With the PADD he was able to find the quarters of one Ensign Ricardo Sanchez. There were still two security men posted outside his quarters. He found a place to wait and listen. This Captain Sekal was a shrewd customer. He kept his cards close to his chest, because the scuttlebutt was simply that nobody knew what was going on, and those seemed to be standing orders on this ship. They all just accepted their ignorance as though this were a typical day.

The only useful piece of information was that Sanchez had not left his quarters since he entered, and there had been not sound from him. Which Weston thought was odd. He doubted the man was still in there, even though he had no idea how he would have left. An STS transport would have left some kind of signature. And when he scanned for life signs with the PADD there were none inside. But there was also some kind of dampening field, so it was difficult to see if there was someone in there or not. There was only one way to know for sure. Surely somebody else thought to physically check to see if the man was in there... or want to question him... or something.

If they hadn't they would soon, so he knew his time was of the essence. That, and the low grade headache he was starting to develop, no doubt as a result of his own injuries. He had to play a gamble and hope it worked. With PADD in hand he strolled down the hallway and stopped in front of the two security men.

“Doctor Solice wanted me to check on the condition of Ensign Sanchez,” he said with authority.

"We didn't hear anything," one of the security men said defiantly.



"Look," Weston looked serious and worried, "the doctor is already in a snit. You no doubt heard about this morning... and this afternoon. If I come back without these readings," he thrust the PADD at the man's face, who avoided looking at it, "then I might as well plan on washing bed pans for the next two weeks. Do you want to be the one joining me?"

Now one guard looked at the other and they each shrugged, not knowing what to do. “Maybe we should check?”

“You go right ahead,” Weston said quickly, “but be sure to tell them your name and current rank. You’ll be pulling the doctor away from treating the captain.”

They both shook their heads at one another and then stepped aside. "Make it quick."

"I'd already be gone if you two hadn't kept me from my job," he said as he waited for the door to open.

Once open it was easy to tell that not only wasn't Sanchez there, he hadn't been there for a while. ~Great.~ He began to look through the quarters quickly, looking for any evidence of an escape route. What he did see was a bag on his his bed with a yellow uniform in it. Which means he changed uniforms. Who knew what color. It depended on where he wanted to hide. He stood up and took a deep breath. That was when he noticed it. There was a seam in the wall by the bed. On closer inspection he could see that it was an access panel, and it had been removed and replaced... recently.

Now he had to decide if he had time to follow the trail before his time was up or not. That nagging headache was starting to get a little stronger. He wasn't sure how cold the trail was, but he had to follow it now, while he could. He pulled off the panel and looked inside the Jeffries tube.

(reply any)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Sienna rose from the bedding late that night, she moved towards the shower and dressed quickly. Quietly she ran the brush through her hair before grabbing her uniform jacket and zipping it over the marks that T'Mur had left on her body. They hurt a bit, but felt very good to her. She moved into the office and closed the door, sealing it with her command code. It had to be sealed, but what newly bonded Sienna knew, T'Mur would know within moments. She quickly read through the updates, and nearly cheered out loud when she read that the Captain would likely recover, that the surgery had been a success.

For the third time that day, Sienna blessed that they were gifted with such a treasure. There was no update yet about Weston, Sy would go and talk to him the next day. She yawned again, not sure if anything would have broken the intensity of the melding trance that had bonded them so deeply. Thankful that nothing had disrupted it. Thankful that T'Mur was resting for the moment. She took a deep breath and signed off on the shift reports.

"Luma?" Sienna asked out loud, noticing that Luma was much calmer feeling.

=^= Our Sekal is doing better but Luma can still not feel him.=^=

"Let him rest, Luma. I will go check on him before I go back to bed, but for now we need to do some work, my friend. Open a secure, encrypted channel to Admiral Saleke please. I need to speak with him." Luma opened the channel and greeted Saleke.

=^= Greetings Luma.=^= The Vice-Admiral spoke. =^= And to you Commander. What is the purpose of this communication? =^= He was wearing casual clothing and not in his office.

"Sir, I am calling for a few reasons. The biggest is to tell you that earlier today, the Captain was stabbed, and spent most of today in surgery. Sekal is out of surgery, and he is in some sort of trance. I assumed command." Sienna had done her best and on very little sleep. She should still be in bed, she knew with that half feeling down her back from when she had foreseeing ability of the Q, that in the very near future she would need every moment of that sleep.

The face of the Vulcan at the other end of the channel had gone taut for a moment then relaxed. It was a small thing and not easily noticed except by those who knew him. Sienna had spoken with him on several occasions as he was based on Mars and the father of the Captain.

=^= The damage must have been severe for him to place himself into a healing trance. I know that he has confidence in your ability to run the ship. I also logically assume that this is related to your mission. What do you have to report? =^=

"I do not know what to report. The attack appears to come out of nowhere, in a public space. Luma sensed and saw nothing and the attack on Captain Sekal threw her into telepathic shock. The first thing I did was throw our shields up and have us going in a random direction away from the base." She sighed, "My thought was that we can make the distance up quickly if needed by running at high warp. The stress factors on the ship itself seem fine, I glanced over at the engineering reports before initiating this call."

He nodded. =^= A logical precaution.=^=

"I called the senior staff together and got some of the pieces of this puzzle. Our Captain has been playing his cards close to his chest. The operative we beamed aboard is recovering nicely in sickbay and will be under guard. I did not want to believe that we had operatives of that group aboard this ship. I know logically that all of the new ships likely do, but it makes me angry Sir." She had come to Saleke in the past when she had difficulties. Saleke was a strong, wise safe place and she needed to have someone tell her she was doing ok. She was on the defensive, protecting the ship and those aboard her.

He nodded. =^= As we know more we will begin in-depth planning against them. The next time we will not stop at dismantling their power structure but will move in swiftly to crush them. Any intelligence you gain on their organization will be used toward that end. =^=

"There is another issue. Well two. I have had personal orders from Admiral Winters about reading the thoughts and memories of the operative if he died. Those orders extended to reading the ship if necessary. I do not know how I feel about that. And Sir... I need to know, would you trust Ensign Bohb with this ship? He and Luma tussled the other day and as a Magellian he is a null."

=^= The Bohb will find out why the crystal cracked so Luma will no longer be trapped. The Bohb is like Luma, different and alone. The Bohb promises not to break the skin. Luma misses her Vex.=^= Longing in the Lenai's voice. =^= The Father Saleke, when will our Sekal have a sense again? He feels like he is not there. Luma wants him awake.=^=

Saleke sat back in his chair. =^= Sekal is not sleeping Luma but in a deep healing trance and working to rebuild his body. Due to the depth of that trance it will be necessary to assist him to wake at the proper time. =^= Saleke knew very well what Luma might do upon seeing the necessary measures taken to assist his son to full consciousness. =^= Luma this is very important. When it is time to wake him physical stimulus will be needed to do so and it will take the form of hard blows. When this happens you must allow it or he will not awake. Do you understand? =^=

=^= No Luma does not understand why her Sekal must be punished for healing but the Saleke says it must be so. Luma will allow it but she will not be the happies. And she will only allow it because her father figure says it must be so. =^= Luma did not sound happy with the request.

=^= Commander Verin I am well acquainted with Bohb and recommended he be reinstated to Starfleet. He is a valuable asset as well as crew and you will find his expertise invaluable. You can trust him on my word. =^= From a Vulcan that was high praise.

"The last matter is personal, Sir. I have bonded with Ensign T'Mur. Her treatment caused her to ah. Enter the time of bonding. I do not know much about Vulcan rituals, and our Doctor doesn't have enough knowledge. I need to know if there is anything I should be doing to help her through this time. If the Captain were able to advise me, I would speak with him." Such was the relationship between the two that had been in the academy together. Sienna strongly felt that Sekal was one of her closest friends.

Saleke leaned closer to the monitor and quickly pulled up the file on T'Mur, Ensign, CTac on Illuminar and selected her medical history, latest entries. He was quiet for the moment he did this before blanking that screen and returning his attention to Sienna. His look was guarded if not uncertain. =^= She has regressed to Koon-ut-la, the time of bonding? I am familiar with the treatment she received and this is an uncommon side effect. But enough of this, you requested information. The bonding links the betrothed pair and brings them together at Pon Farr, the time of mating. Pon Farr if extended too long will drive the dominant one mad and kill them due to the stress upon their body. This is the time of Plak-tow, the blood fever. This is not a ritual as you know it Commander, it is part of the life cycle of a Vulcan. Koon-ut-la was instituted as a way to ensure the mating of two willing participants lest at the time of Ponn Farr the urge to mate should strike out at random targeting one who was unwilling or already mated. You have no doubt heard that the history of Vulcan is steeped in savagery but were unaware of how deep it extended. I do not tell you this without hesitation but these are things you need to know of if you are to understand what you are entering into. Those chosen as mates by Vulcans must be aware of our past. It is hypothesized that Panar syndrome extends into our darkest history and

those times of savagery, I'm certain you can understand why ... as well as why it is a taboo subject among my race. ^=

"Yes, Sir. While as a biologist I am curious, it is more of a need now. I observed her acting impulsively and erratically and she came to me finally. I left her alone for several hours while I tended to the needs of the ship" Pain crossed her features as she remembered the things T'Mur had spoken to her.

=^= The mating ceremony itself is a ritual that merely marks the pair as mated. Ponn Farr normally requires that a return to Vulcan be initiated lest death occur but that presumes that one of the pair is on Vulcan. ^=

Having finished imparting the background information and seeing the alarm in her eyes he continued.

=^= As you are both on the Illuminar I do not believe this will be an issue. Is Ka-li-fe required? ^=

"I am not sure what that is Sir." A deep breath of worry underlied her words.

=^= Ka-Li-fe means marriage or challenge in Federation standard. The submissive one may require a fight to the death between the bonded one and another suitor. The winner of the trial by combat gains possession of the one who called the challenge. Should this be called and the bonded suitor elects to not take possession of the prize then the bond will dissipate and Pon Farr is satisfied. I presume this is not required? ^=

"Ah no. As far as I.... Oh." Sienna was not used to the depth of the bond. "She went to Sekal first. He confirmed what was going on and sent her to me. We had a beginning of a bond forming between us already but it did not hurt so I dismissed it." He knew her history.

=^= I assumed correctly then. If the bond between you is strong then Plak-tow will dissipate on its own, most often quickly. This is not a surface commitment Commander. If you do not intend to make a lifetime commitment she must be returned to Vulcan quickly so that a priestess can bond her to a suitable mate otherwise her life is forfeit and she is a danger to herself as well as untrustworthy to the ship and those on it. She could become violent or make an attempt to commandeer the ship for a trip to Vulcan. It has happened a number of times in the past. While in Plak-tow she may not be in possession of her mind much less able to control her actions. ^=

"She does not believe she needs to be on Vulcan. I would already be on my way if she did. I feel uncertainty Sir. I want to do what is right for everyone. And as for my intentions, I commit to her. I did earlier today. I never knew it could be like that." The wonder of it all was there to read, like many non vulcans she glowed with the joy of the bonding. "I love her, Sir. I find myself wishing that Ambassador Riven Mias was still aboard. This crew is so young and I find myself wishing for his wise words." Only to Saleke or her parents would she admit her fears.

An eyebrow quirked.. ^= Ambassador Mias is what I believe a human would call ... a handful. A wise mine certainly, highly emotional and a personal friend. I assume you would wish to make use of his priestly duties. Unfortunately he has returned to Betazed for a time but will be available in the future. Should the Illuminar divert to Betazed at some point I anticipate you will seek him out. ^=

A small smile appeared on Sy's face, "Yes, Sir, I am sure that he can indeed be a handful. I am glad that I had a chance to see your relationship with him. It gives me hope. If anything changes, and Sir this is a very fluid situation. I will keep you up to date. I know that you are trustworthy, and I am not sure about some of the other Admirals. For instance, I do not know Admiral Winters and two of her children have recently come aboard."

=^= The Sky is like his Father and the Celiste is like her Mother. Without her formidable abilities, mating with a vulcan diluted her ability to be a bondmate. But she is skilled with Luma's roses. They are safe.^= Luma's vouching was enough for Sy.

“The last thing, Sir, the thing that has been bothering me. How did the sensors not pick up what happened? Luma had no idea either what was occurring. I don’t understand how to prevent this from happening again.” She did not like admitting that she was not sure what to do.

His response came quickly. ^= Sensors are like any other device and can be defeated with the proper knowledge. Operations has oversight of the power and control voltage used to operate them and any tampering would be found in their control logs. Tampering would be noted by an operations officer who was using proper concentration on his task. That makes crewman in that department suspect Commander. ^=

=^= Luma does not approve that the small duplicitous ones can break her eyes. ^= Yeah Luma was not pleased. Sienna closed her eyes for a brief moment and gently soothed Luma.

"I will start there, Sir. Thank you for your time." One last thing occurred to Sienna but when she would not say anything, Luma decided to take the decision out of her hands.

=^= Our Sienna wishes a Vulcan healer to come aboard and assist in the medical department.=^=

“It does not need to be a healer, just someone more..conversant...with Vulcan healing. This has shown me pretty clearly that we have a blank spot in our knowledge. Maybe sending Dr. Solice to a briefing or short course with medical personnel might be a better choice. I was going to write up the request when I find some free time.” Sienna turned lightly towards the other room, “T’Mur is waking up, I need to be with her if possible. Any wise words, Sir?”

=^= None that you are not already aware of. Remain alert and you have already seen the signs of Ponn Farr and what it entails. It should recede quickly once the conditions I noted are met. And send your request for a healer or symposium to me. I know five healers that are available and would meet your requirements. They are also trustworthy. Peace and long life Commander. ^=^ The transmission ended on his nod.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Melinda and Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 3 - FO Quarters- Commander Sienna Verin and CTO Ensign T'Mur - 2345)

Sienna unlocked the office, opening it to find her T'Mur standing there. "Hey." Sy spoke softly. "I had to make a call, and I have to lock the office before we can initiate the encrypted connection. It has nothing to do with ... I don't know how this bond works yet, do you have the information from the call, or should I tell you about it?" Sienna took a few steps forward and reached out to pet T'Mur's face.

T'Mur, now completely in control of herself, gave an approving look to her mate. The thought of that word sent a wave of pleasant thoughts through her mind, along their connection and deep into Sienna's mind.

"I am not completely certain myself," she admitted. "I believe I have access to the information, but I still need to learn how to reach it. Learning to separate your thoughts from my own will take some time. Or perhaps I just love hearing your voice. Tell me."

Sienna peeled off her uniform jacket and dropped it on a chair. She twined her fingers with T'Mur's and drew T'Mur back into their bedroom. There Sy rid herself of her boots, pants and a tank top.

T'Mur allowed herself to be dragged along. She watched as Sienna slipped out of her clothing studying each movement, memorizing the curves of her body in the angles required for disrobing. She could not help but feel how voyeuristic it all seemed. Her thoughts turned to memories of earlier in the night and she could feel her blood begin to boil again.

Quickly she closed the distance and pressed herself against her beautiful... love. She sat on the edge of the bed and dragged Sienna to stand before her. She missed her stomach, feeling it quiver at the gentle touch of her lips.

"Tell me about your call," she said huskily.

"I needed to touch base with Vice Admiral Saleke on Mars. He is Luma's father figure and Luma needed the reassurance of speaking with him. I wanted to be sure that he heard from someone he trusted about apaq the Captain's attack now that we know that he will survive. And I needed to talk with the Admiral about the ship's orders. He basically told me to trust my judgement and he was the only person I knew who could convince Luma that it was ok for someone to help awaken the Captain from the trance, now that I know it is a healing trance. I talked with him about us as well."

Sienna sighed happily, "I needed to know what to do since neither of us have gone through this before. I wanted to do everything right and I needed to talk to someone that I trusted about it." Moving to sit beside T'Mur and leaned in and kissed T'Mur's lips.

"I need you to know that I trust you, but if what I understand is correct, you will know everything, even things that you wouldn't know due to your security clearance. Once we wed... If you still want to wed

me, we can see about fixing that. Starfleet is going to insist on that. Can you tell me how you are feeling?" Sienna had a hard belief about herself that she was not worthy of being kept as a mate to anyone and now that T was better, T would absolutely move on to someone better. The earlier meld was wonderful but the old fear continually intruded and she just could not believe how lucky she was to have T in her life.

T'Mur reached down through their connection and heard the voice of Admiral Saleke saying, "I assume you would wish to make use of his priestly duties.", then hearing her reply of "Yes, sir." She smiled a little.

::So wish a ceremony?::

::Mhmm hmm. It would make me feel more secure about us. And he was my mind-healer, and I saw him marry Alaya and Hammons... I just want, wish. I want to be wed properly. On my parent's ranch, properly naked, beneath a tree. Which will make my Dad and my twin uncomfortable but that's my dream. I don't want a white dress. When I played dolls as a youngling, I always had them buff. I don't even know what a wedding or ceremony is like on Vulcan. How horrified would your Father be?:: A soft smile as she stared into T'Mur's eyes after she had broken the kiss.

"Sienna... do you wonder why it is so difficult for my to use the diminutive Sy?" she asked. "It is because I feel so strongly about you that it is unnatural. I want to say your entire name because I enjoy the way it sounds coming out of my mouth. I enjoy the sensation I receive when I say it. Sy is over too quickly. I do not want anything about you to be over quickly. I want it long and drawn out. To take its time and bathe in your essence."

She reached up to make their connection complete. ::I do not understand some of these things but I want to make you happy forever. I love you as I have loved no other, nor do I want to love another again. Will you marry me?::

She sent an image down their connection of the exact wedding that she had described.

Sy blinked in pleasure at the image, ::Do we always have to touch in order to speak like this? Lynn, she never could speak back to me. It never was a priority for her to learn. I don't mind, in fact I really, really like it. I feel safe when we are connected like this.::

When T'Mur felt for the difference in the relationship with Ailynn Bracken, she could feel the one sided Imzadi bond that had tried so desperately to form but had never been accepted and was weak. She could feel how terribly the whole experience had hurt Sienna and how it had formed this belief that Sy just was not good enough. But when they were connected, Sienna felt like everything would be all right. That T was her safe place. That their love eclipsed anything she had felt with Lynn. A brief thought

circulated between the two women that Sy avoided Lynn's company because she could not face the memories and move on.

"I just get scared." Sienna finished, slightly out of breath from the emotions in her. Almost drunk.

::I... feel you always. But our connection is more complete when we touch. My system connects with yours and I know what you know. I am who you are. I have noticed that even when we are not touching I can access your telepathy with you.::

She disconnected to prove her point. ::I do not know how far this goes. But it is ... intriguing. ::

::You are the most important person in my life. I love you. It deepens by the second. But I have two favors to ask of you.:: Sy reached back up to brush her hand down T'Mur's cheek, lost in the pleasure of the skin on skin moment. It was the little things between them that brought so much pleasure.

::The first is that I am going to need a bodyguard. Are you going to be stable enough by tomorrow to do that for me? If not, can you recommend someone else in security who is? I don't particularly like Lee and trust you. The other is, I need to be trained in self defense work. I took the required course at the academy but I did not do well. I only passed because of my Dad being the head of the Academy. This person who attacked the Captain attacked him and the Captain is a skilled fighter. This shows that I need to be too, that I'm not safe walking the decks of this ship.:: Sy was looking for T'Mur's tactical mind.

T'Mur sent her confidence and strength down the connection like body armor. ::No one will protect you like I will. They are all able fighters, but when it comes down to it, I WILL lay down my life for you. I cannot guarantee the same level of commitment from any other. ::

She stretched her neck and gave Sienna a long and loving kiss. :: And I will teach you how to defend yourself. At least against a basic attacker at first. I will warn you that these lessons come at a cost.::

::Well, my body is going to hurt terribly because I am out of shape, but what sort of cost were you thinking my love?:: Sienna loved calling T'Mur her love.

T'Mur sent a quick image of a series of joint locks that could disable any fighter. Then she sent another image. One not nearly so violent. But one that still had their bodies entangled and active. ::The cost will be high... my love.::

::You will be trying those poses on me? The disabling ones?:: There might have been a touch of sexual hope to her request. ::The other ones sound intriguing as well.::



T'Mur moved swiftly grabbing Sienna's arm, swinging under it and using it to drive Sienna to the bed.  
::Those, and many more.::

With Sienna in that helpless position she began to the back of her neck. She continued her caresses down her back, eventually letting go of the arm.

::Well, I do not believe we can make out on the floor of the gymnasium, not even the security's particular gym. Let us keep trying out these poses.:: Sienna pushed back slightly against T and laughed quietly.

::Perhaps we can lock it out for time as a reward for your... hard work.::

Suddenly she flipped Sy over and found herself presented with an intriguing position. T'Mur could feel the raising tension in her blood and reached deeply into their bond. She needed to be one with her again and this seemed a great time to connect.

Going deeply into the bond hurt for a brief moment but the hurt passed so quickly. ::Hi Gorgeous. This is your place.:: Sienna for all of her time as a telepath had spent most of her time blocking the bonds she had. First of her twin and then of her 'imzadi'. ::Teach me how to do it as well.::

::There is little to teach. Relax and let go. Become one and embrace it. :: Then T'Mur sent back, ::This place is OURS. I give this of me to you. This goes both ways. We are partners. I do not own you, we belong to each other. All of me.::

::I know that even when we play that we are partners. But I also know that all of me is yours. And that I need the safe place that you provide. Where I am no one's anything but yours. Where I am not the Commander. Because I am so afraid there will be times like this morning when I will have to be the Commander and I'm mortally afraid that I will have to send you to your death. I almost am afraid I am now, asking you if you can bodyguard me. Admiral Saleke said that this should pass quickly for you, but you are unique. Can you focus to protect me?:: There were many things that Sienna obviously did not understand about vulcans, even after that talk.

::The burning need is already passing. What is left will be what is left. I will always feel the way I do. Vulcans love more deeply than they are given credit to. Perhaps even more deeply than humans. But perhaps not more so than Betazoids. And I am already focused on your protection. It will be my single greatest focus where all others around you will be safe because you are there. Do not fear for my death. Have you not heard.:: T'Mur paused for dramatic effect drawing on Sienna's own humor, ::I am indestructible. The only thing that can hurt me now is losing you.::

∴I've heard that Vulcans will fight to death for their mates during the pon farr. Will you do that for me? And you realize that if I am on the Bridge, you will not be on tactical if you are body guarding me. You are the most brilliant tactical officer on this ship, love.∴ Sienna did not like that idea. That nagging sense she had said that T'Mur being on tactical was very important. ∴Da\*\* these flashes leftover from Q!∴ She growled for a moment.

T'Mur reached through the connection with what could have been thought of as anger, but it was more red hot resolution. ::In the Pon Farr, if I am challenged, and my rights as your mate are challenged I will fight.. to the death. To my death. And as for being your body guard and tactical officer, I am very skilled at multitasking. If saving you means saving the ship, the ship will be saved. I cannot extrapolate further than that at this time.::

:And will you still be in the pon farr in the morning?: She asked quietly. :I have to be on the bridge in the morning.:

:I cannot say.: she admitted. :But I will be there and fully capable of all my duties.. for you. I am, in control.:

Then she added a bit less seriously, :: With exception of this moment. If you don't make love to me right now I cannot predict what action I might take.::

A twitch of her lips, ::So it is time to practice a few more of those moves? So that I know what they feel like? In the interests of teaching.:: Her eyes twinkled in delight.

::Of course.. my love. In the interest of your education::

(reply none)

(posted by Al & Mel)

[illegible]

Awake isn't quite the right word and consciousness is irrelevant to one who's psyche exists not only within their own mind but infused into every cell of their body. Not that he could command each cell individually all at once, his attention must needs be focused on one area at a time to get the most efficient results. So to say he awakened would be a misnomer however he was once again alert and active. There was no need to route oxygen rich blood to the artery since that was what it was carrying so he focused his attention on those cells that had been sutured together. The work of reintegrating the bond between them had already begun, he merely had to speed up the process by routing nutrients to the task. The IV was carrying what he needed to supply those nutrients and his blood supply was nearly optimal due to the infusion he had been given so the process of creating it in his marrow was allowed to continue at the normal rate which was replacing any that expired.

The knitting of the vascular tissue was sped up by a number of times and while it continued he turned his attention to the damaged left lung. It too had been sutured but this covered a far greater expanse. We are talking mere centimeters here essentially so the concept of vastly greater must be taken into context. The pulmonary tissue was a different story than the vascular though it must be noted not remarkably so. Blood was routed through the pulmonary system into the lungs where oxygen depleted blood released CO<sub>2</sub> and exchanged it for oxygen which is the purpose of respiration. So before the blood left the lungs to be routed through his heart into the arteries it was oxygen rich comparatively speaking since Vulcans don't require as much of the gas. Except in the case of healing. By increasing oxygenation of the platelets he could also speed up the healing process therefore he did so.

This was the primary advantage of the healing trance, this ability to control the foundational aspect upon which his body rejuvenated itself. This was his first time using it outside of Kohlinar and he had started the process a bit late but in the future would not make the same mistake. He was dimly aware of another presence in the room somehow since his senses were active. His attention on them was not great but existed on a very minimal level. But he knew, he just didn't know who and attention couldn't be spared on determining their identity if indeed he could climb out of the depths of the healing trance to do so.

It would take hours for the vascular tissue to properly knit and more for the pulmonary but he had set them well into motion. At some point the nutrients being delivered by the IV would be insufficient and he would have to call on his reserves. His fatty tissue was minimal but would do and since it would be best to begin the process of breaking it down before it was needed rather than later he set it into motion.

The layers of muscle and skin over his chest were not as important at this point as his internal systems. Once they were completed he would turn his attention to them.

"When was this ability discovered master?"

In memory he was seated before the ancient teacher mirroring his crossed legged posture. The Master was wearing his dull orange robe with a black sash.

The monk opened his eyes and shrugged slightly. "Who first discovered it is unknown young Sekal but the healing trance has been spoken of throughout recorded history and detailed instructions kept in medical records."

"Should we not learn the practice much earlier?"

The teacher gave him a long look before answering. "No. The healing trance has its own danger for those who are young and unwise therefore it is only after one has reached the maturity needed for Kohlinar that it is introduced. We have already spoken of this. You have learned to reach beneath the surface of your body but only when you have been properly prepared will you be directed to the fullness of its depths."

"And what will I find there Master?"

The ancient monk inclined his head slightly. "There you will find your Katra young Sekal and learn how to direct it to the benefit of your life. In this there is danger in changing your bodily functions without

properly balancing them. And this primarily is the reason one must be old enough to comprehend the consequence of their choices."

Sekal nodded his head. "I find this logical."

The teacher nodded. "This is why it is your time. You have more to learn before you take the next step."

Sekal unfolded his legs and stood. "Then tomorrow I will learn more."

The master nodded his head in agreement. "Indeed you will. Until then continue to practice what I have shown you."

He turned his attention back to the vascular tissue. To force it to knit faster would be counter-productive and introduce an element of risk. He was in no hurry, the ship was in the capable hands of his executive officer. Time continued to scroll by outside his body of which he was unaware. Here in the trance it stretched ahead of him without form.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS

Illuminar - Deck 3 - FO Quarters- Commander Sienna Verin and CTO Ensign T'Mur & Q- 0300)

# Sienna

was sleeping, her body wrapped around T'Mur. And has occurred times in the past, she found herself pulled into the misty landscape of the Q.

“Hello

Q. I am so thrilled to see you again. Can we not do this song and dance tonight? Life's a bit chaotic right now." Sienna felt T'Mur being pulled into the dream-world as well and her heart stilled. T'Mur and Q would be volatile. "And she does not need to be here, Q. Leave her be."

"Oh

the drama." Q was sitting indolently in a rocking chair on the porch of her parent's farm. A warm breeze stirred fitfully as the chair creaked in time to his movements. Somewhere a hound was baying as he chased a jackrabbit through the pasture. The sun was high in the sky and the day was hot. The being was looking down the road with a sly look on his face. He turned his head slightly to look into her eyes.

"Captain

ice cube is lying vulnerable in sickbay after nearly having his heart split open and you my dear Sienna are commander of the ship fleeing from fear and uncertainty. Had you kept my gifts you could have foreseen and avoided this. But not knowing seems to be the method of lesser races who desire to be warmly embraced by the comfort of ignorance."

The

word ignorance rang through T'Mur's mind brining her to consciousness. Her form materialized beside Sienna. This was the scene Sienna had shared with her of her parent's farm. Looking down she noted that she was clothed in what could only be described as ...

farmer clothing. She looked at the strange male in front of them dressed in a Starfleet admiral's uniform.

He

cast his eyes toward the Vulcan who had appeared beside her. "I wouldn't think of separating such a devoted couple. Besides it adds spice to the game when more can play." His words dripped with sarcasm.

T'Mur

looked around as if waking from a dream into another dream. Her connection to Sienna sent information directly to her brain, and she knew as much as Sienna did about what was happening. She took a defensive posture in front of her mate.

"So

this is the almighty Q, come to play some torturous game," she said. "And I am invited to play?"

"What

is your present game?" she asked.

Sienna

was proud of T'Mur for being there, standing up for her. Sienna knew why Q was here. There were two events that had happened in the same day to appeal to Q's amusement in tormenting the beings on this ship. "I suggest that you answer my Lady's question Q."

"The

game of life of course." Q's eyes twinkled in mirth at her threat which was less than nothing to him.

"Unlike my brethren and those like us I prefer to observe the tumultuous events of primitive creatures such as yourselves up close rather than from afar.

I sometimes also interact and on occasion may impart some nuggets of wisdom which is beyond your ability to grasp. Besides..." he stood to his feet and snapped his fingers. With a flash they were seated in a dusty bar not far down the road. Q leaned forward

with a grave expression. "I like you Sienna. As I've told you before you have fire."

His

eyes lit on T'Mur. "However now you've gone and added logic to your makeup." He addressed T'Mur directly. "Tell me then what is the logic in mating with such an emotional and volatile being Ensign T'Mur? I'm all ears."

T'Mur

looked at her new surroundings. The bar scene suited Sienna's image of her family. She wondered what pattern of Q's behavior represented. It was intriguing that he wanted Sienna to be in a comfortable surroundings but he also wanted her to feel uncomfortable.

The

one thing he said that T'Mur agreed with was that Sienna had a fire in her. She was fairly certain he meant an emotional fire. Now was not necessarily the best time to play the linguistic game.

"If

you knew anything at all about emotions you would know that they have a pattern. It is an almost logical pattern with a completely illogical sensation. One can almost, with a 97% chance of certainty, predict an emotional response. But then there are random displays of emotions that lend more a chaos theory of mathematics."

"Therefore

your logic is based on a clinical study of illogical behavior. How droll. In other words your choice wasn't made on logic but on emotion. Quite an admission for a Vulcan. Perhaps there's hope for your species yet. Your Captain is quite progressive in some ways but in matters of logic he is more pragmatic and it is quite satisfying to overturn his conclusions. You are too easy."

T'Mur

nodded, "He and I have had different experiences. Logically we would have different outlooks. However I have seen no evidence to support your statement that I am "too easy" unless you are speaking of something other than logical conclusions."

"We

will have ample opportunity to test my theory in the future." Q's biting remark was delivered with excruciating enunciation.

He

turned his attention back to Sienna. "You two make quite a pair but you've seen what is coming down the road so to speak. Are you ready?"

"Are you here to offer back those annoying precognitive abilities? Not interested." She lied. She missed them, and the flashes that she was still experiencing were annoying and vague. Not that his 'gifts' had been any more forthcoming. "If you mean those bug creatures that Dr. Mias identified, the future is not set in stone, Q. But whether she is with me for a day or a lifetime, I treasure her." Sienna groped for T'Mur's hand.

"Oh no, that deal is over and done but I see she has already infected you with her subjective logic. A pity." Q leaned back in the chair. "I had such high hopes for you."

"Subjective logic? What does that even mean?" Q was trying to make her angry. So she would not get angry. Yet. "So if you are not here to offer me back my abilities, why are you visiting? Just to wish us well?" One could hope.

T'Mur could feel Sienna's hackles rise. "Much to your misinformation, logic is not an infection. It is a way of using information to make decisions based on the most likely outcomes. If that is an infection then I would say that you, in your own way, act in a most logical manner. Although some might think that your behavior to be illogical or, as I have heard, whimsical, I believe that you are looking for information to make logical decisions, based on the outcomes that you can see. What is illogical is that you continue to try, time and time again, to follow the same pattern, expecting different outcomes. That is illogical, perhaps even insane, by definition. And yet the question remains consistent. What is your purpose for being here."

Once again she drew on Sienna and added, "Perhaps you wish to ... give away the bride."

Q chuckled. "The wisdom of the wise is as foolishness to babes. No, I'm here to broaden your horizons. Think of the good you could do in the galaxy Sienna, you and your duplicitous first officer if some chance tragedy should happen to your commanding officer in sickbay."

"Nothing will happen to the Captain, Q. And who is the duplicitous FO in this case? Any person in particular?" She twined her fingers with T'Mur, almost clinging to the woman.

"Mr.

Gregory doesn't trust you enough to comply with a simple request. Why then should you trust him? Intrigue abounds my dear Sienna and the unwary get swept away by it."

T'Mur

was listening dispassionately now. There were clues in Q's words but she could not quite put them together. It was as if Q wanted or needed the question and answer session. What was he really up to. Clearly the direct questioning was getting them nowhere.

"Are

you implying that if something were to happen to the captain, and Sienna became CO, that Lt. Gregory would be her first officer, and he has a duplicitous nature? Perhaps Sienna's request was not as simple as you suggest. Perhaps he has a reason for refusing to participate. That does not make him either duplicitous or untrustworthy. I have found him to be quite trustworthy."

"He

is referring to when I asked Counselor Hammonds to read Lt. Gregory. I needed to know that I could trust him. He quoted a bunch of regulations at me, and said that if his oath was not good enough for me, then I should let him resign. I can't entirely trust him. But that does not make him duplicitous, it makes him human. Betazoids, we don't lie. We can't when everyone can read us and lying mind to mind is difficult, if not impossible." Yes, when the Captain was up and about again they would see about raising T'Mur's security credentials.

T'Mur

was slightly surprised by the admission. This would be something that they would have to discuss later, Now was not the time. They needed to be as one with this Q character.

Sienna

tried to focus on what T'Mur had said earlier and focused as deeply as she could ::I have orders:: She sent very fast, very deep and hopefully too fast for Q to catch it.

"In

a number of possible timelines that's the way it plays out. But which ones will it be? I will leave you to consider the implications."

With

that Q snapped his fingers and vanished along with the backdrop leaving them floating in each other's minds.

Sienna



bolted out of sleep and their bed, running for the restroom. She threw up the little she had eaten that day, unable to contemplate what Q had said. After cleaning herself up, "In your opinion as tactical chief, is there harm in keeping the defensive shields up while we are running at warp 4? I checked the stress on the hull integrity and it is within limits."

T'Mur

sat up in the bed with her legs crossed and looked at Sienna carefully. Then her eyes narrowed slightly.

"As

tactical chief," she said, "although it is possible to continue running defensive shields at warp 4, the drain on the warp core is excessive. Unless there are ships capable of firing upon us at warp speed, I am uncertain as to the necessity of the power drain. It will, eventually, draw power from other systems."

"Ignore

the power issues. This ship can do things no other ship can. Luma considers power balancing to be a fun little game. I mean, drill down into the problem because in 5 hours or so I need to make a decision."

T'Mur

looked directly into Sienna's eyes. At this moment they were not lovers. They were Commander and her Chief Tactical Officer. She chose not to use their connection. But she had questions she needed answered and she wanted to hear her say it.

"What

are you not telling me Sy?" she asked. "You had orders. What should I know that you are not saying?"

"I

still do not have most of the pieces. Right now I do not have many that connect. We have isolated circumstances that are connected somehow." Sienna gripped T's hand and saw the memory of a rather lovely red headed woman with streaks of silver shot through it. The conversation had taken place on Vulcan, telepathically. The gist was that Admiral Winters believed there were sleeper agents from a Starfleet terrorist organization on the ships, working their way into command positions. And that if something happened to Sekal, that she had the emergency authority to have the entire ship read, if Sienna felt it needed to happen.

"I

asked Gregory to the ready room and Alaya came too. Before the conference. Gregory adamantly told me no and that if I pushed he would resign."

Back

to telepathy:: Luma doesn't know him, no one does. I don't feel like I can trust him at my back.::

T'Mur

reached up and touched Sienna's cheek. ::I see his reaction in your mind, and your reaction. But here is the question. If Dieter is a sleeper agent, and we let him resign rather than be read, which is his right, then will that bring us any closer to finding these people. Would it not be more prudent to simply keep a watchful eye on him. I can keep track of his movements on the ship without him knowing.::

She

sent a picture of a rat in a trap down their link. ::Sienna, I know you have trouble trusting what you cannot see, but for humans, that is simply how they exist. To question that is to question them as a species, and from experience I can tell you that that will never be well met. Let's call it a guarded trust. I have no evidence to the contrary of his explanation to you.::

::I

don't want to have to do any of this. My role here is to grow under the Captain's hand like a plant flourishing under a gardener. I'm not ready for this and I have to be. I also need to know if it would be best for you to bring the Captain:: And under that were the tones of 'My friend' ::out of the healing trance and however long would be best for him to remain there?::

::When

he is ready he will reach out for assistance. Quinna must know what to do. If I am there I will help, but he will come out when his body is healed.:: Then T'Mur sent another message and wave of pride. ::I disagree love, I believe that you are ready and will rise to the occasion. I did not know that I was ready for you. And yet here we are. Trust yourself. Believe in yourself as I believe in you. My love, my captain.::

She

leaned her forehead against T'Mur's. ::Sometimes I wish I could have the oblivion of alcohol, but alcohol, even the few I can actually drink, just doesn't react well to me. The reason I have the shields up is that I want the Captain's attacker trapped on board and I have no illusions that a group that can evade sensors, attack one of the best fighters aboard and likely has sleeper agents on a ship with a telepathic watcher in the computer... that they could not get this guy off the ship and the Operative with him. And I have had no chance to speak with the Operative once he was stabilized. I don't even know the guy's name, T. And I need more sleep to be able to function at a decent level come morning. I need you with me.::

A

long moment later, ::Da\*\* Q anyways. I really liked what we did to get to sleep.:: A light smile quirked her lips in invitation.

T'Mur

quirked an eyebrow, looking Sienna's playful look. ::And you said to did not have the fitness for combat training.::

She

rolled on top of Sienna and kissed lips gently. ::You need your sleep, so let's get you to sleep.::

## Wrapping

their minds together they shared their pleasures until they both fell asleep.

(reply

none)

(posted

by Mel & Charles G (Q) and Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 3 - FO Quarters- Commander Sienna Verin and ACADCO, Vice Admiral James “Duke” Williams II, CTO Ensign T’Mur - 0730)

Sienna crossed to her office and sat down in her chair. She was due on the Bridge by 0900 and she had some serious decisions to make at that time. The encounter with Q the night before had left her unsettled, and he kinda wanted to talk to her Daddy. Not the Vice Admiral, not the head of the academy, her Daddy.

“Luma, open an encrypted secure channel to Earth for me, please. To my Father.” Sienna waited while the connection went through, they were close enough for there to be little lag, if any.

=^= Luma has reached Our Sienna's Father. What is he like? ^=

“You are welcome to listen in and meet him, Luma. He’s pretty awesome.” The screen brightened with Duke’s face and Sienna smiled widely. “Hi Daddy. Luma is listening in right now, she wanted to meet you. So uhmm, I have some news for you, Daddy. Lots of it, some of it personal, some of it Starfleet business. Your call as to which we start with?” Sienna still showed the rough edges of growing up fast.

=^= Luma is pleased to meet Our Sienna's Father. Does the Sienna's Father know Luma's Father? ^=  
Luma sounded young, almost childlike as she shyly asked the question.

Duke smiled at his daughter. =\=Let's get starfleet stuff out of the way first. That way we can have more time for the more important stuff.=\=

Sienna hit a button and locked the doors to her office. “The first thing I guess is that Captain Sekal was attacked. I put the ship on lockdown, I put our shields up and I have had us running at warp 4 with full defensive shields. Luma’s been shocky since Sekal’s attack. We have been playing a power shuffling

game since then but I know I'm on the edge of what the shield emitters can stand. I don't know how to get around this as I would really like to keep the shields up." A deep breath. "We need to find the assailant. Daddy, I am not ready to command this ship yet. I need to be taught by Sekal!" Sienna looked like she was about to cry.

=\=I'll send you some instructions on how you can do a better job balancing the energy after the call. As for not being ready, in a way none of you are or were ready, not you, not Trip, not Sekal, not Bracken. Y'all should have had time to develop as officers before we threw you into the deepend. But my generation screwed up, and we need y'all and y'all answered the call, ready or not. And y'all have done amazing jobs, exceeding all expectations. You are ready baby girl, whether you know it or not. Hell if you're brother can figure it out so can you. The only thing you need to be taught by is your gut. We've been training you for this your entire life, and I believe in you baby girl. 100%"

"Daddy... You might believe in me, but I don't believe in me. I don't know how to fix this mess. Sekal's in some sort of healing trance. I contacted Admiral Saleke because he needed to hear it from someone who is a friend. And I am Sekal's friend, Daddy." Sienna had her tell, she bit her bottom lip and she was certainly doing a lot of that right now.

=\=Baby girl, do you remember when you were 15, we were out at the ranch, and we had just gotten that brand new mare, because we were gonna breed it with the Andalusian Stallions we had gotten, what was her name?=\=

"Sunsinger. She's a gorgeous girl. And she had several lovely offspring." Sienna nodded happily.

=^= Right Sunsinger, that's her, that's the one. And she got sick that summer, you were out at the ranch because it was the summer, and your mom was at work, and I was up on the moon with Trip for a baseball tournament, and it was you and your grandma, and the horse got sick, and you were worried sick. But the vet couldn't get there until the next day because she had to go deliver some baby cows. You were worried as all get out, but you listened to what the vet said, you stayed by the mare all night, and you even managed to think of some herbs to help the mare get better.=\=

"Well, I'm a biologist Daddy. I couldn't let anything happen to her. And she was going to die, if I didn't try something and Grammy may know horsies, but I know plants." She smiled in memory.

=\=That you do baby girl. And you acted in full control, and you saved Sunsinger's life. Now I'm not saying that Sekal is a female breeding horse, but what I am saying, is you my darling girl, you've got the mind, the spirit, and the tenacity, to handle this, lead your crew and support your captain no matter what.=\=

"But I'm scared. Trip's never scared. Believe me, I sense him pretty much all the time for years. Trip's confident and smart and he knows how to do all this. He was born for this Daddy. I wasn't. You took him with you and taught him and I'm jealous and I feel lost. And I know Mom taught me lots of other things. It wasn't until pretty recently that I was forced to acknowledge that. And I know it wasn't your fault and if I'd just shown more interest you would have dragged me along too."

=\=Sienna Giovanna Williams-Verin, how many times do I need to tell you, you are not your brother and to stop comparing yourself to him. Yes your brother is a natural, he's got a confidence that even I lacked at that age. Because he's a competitor, a knack for getting in the zone, eye for duty. But while he has the brains for it, you've got the heart for it. Both of you have been tasked for this in different ways. Your mom and I, we raised you two to be among the Starfleet Elite, but we raised you and gave focus to you each in the ways that would magnify your individual strengths. You may not have the fire he has, but you have warmth. Warmth is what your crew needs. A reassuring voice telling them everything is gonna be ok. Trip is a soldier, a fighter. You are a scientist, a healer. Both have merit. Hell, they named a research hospital after you on Trill baby girl. Sure your brother may have more medals, but he doesn't have a hospital named after him. Your crew needs warmth be the voice they need, the voice that sang to Sunsigner. That's your strength and why you'll be a good captain.=\=

"I don't want to be a Captain yet, Daddy." She admitted in a very small voice. "I had to spend yesterday with T'Mur and left the ship to run itself after giving out assignments." A deep breath. "And I still don't really know what to do. I haven't had time to read the reports from the last 6 hours or so."

=\=Sometimes you never do. Look, sweetheart, I was never a captain, so I don't know the ins and outs. But What I can tell you, is I know you can do this. Whether it is now, later, or maybe you choose to never be a captain, which is fine. Whatever happens. I know you will make the right choice, because I've seen you time and again achieve greatness. You may not believe it, but you've got the skills to succeed.=\=

"You weren't a Captain? Like you skipped the rank to just go into teaching? Or did you just not want to go be in the chair?"

=\=Its.....well.....at the same time I was asked to become Captain of the USS Excelsior, your mom was offered a position in StratOPs at Starfleet HQ, a Captain's rank position. She had never been a CO either, and it looked like it might not happen for her. And well, you two were about to be born, and we talked, and as much as I wanted my own chair, I didn't want her to pass up an opportunity for me, nor did I want us to be a separated family. I wanted to be there for you two, for you every day. So at the same time I was also offered a position of Dean of Engineering at Starfleet academy, also Captain's Rank, and chose it, because Family was more important to me than anything.=\=

"Daddy, that's what I wanted with Lynn, but it wasn't going to happen. Ambassador Mias, he taught me that a lot of what was wrong between me and Lynn wasn't my fault. And it wasn't hers. And it wasn't yours either. It just...was." Sy had managed to convince herself of that at least but the hand that started that particular bout of healing was Riven Mias, the mind healer.

=\=That is a very mature way of looking at it babygirl, I'm proud of you. Now then what's the personal reason for the call?=\=

"The other, more personal reason. Daddy her name's T'Mur. I really like her, and yesterday...Daddy we bonded. She's pretty amazing. I wasn't expecting to bond with her on no sleep, with a ship having issues, 6 hours after the Captain got stabbed. It was an emergency that we had to bond that quickly. She'd just moved into my quarters yesterday and I didn't have time to talk to you or Mom about it. I told Trip in a video-mail though. Daddy, I need to hear that I haven't made the same mistake Mom did. I know she didn't bond with Skyler's Dad, just gave him a body when he needed, uh help. And we got Skyler out of it and Sky's pretty amazing so bad things turn out well. But Daddy... I feel like a failure. I want the wedding on the ranch, a proper Betazoid wedding."

=\=Well there is a lot to unpack there. But I'll start with this, you can have your Betazoid wedding at the Ranch. If that's what you want, you can have it. Now had your brother asked for a Betazoid wedding, I'd have said no, but that's because I would have known he'd only have asked for it to look at all the boo....anyways.=\= Duke paused to change the train of thought, =\=Just give me enough time to get back into the gym. I'm in my 60's. Medical science is great, but I'd like to have some time to firm some things up.=\= Duke began to laugh.

"The only girl's boobs that he cares about belong to Ash. And Daddy you don't look like you are in your 60s. You look great."

=\=As for feeling like a failure, or making the same mistakes as your mom. Baby girl. Your mom made a choice, not a mistake. It's only a mistake if you look at it in a critical lense, but getting your sister, well that's why the choice will never be a mistake. A bad choice maybe, not a mistake. And baby girl, I mean this sincerely, you aren't your mother, you're Sienna my darling girl, you're your own person, with different qualities, different strengths, different weaknesses. Whatever happens will happen, but the joy, it will far outweigh the bad in the end. I'm sure of it.=\=

"Daddy how did you know that Mom was right for you? Did you have a hit from nowhere moment like I did with T'Mur?"

=\=Well, it was more gradual with your mom, more middle school. I changed seats with our Chief Medical Officer so I could sit next to her in meetings. So she could have a good view of me.=\= Duke laughed. =\=I knew her for a few years before our bond developed. But I had to get over my own

things. I've told you about Myka, my first wife, and how she was killed by the borg. It took awhile for that wound to heal. But your mom healed it. It wasn't an aha moment, but it was one of those, where in time when I finally had the courage to talk to her and the strength to jump in again, well I knew that she was who I was gonna spend the rest of my life with her.=\=

"With T it was like a lightning bolt hit me and I knew it was her." Sienna at least was smiling every time that she talked about T'Mur. Which was why the next question bothered her a little, but it needed to be brought up.

=\=But I have to ask, why do you feel like a failure?=\=

A light frown as she looks down, "Daddy, I failed with Lynn. And Trip. Instead of talking to the man who mattered most to me about why he was making me so darned uncomfortable, I hid from them both. Lynn broke me Daddy. And the only time I feel safe is when T and I are in a meld. She's stable and she makes me feel safe."

=\=Then that is all that matters. Look, I'm, not one to comment on my children's relationships, but what happened with you and Ailynn...look it's no one's fault there. And it shouldn't make you feel like a failure. These things sadly happen, and oftentimes life moves at the wrong time. And it sucks, and it hurts, and it makes you feel at your lowest. But you have T'Mur now. You're bonded and that's wonderful. I look forward to meeting her, but I need you to promise me something.=\=

"Yes, Daddy?" She looked up, her eyes so very like her Mothers.

=\=Don't let past hurt become a barrier that keeps you from moving forward. Like any....battle wound, for lack of a better term, there will be times where it swells, throbs, or aches, but just let it be a scar, don't let it be a ghost. Give T'Mur your all, everything, your focus, your heart, your soul. Let her be your true north and everything will be just fine=\=

"Can she come in and say hi? Also Luma's poking me Daddy. You never answered her. And she's rather insistent that I head down to sickbay and check on our Captain." Sy seemed much calmer and happier after their long talk.

=\=My apologies Luma, sometimes I'd lose my head if it wasn't attached. I'm a very visual person and sometimes, well sometimes I can lose sight of things not in front of me. Which reminds me of the time I lost poor Risa at the Zoo. I hope you take good care of my baby girl.=\=

=^= You are the Duke? Vice Admiral the Duke? ^= Luma sounded confused by this.

=\=Well Duke is my name, James Andrew Williams the second, but everyone calls me Duke. Engineer by trade, and all good Engineers have nicknames. So I went with Duke, an in joke from the academy

where...well it's a silly story. My dad is James Andrew Williams the first, and was a captain when I was in the academy, so they called me little Lord Duke, cause I had a famous dad. Instead I took it as my one, to say, make fun of me if you want. It don't bother me. You can call me Duke, Admiral Williams, Sy's daddy, James, or whatever you'd like. Just don't call me late for dinner.=^=

=^= Luma does not always understand human jokes but that is from a 1950s sitcom and Luma watched many of the 1950s era television shows. Luma watches over all her small ones, especially the ones that belong to her. Luma is not pleased that beings devoted to embracing entropy are loose in her skin.  
=^=

=^=Well miss Luma, don't worry, my little Sienna Giovanna here is gonna make sure those beings get justice.=^=

=^=As for meeting T'Mur, has she met your mom, don't know if she'd ever forgive me if I met her before she did. But c'est la vie right baby girl.=^= Duke smiled.

"Dad if she had met Mom, Look she hasn't officially met Trip yet. But I gave her the necklace you gave me and said it was from you." Sy smiled at that little deception. She quickly unlocked the door and opened her mind, calling T'Mur in.

"Daddy, this is my Lady, Ensign T'Mur, our chief tactical officer. My Dear, this is my Father, Vice Admiral James Williams, often called Duke, the way my twin is Trip. Daddy runs the Academy these days, but he also is a gifted engineer and well. He's sending me some settings to help but we'll likely need to have Luma's assistance in implementing them."

=^=T'Mur, it's a pleasure to meet you. I hope my daughter isn't being too much of a pain in your ass.=^= Duke laughed.

T'Mur stepped over to the monitor to get a better view of Sienna's father. She studied him a little before responding.

"Admiral, the pleasure is mine," she said, returning the introductory pleasantly. She was already starting to feel more like herself. Then she looked over her shoulder and down at her buttocks. "And no, I do not believe that she has hurt my ... ass... yet. But there is still time for that."

She looked at Sienna with a serious question as to whether she had the intention of hurting her buttocks. She'd seen some images.

"Daddy." Sienna said in a flat tone, "T'Mur he's being a joker. He doesn't understand vulcans in spite of bringing up a half vulcan daughter." Sienna couldn't stay upset with her Father. "I love you Daddy. I need to go and head out. Can you send those settings to Luma please?"



=\=I will, I'll also send you something else. Something your mom and I talked about. We gave Trip's his on his wedding day, since you have a bond mate, it seems fair to send it to you now.=\=

"But Daddy we're going to have a wedding I promise..."

=\=As you know, my dad gave me and your mom about 90 acres of land when he and my mom broke up their property. They kept 30 for themselves, and gave each of my siblings and I 90 Acres. Well you're mom and I are doing the same. When you start your grown up life, your tribe, we'd give you 15 acres each. Trip has his, Skylar has hers, and now you have yours. I'll send you the deed with the engineering report.=\=

Sienna sat stunned. She knew she had her cabin but this was different. This was official.

=\=Its the 15 acres around your cabin. That's why we spaced them out the way we did. Planning for your future. Everything is going to be fine sweetheart, and you are going to do great and say the day. I love you babygirl,,And honey, do be safe.=\=

T'Mur put her hands on Sienna's shoulders and looked directly at the Admiral. "Do not concern yourself with her safety Admiral. She will be safe. I will ensure that with my life."

=\=Thank you T'Mur, I greatly appreciate it.=\=

T'Mur nodded, "Your appreciation is not necessary but I welcome it. I would protect Sienna because she is Sienna. The most important person in my universe. You have given her some sage advice. That also is welcome. It has been beneficial to meet you at this time. Live long and prosper." She gave him a traditional Vulcan salute.

Sy took a moment and blew a kiss. "Love you Daddy." She smiled happily, in a much better mood now that she had talked to him. "Tell Mom hi for me please? And the kids?"

=\=Always. Love you baby girl. Admiral Pops signing off.=\= Duke smiled, Returned T'Mur's vulcan salute, and then ended his side of the call.

T'Mur looked at Sienna with a questioning eyebrow, "Admiral Pops?"

"Yeah, my Mom's the Vice-Admiral in charge of StratOps. Dad's the one in charge of the Academy. You'll be rubbing elbows a lot with the 'elite'." Sy wrinkled her nose at that term.

T'Mur looked at her own elbows with curiosity. "An intriguing prospect, to say the least. But I would enjoy seeing Admiral Pops on his letterhead of his communiques."

Sienna laughed and stood up to wrap her arms around T'Mur. "Luma wants us to go visit sickbay to check on the Captain. She seems to think that since we don't have a vulcan healer aboard that you are the best person to check on him."

"A most logical decision," T'Mur said, kissing the back of Sienna's neck. "Then later you can explain this concept of being a ... pain in the ass."

"Do you like the tattoo? My body belongs to you now. If you don't like it, I'll have it removed." Sienna laughed as she stretched and headed for the door. "Do you want me to wear my body armor today? I didn't put it on under the uniform but I will if you decide I should."

"Your tattoo I find aesthetically pleasing," T'Mur said. "As for your body armor. I do not plan on letting you more than a few meters from me, so it may be an unnecessary discomfort. I WILL keep you safe. Now, it is time to make your presence seen as the commanding officer. I believe in you, your father believes in you. Now you must believe in yourself."

"Yes, T'Mur. I will go be the commanding officer..." Luma let out a wordless whine telepathically that reverberated down the bond, "After we go check on the Captain and you reassure Luma." Sienna gently touched T'Mur's hair.

::Remember that I am always here for you. Always. ::

(Reply None)

(posted by Mel, Al & Will Banowsky [ SPC Vice Admiral Duke Williams] )

-----END TRANSMISSION-----