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(Starbase Freedom - Level 18 - Guest Quarters - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston and CMO Commander Quinna Solice - 1803)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 14 Promenade- Just for the Trill of It Bar - CMO Comander Quinna Solice and SFI Lt. Michael Weston - 1830)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 18 - Guest Quarters - ? - ? - 1835)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 14 Promenade- Just for the Trill of It Bar - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1850)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 14 Promenade- CMO Commander Quinna Solice - 1851)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 14 Promenade SPA LT Ariel Trei - 1852)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 18 - Guest Quarters - ? - ? - 1853)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 14 Promenade SPA LT Ariel Trei - 1854)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 18 - Guest Quarters - ? - ? - 1855)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 14 Promenade SPA LT Ariel Trei - 1856)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 14 Promenade SPA LT Ariel Trei - 1857)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 16 - Promenade Level 1 - ASC - Lt. Andy Taylor - 1859)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 - Main Ops- CO's Office - Station CO - Captain Casian Dahr - CMO Commander Quinna Solice and SFI Michael Weston - 1900)

(Starbase Freedom -Enroute to security office – CMO Commander Quinna Solice and Ambassador Ashton Ren - 1905)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 - Main Operations - CO's Office - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1907)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 - Corridor 3 Beta - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1910)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 - Corridor 3 Beta - CMO Commander Quinna Solice - 1911)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 - Corridor 3 Beta - CO - Captain Casian Dahr - 1912)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 - Corridor 3A - CMO Commander Quinna Solice - 1915)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 - Corridor 3A - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1916)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Brig - ASC - Lt. Andy Taylor - 1945)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Brig -CMO Commander Quinna Solice - 1950)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Brig SPA LT Ariel Trei - 1951)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Brig CMO Commander Quinna Solice -- 1954)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Brig - Chief of Security - Lt. Hank Samuels - 1957)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Chief's Office - Chief of Security - Lt. Hank Samuels and Commander Quinna Solice - 2000)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Chief's Office SPA LT Ariel Trei - 2001)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Chief's Office -- CMO Commander Quinna Solice -- 2002)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Chief's Office - Chief of Security - Lt. Hank Samuels - 2003)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Chief's Office - CMO Commander Quinna Solice - 2004)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Locker Room -- CMO Commander Quinna Solice -- 2008)

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(Starbase Freedom - Level 18 - Guest Quarters - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston and CMO Commander Quinna Solice - 1803)

Weston's eyes popped open and he sat up quickly in the bed, suddenly regretting the motion. His body ached but he'd been through much worse, and this time he didn't seem to have any new scars as trophies. He slowly stretched out his arms, feeling his muscles slowly unknot. Then he turned his legs and put his feet on the floor. He couldn't believe the soles of his feet hurt.

Taking a deep breath he stood up and did a series of trunk exercises. Once his body felt a little more normal he walked out of the bedroom, rubbing at his right shoulder and rotating it. He stopped to look at the sight before him. Ariel Trei, cute Ariel Trei, in a less than flattering position as she slept on the sofa. He wished he had a way to capture that moment, just so he could taunt her with it later.

Andy was also sacked out, sitting in a chair with his feet propped up on the coffee table. He had slid down a little in the seat. He was missing a guitar in his lap as if he were ready to play a relaxing yet rhythmic tune from his hometown.

Then his eyes fell on Quinna. She was the only one still awake. She had found a corner to sit in and was studying whatever she was looking at on her PADD. He knelt beside her and kissed the top of her head.

"Well hello good lookin'," he said brightly. "Whatcha doin'."

Quinna turned her head and looked at Michael. “Just doing my homework. What are you doing up? You should be resting,” Quinna moved the empty coffee cup next to her so Michael could sit next to her. She put her PADD down and rubbed her eyes a bit.

"I've rested all I can," Michael said, as he precariously sat down beside her. "I'm feeling much better now. It was nice to rest knowing my..." he looked around the room and chuckled, "friends had my back. He held out his hand with a grabby motion like a child and said, "Let me see this homework."

Quinna passed the secure PADD to Michael to show him that she had been reading the Tholian Brief the entire time.

He nodded, knowing what she was like, and asked, "You've been at this the whole time?"

"I have," Quinna admitted. "It is quite an interesting read. I have been through it twice."

“And...?” he left the question hanging.

“How much of this have you read?” Quinna asked in a whisper. She did not want to wake the others.

He had to admit that was a question that surprised him, “All of it. Several time.”

“And nothing stands out to you?” Quinna gave Michael a look that said ‘surely you did not miss this.’

“You mean beyond the fact that everyone that has touched this file has died?” He was being a bit snarky and blamed it on the dull ache in the middle of his shoulders. “Sorry. There were a couple of things that seemed odd but nothing that really stood out to me. Mind you, reading reports is not my favorite activity. I could have missed something.”

He hunkered in to look through the file again, with Quinna. His eyes were already starting to hurt.

The corner of Quinna’s lips curled a bit. Growing up in a social circle meant she met many different people. A debutant's life had its problems but also had its perks. “Have you noticed that there are several names in the brief? But there is a name associated with several powerful positions. R’Nol. That is a Vulcan name.”

“Names? There were names?” Michael said, his voice faking surprise. Then he was serious again. “R’Nol? I got to admit that I did see it, but it didn’t set off any red flags. Why?”

“Have you looked up R’Nol? There is no one in the Vulcan registry with that name. At least no Vulcan in the last 200 years.”

He didn’t want to question how she knew that piece of information. She was Quinna Solice and she knew stuff. “I didn’t really pay any attention as I didn’t see the name in connection with anything nefarious.”

“But I have heard of the name. In my youth social circle. R’Nol was a young man who was only a fraction Vulcan. That is his Vulcan name after his ancestor. We know him as Ashton Ren.” Quinna looked at Michael.

“Ashton Ren?” Michael was truly shocked. “As in Ambassador Ashton Ren?”

“As in the Terran Ambassador Ashton Ren.” Quinna said.

“Here on Freedom?” Michael was starting to see the connection Quinna had made. “That is very interesting.” He sat back and rested against the wall. “Interesting indeed. I wonder what his connection to the Tholians is?”

“Well,” Quinna started, “that is the question.” Quinna reached for Michael’s hand. “Something to investigate.”

“My favorite word,” Michael said with a smile. He took her hand and kissed it. “You know what to say to a man.”

“Knowing this, what do you think our next move should be?”

Michael's stomach growled at them, "Our next move is dinner."

Quinna looked over at her black bag. “Let me get changed,” Quinna planned to be out of uniform, “you take care of them. And then we can go....”

(Reply none)

(Posted by Kris B. and Al M.)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 14 Promenade- Just for the Trill of It Bar - CMO Comander Quinna Solice and SFI Lt. Michael Weston - 1830)

By the time he roused the others, Quinna was ready to go. He explained in the way that he wanted to go back to the scene of the explosion, as well as finally getting to eat. Apparently 'Just for the Trill of It' had a reputation for great food.

When the turbolift doors opened the scene was very different from the morning of the bombing. The plaza was full of people moving around. This gave Michael a little more comfort. They could move more easily and be a little harder of a target. He did want to present himself as bait, but he also did not want to be an easy one.

The plan was to work their way around the plaza in separate directions. Quinna had been adamant about staying with him. So that left Trei and Taylor to go in the other direction. As they separated he looked at the pair and shook his head.

“Look,” he said sternly, “look casual but don’t look like a damn tourist. There should be others from the Illuminar here by now. Mingle.”

"Mingle," Andy replied. "Got it. Let's go."

(reply Trei)

Michael watched them walk away and couldn't help but smile. Then he looked at Quinna and nodded. "Ok, let's go."

Quinna took Michael's hand as they walked and she seemed to position herself a little closer to him. She looked around judging her environment, but she also took in the warmth that Michael provided. She looked for signs of heightened security, unusually paranoid people, or just off-the-wall behavior. So far things seemed status quo.

They walked slowly, cautiously across the concourse of the promenade. The area where the bombing occurred had been cleaned and repaired and was now back in full use. Michael really hadn't believed that he'd see any more clues. He just had a feeling that this was where things were going to happen.

They entered the restaurant and Michael asked for a table for two. They were seated at a table near the entrance by a cute young Bolian woman, who handed them menus and wandered away.

Michael had barely begun to peruse the menu when he felt a familiar sensation in the back of his head.

::Hello lover::

Carir! He stiffened slightly, then relaxed. His mind immediately went into the same mode that perplexes most telepaths. His was a rare talent but he could keep Carir out of his head.

Sitting across from Michael, Quinna took a look at the menu and decided on a Grakizh salad and lida fruit. She really could use a sizzling ribeye steak with mushrooms but that was not on the menu for the establishment. She looked up and straight into Michael's eyes. "Are you ok?"

Michel tried not to look up when he said softly, "Carir is here."

::Sorry about the last time. I was just caught by ... surprise::

~That makes two of us.~ Michael let the thought out.

::You must admit that you kind of deserved it::

~Perhaps.~

::Still so good at keeping your thoughts under control. Who's your new friend?:

Suddenly Carir appeared behind Quinna.

"Hello Carir," Michael said, looking up. "What are you doing here."

Carir chuckled, "What are you doing here?"

Quinna turned her head, she finally saw Carir, She wondered what it was with supermodels and women that cross Michael's path. Perhaps their beauty was an asset in places where they lack in other abilities. "Hello," Quinna said but thought 'Duh, it is dinner time.' But Quinna knew when to hold her tongue.

"Oh Michael, I like her," Carir said. "She has such naughty thoughts. And..." she paused for a moment and almost blushed, "... the things she'd like to see happen to me! I don't think that's legal on some worlds."

Quinna gave Michael a small smirk of a smile and then managed to wiggle herself with her chair around to sit next to him. She was more of a spectator wondering what would come next.

"And possessive too," Carir said gleefully. "Oh you must let me play with her when you're through with her." She gave Michael an evil look, "She does know who you are? Who you *really* are? And what you do with your women?"

"And he does it quite well, but he is not that good at sharing like he was with you." Quinna replied.

Michael looked at Carir hard and said, "She knows about me."

He could feel her try to pry her mind into the wrinkles of his and he focused his defenses. A disappointed look came across her face.

"Perhaps I can get more success from your, what should I call her... friend?" Carir said in a playful threat.

"Stay out of her head Carir," Michael warned pulling Quinna a bit closer. "Why are you on Freedom? I know you didn't come here to kill me."

Carir pulled up a chair, turned it around backwards and sat, leaning her cheek on the headrest. "No, and to be honest, I wasn't really trying to kill you. That was an accident. I was just so surprised to see you. Haven't you missed me."

Her attempts to be coy we lost on Weston. He shook his head, "Missed you? Considering the last time I saw you you tried to incinerate me with an experimental weapon, I'd say missing you was not on my mind."

"But you do think of me?" she asked.

"What brought you to Freedom?" he asked again, avoiding her question. The truth was that he'd spent time feeling a little guilty about their relationship, but he couldn't even let that thought go through his mind for long.

Pouting she said, "What else? A job."

He recognized the tone and knew he wouldn't get far with that line of questions. "Really? For who?"

"Why does it matter?" Carir asked. "Come back to the fold Michael. From what I've heard your career is over and we can use someone with your skills." She leaned in, "Bring your friend. Who knows, she might like it. You did. Besides, she'll be working for us sooner or later anyway. And I do miss you."

"What's the play?" Weston asked,

"No play for you, buddy," she said, hitting him lightly on the shoulder. "Your play would be to wait. Wait for orders. You're good at that."

Michael took a calculated risk and opened a corridor in his mental shield that led to a part of his mind. It was a box he had used when they were together. It led to feelings he could have had for Carir.

The sudden release of that sensation caught Carir by surprise. She smiled an evil smile and shook her head, looking between him and Quinna.

"You will always be Michael Weston, won't you?" she asked.

"I can't deny who I am or what I feel," he said looking at Carir in the eyes.

"Hmmm..." was all Carir would reply.

As quickly as his mind opened it closed. He looked at Quinna and shook his head. "I'm not hungry any more. Let's go."

Quinna nodded. A sudden loss of appetite was mutual at this point. She scooted back in her chair and stood. She turned to walk away, but waited for Michael.

He stood up and looked back at Carir. "See you later."

"Oh you can count on it, lover," the telepath replied.

As they walked away Michael looked at Quinna, "There's something more going on here. Keep your eyes open."

"Always," Quinna relied.

(Starbase Freedom - Level 18 - Guest Quarters - ? - ? - 1835)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 14 Promenade- Just for the Trill of It Bar - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1850)

Michael was still hungry but really just had had his fill of Carir and wanted to be away from her. They stepped out of the restaurant when Carir suddenly stepped in front of them, blocking their escape.

“Why the hur...,” she suddenly stopped talking and spasmed. A hole appeared on her chest and she fell into Michael’s arms.

She looked down at the hole in her chest then back up at Michael, questions in her eyes. Then the light in her eyes died and so did she.

Instinctively he lowered Carir to the deck and grabbed Quinna and pulled her down. Suddenly the man standing behind her flew backwards back into the restaurant in a spray of blood. Michael put it all together quickly, realizing that they were now in mortal danger from a hidden sniper.

After the second victim fell to the ground there was a series of screams and people started running. Security appeared and pandemonium across the whole plaza broke out. Michael grabbed Quinna’s hand and led her through the crowd. Two more people fell around them.

“We’ve got to get off this level,” he said to Quinna.

He led her through groups of running people and made their way to the turbolift. Once inside the door closed, blocking out the screams. He pressed his hand on the control and spoke,

“Deck 1, Main Operations.”

[Deck 1 requires security clearance.]

“Get it,” Michael said a little frustrated. “Meanwhile take us as high as you can without clearance. “

=^=This is Captain Casian Dahr. Who wants access to Main Operations?^=

“Captain Dahr, this is Michael Weston. It’s time we had that conversation.”

=^= In light of what’s going on at the promenade I would agree. Stand by.^=

The turbolift moved quickly and soon the door opened, depositing Weston and Quinna in Main Operations.

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir)



Ariel saw Michael and Quinna sit at a table in a place called For the thrill of it. She was amused by the name but she found a burger joint a level above them. A waitress came and took her order. She maintained her surveillance on Michael and Quinna. People waked around her minding their own business which was fine with her. She should be more social but she had to be aware of her surroundings if anything started to happen. She was served her cheeseburger and strawberry smoothie. No french fries at this time. She had to be ready to act at any moment. Right now she was relaxed to a point. She munched on the delicious cheeseburger and sipped on the smoothie. Her manner of munching on the cheeseburger was not very ladylike. What can you say she loved food. After finishing her cheeseburger, she had about a quarter of the smoothie left. She paid the bill and took the smoothie with her. She heard shots on the floor below her. She saw Michael and Quinna get low to the floor and scramble for safety. The shots were coming from a level above her. It was a sniper but she couldn't see where the shots were coming from. Andy had to fend for himself. It was time for her to find this sniper and end the threat. She tried to sense the sniper's location telepathically but felt nothing. She surmised that the sniper was not telepathic but she can track emotions. She proceeded to track the sniper in a calculated manner. The hunt is on.

(Posted by Edward)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 18 - Guest Quarters - ? - ? - 1853)

She cursed herself. Not only had she missed her target, the plan had to be delayed even more. They would not be pleased. She quickly packed her weapon away. She pulled out a canister of sealing foam and closed the hole that she had created on the skin of the interior. When she had finished it would be difficult to visually find her nest with visual examination. Then she climbed down o the access hatch.

Fortunately the extra shots had created the desired pandemonium. The crowd was still scrambling to remove themselves from the level when she emerged from the hatch. She quickly checked that she had not been noticed and joined the stampede, blending in. She was going to need a new plan.

(posted by Al Muir)

(Starbase Freedom - Level 14 Promenade SPA LT Ariel Trei - 1854)

Ariel finished her smoothie and tossed the cup in the trash. She paused for a moment to zero in on a specific emotional state or fear. She put aside the fear she felt from the Promenade floor. What she was looking for was lack of fear. The assassin will display no emotion or fear. The assassin will have confidence for sure but so will Security. She needed to look past that and

concentrate on a void of fear. That is how she will find the assassin. Ariel moved slowly along the deck like a commando concentrating on a void of fear. For a minute she detected what she looking for at a higher point of the promenade then felt that spot move its position. This told Ariel that the assassin was on the move. She felt the assassin move to the promenade floor and move with the frantic crowd. This was going to be harder to block out the crowd to find the assassin among them. She set out in a calculated pursuit.

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 18 - Guest Quarters - ? - ? - 1855)

She made her way through the crowd. After passing several security officers she felt fairly confident that she had not been identified. She walked a little more confidently looking for a way to clandestinely secure her package. There were just too many people around.

It didn't take long for her to see her exit in front of her. She would have to answer for her failure, but she would not fail again. Michael Weston can only have so much luck.

(reply none, any)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 14 Promenade SPA LT Ariel Trei - 1856)

Ariel could tell the assassin was female at this point not by appearance or body figure but by the way women express emotion even if there is none at all. There were too many people to take her out in the flow of the crowd. She had to find a way to do it in an isolated area. She couldn't do it in the bathrooms area because some of the patrons may be hiding there. The less they know the better. She couldn't let her make it to the turbo lift. That would complicate things more than they had to. She had to find a way to cause a distraction. She found her near the edge of the promenade floor. It was against star fleet regulations to use people as shields to block an attack on a star fleet officer but she could use their frantic state to nudge them to act in a way to serve the purpose of eliminating the threat. She used her phaser at a low setting to send vibrations on her bag. The vibrations should reveal her as the sniper and cause the crowd to converge on her. When the crowd weakened the assassin enough, Ariel will take her out in an isolated corridor. She sent several short blasts at the bag and let the crowd do the job.

(Reply None)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 14 Promenade SPA LT Ariel Trei - 1857)

Ariel saw that her low phaser pulses were not doing the job she intended them to do. The crowd was still running frantically in all directions. The assassin was impeded on her progress

to the turbo lift by the mass of people on the deck. This will have to be the opportunity to take her out. She imagined herself a lioness on the african serengeti. The assassin was a wildebeest in direct line of her. She rushed her and drove her down to the deck. She pinned her down with her weight and took out her daggers. She took one dagger and slashed at her wrists. She needed to tell her a few things before the release of death.

"You don't know me but the blood of the innocent cries for your suffering. I am Ariel, daughter of Detron House of Mogh. I am going to send you to whatever hell you believe in. Glory to Khaless."

She slashed at her forehead and carved a symbol for the house of Mogh. She let her suffer more by making small cuts all over her body. When she thrust her dagger into the heart of the assassin to give her the final release of death, she thought of Michael and Quinna. Maybe the threat will end here. She did not give her the honor of the Klingon death roar. The assassin had no honor so she was not worthy of the rite. She hoped that the assassin's death will send a message to all who threaten the federation. She tapped her COMM to locate Michael and Quinna. She called for the turbo lift and relaxed some of the tension it took to kill the assassin. It was a glorious kill.

(Reply None)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

Andy had followed Ariel while she ate. He wasn't particularly hungry so he pretended to browse in the shop nearby. When she stood up to leave he heard a strange sound and screaming. Somebody was firing an energy weapon into the crowded Promenade. He assumed that their plan had worked and someday was shooting at Michael.

He took a quick look to see that they were moving low and working to get off the promenade. People were falling to the random shots from an assailant. Weston and Solice were heading to the turbo lift, keeping the crowd safe as well as themselves.

By the time he turned around Trei was already on the move. Clearly she had identified the assassin. He followed the path she had created, just moments behind her.

He watched as the woman fired her phaser into the crowd. It hit the bag the assassin was carrying causing them to stumble. Trei capitalized in the paused and torpedoed them. They both went to the ground.

Andy tried to push through the crowd that was now fleeing from the fight. When he cleared the last civilian all he could see was Trei with a pair of Daggers slashing at the person under her. Suddenly Trei reared with a dagger raised to strike.

“Ariel,” he cried out, but it was too late. The dagger was plunged into the defenseless person’s chest.

Trei got up and moved to the turbo lift where Andy finally intercepted her. He reached out to put a hand on the woman's chest. She turned showing her blood covered shirt and hands.

"Ariel!" he said again. "You can't just leave?"

(reply Trei)

Suddenly they were surrounded by station security, all with weapons drawn and pointed directly at Ariel.

Andy put his hands up and stood between the security force and Trei.

"Let's take it easy people," he said calmly. "We're from the USS Illuminar and..."

That was all he got out as the doors to the turbo lift opened filled with more security. Andy found his hands bound behind his back with Trei as they were dragged into the turbo lift. All he heard was one command tot he lift.

“Brig.” The rest of the ride went in silence.

(reply Trei)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 - Main Ops- CO's Office - Station CO - Captain Casian Dahr - CMO Commander Quinna Solice and SFI Michael Weston - 1900)

Casual had thought that he'd be able to get off duty on time, for a change. He'd hoped to surprise Roxanne with the early homecoming. However, the arrival of the Terran ambassador, Ashton Ren stormed his office to inform him of an incoming envoy from the Tholian Assembly to form some kind of trade alliance.

Dahr's eyes narrowed. "A trade agreement? From the Tholians?"

“You heard right. This important negotiation process can balance the federation into a more powerful level amongst the galaxy. Trade is the important first step.” Ren replied. “Don’t stress, you can aggravate that ulcer of yours.”

Casual sighed, “Believe me when I say that an ulcer would be the least of my worries about that statement. The Tholians are *not* renowned for their negotiating tactics.”

Ashton was taken back a bit. Was Dahr questioning his abilities, “I have done this for a few decades now. I have been working on these trade agreements for quite some time and I know the Tholian’s reputation. Why do you, all of a sudden, feel that I am not capable of handling this one?”

Dahr raised an eyebrow at the sensitivity of the ambassador. He leaned forward and placed his elbows on the desk. He was now in strategizing mode. Others who had seen him in this position knew it was a time to worry about what his keen mind would come up with. After all, in the end, he was a warrior.

“I would not think to cast doubt on your abilities,” Dahr said. “What I cast doubt on is the good will of the Tholians. At worst, I might think that you are being a bit naive. Tholians tend to use subterfuge to claim no territory and then violently defend their position.”

He still felt the sting of betrayal for the Tholians decision to sign a non-aggression pact with the Dominion. Their involvement could have ended the war with fewer lives lost.

“As you are aware, the leadership of the Tholians has changed hands. The new Government is more open to new opportunities.” Ashton reminded him as he decided to let go of the comment over his naivety.

“I am aware,” Dahr said, standing up. “That doesn’t really make me feel less cautious. However, this is an ambassadorial station and so we will make this envoy feel welcome.”

Inside his mind he told himself, ~That doesn’t mean I’ll give them free reign. They’ll not be annexing my station.~

“I appreciate you giving me a warning, Ambassador,” he said.

Suddenly there was an alert.

=^=Captain Dahr, there is an undetected energy weapon fired on level 16 Promenade. There are 5 dead.=^=

He tapped his badge, “What? Shut the level down.”

=^=Working on it.=^=

[Captain Dahr, there are two on turbo lift 1 requesting clearance to access level 1.]

“This is Captain Casian Dahr. Who wants access to Main Operations?”

=^=Captain Dahr, this is Michael Weston. It’s time we had that conversation.=^=

Dahr sighed. Suddenly it all makes sense. In his experience there are no coincidences.

"In light of what's going on at the promenade I would agree. Stand by."

He nodded to the security officer on watch and allowed the turbo lift access. Minutes later the door opened and Michael and Quinna stepped out.

"Captain Dahr," Michael said with a nod.

"Mr. Weston," Dahr replied. "I wish I could say it was a pleasure to see you again." His eyes shift to Quinna. "Doctor Solice."

"Captain," Quinna nodded and then turned to see who was with him. "Ambassador," Quinna greeted. Her face gave away nothing as she also nodded to him to acknowledge.

The ambassador nodded to Quinna. She looked familiar but could not quite place her.

Weston looked at the ambassador, thinking about how he might be involved in this whole thing. "Ambassador Ren, nice to meet you."

The Ambassador looked over at Michael, "What is going on out there?"

Weston looked at the ambassador and then at Captain Dahr who shrugged. "Go ahead Lieutenant."

"Apparently somebody has taken an objection to me surviving the explosion and tried to shoot me with some kind of energy weapon. I got lucky when someone accidentally stepped between me and whatever they were shooting at me. We bid a hasty retreat but I know that the sniper took out at least two others."

Dahr looked over at his security officer who reported, "Reports say that there are five dead."

"I fear the scene," The Ambassador said with concern. He then looked at the pair with blood on them. Quinna had more blood on her than Michael. "Were you hit? Maybe we should get you somewhere to be checked out."

Michael looked down at his clothes and then at Quinna's as if just realizing that they were spattered with blood. "No, sir, this was collateral blood from the other victim. We are unharmed."

Michael neglected to mention that the first unintended victim was Cair, nor did he give any more information about the reason. That was a more private conversation meant for the captain.

"Captain, we need to advise the incoming delegates that we need to postpone negotiation and not come to the station." Ren said.

"That may be premature," Quinna said, "We should know more about what is going on before..."

"The events are undeniable. This is not a safe place. Between the explosion and the shootings right now, and," the ambassador turned his head to look at Michael Weston, "Funny how it seems that you were there for both of those incidences."

Michael shrugged, "I don't think it's funny at all, Ambassador."

"I," Dahr added, "am of the sound belief that wherever Mr. Weston goes, chaos is close behind, and this is not specific to this situation."

Michael nodded, "You're probably right about that Captain Dahr. It's a rare and special gift."

"A gift I'd like to return," Dahr frowned at the man. Then he turned his attention to Ren. "I'm not sure I'd cancel your plans just yet Ambassador. Unless you were expecting the Tholians in the next hour."

"No," Ren replied, "however, if I contact them early enough we can move to an alternate location. As you well know, the Tholians value being people of their word and expect no less from those they have dealings with."

"I'll do what you feel necessary, Ambassador, but I assure you that this station is still secure and safe."

The ambassador shook his head and said, "I'll take that under advisement." With that he turned and left.

Before he could get another word out the security station in main ops called to him.

=^=Captain Dahr, I have the surveillance camera from the Promenade on display.^=

He looked at the others then walked quickly out to main operations center. In the middle of the room was a holoprojector showing the image of level 16.

"Whoever it is is a pro," Michaels said. "They'll look to get out in a small group moving along the perimeter of the level. Focus on along those groups."

The image shifted from one large group of people to another until something caught Michael's eye. Apparently it caught Dahr's attention as well. At the same time they called out, "There."

The scan focused on a group where the crowd were all moving frantically, with the exception of one person whose movements were much more purposeful. Before the image could close in on the person Michael saw something else.

"Is that Ariel?" he pointed to a figure moving through the crowd like a torpedo. She pointed her phaser into the crowd and fired, hitting the bag her target was carrying. It caused the person to stumble and slow down.

"Where's Andy?" Michael asked. "They were supposed to stay together."

"Good question." Quinna said as she continued to watch the screen.

Suddenly they saw Trei sprint towards her target. The image zoomed in to see the action unfold. Trei's tackled the woman. She pulled out a pair of knives and proceeded to mutilate the person, who had no time to fight back. Then Ariel raised herself up and plunged one her daggers into the persons chest.

The hood fell to the side and revealed the face of the assassin. Michael took a breath then whispered a name. "Khamel."

Dahr stepped forward. He hadn't seen such a sight in a long time. He growled orders. "Security, apprehend that woman. Secure her in the brig."

=^=Aye, Captain.=^=

They watched as a security team surrounded Ariel and bound her hands. They marched her from the promenade with Taylor following.

Quinna closed her eyes to the screen. She had to take a minute. Being a Doctor, she was used to seeing death. She was used to seeing those she knew killing others, but there was wild, primal, instinctual in the killing. Quinna something turned, "I am going down there." Quinna needed to get to Ariel before anything else could happen.

Michael nodded and smiled. He shared her desire to find out what was going on with Ariel, but there was more to this than she may realize.

While heading to the nearest exit, Quinna turned and looked around. It was then she noticed that the Ambassador left. She had been so focused that she missed out on his departure. "Where is the ambassador?" Quinna asked.

"He left earlier," Dahr stated. "Apparently he needed to make change for the arrangements for a trading meeting."

Michael took a deep breath. "A meeting with the Tholians? I couldn't help but overhear."

"We need to get the Ambassador back here. He is a part of it all." Quinna said.

Now it was Dahr's turn to look perplexed. "Ashton Ren? That statement requires some explanation."

Quinna looked over at Michael, "Lt. Weston." She said hoping he would start explaining.

"There is more at stake here, Captain," Michael said, "than you may be aware of. This is all coming to a head now. There is a movement within the Federation to annex space meant for the Romulans and give the Tholians a foothold in our government."

He produce the data card and handed it to the Trill. "This is the list of names of people who were killed or assassinated and their connection to this... for lack of a better term... conspiracy. It also shows how the transfer of power from one person to the next would make such an annexation possible."

He released his hold of the data card feeling a huge weight lift from him. "I couldn't afford to tell anyone. Every single person who was connected to this information died. I didn't know who I could trust," he looked over at Quinna, "or who I was willing to put in danger."

"Why tell me now?" Dahr asked.

"Khamel," Weston said. "She is... was an assassin. I thought she was dead. She originally worked for Section 31. But when they were disbanded I had seen a report that stated she had been killed. Now, with her reappearance, there can be a trail as to who hired her. Perhaps we can find the link."

"But who would have the most to profit from this Tholians agenda?" Dahr asked.

"Who is the one insistent about the Tholian's agenda?" Quinna asked rhetorically. "The Ambassador."

"That's quite a broad interpretation, Commander," Dahr warned, but his voice betrayed that he didn't not believe her. "Why?"

"It is a power play. All politics. This ploy with the Tholians would give the Ambassador a seat of power and perhaps even the federation's presidency." Quinna theorized.

"I might argue that that is the play for most politicians," Dahr said, shaking his head. "How do you connect him with the rest of your... conspiracy?"

"Part of the treaty being worked on will give Tholians part of Romulan Territory, The Anti-Romulan sentiment amongst the Vulcans would gain strength. Since the events leading to the death of the Romulan senate in 2379, Romulans have struggled to rebuild their society. This would put a crippling hold on that rebuild. The Ambassador does not want many to know that he

is 1/8th Vulcan and part of the Anti-Romulan movement." Quinna said. "I know all this because I like doing homework," Quinna added and shrugged.

Casian looked at Solice carefully. She had more information than she was letting on. Homework was one thing, but if the doctor on a starship had such pertinent information and he, as the CO of an ambassadorial base, did not, there was much more to know. And he didn't like being kept in the dark.

"Homework, Commander?" he looked at her with suspicion. "That is some very specific homework. Why would the CMO of the Illuminar need to be doing homework on an Ambassador? What are you not telling me?"

"I was part of the same social circles as the Ambassador. Though we were not direct friends, it was more of a friend of a friend of a friend situation. That is how I know the Ambassador is 1/8th Vulcan. He hides that part of himself from the public since he does not inherently have any Vulcan Characteristics. I also know his Vulcan name is R'Nol." Quinna said, "The documents I read referred to R'Nol quite prominently in several powerful aspects."

Dahr nodded and raised an interested eyebrow. There was more to this Quinna Solice than meets the eye. He would have to learn more about her. He tapped his comm badge.

"Dahr to Samuels, locate and secure Ambassador Ren."

=^=Captain?^=

"You heard me, Lieutenant," he ordered. "Once you have him I have a few questions for him."

=^=He's going to want an explanation.=^=

"Tell him... it's good to want. It builds character. Meanwhile we need to restrict his access to communications and secure all docking bays."

He nodded to the security officer in ops who starting entering the codes.

"If you excuse me, Sir, I would like to see to Ms. Trei now." Quinna was worried about her friend.

Dahr nodded. He had to prepare himself for what was about to occur when he met with a most likely unhappy Ambassador. "By all means. Mr. Weston, however, I will require your services."

Michael frowned at Quinna apologetically. He wanted to check on Ariel as well. Then he turned back to Dahr, "Of course Captain."

(reply none)

[illegible]

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

Dahr was looking over the data Weston had displayed, showing the days and times of the change of power in certain government seats on several worlds. Then he looked at the table that showed the support of a Tholians incursion into space that had been clearly earmarked for the Romulans.

Then he moved on to the list of the minor clerks, all of whom had passed the information on and all of whom are now dead, including Alex Dyson and his family. The only people who knew about the events leading to the transition of power that was still alive was now of this starbase. And the one name that stood out in every step of the power transfer was that of Ambassador Ashton Ren. The evidence was daunting, but it was not, in Dahr's mind, rock solid. And he would need that before he was willing to make a major move against him. Locking him out of the stations systems was, by no means, a major move.

"Anything you want to add, Lt Weston?" Dahr asked.

Michael had gotten used to being referred to as Mr. from the captain. He knew that the Trill said that on purpose. He was now on duty.

With a sigh and a frown he said, "No, sir. I don't think that there's much to add." Suddenly Dahr's comm unit chimed.

=^=Solice to Dahr. I need security teams at my location. I just had an encounter with the Ambassador. Might want to come and get him before he wakes. ^=^=

Dahr looked over at Weston with a curious look on his face. Michael returned the look with his own adding a raised eyebrow.

"Dr. Solice, you certainly get around," Dahr said. "We are on our way."

He closed the channel and tapped his comm badge, "Dahr to Samuels, meet us on...", he looked at where the communication came from, "level one, corridor 3 Beta. Bring a small team."

=^=Roger that, Captain. On our way.=^=

Both Dahr and Weston headed out of the office at the same time.

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 - Corridor 3 Beta - SFI - Lt. Michael Weston - 1910)

When they ran into the scene they both stopped short, each seeing something different. Dahr was focused on the ambassador that was laying in the floor. He moved over and knew Lt beside him checking to make sure he was still alive.

Michael's eyes moved quickly from the prostate ambassador to Quinna, with a look of pride, that came from seeing her dominant stance. Then he saw the blood stain growing in her tunic.

He moved over to her quickly, “Quinna! Are you okay?”

(reply Quinna)

“Move you hand and let me look,” he ordered, knowing that doctors do, indeed, make the worst patients.

He lifted her tunic to reveal the wound in her side. Kneeling beside her he examined it. Touching her gingerly he used his thumb to wipe the blood to the side. It was still oozing blood, but it seems to be slowing.

He looked into her eyes and smiled. "I've seen worse," he said trying to ease her mind.

(reply Quinna)

He reached over and opened Quinna's emergency med kit. He found a sterile bandage and dabbed the areas clean then took out a plastiderm patch. He applied the patch and checked to make sure that it sealed the wound.

To finish he leaned in and kissed the patch, "That always makes it feel better for me." Then he stood up and said, "But it's temporary. The sooner you get to the med center and get it take care of properly the better. Otherwise it could leave a nasty scar."

(reply Quinna)

(Posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 - Corridor 3 Beta - CMO Commander Quinna Solice - 1911)

Quinna felt the ooze on her side as she waited for backup. She had indeed been stabbed by the knife but it did not seem as bad as one would think. Quinna used her hand to apply pressure to the wound so it would clot closed. As predicted Michael came running with Captain Dahr.

“Quinna! Are you okay?” Michael asked her. Quinna was not sure if he had pride or worry in his voice.

"No worries, just a scratch," Quinna said. "You should see the other guy."

“Move your hand and let me look,” he ordered,

“Wait a minute, I thought I was the medical official here.” Quinna smiled but so moved her hand for him.

He looked into her eyes and smiled. "I've seen worse," he said trying to ease her mind.

“Thank you, Dr. Weston,” Quinna smiled at Michael. She watched as Michael pulled out her med kit, “Where were you keeping my med kit? Do I have to search you again later?”

“That always makes it feel better for me.” Then he stood up and said, “But it’s temporary. The sooner you get to the medical center and get it taken care of properly the better. Otherwise, it could leave a nasty scar.”

“I will see a doctor about it. But scars can be sexy,” Quinna said as she touched Michaels's scarred shoulder. She then turned to Dahr. “I was making my way to the Brig when the Ambassador here took hold of me tightly, then held that knife,” Quinna pointed to the knife next to the ambassador, “to me. So I did what any respectful Girl would do and taze him until he peed his pants. Anyway, that is what he gets when he threatens Michael and myself.” Quinna looked directly at Dahr. “I did what I had to do.

(reply Dahr, Weston)

“He did remember me from our younger years. I wish I would have recorded the conversation,” Quinna said regretfully.

“So do I, that woman is crazy. What did she attack me with?” the ambassador was starting to stir. He started to give his side as he started to sit up. “Captain, I want to press charges against that woman. She jumped me screaming that I was the head of a conspiracy and then tased me. I had to defend myself.” The Ambassador reported.

(Reply Dahr)

Ambassador Ren knew they were in 'his word against her word' situation and he knew that his word meant a lot more. Even if things went against him, his diplomatic immunity was a sure bet.

(Reply Dahr, Weston, Any)

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 - Corridor 3 Beta - CO - Captain Casian Dahr - 1912)

Dahr looked at the prostate form of the ambassador. He was still alive, which, as he considered it, might not be the best for everyone. He shrugged and stood up turning his attention to Commander Solice. Ren would not be going anywhere soon.

"Commander?" Dahr said as he approached, noting the blood.

Solice looked up and explained,. "I was making my way to the Brig when the Ambassador here took hold of me tightly, then held that knife, to me."

He looked at the blade she pointed to and nodded.

"So I did what any self. respectable girl would do and tazed him until he peed his pants. Anyway, that is what he gets when he threatens Michael and myself. I did what I had to do."

Weston seemed to been with pride. Dahr couldn't help but smile at "self respectable girl" statement. Any respectable girl whose boyfriend is an SFI field operative. He was certain that he had taught Solice a move or two.

"Indeed," he said, meeting her gaze. "I would expect no less."

"He did remember me from our younger years. I wish I would have recorded the conversation," Quinna said regretfully.

Suddenly a voice called out behind them. "So do I, that woman is crazy. What did she attack me with?"

He forced himself to sit up, but had put his back to the wall to stay semi-vertical.

"Captain," Ren growled, "I want to press charges against that woman. She jumped me screaming that I was the head of a conspiracy and then tased me. I had to defend myself."

"Indeed," Dahr said, looking inquisitively at the ambassador. "Well you are both in luck. As this is a diplomatic station there are few areas where there are no recording devices, excluding the diplomatic levels. So whatever transpired here will have been recorded and logged by now. I will review the log of this section and see what happened for myself."

He turned and looked at Weston with a mischievous glint in his eye, "I do enjoy a good holo-novel, Mr. Weston. How about you."

Michael slipped his arm around Quinna's shoulder and fought a smile, "Intrigue, lies, attempted murder? Sounds like a scene turner."

Hank Samuels came running down the corridor with a half dozen security me. Behind him. They pulled up short and he looked over the scene.

"Interesting," he said thoughtfully. "I brought a few men as I've never heard you call for back up before. But it looks like you've got things in hand."

"Well," Dahr said, nodding at Quinna, "Dr. Solice has things in hand. We were just her back up.

He paused for a moment then said, "The ambassador here has some questions to answer. Escort him to an interview area and keep him there until I arrive."

Samuels breathed in deeply and let it out slowly. Finally he said, "Yes, sir."

His men helped Ren off the floor and supported him as the led him of the deck.

“And supply him with a change of clothes,” Dahr added. “We’ll need to get maintenance up here to clean this mess up.”

As Ren was removed amid a flurry of protests Dahr returned his attention to Solice. “As for you, I agree with Mr. Weston. You should get that wound taken care of.”

(reply Ren, Solice)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 1 - Corridor 3A - CMO Commander Quinna Solice - 1915)

Things were going right for a change. Ren was taken down and there was a recording of what transpired so It could be seen that Quinna was indeed the one that was attacked. Now that she had time to breath, she could feel her clothing sticking to her and the dried blood on her hands from earlier.

As Ren was removed amid a flurry of protests Dahr returned his attention to Solice. “As for you, I agree with Mr. Weston. You should get that wound taken care of.”

“That is top of my list, but I sure could use a shower and perhaps some clothes without the blood stains.” Quinna was use to the smell and feel of blood but really did not like to smell it all the time.”

(Reply Dahr and Weston)

"I still want to see Mr. Taylor and Ms. Trei in the Brig. They are my responsibility." Quinna admitted.

(Reply Dahr and Weston)

“My Crew is my priority,” Quinna said. “I will not take long in the infirmary, wound cleanse and a subdermal regenerator should do the trick. The Infirmary may be busy, but I have all that on the shuttle. I even have a change of clothes.”

(Reply Dhar and Weston)

"I can be at the brig in 30 minutes or less." Informed them.

(Posted by Kris B)

Quinna acquiesced to the request to take care of herself, but of course she had to do it her way.

"Of course you do," Dahr said with a smile, "but you must take care of yourself first."

Michael knew when all other arguments were pointless. Quinna had made her decision and all he could do was to tend to her as she wanted.

He began to lead her from the view of Dahr. She turned to call back, "I can be at the brig in 30 minutes or less."

(reply none)

[illegible]

“Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home. Swing sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home.”

"Let me check in on Andy first," Weston said.



"I don't think it's going to go as well for Ariel," Michael said.

“No but we are going to do what we can.” Quinna turned to face the officer, “I would like to talk to Lt. Trei.”

They were ushered to another section of the Brig where Ariel was confined. She looked at the Betazoid/Klingon. Though DNA wise, Ariel was more Betazoid, her ¼ Klingon side seem to dominate more than it should have.

“Lt Trei,” Quinna said formally. This was not a time to be more relaxed.

(Reply Trei)

“How are you doing?” Quinna asked the woman.

(Reply Trei)

“I need you to tell me in your words, why you are in here.” Quinna said. She had indeed seen the actions but she was not sure if Ariel know why she was there.

(Reply Trei)

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Brig SPA LT Ariel Trei - 1951)

Ariel saw Quinna come in the brig with a clean set of clothes. Ariel would like to change and shower as well but she sat on the cot as she was. She reflected on her actions in the Promenade. The assassin had to be taken out before she could hurt anyone else. Ariel was just running on instinct and the need to stop the threat. Quinna asked her to tell in her own words what happened. She responded.

"I did what I had to do. I had to take out the assassin before she could hurt anyone else. I probably didn't have to kill her for she would have taken herself out if compromised but I couldn't take that chance in the moment. The threat had to be taken out. I went over the top on the means to end the threat. How do we proceed from here."

(Reply Quinna, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13 - Brig CMO Commander Quinna Solice -- 1954)

Quinna looked as Ariel explained why she was in the Brig.

"I did what I had to do. I had to take out the assassin before she could hurt anyone else. I probably didn't have to kill her for she would have taken herself out if compromised but I couldn't take that chance in the moment. The threat had to be taken out. I went over the top on the means to end the threat. How do we proceed from here."

Quinna turned to Samuels, "What is going to happen now?"

(Reply Samuels)

“What can I do to get Ms. Trei released until then?”

(Reply Samuels)

"Lets go talk about this," Quinna said

(Reply Samues)

From this point on, Quinna's focus will be Ariel. She turned and nodded, "Do not say anything else until we are more secure in the conversation. I would like to talk to them and see where we stand and what we can do to get you released." Quinna looked over at Michael and Andy. She then turned back to Ariel, "Do not talk to anyone without me. Do you understand?"

(Reply Trei)

(Reply any)

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Brig - Chief of Security - Lt. Hank Samuels - 1957)

The interaction between Weston and this character Taylor was... entertaining. But what the Illuminar's ASC reported was what they had already discerned from the video footage of the event. Dahr had already ordered the man's release. Trei was another matter altogether.

The conversation between Trei and Solice was brief, also verified what they had seen. To her credit, Trei was not hiding what she did. What concerned him was that she seemed to feel justified by her actions.

Solice turned and looked at him. "What is going to happen now?"

Samuels looked from Solice to Trei back to Solice. “There will, most likely, be some kind of tribunal. Lt. Trei is going to have to answer for her actions.”

“What can I do to get Ms. Trei released until then?” Solice asked.

Hank shook his head, “That would be a question for Captain Dahr. Me? I wouldn’t let her out. All of those people who witnessed her attack on that person. I’m pretty sure there would be some complaints.”

"Let's talk about this," Quinna said.

Samuel's nodded, "You're free to speak your mind, Commander, perhaps in my office. But I'm not sure what you could say to change my mind."

Solice turned back to Trei and warned her against speaking to anyone. A wise precaution. Then, when she looked ready to leave, he led her, Weston and Taylor out of the brig and to his office.

(reply Solice)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Chief's Office - Chief of Security - Lt. Hank Samuels and Commander Quinna Solice - 2000)

Samuels led the trio into his office and moved behind his desk and sat down. He was a large man, as El Aurians went. As a race they often tried to be as unnoticeable as possible. Hanks size made him quite noticeable.

Sitting back he waved his hands to offer seats to the others.

Quinna looked at the security chief. "Have you filed formal charges already against Lt. Trei?" Quinna asked. She had pulled out the PADD where she was taking notes.

Samuels leaned forward with his elbows on his desk. “Since we are still in the investigation stage, no formal charges have not been brought up.” He shook his head, “But looking at the preliminary data it’s only a matter of time.”

Quinna opened with, “Do you know anything about the person that was killed?”

Samuels shook his head, “And there in lies part of the problem. She does not exist in any federation database. And all of the connection to the shooting is all circumstantial for the moment. We found the weapon. Now we just need to connect it to the shooter.”

He had to admit that he was impressed by her thought processes. “If you ever decide to give up medicine, Doctor, you’d make a pretty good investigator.”

“Thanks. I strive to have many skill, and a good teacher,” Of course Quinna had to give Michael that nod.

"Her name was Khamel," Weston added. "I'm not surprised that you don't have any information on her as she's supposed to be dead." He sighed. "Looks like I've got some homework to do."

"Given the evidence I am curious what your recommendations would be for Lt. Trei." Quinna said.

Hank sat back and blew his breath out slowly. "In this situation? I'm not sure. So far, in my preliminary investigation, she killed an unarmed person, who was not fighting her. If Ms. Trei has more information than that she hasn't been very forthcoming. But to be honest, I haven't had time to interview her yet."

Quinna nodded. "Fair enough, however please let me know when you do interview her. If charges are made, as her commanding officer I will be representing her. I will also be talking with Captain Dahr."

Hank nodded, "Fair enough. I'll probably interview her shortly. If you stick around you can join us." He paused for a moment and then looked at Solice with a serious look. "You know, contrary to popular belief, security people are not always looking for someone to blame. Me, personally? I'm only looking for the truth. If Ms. Trei has a reason for her actions I will listen and take it into consideration."

Taylor has been standing behind Solice doing a small three or four step pace. He was about to say something when Michael put a hand on his shoulder to stop him.

"It seems you two will be busy for a while," he said. "I'm going to take young Andy here and we'll report to Captain Sekal."

Quinna looked behind her. "Sounds good. See you two soon."

Michael ushered Taylor out under minor protestations. He smiled and winked at Quinna. He knew she was a woman who could handle herself.

Quinna turned back to Samuels, "Lt. I know you will be fair," Ok so Samuels struck a little nerve when he clumped her with societal norms. She too believed that security believed in the truth but she could not say that now. But she could say, "Contrary to popular belief, I make up my own mind, and do not conform to society. Of course I will respect your professional manners in this case. I am ready when you are when you like to talk to Lt. Trei."

Hank smiled. They had come to an understanding of each other. This could prove to be very interesting. With a sudden motion he stood up and rolled his tight shoulder.

Stepping from behind his desk. "No time like the present." He tapped his comm badge. "Ensign Gord, escort Lt. Trei to interview room three."

He knew that room one held the ambassador and he wanted to give them a little bit of mental room.

=^=Moving her now, Chief.=^=

He motioned with his hand ushering her from his office, "Commander."

Quinna stood and followed Samuels to the interview room.

As they entered the room was basically a box with the single entrance and exit point. There was a table in the center of the room. Trei was sitting I. A chair on one side and on the other was a pair of metal chairs.

Samuels nodded to the Tellerite that was in the room with them. "That'll be all Gord."

The Tellerite snorted in disagreement but followed orders. As he left he said, "I'll be right outside if you need me."

Samuels smiled and nodded. He knew the tone and knew saying anything different would only end badly. "Thank you, Gord."

Gord gave a last warning glare at Trei then left. When the door closed Samuels sat across from Trei.

Quinna found her seat next to Ariel. She laid her PADD on the table. It was evident it was recording the conversation that was about to happen. “Lt. Trei, I am here for you. Lt. Samuels wants to ask some questions. You are free to answer them, but if I do not think you should answer, I will speak up. Ok?”

(Reply Trei)

Quinna nodded at Samuels that they were ready to begin.

Hank had spent a lifetime observing people. As he watched Trei he could see the confusion of a person who didn't seem to understand why she was in the position she was.

"Lt. Trei," he began, "do you know why you're here?"

(Reply Trei)

(posted by Al and Kris)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Chief's Office SPA LT Ariel Trei - 2001)

She was led from her Brig cell to an interrogation room. She was directed to sit at one side of the table. She still wore the blood covered track suit and felt pretty slimey. Samuels sat the the other side of the table and asked her why she thought she was here. She knew why she was here. She took out an assassin on the promenade that killed 5 people. All she could say is that she did what she had to do. That won't convince Samuels of what she did was the right thing to do.

"I did what I had to do, sir. The threat had to be taken out. I will let my lawyer advise me on what to say now."

(Reply Quinna, Samuels, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Chief's Office -- CMO Commander Quinna Solice -- 2002)

Quinna listened to Ariel's reply. Quinna wanted to knock Ariel upside the head. Quinna felt that Ariel may not know the gravity of her situation.

"I did what I had to do sir. The threat had to be taken out. I will let my lawyer advise me on what to say now."

“As your lawyer, I advise you to tell the truth. Just answer the questions unless I say, ‘Don’t answer that.’” Quinna was not going to let Ariel go down but would not let Ariel say anything that was not the truth. Quinna wanted to make sure that Ariel was not vague on any questions.

(Reply Trei, Samuels, Any)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Chief's Office - Chief of Security - Lt. Hank Samuels - 2003)

Samuels sat back on his chair and let out a long breath. He looked over at Solice and then back at Trei.

“So speaks someone who appears to have something to hide or fear revealed,” he said, carefully selecting his words. “You lawyer,” he looked over at Solice, “has given you some wise advice. I’m still not certain if you understand *why* you are here. However, I do get the impression that you feel your actions are justified. Would you agree with that?”

(reply Trei)

“So you feel that you were justified in mercilessly killing somebody that you had already, overwhelmingly, defeated? Is that correct?”

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Chief's Office - CMO Commander Quinna Solice - 2004)

Quinna had hoped Trei would take her advice. She sat there stolid as she listened to Samuels.

“So speaks someone who appears to have something to hide or fear revealed,” he said, carefully selecting his words. “You lawyer,” he looked over at Solice, “has given you some wise advice. I’m still not certain if you understand *why* you are here. However, I do get the impression that you feel your actions are justified. Would you agree with that?”

(reply Trei)

"No," Quinna said abruptly. Quinna gave Samuels a stern look, "Don't answer that Lt. Trei." she said and then turned to Samuels, "Lt. Samuels, this is an interrogation not a trial. And that would not be allowed in court. Stick to the facts as you are not qualified to discuss her state of mind."

(Reply Trei, Samuels)

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Security Chief's Office SPA LT Ariel Trei - 2005)

Quinna stopped her before she could answer. Samuels probably didn't know about Michael being the target of the assassin. If he did, he would be understanding of the situation. In her mind the assassin was a threat to her and anyone there. Under Klingon law any attack on one of the house including friends is an attack on all as stated in the honor challenge. Samuels does not know of this or he would take that into consideration. He does not know what he is getting into. Ariel thought she should explain that to Samuels but she shouldn't have to.

"Michael Weston was the target of the assassin. A woman standing in front of Michael paid the price with her life for blocking the target of the assassin. Four others died as well to cover the assassin's escape. I took out the assassin to end the threat but that is not all. Under Klingon law I had the right to act the way I did. There is a thing called the Honor Challenge. An attack on any in the house, family, or friend is an attack on all. If Klingon council gets involved here, it will be bad you you."

(Reply Samuels, Quinna, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Interview Room 3- Chief of Security - Lt. Hank Samuels - 2006)

Samuels was stunned by Trei's threat. Did she really think that she could intimidate him by throwing around her diplomatic weight? He was sure if he should be angry or laugh. He chose the later.

“Don’t throw out your diplomatic credentials to me Ariel Trei, daughter of Detron of the house of Mogh. To me you are Lieutenant Ariel Trei of the Federation. A Starfleet officer. If, and I do mean if, the Klingon counsel sees you worthy of their attention then we will deal with that at that time. But I guarantee,” his eyes narrowed, “it will not be as bad for me as you seem to imagine.”

“As far as who this assassin’s target was, it is irrelevant to this case. You may be correct that in the Klingon world your actions may be sanctioned,” Samuels said as he stood, “but let me remind you that you are *not* a member of the Klingon military, nor acting under their rules. *You* are a Starfleet officer, operating under the conditions of Starfleet regulations.”

He picked up his PAD and looked hard at Trei. “You had your suspect, unarmed and contained, no longer a threat to anyone. You could have simply held onto her until your partner, Lt. Taylor arrived, who was right behind you. My security forces were right there as well. They could have contained her so that we could have gotten some information from her. That’s what you should have done as a Starfleet officer. You took a life , and what disturbs me most is that you seem to have no remorse about that. I believe that I have all of the information that I need.”

He moved over to the door. When it recognized him it opened. "Ensign Gord, you can escort Lt. Trei back to her cell in the brig."

"Samuels," Quinna called out, "At least give Lt. Trei the decency of a shower and a change of clothing."

Samuels looked from Solice to the blood covered officer and nodded. "Let me modify that order Ensign. Escort Lt Trei and Commander Solice to the locker room where she can shower and change clothes. Then escort her back to her cell."

He looked at Solice, “I am remanding her to your custody for this, Commander. I hope I haven’t misplaced my trust.”

With that he left the room to report to the CO.

(reply Solice, Trei)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Starbase Freedom - Level 13- Locker Room -- CMO Commander Quinna Solice -- 2008)

Quinna sat there and watched as Ariel went against her advice and explained herself. Samuels was quick to return comments before Quinna had a chance to remind Ariel to shut her trap.

Samuels agreed to allow Ariel to shower and put on fresh clothing. The clothing for Ariel was a set of orange scrubs. Quinna loved the softness of the material. But then again, she was partial to the red ones she kept in her office.

When in the locker room, Quinna turned to Ensign Gorn, “You can go outside and wait. I wish to speak to Lt. Trei without you listening to the conversation.” Quinna knew if the Lt was there, he would hear privileged conversations that could be subpoenaed in the trial. And since Gorn reported to Samuels, she did not want him to report what Quinna was about to say.

“No.” Gorn said.

“Look we are not going anywhere, and if Trei does go anywhere you can shoot me,” Quinna replied in a serious tone.

With a grunt, Gorn stepped outside.

As Ariel was showering, Quinna moved closer to talk to Ariel but not to watch her shower.

"Ariel, I told you not to answer of Samuels. Why did you answer?"

(Reply Trei)

“Do you not trust me to defend you?” Quinna asked. “We can talk to Captain Sekal to see if Commander T’Mur or Commander Verin to replace me.”

(reply Trei)

“I think the trouble comes in when you killed the Assassin, she was no longer a threat and was unarmed at the time you subdued her. The kill was above and beyond. We need to prove that it was not. Unfortunately, the Evidence is on Samuel's side. And what you said did not help because it can now be entered into evidence.” Quinna informed Ariel.

(Reply Trei)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

End Compile