



"Captain,"

Sekal looked up from the report on Federation assets in the system to find that agent Weston was standing beside him.

"Are you certain about your selection of the away team. I have my doubts about the ability of some of the team. I'm certain we can accomplish the tasks with myself, Lt. T'Mur, and Lt. Trei."

The Vulcan quirked an eyebrow and answered in an equally low and even tone. "What you mean Mister Weston is that you doubt the ability of members of my command crew and or fear for their safety." He set the PADD aside for a moment then turned his attention back to the man who had bristled a bit.

"A command officer will be needed to cut through officerial opposition if any on DP 7 and despite my initial concerns my 3rd officer has proven to be capable and an asset when dealing with the threat we are facing. Beyond that the females aboard this ship cannot be isolated in a bubble and protected, they have duties to perform and must be allowed to perform them. As for the number of individuals on the away team..."

He sat back and crossed his right leg over his left. "... despite what you might be thinking we will not be skulking about on that platform, we will go aboard emphatically and in numbers. Those numbers will be necessary if we are to gain our objective quickly. Speed will be necessary to prevent any conspirators from taking the initiative."

(Reply: Weston)

(Posted by Charles G)

"What you mean, Mr. Weston, is that you doubt the ability of members of my command crew and or fear for their safety," Sekal said putting his PADD aside to give Weston his full attention.

Michael didn't bother to argue with the Vulcan as he had pretty much hit nail on the head. "I wouldn't quite put it that way, but...that might be a more accurate view of my assessment."

Sekal continued, "A command officer will be needed to cut through officerial opposition if any on DP 7 and despite my initial concerns my 3rd officer has proven to be capable and an asset when dealing with the threat we are facing. Beyond that the females aboard this ship cannot be isolated in a bubble and protected, they have duties to perform and must be allowed to perform them. As for the number of individuals on the away team..."

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"I can appreciate what you're saying Captain," Michael said, "and it has nothing to do with isolating or protecting the females. Perhaps I am unclear about the mission, but are we not attempting to clandestinely obtain information from the platform? However, if you say go in numbers, then in numbers we go. I just wanted to express my thoughts. And for the record," he concluded indignantly, " I do not skulk. I may, at times attempt to be invisible. But not through skulking. If you'll excuse me now, I will inform Dr. Solice of her assignment, and start planning a mission that won't get your First Officer killed."

(reply Sekal)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - Sickbay - SFI Michael Weston/ CMO/3O Dr. Quinn Solice - 1645)

Through the course of his career Michael had been given many assignments that he was not happy about. . Why was this one more painful than those others? That was easy, because this time it's personal. He had no desire to drag Quinna through the muck and mire of the real work of intelligence. She wasn't ready, and he blamed himself. She wasn't ready because he hadn't prepared her. But now it didn't matter.

He made his way to Quinna and touched her elbow as she talked with one of her staff. When she turned and saw he couldn't help but smile, but it was a fleeting smile.

“We need to talk,” he said softly, “in your office.”

"Hey," Quinn started, "Umm, sure. I am just finishing up here." Quinn turned and handed the PADD to the nurse. She then turned back to Michael. She took the lead to her office. She knew this was serious conversation.

They entered the office where Quinn shut the doors, "So, what's going on?" Quinn asked.

Michael ushered Quinna to her sofa and sat beside her. "Well you missed the end of the captain's briefing. He set the team to go over to the Defense Platform. It will be myself, T'Mur, Trei, Commander Verin... and you."

“OK. Captain’s orders. Your worry lines are showing. Is there a problem with some members of the team?” Quinna said. She knew but she wanted to hear it from him. “Let me guess, There is a problem with Commander Verin? It is because she doesn’t like you, but that will never interfere with her sense of Duty.”

Michael chuckled, "I'm not worried about that, or her trying to shoot me out an air lock and some inappropriate time. However, she is not, how can I put this, a warrior class. I worry about her holding up in a fight. That is not my primary concern."

"Perhaps Lt. Trei could be the issue. You do not really know her. Is that it?" Quinna was skirting around the issue. She was sure he was catching on.

"Noooo," he said, playing along with her game. "I'm sure Ms. Trei can handle herself, although she also does not have a ton of real experience."

"It is not T'Mur, is it?" Quinna stopped talking.

Michael shook his head, "Actually, she is the one person that I am not concerned about," Michael admitted. Then he looked at Quinna with a look of, ~You know who I'm worried about,~

"I see." Quinna got up and took a few steps. "I know, I saw it in your eyes during the part of the meeting I was in. I did not volunteer because I was going to hear it from all ends. At least the Captain has faith in my abilities."

Weston took Quinna's hands, "It's not that I don't have faith in you Quinna. I haven't prepared you enough. Are you really ready to take a life if you need to. That is not part of your nature. I haven't done enough."

Quinna moved closer, "And have you expressed your concerns with the Captain?" She sat back down and moved closer to him. His body was warm and she liked it.

"I did," Michael admitted, "but he believes that you have shown your ability to handle the situation, I have to accept that, even if I have my doubts. It's just... I don't want to see you get hurt... or worse."

"This really does not have to do with me being prepared or not. You have been working with me. So unless you are doubting your abilities? Mr. Weston, are you allowing your feelings to cloud your judgement?" Quinna suddenly went there.

Michael took a deep breath and lowered his head, nodding, "It's a whole new world for me Quinna. I've never worried about anyone else before."

"And how does it make you feel that you, Michael Weston? You have gotten to live the life of a normal man here on the Illuminar." Quinna said.

Michael thought about that question for a minute. Introspection was not one of his strengths. It usually didn't do well to dwell on the past in his line of work. "To be honest, I'm not sure. I've liked some parts of it. But being in one place so long has made me kind of restless. I have really enjoyed one part of this lifestyle." He leaned over and kissed Quinna's cheek.

"What can I do to make you feel better about things. I remember the rule. 'Do what you say.' Am I wrong?" Quinna asked.

Michael looked into Quinna's eyes and brushed the hair on the side of her face behind her ear, and said, "You missed one thing. Without fail. If you do that, I will keep you alive. I promise."

Quinna ran her fingers along his hairline. "That is a promise you cannot keep. It is not just you and me in this scenario. But if you're really not wanting me to go on this mission then strip down."

Now Michael was surprised, but smiled. "Well, if I had known it was going to be that easy then I would have gone this route before talking with Sekal. But I don't think it's going to be that easy. The captain says you go, so go you do. However, if you still want me to take my clothes off..."

He began to remove his shirt.

Quinna laughed. "Well, what I had planned would take longer than what we have." Quinna said that there was only one way for her not to do this mission, no one ever asked. And she was not ready anyway. Quinna moved closer and fell into his arms. Still nice and warm. "This is going to happen. We will be good. And if I am honest, I am not ready to live without you."

Michael leaned in, “Nor I you.”

Doing the one thing she hated to do, she pulled herself away from him, "Put your shirt back on and let's work on details." Quinna said.

With a heavy sigh Michael did as he was told, but not before leaving Quinna with something to remember him by.

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir and Kris B)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 Bridge - CO - Captain Sekal- 1719)

Sekal listened to the report from science concerning the 7 approaching fighters then Lt. Com. Gregory stepped up and showed why he had been chosen for the position. A long time member of the crew on DS 9 he had adjusted quickly to life aboard a starship and operations had benefitted greatly from his presence. The choice to place him in the command line had been a logical one and even though still growing and maturing in the role the strides he made were in the form of large jumps rather than a slow progression. His intelligence and adaptability made him a natural for the role.

A report from Lieutenant T'Mur was also relayed.

"Captain, I recommend we get our pilots to ready 5 in the fighters, and consider getting pieces in place for Liferaft."

The Vulcan nodded before replying. "Do so Mr. Gregory."

(Reply: Gregory)

Sekal was well aware that up to this time the crew had not seen the full potential of the Illuminar in a combat role. While not a master strategist yet he was far more aware of its capabilities though in 2 of the 3 combats it had participated in he had been unavailable. Still taking on the might of StarFleet in this system if it came to that was inadvisable. So under the circumstance his suggestion was the correct one.

Sekal however was not going to make preparation for the debarkation of Luma from the ship habitual every time hostilities arose, it was unnecessary. This ship could hold its own against almost anything available and would eventually prove that, of this he was assured. Might he have an actual ship of the line in the future? It was possible and coupled with advancements it would be a terrifying force indeed for an enemy in the hands of an experienced Captain. For now Illuminar would fill that role while he grew in experience.

(Reply: Gregory, any)

(Posted by Charles G)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 17:20)

"Do so Mr. Gregory," the Captain said, agreeing with his idea.

Gregory nodded and tapped his communicator.

=^= Bridge to Shuttle bay. Ensign Rager get two fighters at ready 5 status. =^=

=^= Acknowledged Bridge. Fighters to ready 5 =^=

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Flight Control Center - Ensign Sariel Rager - 17:21)

She took the order from the bridge in stride. Turning her chair to the left, she pulled up the tactical readout from the bridge.

Tapping a button, the deck crews started scampering around the fighters, getting them ready.

=^= Rager to Montero. Shake a leg, you're on ready five. Bring Snoopy with you. =^=

=^= Montero acknowledges =^=

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - Officers Lounge - Ensign (sg) Vic Montero - 17:22)

Vic looked up at Arthur and chuckled. Picking up his peach ginger glow water, he drained the glass. "Well there Snoopy, maybe we'll see some real action today."

(Reply Snoopy)

(Posted by Tim)

The five people who were going on the away mission were gathered in the deck 1 conference room for a briefing. Sienna looked around at Quinna and her boytoy Weston, Sy's mate T'Mur and Ariel Trei. Sienna nodded to each of them as they entered and nodded towards the coffee urns that she had served, as well as small pastries.

"Well, we all know why we are here" She began, her gaze on the unknown, Weston. "As this is somewhat of a clandestine mission, we need to formulate a plan and have everyone on the same page. I think that the original idea was to have us go over as couples on shore leave." Sienna turned her attention to Weston. "As the expert," And Sienna made that word a curse, "I will bow to your greater talents."

Sienna poured herself more coffee and sat down beside her T'Mur. "The floor is yours."

(reply Trei, T'Mur, Weston, Quinna, and Sekal iyw, any)

(posted by Melkitty)

T'Mur sat at the table of the briefing room watching Sienna closely. She was very concerned about her being on this mission. Sienna is an excellent commander, intelligent and resourceful, but this mission may turn into a physical confrontation that T'Mur was not convinced that Sienna was adequately prepared for. She would have to make sure that she kept her mate close to her during the course of this mission. She sent a wave of love and support for Sienna through their bond.

Before there was any response Sienna began the meeting. In her opening comment, she had to acquiesce that the very nature of the mission leant to the expertise of Michael Weston. She had stated that the idea was that they were to go to the platform as couples. That would make it easy for to keep Sienna close, and protected. Weston would clearly be doing the same for Quinna. But that left Ariel Trei as the fifth wheel, so to speak. she did not have a partner to watch over her or to watch over.

T'Mur could feel Sienna's ire as she turned to Weston and spoke. 'As the expert, I will bow to your greater talents.' As Sienna sat beside her, T'Mur reached out and touched her hand, under the table. ::Trust him love, he is a good man.::

(reply Sienna, Weston)

(posted by Al Muir)

"The floor is yours," Verin said, her voice almost dripping with disdain at the thought. He thought what a double standard she held as he noticed how she and T'Mur made a slight physical contact, under the table as she sat. Must be nice to have such high moral values that she can project onto others, and yet maintain a physical and emotional relationship of her own and still do her job.

But he put those thoughts aside and got down to the task at hand. He stood up with a PADD in his hand and began the briefing.

"Thank you, Commander," he said with a nod, acknowledging her ire, "I'm sure your confidence in my abilities is reflected throughout the room. The purpose of this mission is to obtain information that will implicate the continued existence of the Roanoke faction in the fleet, and perhaps connect it to a name. Consequently, this information might go a long way into clearing my name with SFI. As Commander Verin stated, the original plan was for us to go over as fun-loving tourists."

He stopped for a moment and looked around the room, "Any questions so far?"

(reply any)

"So as I understand it," Trei said, "I will be a loner in this scenario. What will be my objective in this operation?"

Weston looked at Trei and nodded, replying, "You are, indeed, a fifth wheel, of a sort. But, your objective remains the same as ours. We are looking for a data center that we can access. Our goal is to blend in as much as possible. I'll probably need to rely on Lt. T'Mur and Commander Verin to access the information once we get to the data center. Dr. Solice, and you Lieutenant, are going to be important as distractions and protection. I know it's a loose plan, but to be honest, I'm not sure what we're going to find over there. We'll have to assume that they will be wary of us, and have us under observation. Clandestine is not exactly the way I'd describe this mission, more like camouflaged. I've found the best way to fit in is to look, and act, like you are supposed to be exactly where you are. Questions?"

(reply any)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing Room - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 17.35)

As she understood it she will be a fifth wheel in this scenario but she wanted to clarify what she will be doing on the platform. With noone to look after her she felt some anxiety of the concept.

"So as I understand it, I will be a loner in this scenario. What will be my objective in this operation?"

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Edward)

(USS *Illuminar* -- Conference room -- Deck 1 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinn Solice --1736 )

Quinna sat in the briefing room. The air was thick with many things. She watched Sienna. Quinna knew that her relationship with Michael was a source of distancing from her friend. Quinna felt like she was in a corner with this. Though it was never said, she felt like she had to choose between her friend's happiness or her own. Despite the tension in the room, Quinna remained professional. She sat away from Michael and was not too close to the commander as well.

She listened to the Commander and the suggestions about pairing off as couples. Quinnna wondered who would do the pairing. As Trei talked about being the odd man out, Quinnna wondered if a pairing of actual couples would work.

Quinna, though not showing it was surprised and yet a bit optimistic that Sienna yielded the floor to Michael. Quinna decided to wait to see what everyone says before she put her two cents in.

(Reply Weston, Trei, Sienna, T'Mur)

(Posted by Kris B)

(USS Illuminar -- Conference room -- Deck 1 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinn Solice --1739 )

Quinna took part in the meeting. She sat there stoic. There had to be more. "Ok, so that's it?" Quinna looked at Michael. "Basically, Commander Verin, Lt. T'Mur, and you are going to look for data while Lt. Trei and I get to sit around and look pretty. Ok. Nice plan. I'm good with that."

(Reply Verin, T'Mur, Trei, Weston)

"There are a few more details I would like to know, such as, When do we leave? Is there a timeline?" Quinna asked. "Do we even have a clue where to begin looking?" Quinna knowing that Michael said, felt more highly motivated to find the information. "You know, more details."

(Reply Verin, T'Mur, Trei, Weston)

(Posted by Kris B)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Conference Room - SFI - Michael Weston - 1740)

Michael sighed heavily, then leaned on the table. He really did not want to have this conversation, but he also knew Quinn would not let it go. She was going to be indignant. He had hoped that he had broken the news of her role in this mission as easily as he could. He knew he was going to have to blunt.

"Doctor," he began, "I'm certain that it is, most likely, not a secret that I ... balked at your participation in this mission, but the captain was insistent that you had a role to play here. I trust his judgment. However, once we get to the data center do you have the computer skills and command codes to get us access to the information we need? I do not believe so. Your role is to provide cover. To give our group a reason for being there. Your job is also to get us out of there alive, if it comes to that. You can always refuse the assignment. I won't hold you to it."

He turned to Trei, looking deeply into her eyes. "Do you have a problem with your assignment, Lt. Trei. Your skills are definitely more functional, if we wind up in a fight."

(reply Trei)

"There are a few more details I would like to know," Quinna asked looking at him, letting him know she was not about to back out, "such as, when do we leave? Is there a timeline?" Quinna asked. "Do we even have a clue where to begin looking?" Quinna knowing that Michael said, felt more highly motivated to find the information. "You know, more details."

Michael nodded, accepting her stubborn streak, "As for when we leave, that is in the hands of Commander Verin. There is no timeline to my knowledge." He looked over at Verin for confirmation.

(reply Verin)

"We do, actually, have some clue where to begin," he began again, in a voice that said, "I'm not completely incompetent.". "We know where the computer core is, and I was able to obtain these schematics of the Defense Platform." He put his PADD on the table and pressed a button to produce a three-dimensional holographic image of the station. "Now I cannot attest to the accuracy of the schematics, but the computer core runs through three levels of the station, and I am certain that there are multiple access points. These access points will, most likely, be heavily guarded. So we will need to find an access point that is, shall we say, out of the ordinary, less guarded. However, we will start here."

He pressed a button on the PADD and the display became a cross-section, and he pointed to a spot that was on level five of the station. "This is the middle of the station, and the center of the computer core. We will need to look for a point from there."

He looked at the group, "Anything else?"

(reply Verin, Solice, T'Mur, Trei)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Conference Room -CMO/3XO Lt. Quinn Solice- 1742)

"Doctor," he began, "I'm certain that it is, most likely, not a secret that I ... balked at your participation in this mission, but the captain was insistent that you had a role to play here. I trust his judgment. However, once we get to the data center do you have the computer skills and command codes to get us access to the information we need? I do not believe so. Your role is to provide cover. To give our group a reason for being there. Your job is also to get us out of there alive if it comes to that. You can always refuse the assignment. I won't hold you to it."

Quinna sat at the table. 'What the Heck?' she thought, 'He does not want to go there.' She wondered if he was trying to make her mad. She had no problem doing her part, she felt the details were a little vague. And no she did not like being the 'brainless blond'. She was about to open her mouth in protest

of his statement. He certainly would like that and have her pulled. Perhaps that was his plan. "Don't worry, Mr. Weston, my assignment is no problem for me."

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(reply Trei)

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He looked at the group, "Anything else?"

Quinna thought for a moment. Should she open her mouth again? Should she ask? She was batting a thousand here, "Any ideas about the defenses around the area? Are there any special preps except for 'prepare for anything'."

(reply Verin, Weston, T'Mur, Trei)

(posted by Kris B)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Conference Room - SFI - Michael Weston - 1743)

"Any ideas about the defenses around the area?" Quinna asked. "Are there any special preps except for 'prepare for anything'?"

Michael frowned at Quinna, then shrugged, "Unfortunately, the intelligence community that I would typically have for an operation of this sort is no longer available to me, as my security clearance is at an all time low. Pretty sure a cadet could get more reliable information than I can."

He allowed himself a moment of lament then turned back to the group, "That being said, I am not without my resources. But as you so eloquently put it, prepare for anything is the order of the day most of the time anyway. Be ready for any situation."

T'Mur looked back at him and nodded, saying, "A most logical precaution."

(reply Solice, Trei, Verin)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Conference Room SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 17.45)

She heard her objective and was fine with it. She will have to channel her cheerleader days and mimic that while being ready to take action if she had to.

"No. I can do that. It shouldn't be too hard for me to mimic what I did as a cheerleader to be a distraction. I can also go old school wonder woman in a second if needed. When do we start?"

(Reply Any, All)

(Posted by Edward)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Conference Room - FO Commander Sienna Verin - 1746)

Sienna had been listening, her hand in T'Murs as she considered a variety of plans and discarded them all. She was aware that she was being catty towards Weston and she needed to get over that quickly so that she could continue working with him.

"One final thing. I'd like each of us to wear one of the sensors that Ensign Bohb developed to keep us in contact with Luma. This will give us a life line to the ship should our communications be interrupted. That being said, I am sure that Lt. Trei or I could reach her telepathically. We might be going off into the unknown, but we won't be alone, and the sensors should help keep Luma calm that her precious small ones are not being harmed." Sienna smiled, very pleased that she didn't have to deal with Luma's moods this time.

(Reply solice, trei, T, weston)

(posted by melkitty)

(USS Illuminar - Jeffries' Tube, Deck 12 - Engineer Ensign JG Tycho Alantar - 1747)

Despite the automatic cleaning sweeps that kept the tubes dust and grime free, Tycho always seemed to have a smear of oil or gel on some

part of him. Today, he'd doned the service over-jacket to have the little pockets and there was random grime stuff on the shoulder. His tools were small and fiddly, which was what he needed, and the jacket gave him fast access without needing to carry a kit.

The cloak was a power drain, and if they needed to fight, any delay or jackknife in the system transferring power could mean the difference between injuries and death.

As such, Tycho had the section he was currently sitting in bypassed from the main systems. With a monocle looking device mounted on his eye he was doing microsurgery on specific isolinear modules, enhancing the interconnectivity of the system while funneling the energy more efficiently.

(Reply Any iwy)

(Posted by Lorenz)

(USS *Illuminator* - Deck 14 Security Office - Chief of Security Lt (jg) Keung Lee - 1935)

There wasn't much to do regarding major security issues as the security detail were stationed throughout the ship. None had accompanied any of the away teams but Chief Lee had put Alpha 1 as standby particularly if the away team needed support and extraction, if required. Lee stood at the replicator feeling a peckish "A mug of hot redbush tea and two rounds of toasted Cheese and ham sandwich".

A steaming mug of tea and the sandwich came into existence

"Chief Lee please report to the bridge." He heard the Captain on Lee's comm badge

"Acknowledge." Replied Lee. He took a slip of tea from the mug and grabbed the toasted sandwich as he left his office.

(reply any)

(posted by John)

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Concourse- SFI Michael Weston/FO Lt. Commander Sienna Williams-Verin/CTO Lt(jg) T'Mur/ CMO Dr. Quinn Solice-1935)

The team arrived at the Defense Platform transport station and stepped into their concourse area. Michael pulled out his tricorder and looked at the map that he had downloaded of the station and pointed towards an area where a large group of people were congregating. He assumed, by the map, that it was the main arcade for the section of the platform.

"We should go this way," he suggested. "We might find some kind of access to a computer hub there. And since it is clearly not the military part of the station it will be less guarded."

Quinna did not say much, she nodded her head in agreement. She stayed behind everyone bringing up the rear. She made observational notes of her surroundings.

T'Mur had been observing the group as they walked towards the arcade. She had noticed Quinna acting differently. She moved over to walk beside her.

"Quinna, I have noted a sense of tension between yourself and Mr. Weston," she stated. Primarily there was concern for the mission. They were all supposed to be involved with each other in some form. "Has there been an alteration in your relationship?"

Quinna smiled. "No, there is nothing wrong. We are still good. I just want to keep a professional distance." Quinna said, wondering if she believed that. "What is going on with Sienna, are things still good there?" She knew Sienna was keeping her distance because of the relationship with Michael.

T'Mur was not convinced by Quinna's statement and attempted to redirect her, "In order for you to be a professional, Doctor, would it not be in the best interest of the mission to maintain, at the least, the appearance of a relationship between yourself and Mr. Weston? I believe that your emotions are dictating your actions. You are clearly unhappy with him. It is obvious... to me. This may not be the appropriate time to deal with that issue you are having with him."

"I am totally in love with Michael. He makes me blissfully happy. Everyone deserves that. I just needed to think. So why are you not with Sienna?"

The words did not match her apparent mood but she knew it was best not to pursue the matter any further so she shrugged.

"I am giving Sienna some time to her thoughts," T'Mur admitted. "She has some concerns regarding the mission that she needs to, how do you say it, work out on her own. However, I will leave you to your own thoughts."

Taking her own advice she moved over to Sienna and took hold of her hand. The immediate jolt of their connection was a little disconcerting.

::Are we ready for this, my love.::

Sienna had been thinking hard while they had prepared and gotten ready for this mission. It was one of the first that she had led on her own and she was feeling a bit out of her depth. One of the justifications for putting a mid-20s year old into a command position was that she was brilliant and that she had grown up surrounded by Fleet. But stories and native intelligence were not enough to make a well rounded command officer - experience was what she was missing. She had been introspective, dealing with her emotions. But T'Mur was there and Sy pulled her mate closer to her. ::No, I'm not to be honest. This scares me, there is a high risk that some of us will be hurt or worse. Roanoke doesn't play around.::

::Of that I am certain. And I am sure that Captain Sekal would agree. Do not be afraid, my love, I have confidence in your abilities, when we are under duress. And trust your team. I am here, and Mr. Weston is a capable operative.::

::I'm glad I thought to grab those small contact buttons for Luma that allow her to see/hear and participate.:: It also allowed the ship to follow them. Bohb was brilliant and Sy was determined to keep him aboard. Plus Luma liked him.

Quinna moved up next Michael and took his hand. She pulled it to her mouth and gave it a kiss, "I love you," she whispered just to him.

Michael looked down into her eyes and smiled. He reached up with his free hand and caressed her cheek.

"As I do you," he said softly. "I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings in the briefing. I do value you more than your gorgeous face. You also have a keen eye for detail and I'll need that."

"Then you must know that we picked up a tail. My, Dear, we are being followed." Quinna said, "Bajorian male, red jacket. He is intertwining with others but still following. It could be coincidental."

(reply Trei)

(Posted by Al, Kris and Mel)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge – Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee 1940

By the time, Chief Lee arrived on the bridge, he had finished eating his sandwich. He wiped the crumbs off his mouth, acknowledge a nod at crewman Kida Ekoice who was sitting at her security station. He approached the Captain who was sitting in his command seat.

"Chief Lee as reported, Sir" said Lee.

(reply any)

(posted by John)

(USS Illuminari - Deck 1 - Bridge – CO- Captain Sekal- 1942)

“Chief Lee as reported. Sir”

Sekal motioned with his chin at the chair to his left. "Be seated please Mr. Lee."

(Reply: Lee)

Sekal turned back to the viewscreen which displayed the station rotating in orbit above the planet. "As you yourself noted during the briefing the mission objectives aboard DP 7 are not within normal mission parameters for your department however another item has come up that I will no doubt need your assistance in."

(Reply: Lee)

Sekal looked around. "Coded transmissions from the Valiant suggest one or more Roanoke operatives possibly aboard and due to the nom de plume of a suspect at least one is likely to be highly placed. Under the circumstances we may not be able to count on assistance from the crew of the ship in incarcerating the miscreant in the event his or her cover is penetrated. This means then that if we are able to uncover the identify of the suspect or suspects I will be taking over a security contingent under your command. You will need to make contingency plans for that eventuality."

(Reply: Lee)

The Captain nodded. "What was this idea you had in mind?"

(Reply: Lee)

(Posted by Charles G)

“Chief Lee as reported, Sir” said Lee

Captain Sekal, to Lee's surprise, invited him to sit in the chair next to him. Normally a place occupied by the XO.

Lee sat on the chair glancing at the view of the station on the viewscreen "Thank you, Sir. May I asked what is you wanted to see me about."

He listened to the Captain explaining that the mission objectives about DP& was not within 'normal mission parameters' for the Security department. It certainly explained why there was security officer who would have been assigned to away team as their protector. He was alerted to the mention that something else has come up which will require his assistance.

"How may I be of assistance?" asked Lee who was curious..

He noticed that the Captain looked around the bridge which gave the impression to Lee, that whatever he was going to say was for his eyes only.

"Coded transmissions from the Valiant suggest one or more Roanoke operatives possibly aboard and due to the nom de plume of a suspect at least one is likely to be highly placed. Under the circumstances we may not be able to count on assistance from the crew of the ship in incarcerating the miscreant in the event his or her cover is penetrated. This means then that if we are able to uncover the identify of the suspect or suspects I will be taking over a security contingent under your command. You will need to make contingency plans for that eventuality."

Lee nodded. There was certainly a big risk involved especially if the Captain was going to be involved in taking over a security team for that contingency.

"I agree. It will be difficult to count on the crew on that ship for assistance and even more of a risk especially if the away team is compromised" Lee replied. He was silent for a moment as he stared at the station.

“I have an idea” said Lee finally

He saw the Captain nodded. "What was this idea you had in mind?"

"I like to proposed setting up a small rapid deployment team made up of experienced Security officers to act as an covert extraction or exfiltration team. The main purpose of this team is not to engage with the enemy but the primary focus on removing the Illuminar team if their cover is blown. The last thing we want is to have a fully armed security team possibly ending up encountering friendlies who may misinterpret our actions. If the team's cover is blown then we need to get them out as fast as possible. That's the priority. Move to a place where we can use the transporters safely or a shuttle craft."

(reply Sekal)

(posted by John)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge – CO - Captain Sekal - 1947)

“I’d like to propose setting up a small rapid deployment team made up of experienced Security officers to act as a covert extraction or exfiltration team. The main purpose of this team is not to engage with the enemy but the primary focus on removing the Illuminar team if their cover is blown. The last thing we want is to have a fully armed security team possibly ending up encountering friendlies who may misinterpret our actions. If the team’s cover is blown then we need to get them out as fast as possible. That’s the priority. Move to a place where we can use the transporters safely or a shuttle craft.”

"A logical suggestion..." the Captain replied, "... make it so Lieutenant. Inform me if you require any other support."

(Reply: Lee)

He turned to science. "Monitor the away team closely, if an issue arises myself and security are to be informed immediately."

(Reply: T'shalaith, Alyl)

(Posted by Charles G)

USS Illuminator - Deck 1 - Bridge – Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee - 1955

"I'd like to propose setting up a small rapid deployment team made up of experienced Security officers to act as a covert extraction or exfiltration team. The main purpose of this team is not to engage with

the enemy but the primary focus on removing the Illuminar team if their cover is blown. The last thing we want is to have a fully armed security team possibly ending up encountering friendlies who may misinterpret our actions. If the team's cover is blown then we need to get them out as fast as possible. That's the priority. Move to a place where we can use the transporters safely or a shuttle craft."

"A logical suggestion. Make it so Lieutenant. Inform me if you require any other support."

"Thank you, Sir. I will go and set it up." Lee stood up and momentarily glanced at the seat. Maybe one day... He left the bridge to return to his office to prepare the arrangements.

(reply none)

(posted by John)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Engineering Lab – EO - Ensign Bohb- 2000)

Bohb had been asked to do work with a few projects over the past weeks, that it had prevented him from completing his work on his own special projects. But he had shelved everything else for the day to do his own work. He pulled up the information for his project on the main screen of the station's computer, then pulled out the container where he had stored his completed work. He looked at the device and his eyes shone with excitement. He knew that this was going to be the day.

Picking up the device he moved over to the energy transfer cell. He placed the device on the pad under the mechanism and moved to the controls.

He took a deep breath then whispered, "Well, here goes nothin'." He knew he should have said here goes everything, but that was not a familiar phrase.

With a flip of the switch, a beam of energy shot out of the cell and went into the center of the device. Bobb waited for a few moments then pulled out his tricorder and began to monitor the rate and efficiency of the energy transference. Satisfied with the results he tapped a few buttons and watched as the energy beam grew more intense. There was a whine from the machinery and the beam changed color. The liquid crystal in the device began to glow. He looked at the readings from the device and nodded.

"So far... so good," he said to himself and made another adjustment to the energy beam. The whine grew in volume and raised in pitch. The light of the beam became brighter and changed to a bright blue color. The device began to glow brighter as well.

Bohb held his breath as he adjusted the beam of energy one more time. This was it. This was the moment of truth. He picked up a pair of safety goggles and put them on, then made his final adjustment. The beam became almost blinding, even through the tinted goggles. The whine became almost hypersonics and began to irritate his inner ear. The device gave off its own glow as it absorbed the energy.

Bohb looked at the reading on his tricorder as the transfer continued. Then, slowly, he turned off the cell, and watched his readings and the device. The liquid crystal analurian center held the energy, and to his relief, the device did not explode. He made a few minor adjustments to the harmonics of the crystal and the glow pulled back but maintained its intensity. Then he waited.

After five minutes of continuous monitoring he tapped his comm badge.

"Bohb to Lt. Commander Gregory," he called out, "I have something to show you in the engineering lab."

(reply Gregory)

(posted by Al Muir)

Gregory was standing over his operations officer shoulder. Ensign McFry was doing well, he thought to himself. "How is that program coming?" he asked.

"Slowly sir, I have most of the code worked out, but I'm having an issue figuring out how to deliver it properly," the Ensign replied.

Dieter nodded, that was the hard part. How to get this code onto the ship and station without it being found by the standard Star Fleet protocols. Most of the back doors had been found and repaired over time.

"Keep at it there McFry," he said as his comm badge beeped.

=^= Bobb to Lt. Commander Gregory, I have something to show you in the engineering lab."

"Acknowledged Mr. Bohb. On my way."

Gregory walked over to the turbolift, "Deck 11" he said.

Gregory walked into the engineering lab, "OK Mr. Bohb, I'm here for show and tell."

(reply Bohb)

(Posted by Tim)

"OK Mr. Bohb, I'm here for show and tell," Gregory said as he walked into the lab.

Bohb was making no attempt to show his pleasure at his accomplishment. He waved the 20 over to his table, where he had placed a red work cloth over his device.

"Yea, yes, Commander," his voice carried his excitement, "right here. Have a seat."

He pulled up a stool and placed in front of his hidden project.

"It took me a little longer than I had anticipated," he admitted, "but I finally found the magic combination. May I present to you..."

He pressed a button and a canned drum began to play. He picked up a corner of the cloth with two huge fingers, and waved over it with his other hand.

"The universes first, and only..." he pulled off the cloth to reveal, "liquid anelurian crystal life force containment device."

He then picked up the octagonal shaped container and held it out for Gregory's inspection.

(reply Gregory)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS *Illuminator* - Deck 14 - Security briefing Room - Chief of Security Lt (in) Keung Lee 2036)

Chief Lee looked around the room at all the Security Officers had gathered for an announcement. "I want to share something that has been on my mind for quite a while. As Starships travel far and wide across the galaxy in exploration, the issue is we are far too stretched to send in support to our starships and to our colonies. That's space out there...the unknown and we face all sorts of threats. I don't have to tell you where these threats come from." Said Chief Lee. He paused for a moment and lowered his voice, a technique Keung himself had used to draw attention and emphasis to what was about to be said next.

"Every starship has enough firepower to reduce a planetary civilization to rubble in a matter of hours. Sometimes we need subtler means to accomplish our goals, such as the exploration of derelict hulks impervious to scans, or the rescue of headstrong Away Teams lost in hostile terrain, or providing for the security for starship captains. Starfleet's intentions are peaceful and to further arm any starships with heavy weapons plus a contingent of marines often brings a wrong message. Ladies and gentlemen, we are serving aboard a Science ship and the role of security should be of lighter duties. Indeed protect the landing party and prevent people from nicking test tubes. But from our experience in the recent past we are capable of actions that the marines would be envious of! Not all the 30 Security Officers on board this ship have the skills or experience that you around the table have encountered. Basically what we need is a rapid deployment team to take the lead and assist in operations that no one else can accomplish, or otherwise impossible to support."

Lee leaned forward. "We have the opportunity to become such a team. Right now, there is a covert operation about to go ahead on DP7 to uncover the identify of Roanoke operatives. This undercover team consists of Lieutenant Trei, Doctor Solice, Lieutenant T'Mur, Commander Verin and Michael Weston. A very high risk operation where anything could go wrong. Weston being an operational spook probably knows what he's doing but from what I understand he's a loner and not used to working in a team!!

Lee took a sip of water before carrying on. "I suggested to the Captain and he has given us the go ahead to create a rapid deployment team to primarily act as a covert extraction or exfiltration team." "The main purpose of this team is not to engage with the enemy but the primary focus on removing the Illuminar team if their cover is blown. The last thing we want to do is to go in with all guns blazing or blowing everything up in sight," said Lee, glancing at Andrew Taylor sitting in the third row. Taylor gave a feigned look of shock at the statement, putting a hand to his chest as if to say, "Who me?" "We don't want to end up encountering friendlies, especially their own Security officers who may misinterpret our actions." Lee again looked around the table and his eyes settled on the Klingon contingent who were sitting in the 2<sup>nd</sup> row. "Nor are we going to claim battle honours. If the team's cover is blown then we need to get them out as fast as possible. Less encounters. That's the priority. Move to a place where we can use the transporters safely or a shuttle craft. In other words, we go in, grab hold of the team and get out of there as quickly as possible..either using transporters or a shuttle. The other thing is that we will make use of our battle suits..unmarked so we won't be identified as Starfleet officers.

Lee looked around the room. "So who is going to be in the Rapid Deployment Team? For this operation I will only need six in the team. I have my own ideas of whom I like to have on this team including a team leader. . But I will welcome any volunteers providing they fit my criteria which are Combative field experience

## Weapons excellence

Ability to think quickly, work fast and be fairly mobile

## Zero g mobility skills

Whoever is chosen will need to be adapt to working as a close knit team and work in a close environment. No room for lone rangers here. There will be, of course, extensive training.

We might not be needed but there's nothing like being prepared for eventualities. Dismissed...  
(reply anyone)

(Posted by John)

>>>>>>>>>>>>>

(USS *Illuminar* - Deck 14 - Security Briefing Room - SO PO3 Hercules Devers - 2035)

Devers wondered what the Chief wanted, that he summoned the whole department to make an announcement.

Looking around, he saw that Collier and others were equally puzzled. Perhaps it had to do with all the goings-on that he had observed on the bride. The Captain played for keeps, that was for sure, in his discussion with the Interdiction platform.

As he listened, he wondered what the future of security was going to be. They didn't have the training that the Marines had, which meant less combat experience. Sure they were all marksman level or better with the standard phasers. Most had more than a passing knowledge of unarmed combat and a few, like him, had training using things like his baton. However HALO jumping, where a cadet was killed, well that was not in Devers wheelhouse. Nor did he really feel inclined to jump out of a perfectly good starship. That was what shuttlecraft and transporters were for.

Looking back to the Chief, he heard him talk about some rapid response team to come in and save the day, as it were. The Chief waxed philosophically about a covert mission going onto the station to save the bacon of the operatives going into the mouth of the lion. And he expected the team to form up

now, and work effectively? That was pretty insane in Devers mind. That type of activity took practice, experience and such. Each team member had to trust the others and that didn't happen overnight. With the battle suits no less. Unmarked as if that would help disguise where the team was from. Devers didn't like the suits, as they interfered with his ability to move and act quickly.

Devers listened as the Chief asked for six volunteers for his team. Devers shot a look to Collier and subtly shook his head. Sure, he had the qualities that the Chief had outlined, but this training to be some sort of cavalry on such short notice sounded like more of a one way ticket to retirement.

He stood up as the chief dismissed the security team. As he flowed out with the other Collier caught up with him.

"Not planning to sign up?" he asked Devers.

"For this mission, no. If ordered, I'll go, but what the Chief is expecting takes time to develop, more than just running a holo simulation or two. I've heard of the Marines training for this type of operation, and its a lot more intense than one might expect. Besides, I'm not a fan of the battle suits that the Chief is so in love with," Hercules replied. "You?"

"I'm with you Herc. I like the suits, I really do, but it starts making us into some sort of quasi-Marine wanna be. I know you're rated in them like me," Collier said.

They reached the turbolift. "Well, back to my post," Devers said as he entered the car.

(Reply IYW)

(Posted by Tim)

(USS Illuminar - Engineering lab, Deck 13 - Engineer Ensign JG Tycho Alantar - 0447)

The important adjustments and repairs had been sorted and dealt out, and Tycho had done his share of the main engineering work. Productive and quiet had been the theme of the day, aside from that Crazy Ivan.

He wasn't on shift again for several hours, but the meeting with the captain had nearly sparked a spitballing session, and had left him with a burr of an idea in his mind, so he woke early and located a free lab space.

In front of him were several schematics and holoprojected outer suits of various designs. Because of the systems embedded and reasons for their use, each was wildly different once you looked past the basic "isolation from environment" suit factor. The suits used for living archeology and those used for security insertion were vastly different. It was Tycho's pursuit to combine them in a viable way, which meant - at the least - taking the cloaking technology of the former and compacting it to fit the security suit, while still retaining the safety factor of the latter.

As he contemplated the problems involved, his hands idly twisted the ends of the thin braids that casually draped over his shoulder, alternately poking at the holo-projected suits, moving the pieces

abstractly while his eyes absorbed the details.

(Reply any IYW, none needed)

(Posted by Lorenz)

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