

Mission: Through a Mirror Darkly

Day: 6

Stardate: 2446.03.09

(USS Rhyne– Deck 1 - Bridge– aCO - Michael Weston - 1200)
(USS Illuminar– Deck 1 - Bridge– CO, Captain Sekal - 1205)
(USS Rhyne– Deck 1 - Bridge– aCO - Michael Weston - 1208)
(USS Rhyne– Deck 4 - Transporter Room 1– CO, Captain Sekal - 1210)
(USS Rhyne– Deck 4 - Transporter Room 1– aCO, Michael Weston - 1211)
(USS Rhyne– Deck 4 - Transporter Room 1– 3XO/CMO Lt. Commander Quinn Solice - 1213)
(USS Rhyne– Deck 1 - Bridge – aCO, Michael Weston, Leeza Pel - 1214)
(USS Rhyne– Deck 1 - Bridge – CO, Captain Sekal - 1215)
(USS Rhyne– Deck 1 - Bridge – aCO- Michael Weston - 1220)
(USS Rhyne– Deck 1 - Bridge – aCO Michael Weston CMO/3O Lt. Commander Quinn Solice - 1226)
USS Illuminar – Deck 5 - Holodeck Room 2– ACSO Ensign T'Shalaith, ACEO Ensign Tegian Pex - 2215)

Day: 8

Stardate 2446.03.11

Day: 6

Stardate 2446.03.09

(USS Rhyne– Deck 1 - Bridge– aCO - Michael Weston - 1200)

Weston looked around the bridge to find it at almost full capacity. There must have been twenty people there, looking expectantly at the view screen. They had slowly been making their way in as the knew that the Rhyne was coming into sensor range for the Illuminar, which meant direct communication would be possible.

“Captain,” Z'h'qaolorh announced, “we are in communication range.” Michael could feel the anticipation even in the usually stoic Andorian. The only member of the crew that seemed as though they could not care less was Cal Dogan.

“Hail them, Ensign Z'h'qaolorh,” Weston said, “on screen.”

He started very formally, “This is Captain Michael Weston of the USS Rhyne to the USS Illuminar.”

The screen blinked and the image of the Illuminar’s bridge came on. It was like a breath of fresh air, and he could sense the emotions of those on the bridge getting high. Tanya

Cavaenaugh turned and hugged Dr. Kyllee and began to cry. For Michael the big surprise was that the first face that he saw was Quinn Solice. The sight of her took his breath away, or at least his voice, as he had a hard time bringing words to his tongue.

"Good lord it's good to see," he said, managing his emotions.

Quinn sat in the center seat. She heard the door open to the bridge but was more focused on the face on the screen. Her face lit up as a smile that she had not had in a few weeks seemed to be reappearing. She stood as she looked at the object of her desire. She noted he had changed but she noted her heart still skipped a beat when she saw him. Captain Weston, had he said. This was indeed a story for a reunion.

Taking a deep breath, "Mic..." She cleared her voice, "Captain Weston, to you and your crew. Welcome back."

Leeza had been sitting in her seat next to Mikey. She watched his eyes changed. She wondered who these people are.

His eyes scanned the scene and he saw the one person he had not expected to see. They had no idea what had happened to Sienna Williams-Verin since she disappeared. She looked thinner, almost sickly. What had T'Mur done to her over the past year. He stood up and approached the screen.

"Commander Verin?" he said, noticeable surprised, "you're alive?"

(Reply Verin)

"Well believe it or not, I am glad to see you," he had to admit.

Then he saw Sekal standing behind Quinn. He nodded at the Vulcan, "Captain Sekal, welcome to the other side. I guess I should explain my," he indicated to his uniform, "situation. Lt. Commander Gregory received a near fatal injury at the hands of... well, to make a long story short, an electrical shock from an IA implanted in the Rhynes computer core. I've been in command for the last six months."

(reply Sekal)

"There is a lot to report, Captain," Weston said. "We should be in range in about an hour. Would you care to beam over and see my shop?" There was an air of pride at that statement. "And Quinn, we'll need to transport Lt. Commander Gregory and Ensign Matrix to your sickbay at that point too."

He turned around and saw the look on Leeza's face. He stepped back to his chair and turned around, "And I can introduce you all to Morale Officer, Ensign Leeza Pel."

(reply Sekal, Solice, Verin)
(posted by Al Muir and Kris B.)

(USS Illuminar- Deck 1 - Bridge- CO, Captain Sekal - 1205)

The Rhyne had come into sensor range and was growing on the screen. The honor of welcoming them back had been deferred to Lieutenant Commander Solice due to her assistance in taking the Executive Officer duties while Sienna languished. For her part Sienna had insisted in being on the bridge for the initial communication. She was as yet unsteady therefore the CO had sat her in the chair to the left of Quinna while he stood before the XO seat with his hands cupped behind his back. The Vulcan stood expectantly, loosely balanced on the balls of his feet.

"Communication established."

He turned his head to Quinna and nodded then looked at the screen as she gave the order.

(Reply: Quinna, Sienna)

The viewer changed to show an unexpected face in the command chair. Michael Weston was in uniform, a first for the Vulcan's eyes and sporting a scraggly beard and mustache. His eyes appeared sunken, the man was on the verge of exhaustion as were the others visible on the screen, except for Outrider 1 the android that is who looked little changed.

Weston's attention was captured by Lieutenant Commander Solice for a moment.

=^= Good lord it's good to see. =^=

"Mic..." A hesitant clearing of her throat. "Captain Weston, to you and your crew. Welcome back."

His eyes roamed about for an instant.

=^= Commander Verin? =^= He was visibly surprised, =^= You're alive? =^=

(Reply: Sienna)

=^= Well believe it or not, I am glad to see you. =^=

His relief was evident as his eyes found the CO and he nodded.

=^= Captain Sekal, welcome to the other side. I guess I should explain my ... situation. Lt. Commander Gregory received a near fatal injury at the hands of... well, to make a long story short, an electrical shock from an IA implanted in the Rhynes computer core. I've been in command for the last six months. =^=

The Vulcan's eyes narrowed. "Send over the coordinates for the transporter and we will have him transported to our medical bay for treatment and observation once you are in range. Are there any other injuries of note?"

=^= There is a lot to report, Captain. We should be in range in about an hour. Would you care to beam over and see my ship? And Quinna, we'll need to transport Lt. Commander Gregory and Ensign Matrix to your sickbay at that point too. =^=

Matrix as well? Their road had been hard it appeared. There had been concern that the Rhyne had been caught in the time dilation effects of the Anomaly, those concerns had been justified. The exhaustion on the faces of those crew confirmed it. How long had they been here?

=^= And I can introduce you all to Morale Officer, Ensign Leeza Pel. =^=

The Vulcan's eyes settled on the child seated behind Weston and his head cocked slightly. "Indeed. It would be my honor to see your ship and crew."

The Captain stepped forward. "We will not linger here long however lest we risk discovery. Is the Rhyne capable of its maximum speed?"

(Reply: Weston)

"We will remain here no longer than an hour then I will transport back to Illuminar and we will return to the Maelstrom at maximum warp. Illuminar will keep pace with the Rhyne during the trip as rear guard. If we encounter no resistance it should take three days, two hours and eighteen minutes. Does your ship or crew have any requirements that need to be met before we undertake that journey?"

(Reply: Weston)

"Understood. Those supplies will be sent as I transport over, is there anything else?"

(Reply: Weston)

The Vulcan nodded. "I will save the welcome home for when we return to the Prime Universe but for now..." an eyebrow quirked, "...welcome back to the ship Mister Weston."

(Reply: Weston, any)

Posted by Charles G

(USS Rhyne- Deck 1 - Bridge- aCO - Michael Weston - 1208)

=^= We will not linger here long however lest we risk discovery. Is the Rhyne capable of its maximum speed?=^=

"We may not be up to the Illuminar's maximum speed, but she'll keep up," Weston said.

=^=We will remain here no longer than an hour then I will transport back to Illuminar and we will return to the Maelstrom at maximum warp. Illuminar will keep pace with the Rhyne during the trip as rear guard. If we encounter no resistance, it should take three days, two hours and eighteen minutes. Does your ship or crew have any requirements that need to be met before we undertake that journey?"

Michael smiled, "We've survived so long with so little it's hard to say what we need. Non-replicated food would be nice. I'd kill for some fresh fruit. And I mean that." His eyes narrowed, and he hoped that at least Quinna would get his joke. "Engineering could use some gel packs for some of our systems. Anything else can wait."

=^=Understood. Those supplies will be sent as I transport over, is there anything else?=^=

He looked around the room at the spectators, they were full of smiles and tears, "Maybe a couple of boxes of tissues. You've got some happy people over here to see you. We look forward to seeing you in the flesh."

=^=I will save the welcome home for when we return to the Prime Universe but for now..., welcome back to the ship Mister Weston.=^=

"Thank you Captain Sekal," Weston said, his eyes locked on Quinna, "it's great to be back. We will see you shortly. Rhyne out."

He almost didn't want to turn off the feed but there was work to be done. He turned and faced his crew and gave them a minute. Finally he took a breath and said, "Okay people, we've got company coming, let's make this place presentable and show Sekal that we haven't turned into some kind of sideshow."

There was a moment of hustle and bustle and the bridge cleared. He turned to Bill, "Transmit the coordinates of our transporter room, Bill, I'll be down there if. you need me. You have the conn."

(reply any)
(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Rhyne- Deck 4 - Transporter Room 1- CO, Captain Sekal - 1210)

Two columns of energy appeared above the forward pads as the transporter was energized and the forms of Sekal and Quinna began to appear within them. As the rising tones leveled off and began to diminish they solidified. As the equipment powered down the CO stepped forward, acknowledging the salute and greeting from the transporter chief.

He raised his hand in salute as he stepped down. "Captain Weston, permission to come aboard?"

(Reply: Weston)

"The supplies you requested have been beamed to your cargo hold and Illuminar is closely monitoring traffic within the system" His eyes traveled about the Transporter Room then settled again on Michael Weston, he looked as haggard as the ship but had a pleased look of surprise at the traditional greeting of one CO coming aboard the ship of another. These hands had made the ship their own and from scans of it the Rhyne had been hard pressed in battle. They had earned that respect.

"I take it your ship has stood you in good stead."

(Reply: Weston)

He nodded. "May I see your bridge? You also said that you would introduce me to the rest of the crew."

The door opened and Lieutenant Commander Gregory's anti-grav gurney was brought in followed by the one for Matrix, Sekal had stepped aside to give them room.

(Reply: Quinna)

"Lieutenant Commander Solice has made all of the arrangements for their care."

He stepped through the door to follow Michael from the transporter room. "They are in the best of hands."

(Reply: Weston, Quinna)

(Posted by Charles G)

(USS Rhyne- Deck 4 - Transporter Room 1- aCO, Michael Weston - 1211)

The sight of the two people he cared to see most in this universe appearing on the transporter Was an emotional experience he hadn't been expecting. The sense of relief washed over him. But they weren't home yet and this was still his castle.

"Captain Weston, permission to come aboard?" Sekal said giving him a traditional Vulcan greeting.

Weston returned the salute and replied, "Permission granted Captain Sekal, Doctor Solice, excuse me, Lt. Commander Solice." He couldn't help but smile when he said the name. "Welcome to the Rhyne." He reached up and offered Quinna a hand off the platform. The warmth of her touch was...exhilarating.

Michael watched as Sekal looked around at the transporter room. In all honesty it was the one room that got the least amount of use in the past year. But it still took a bit of a beating during a battle when they beamed a live quantum torpedo onto an enemy vessel because the torpedo controls had been disabled. He wasn't really listening to what he was saying, his attention captured by Quinna.

"I take it your ship has stood you in good stead."

Weston put his hand on a bulkhead and rubbed it lovingly, "She's been through a lot, but she held together like a champ. She's a solid ship."

"May I see your bridge?" Sekal asked. You also said that you would introduce me to the rest of the crew."

The door opened and Klinger, Mulder and Sculley, accompanied by Dr. Kyllee, escorted the injured Gregory and Matrix to the transporter pads. Kyllee stopped and looked at Sekal and Solice. "Captain, doctor. I can handle this, Quinna, you stay here."

(Reply: Quinna)

Absent mindedly Michael touched the the stasis pod that Dieter was in. Over the months he'd taken to visiting sickbay and opening his soul to the unconscious man. In that time he'd come to think of the man as his friend.

Sekal must have noticed the action and said, "Lieutenant Commander Solice has made all of the arrangements for their care. They are in the best of hands."

"Of course," Weston said. "I would have expected no less from her."

Michael led them out the door, "You remember Chief McGuyver. He is our CEO now. That was our transporter chief. "

(Reply: Sekal, Quinna)
(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Rhyne- Deck 4 - Transporter Room 1- 3XO/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 1213)

After the communication with the Rhyne, and Quinna being informed that she would accompany the captain over to the ship when they met up, gave Quinna a pep in her step that she had been lacking for the last few week.

Before she was to beam she needed to get sickbay aware of their long term arrivals. Dr. Quincy had managed to get his end together and provided areas for Gregory and Matrix. Medic teams prepared to move the wounded. It was clear that the Illuminar would be the best environment.

And now she was in the transporter room with the medic teams ready to go. Within a few moments and a beam of light, they were there. He was there. She could see him and see his fatigue but also see past that and into his eyes.

"Captain Weston, permission to come aboard?" Sekal said giving him a traditional Vulcan greeting.

Listening to his words, his voice seemed even sweeter when they are in the same room. "Permission granted Captain Sekal, Doctor Solice, excuse me, Lt. Commander Solice." He couldn't help but smile when he said the name. "Welcome to the Rhyne." She took Michael's offered hand. It felt so real.

"I take it your ship has stood you in good stead."

"Weston put his hand on a bulkhead and rubbed it lovingly," She's been through a lot, but she held together like a champ. She's a solid ship."

Quinna reached in and whispered, "Maybe you two should get a room." Just then the med team came through. She turned her attention away from the Captain and Michael and to the priorities of the medical staff.

"Captain, doctor. I can handle this, Quinna, you stay here."

Quinna lingers a bit with Dieter. She hated to admit that with Dieter it was more personal than Matrix. "Umm, yeah, sure." Quinna replied to Dr. Kyllee. "Dr. Quincy has the arrangement

together and I have authorized you and your medical team some downtime. We can talk about it later."

Standing back she watched the med team depart, making a mental note to talk to Michael later about things.

After a brief introduction, they soon made their way to the Bridge.

(USS Rhyne– Deck 1 - Bridge – 3xo/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 12)

Introductions or shall it be said that reintroductions were made. Quinna was nearly knocked off her feet with with Snoopy's big bear hug but laugh a bit at the elation that everyone was having. When he released Quinna remarked how she was happy to see him too. She moved her eyes around the Bridge and gave smiles, giggles, and hugs where needed. She only wished she would get these smiles from them when she gave them physicals.

"And some faces you do not know," Michael said. Quinna took the opportunity to move next to Michael. She stopped closer to him than she would anyone else. She brushed her fingers against his.

"My Chief Science Officer, Ensign Tanya Cavanaugh."

"Mr. Weston has been regaling us with stories about the adventures of the Illuminar. I'm very interested to hear about the Sharlayans and their culture. I'm a sociologist by training, with a minor in quantum biomechanics."

"I would be interested in some of the stories that you have to share." Quinna smiled and extended a hand to the Ensign.

(reply Sekal, Weston, [et.al.](#))

"Computer Specialist Fred Mertz," he moved on. "Merz was instrumental in dealing with the issue with the Rhyne's rogue AI."

Fred looked mildly embarrassed, "I figured it was the least I could do. Considering." He left that statement hanging.

Quinna just nodded her head but shook the man's hand. She knew that was not a continuation for now.

(reply Sekal, Weston, [et.al.](#))

"My Chief of Security, the ever present Ensign Cal Dogan."

The Brikarian looked down at the Vulcan and human and nodded. "Charmed," was all he said.

Michael turned to hide the smile on his face then leaned into Quinna and said softly, "We've been working on his interactions with others. That was actually pretty good."

"A Pleasure to meet you Ensign Dogan," Quinna said in an exchange of pleasantries.

(reply Sekal, Weston, Et.al.)

"And it is my pleasure to introduce you to our Morale Officer, Leeza Pel." Leeza scowled at him. "Oh, yes, sorry. Ensign Leeza Pel, formerly Princess Leeza Pel."

"Mikey, who are they?" Leeza had become more timid when around strangers, after she was taken."

"It's okay Leeza, these are my friends I've been telling you about. This is Captain Sekal and this lovely lady is Quinna."

"Is it you the one I have to thank for take care of our family?" Quinna asked. The look on Leeza face showed that the little girl was not happy with with her.

(reply Sekal)

Leeza looked at the two and smiled bit still remained close to Weston. She put her doll down and stood on the chair, "Captan Eakle, Welcome." Leeza tried to make her fingers to a traditional Vulcan greeting but couldn't quite make it happen.

(Reply Sekal)

"If you want, I can show you around my home." Leeza offered to Sekal.

(Reply Sekal)

Leeza then looked over at the blonde lady, "Mikey, this is your Queenia?" Leeza was not sure how she felt now that she was here.

"Yes," Michael blushed slightly, "this is my Quinna, I hope."

Quinna make a step closer to Michael and whispered, "She is adorable. Though she is giving me I have to ask, is she yours." Leeza gave a familiar look that she had seen on Michael's face.

(Reply Weston)

"What about her parents? Anything?"

(Reply Weston)

She then looked around. "I have to admit, considering the state of the ship a couple of weeks ago, you have come a lone way."

(reply Weston, Sekal)

"Were you able to isolate the issues that cause the crew's actions to begin with?" Quinna was curious about any biohazards.

(reply Weston, Sekal)

(posted by Kris B)

(USS Rhyne– Deck 1 - Bridge – aCO, Michael Weston, Leeza Pel - 1214)

As they rode the turbolift to the bridge Weston explained that after finding the Rhyne survivors and taking on refugees from the Acamarians and some other worlds they had, at one point, about a hundred crew. But after some of their adventure and battles they were down to 48. But they were all dedicated and did what needed to be done; double shifts, learning new trades.

The door to the turbolift opened and they stepped onto the bridge. The crew had done a pretty good job of cleaning it up but it was easy to tell that that it had had some rocky times.

“Captain on the bridge!” was called out and the crew stood to attention beside their duty station. Weston led them through the tour.

“You, of course, know Bill, my XO,” he said as they passed the Ops station.

(reply Bill, Sekal, Quinna)

“And Lt. Corday, at the Conn,” he continued.

“Captain,” Snoopy said with a big smile. The last year had done little to quell his youthful disposition. “It’s great to see you again.” When he saw Quinna he couldn’t help himself but gave her a big hug. “It’s great to see you Doctor.”

(reply Sekal, Quinna)

“My tactical chief, Ensign Taylor.”

Taylor was also full of smiles, but the battles of the last few months had taken its toll on him and he sported a scar around his left eye.

“Captain, Doctor,” he said with a nod. He noted Solice’s look at his scar and his smile broadened. “Kinda gives my face some character, don’t you think?”

(reply Sekal, Quinna)

“And some faces you do not know,” Michael said. His pride in his crew was evident in his voice.

“My Chief Science Officer, Ensign Tanya Cavanaugh.”

Tanya reached out to shake hands with the officers and said, “Mr. Weston has been regaling us with stories about the adventures of the Illuminar. I’m very interested to hear about the Sharlayans and their culture. I’m a sociologist by training, with a minor in quantum biomechanics.”

(reply Sekal, Quinna)

“Computer Specialist Fred Mertz,” he moved on. “Merz was instrumental in dealing with the issue with the Rhyne’s rogue AI.”

Fred looked mildly embarrassed, “I figured it was the least I could do. Considering.” He left that statement hanging.

(reply Sekal, Quinna)

“My Chief of Security, the ever present Ensign Cal Dogan.”

The Brikarian looked down at the Vulcan and human and nodded. “Charmed,” was all he said.

Michael turned to hide the smile on his face then leaned into Quinna and said softly, “We’ve been working on his interactions with others. That was actually pretty good.”

(reply Sekal, Quinna)

His tour brought him back to the center of the room where, sitting in the command chair was a little girl.

“And it is my pleasure to introduce you to our Morale Officer, Leeza Pel.” Leeza scowled at him. “Oh, yes, sorry. Ensign Leeza Pel, formerly Princess Leeza Pel.”

“Mikey, who are they?” Leeza had become more timid when around strangers, after she was taken.”

“It’s okay Leeza, these are my friends I’ve been telling you about. This is Captain Sekal and this lovely lady is Quinna.”

(reply Sekal, Quinna)

Leeza looked at the two and smiled bit still remained close to Weston. She put her doll down and stood on the chair, “Captain Eakle, Welcome.” Leeza tried to make her fingers to a traditional Vulcan greeting but couldn’t quite make it happen.

(Reply Sekal)

“If you want, I can show you around my home.” Leeza offered to Sekal.

(Reply Sekal)

Leeza then looked over at the blonde lady, “Mikey, this is your Queenia?” Leeza was not sure how she felt now that she was here.

“Yes,” Michael blushed slightly, “this is my Quinna, I hope.”

He knew, intellectually, that in her time he was only gone for a week, but in his mind it was nearly a year.

(reply Weston, Sekal, Quinna)

(posted by Al Muir, Kris B)

(USS Rhyne– Deck 1 - Bridge – CO, Captain Sekal - 1215)

“Captain on the bridge!”

Sekal looked about as he stepped onto the bridge deck, it was good to see that Starfleet discipline was being maintained. Whatever they had endured that discipline had brought them through along with the force of their will. This is something that every species, even Vulcans had noted about humanity and their addition to the alliance and why StarFleet headquarters were on Earth. Emotional and chaotic they might be but they were the binding agent that propelled StarFleet into an exploratory force that pushed into the galaxy against all opposition. Discipline and the concept of esprit de corps forged that emotional race into a formidable force and all of the other races of the Federation with them.

"You, of course, know Bill, my XO."

"Outrider 1." Sekal acknowledged the android with a nod which was returned.

"Captain. Welcome to the Rhyne."

"And Lt. Corday, at the Conn," he continued.

"Captain,"

"Lieutenant, well done."

"And some faces you do not know,"

"My Chief Science Officer, Ensign Tanya Cavanaugh."

"Ms. Cavanaugh, welcome to StarFleet."

"Mr. Weston has been regaling us with stories about the adventures of the Illuminar. I'm very interested to hear about the Sharlayans and their culture. I'm a sociologist by training, with a minor in quantum biomechanics."

He nodded his head. "That can be arranged, I will make that data available to you."

"I would be interested in some of the stories that you have to share." Lieutenant Commander Solice noted.

"Computer Specialist Fred Mertz. Merz was instrumental in dealing with the issue with the Rhyne's rogue AI."

The incident that had taken down Lieutenant Commander Gregory. "Mr. Mertz well done."

"I figured it was the least I could do. Considering."

Sekal cocked his head at the statement.

"My Chief of Security, the ever present Ensign Cal Dogan."

"Mr. Dogan." Sekal glanced up at the Brikarian.

"Charmed,"

A man of few words it would seem.

"A Pleasure to meet you Ensign Dogan," Spoken by Quinna.

"And it is my pleasure to introduce you to our Morale Officer, Leeza Pel." The child gave him a pointed look. "Oh, yes, sorry. Ensign Leeza Pel, formerly Princess Leeza Pel."

"Mikey, who are they?" Leeza had become more timid when around strangers, after she was taken."

"It's okay Leeza, these are my friends I've been telling you about. This is Captain Sekal and this lovely lady is Quinna."

The Captain watched this curious interplay.

"Is it you the one I have to thank for take care of our family?" Solice asked.

"It is an honor to meet you " Sekal spoke.

"Captan Eakle, Welcome."

He returned the salute gravely.

"If you want, I can show you around my home."

"I have a little time for a tour." He noted. "Your offer is accepted."

Leeza then looked over at Quinna. "Mikey, this is your Queenia?"

"Yes, this is my Quinna, I hope."

"She is adorable. Though she is giving me I have to ask, is she yours." Leeza gave a familiar look that she had seen on Michael's face.

(Reply Weston)

"What about her parents? Anything?"

(Reply Weston)

"I have to admit, considering the state of the ship a couple of weeks ago, you have come a long way."

"I am in agreement." Sekal gave a nod. "You have done a credible job considering the state of the ship when she was found."

"Were you able to isolate the issues that cause the crew's actions to begin with?" Quinna asked.

(Reply: Weston)

"How long have you been in this reality?" That was the question uppermost in the Vulcan's mind."

(Reply: Weston)

Sekal looked down at the Trill child. "Where did you find your Morale Officer by the way?"

(Reply: Leeza, Weston)

(Posted by Charles G)

(USS Rhyne- Deck 1 - Bridge – aCO- Michael Weston - 1220)

Michael had watched the interactions between Quinna and Sekal with his crew. There it was again, his crew. He never, in a million years, would have ever thought those words would go through his mind. But there they were. And he wasn't really sure how he felt about that.

When they came to Leeza, whom Sekal had already mentioned an interest in, he watched that conversation unfold, trying to hide his enjoyment of the the three year old trying to act grown up, wondering how much influence Pel was being able to exert.

"Captan Eakle, Welcome." She had attempted to make a Vulcan salute but her little three year old hands were not quite adept enough. Sekal returned the gesture, a little more seriously. He wondered at what age Vulcan children were able to manage it.

"If you want, I can show you around my home," Leeza offered.

"I have a little time for a tour," Sekal replied. "Your offer is accepted."

Leeza then looked over at Quinna. "Mikey, this is your Queenia?"

"Yes, this is my Quinna, I hope."

"She is adorable," Quinna said. "Though she is giving me, I have to ask, is she yours."

Michael burst out in laughter, then quickly reeled himself in. He got very serious very quickly, "No. She is not my biological child. She'd a little old for that."

"What about her parents?" Quinna asked. "Anything?"

Michael's voice got very quiet, as he explained, "Her parents are both deceased. It is kind of still a mystery about her father and there is some information I should tell you about her later."

"I have to admit," Quinna said, seeming to understand they needed to have a private conversation, "considering the state of the ship a couple of weeks ago, you have come a long way."

"I am in agreement." Sekal gave a nod. "You have done a credible job considering the state of the ship when she was found."

"Were you able to isolate the issues that cause the crew's actions to begin with?" Quinna asked.

"Thanks," Weston said, "it was a group effort. Most of the crew were survivors from the original Rhyne crew and the dozen people who came over with us. So they were familiar with the systems that needed repaired. And I believe we did. This ship had been installed with an artificial intelligence some time after their launch. The AI, once feeling threatened, chose unusual ways to defend itself when it felt threatened. It is our belief that the AI either killed or managed to remove most of the Rhyne's crew. The remainder of the crew was put in stasis, which sort put the AI to sleep. When we arrived it awoke and defended itself until it felt safe. Mr. Mertz, Ms. Cavenough and myself managed to disable the AI and contain it. Something for Penn and Teller to look at later."

"How long have you been in this reality?" Sekal asked.

Weston looked thoughtful for a moment, even though the number was fresh in his mind, "307 days. Leeza got introduced to the concept of Santa Claus a couple of months ago."

He recalled getting Dogan to put on a red suit and fake beard to hand out presents that crew members made for each other. He couldn't help but smile. "How about you? Surely you haven't been here a year. You all look too good." When they told him they'd only been there a few days he nodded. "So basically I'm a year older than I was before. Great. I'm sure you have stories to tell me as well."

Sekal looked down at the Trill child. "Where did you find your Morale Officer by the way?"

Michael picked up Leeza and she clambered up sit on his shoulders, "Well we met this little monkey wandering around the hallways. Apparently she was, like much of the crew we have today, in stasis, Her pod, apparently, malfunctioned, or was turned off, and she awoke. I have my theories as to why. However, she had originally attached attached herself to Lt. Lee until he disappeared. Mr. P'Rah took on the responsibility of monitoring her. Me... I guess I'm kind of like her big brother."

(reply Leeza, Quinna, Sekal)
(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Rhyne- Deck 1 - Bridge – aCO Michael Weston CMO/3O Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 1226)

Michael couldn't help but smile as Leeza pulled Sekal and P'Rah along for the "tour of her ship." He would be interested to see where she would take him. He nodded to Dogan who immediately went to monitor their movements through the ship.

He was surprised when she asked him not to come slim h, but apparently she wanted to show some kind of independence, and he knew better than to try and argue the point with her. After all, this was her ship.

The rest of the crew shifted a little awkwardly as he was left with Quinna on the bridge. He wasn't sure what they expected to see, perhaps a scene from Wuthering Heights, but they'd all been standing still to long.

"All right people," he barked, "we've still got a job to do and a three day journey to a trip through a spacial and temporal anomaly ahead of us, so let's get back to work."

The tableau broke and everyone turned back to their stations and their assigned tasks. Michael finally turned to Quinna and smiled.

"Care for a tour of my Ready Room?" he asked.

Quinna turned. It had been a week but thought about how much Michael had changed, "Yeah" Quinna turned to follow Michael where she was able to get a good look at his physique.

The door to the ready room opened and as he stepped aside for Quinna to proceed in he was sure he heard Dogan say, "So that's why they call it the ready room."

Everyone else was stunned and Michael just shook his head as the door closed behind him.

As soon as the door closed, Quinna grabbed Michael's arm and pulled him on her and proceeded to kiss him. "I seem to remember telling you that you were not suppose to come here." She reminded him after that kiss broke.

Michael blinked and caught his breath then looked at her curiously, "To the ready room? Apparently it is ready." He smiled and leaned forward to initiate his own kiss, which was long and impassioned. His hands slowly moved down her back. When they broke he looked at Quinna as if it were his first look, which was, in a long time.

"Oh, you mean to the Rhyne," he said coyly. "But if I hadn't we couldn't have had this moment." He reinitiated his embrace and pressed Quinna against the wall.

Quinna freed a hand and touched his face. "You look good, but how do you feel?" Quina was trying hard not to rip his uniform off and have her way with him.

Michael covered her hand with his own and nuzzled his beard into it, "Tired... and old. Is this how Sekal feels all the time. But I am happy to see you."

He wrapped his arms around her and held on tightly. His plan was to not let go for a while. But eventually he knew he had to. "It has been quite a year."

Quinna put a finger on his lips, "And I want to hear all about it." she whispered into his ear. "I am here for you."

He looked deeply into her eyes and smiled, "And I am relieved to hear that." Then he turned away. He wasn't sure if this was the time, but he had promised her to always be honest. He walked back to the desk and sat on the edge of it. "I have to tell you something." He paused.

Quinna took a step closer but kept a distance so he could talk. "Ok, what is on your mind?"

"I... had a relationship with someone," he finally said. "It was a means to an end, and it nearly cost me my life, but it also meant I had to become the old Michael Weston." He paused again, holding his breath a little. "I just wanted you to know."

Quinna started to pace. She needed think and without a coffee in her hands and a cheesecake in her mouth, pacing helped. All of a sudden she stopped dead in her tracks. She stood and looked directly at Michael, "Why?"

It was a fair question, "As I said, a means to an end. We were trapped on the Elasian homeworld and the only way I could get what we needed to escape was to be... a consort for the princess. Apparently she liked what she saw." He was trying to be light but knew it was not the time so he pressed on, not waiting for a reaction. "Anyway, to seal the deal I had to... sleep with the princess. Once I secured the crew's freedom I let her know that I was promised to someone else and it couldn't be worked out, and I left her. That was the short story. I'm pretty sure you remember the last time I did something like that." It was the time they met.

"Michael, Why did you feel like you needed to tell me?" Quinna had always walked on egg shells that one day he would leave, and what his job entailed. They had worked hard caring his name. "I appreciate you telling me."

"I had promised you no more secrets," he said. "No more lies between us. I am many things, but I would never go back on my word to you. And to be honest, it's kinda been eating away at me. I knew I had to tell you. If you hated me for it, well, I'd rather get that now than later. I love you too much to do otherwise."

He looked up at her waiting for her response. At this point he was prepared for the worst.

Quinna turned her back, not knowing what to say. This is a lot to take in. She took a deep breath then took a few steps away from Michael. She then moved to the couch and sat down. "So how long ago was this?"

Michael blew the air out of his lungs and calculated, "Day 146, about sixty days ago."

Quinna patted the seat next to her on the couch. "Would you please join me?"

Michael walked over to the sofa and sat on the edge of the seat. He didn't want to get too comfortable. He leaned his forearms on his knees and looked over at Quinna and gave a half a shrug.

Quinna noted that the way Michael sat and readjusted the way she was sitting to match the way Michael sat. She placed her hands on her knees. "I have to admit, I am not happy that you are intimate with someone else." Quinna started, "I know that you have done this many times before we met. And to be honest,..." Quinna wiped a tear from her eye. Quinna could not choke out anymore words at that moment.

Instead of finishing her thoughts, Quinna went on. "So, your heart was into saving the crew, correct?" Quinna asked.

"That was all that was on my mind," he said. "It was the only way I could achieve my objective. God, no, I wasn't in love with her. I just had to convince her I was."

"You did what you had to do." Quinna said. "If roles were reversed and I was in that situation you were in, What would you say?"

He turned to her and smiled, "I guess I'd say you did was required. But let's just hope you never have to make that choice. I've known female operatives and... it is different."

Finally he turned to Quinna and said, "I don't throw it out to everyone Quinna, but I meant it when I said I loved you. I wasn't after anything, or trying to get away from something. And this last year without you was... not as easy as it could have been. I missed you. And not just the sex, although that's pretty good too. But I missed being with you."

"Michael," Quinna said as she reached out and took his hand, "you did what you had to do. And it is past. To me, Although it was a week, it felt much longer." Quinna reached in and kissed his cheek, She moved closer to Michael's ear, "Do not worry about what happened. We are together again. That is more important."

Being completely honest with someone was way harder than Michael had expected it to be. Of course, what would you expect when you hadn't had to do that your entire life. But this last year had changed him, fundamentally. He had to wonder how good of a field operative he would be now. What had he given up for what he found. He found himself saying, ~It was worth it.~

He pulled Quinna too him and kissed her hard and long. He was going to have this for as long as anyone like him could possible have anything good in their lives.

Quinna felt more peaceful and relieved that everything was out. She held him in the kiss. In a turn, Quinna sat back on the couch and pulled Michael to her where she held him, "So Mikey, I can call you Mikey now, right?" She smiled at him. "Anything else I should know?"

Michael laughed, "Well I've taken to enjoying a good chocolate cake these days."

(reply none)

(posted by Al and Kris)

USS Illuminar – Deck 5 - Holodeck Room 2– ACSO Ensign T'Shalaith, ACEO Ensign Tegian Pex - 2215)

Tegian and T'Shalaith walked along a garden path as the sun inched closer to setting over Trillius Prime. Tegian had spent some time setting up this program. It was a place he'd gone as a child and young adult many times to watch the sunset and he wanted to share this special place with T'shalaith. They continued up the path and it opened up to a wide vista with a sheer drop in front of them. You could see for miles in front of them and the cliff face plummeted for a few hundred feet into a canopy of tree tops below. He sat, gently pulling T'shalaith down with him. He put an arm around her shoulder, pulling her closer as the sun started its final fall. Thanks to some wispy clouds, there were pinks, oranges and reds as the sun sank behind the horizon.

Tegian finally spoke. "I hope you enjoyed that." He wanted to kiss her. He'd been successful with other girls here, but T'shalaith was different. Her lack of emotion was challenging at times for him. But, he liked the openness and honesty. It was just three days ago, just after he took a break in fixing that freighter that he'd made the decision to seek more than friendship. He'd been sitting in Main Engineering checking his messages, hoping that he'd find a dinner request from T'shalaith.

T'shalaith found the Trill fascinating and troubling all at the same time. Her Vulcan upbringing had been focused on control of the emotional pieces of her and building walls, locking doors, and ensuring that logic and rational thinking would win the day every day. It had been a significant part of her culture on Vulcan's Lunar Colony to eschew emotions in favor of the scientific method in measuring and managing challenges and conflicts in life.

Now Tegian Pex threatened to unseat, unseal, and undo much of that work that she had worked hard on in the last 34 years of her life. Yet, there was a conflict within her. She knew part of it was her father's Katra quietly whispering his own advice from the hidden corner of her own mind. The other part? She had failed in her original bond mate. She knew now that their love, their connection, their bond...it had been destined to fail and fall. The time she had spent with the Trill since had brought back those feelings she'd felt before in the depths of her being.

"Hey, you're shivering," said Tegian, drawing her closer. "Are you cold?"

She raised an eyebrow, "The human response to this question would be, 'You can ask'...and it would be said in a slightly...the word is 'wry'...tone." She put a hand up, "It is another attempt at humor, which I am continually unaccustomed to attempting." She looked into his eyes and immediately regretted it as those feelings in her stomach fluttered back. "I must confess something...it has been, as they say, on my mind for quite some time." The Vulcan took a breath and spoke, "A third date did not occur because," she paused searching for the right word, human or otherwise. "It will sound quite odd to you to hear a Vulcan speak of such things...but I was...afraid."

Tegian looked at her and impulsively kissed her nose. "What were you afraid of? That doesn't sound... logical."

T'Shalaith felt her eyes go nearly cross watching his lips approach her nose and plant a gentle kiss upon it. She remained silent for a moment as she collected the storm of thoughts thundering around in her mind. She settled on, "I should explain. The Vulcan Colony I come from...our traditions when it comes to the courting aspect or the human vernacular 'dating'...are not within the traditional sense." Another moment to find the words, "We are bonded for life to a bondmate. My bondmate failed, leaving me unusually affected over the years since. Having lived without a bondmate for some time, it has led to the, as you accurately stated, an illogical emotional reaction of fear of a repeat scenario." She explained what it had felt like with her original bondmate...and that his presence in her life had suddenly awoken those feelings and sensations for the first time in a long time. "Given this...it is a challenge for me to navigate this time with you. I do wish to navigate this with you, Tegian Pex. I ask that if you hear only one thing in this moment, that it be that. I do desire to explore...us." Another pause, "I must ask for a slow approach in our connecting." She blushed a little at the wording but pressed on, "I know you desire to kiss me, Tegian. It is impossible to ignore how you look at me. It is oddly comforting to know someone looks at me in that way....again." She blushed again.

Tegian nodded. "Okay, then I'm going to have to let you take the lead on our connecting. But, if I push too much, you have to let me know. I grew up in a very affectionate household and I like touching those that I care about. So, if any of that is too much, you have to say so." He removed his arm from around her. "I apologize for making assumptions or being too familiar. And you should know that I've been going crazy since that breakfast we had three days ago. I had a lot of time to think when I was repairing that freighter and I realized that my subconscious was telling me something that I wasn't ready to admit. I don't like rushing into relationships and

Pex usually pushes me away from them. This time Pex was staying silent and that should have given me a clue.A"

She gave a quiet nod, "It is not that any of it is too much...it is that I am unused to such things. Yet...I think I could learn to welcome these things...and like them. Your symbiont is wise, if I may be so bold. I have struggled with thinking of my value as a bond mate being of good quality but I am coming to accept the truth - that I am desirable...and possible. Your words have assisted me in shifting my thinking in that regard."

Tegian laughed. "If reality matches my dreams in any close proximity, you are immensely desirable. And when you're ready, I would be very happy to show you."

T'Shalaith blushed, again. She looked down the path, and then to Tegian, and back to the path. The colors were truly spectacular, logically and illogically. They spoke to something deep inside her and she sat in that connection for a moment. The humans would qualify it as an emotional response to an artistic creation, but for T'Shalaith it was a logical reaction to the perfection of color and structure in such a combination. She put out her hand slowly until it tapped gently against his, "I would like to propose that we hold hands as we walk, Tegian Rex. It is a logical first step in physical contact that is non threatening but still...connecting."

Tegian gently took her hand in his and interlocked their fingers. "There is a particular flower that opens just after sunset and releases a very heady scent. Would you like to see them?"

Her eyebrows raised, "Fascinating. I would be intrigued to see and experience such a flower." They both walked off down the path, slowly as T'Shalaith awkwardly tried to figure out how to hold hands and walk at the same time. It took them both a few minutes, but with Tegian's helpful, patient, and at times chuckling, they sorted it out. The flowers awaited.

(reply none)
(posted by Keith B. and Aaron D.)

Day: 8
Stardate 2446.03.11

(USS Illuminar - Deck 15 - Plasma Relay Control Rooms - ACEO Ensign Tegian Pex - 1420)

Tegian was doing some routine in the Plasma Relay Control Room. There had been a reading of some leak and he had been in the room for over an hour trying to track it down. That was after two hours of tracing it here. Everything read fine here and yet there was still the anomalous reading, so he'd gone so far as to pull each relay and check it, suspecting a faulty gauge. He was about three quarters of the way through the relays when he opened up the relay and there was a flash and a sharp burn on right hand and arm. Grimacing in pain and biting back a yell, he shut down the plasma running through the relay.

He took a look at his hand and arm and realized he needed to go to sickbay, immediately.

He hit his comm badge. "Tegian to Engineering. I need someone to come up to the Plasma Relay Control Room. I found that plasma leak. Unfortunately, I've been burned in the process

and I'm going to go to sickbay. I need someone to finish the repair. I've left the relay open and the plasma turned off.

(Reply Engineering)

Tegian cradled his right arm and headed out of the room to the closest turbolift and headed for sickbay.

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - ACEO Ensign Tegian Pex - 1527)

Tegian walked into sickbay looking for someone to help him. He had managed to only bang into a few walls on his way to sickbay, but that made his eyes water and he was worried the next time he'd black out. Somehow, he didn't encounter anyone on his trip, otherwise he would have asked for assistance.

He looked around for someone free.

(Reply medical staff)

(Posted by Keith)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - CEO- Lt Bohb - 1525)

Bohb sat staring at the energy flow readings, his brain working through the issues. They had never figured out the cause, or the cure, of the mysterious power loss. It must simply be caused because they were in the earring universe, and that exerted an extra amount of force on the atoms of everything that came through that gateway. He imagined, eventually, that the ship would rip itself apart, atom by atom, and their bodies would, eventually, lose molecular cohesion. It didn't sound like a pleasant way to go. Good thing they were headed back to their own universe.

It was also a good thing that between himself and Penn and Teller, they were able to get that device to work in order to transition them and the Rhyne back through the anomaly.

=^=Tegian to Engineering. I need someone to come up to the Plasma Relay Control Room. I found that plasma leak. Unfortunately, I've been burned in the process and I'm going to go to sickbay. I need someone to finish the repair. I've left the relay open and the plasma turned off.=^=

A plasma burn was nothing to shake a stick at, or tough out. Speaking of losing molecular cohesion. Fool boy. How did allow that to happen.

"Get your backside to sickbay, boy," he growled standing up. "I'll get that relay."

He headed out the doorway shaking his head. Tegian was an excellent engineer, but he took too many risks with his own safety. Sometimes he thought the boy was trying to prove something to his buddy inside him. Like prove he was worthy.

He'd been instrumental in helping solve so many problems they'd had in this universe. He really didn't want to lose him. Besides, he was getting quite fond of the little fella.

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - CMO/3XO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 1530)

Quinna had sat down at the desk in sickbay. She had not been there in a while as she did all the administrative part of sickbay while sitting on the Bridge. Quinna was presently surprised that everything ran like clockwork and that if for some reason she was not around, things would still run like clockwork.

Quinna looked at the doctor that sat with her drinking coffee. "So how did things going. We have missed out down here. Don't tell me that you went all deck one on us."

Quinna sighed, "Who me? Never." Suddenly their attention was distracted by their newest patient.

Rushing to the man, Quinna scooped him letting him lean on her. She made it to a biobed where she helped him get on. Taking out a medical tricorder she started to take his vitals. "He has been burned severely. Look like a plasma burn. I need the burn tray. She looked over at the medics.

Quinn reached for a hypospray. She gave him something to deal with the pain, "So, Ensign, are you feeling any better?"

(Reply Pex)

Quinna pulled a subdermal regenerator. She needed to heal the flesh inside the body before she could heal the outside. "You know playing with plasma fires is not recommended, Ensign....?" Quinna was muffed that she had not learned his name.

(Reply Pex)

"I am Dr. Solice. I am the Chief Medical Officer, among other things." Quinna introduced herself as she continued to work on the burn.

(Reply Pex)

(Posted by Kris B)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - ACEO Tegian Pex - 1532)

Quinna sighed, "Who me? Never." Suddenly their attention was distracted by their newest patient.

Rushing to the man, Quinna scooped him, letting him lean on her. She made it to a biobed where she helped him get on. Taking out a medical tricorder she started to take his vitals. "He has been burned severely. It Looks like a plasma burn. I need the burn tray. She looked over at the medics.

Quinn reached for a hypospray. She gave him something to deal with the pain, "So, Ensign, are you feeling any better?"

"Yes, thank you Doctor." Tegian's body relaxed a bit, although he was still cradling his arm protectively even while lying down.

Quinna pulled a subdermal regenerator. She needed to heal the flesh inside the body before she could heal the outside. "You know playing with plasma fires is not recommended, Ensign....?" Quinna was muffed that she had not learned his name.

Tegian chuckled and then grimaced. "Ensign Tegian Pex, Doctor. And, yes, it wasn't my plan to play with the plasma. There was a leak in the plasma control room. The gauge was reading incorrectly and turning off the plasma to the relay from the outside didn't apparently work, either. I got burned when I opened it to replace the gauge. I shut down the plasma manually before I left, so my hope is that no one else gets hurt.

"I am Dr. Solice. I am the Chief Medical Officer, among other things." Quinna introduced herself as she continued to work on the burn.

"Yes, Doctor. I've heard your voice making shipwide announcements a few times. You have one of those soothing voices that makes it seem that everything will be alright," offered Tegian with a chuckle. "I think the human term is a 'good bedside manner.'"

(Reply Quinna)
(Posted by Keith)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - CMO/3XO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice- 1535)

"Yes, Doctor. I've heard your voice making shipwide announcements a few times. You have one of those soothing voices that makes it seem that everything will be alright," offered Tegian with a chuckle. "I think the human term is a 'good bedside manner.'"

"Yep, that would be in. And if it seems like everything will be alright, that is because it will be." Quinna finished with the subdermal wounds and start with the dermal regenerator. "Tell me, how are you feeling now?"

(Reply Pex)

"Your blood pressure is running a bit high right now. By now, I would be expecting your Pressure to go back to normal." Quinna said slightly worried.

(Reply Pex)

Quinna thought for a minute and went to the replicator. "Pomegranate Juice" Quinna ordered. She returned with a glass of Juice in her hands. "Here, Drink. It is Pomegranate Juice. It will help rehydrate your body from the liquid your loss with the burn and will help with your Blood Pressure.

(Reply Pex)
(Posted by Kris B)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - ACEO Ensign Tegian Pex - 1537)

"Yep, that would be in. And if it seems like everything will be alright, that is because it will be." Quinnna finished with the subdermal wounds and started with the dermal regenerator. "Tell me, how are you feeling now?"

"The pain is manageable, thank you." Tegian smiled at the doctor.

"Your blood pressure is running a bit high right now. By now, I would be expecting your Pressure to go back to normal." Quinnna said slightly worried.

"I'm a joined Trill, doctor. Could it have anything to do with that?" asked Tegian, not the least bit concerned.

(reply Quinnna)

Quinna thought for a minute and went to the replicator. "Pomegranate Juice" Quinnna ordered. She returned with a glass of Juice in her hands. "Here, Drink. It is Pomegranate Juice. It will help rehydrate your body from the liquid your loss with the burn and will help with your Blood Pressure.

Tegian sniffed at the glass, not sure what pomegranate juice was, but he learned long ago not to argue with a doctor. He drank the juice down steadily until the glass was empty. "Hmm, it tastes better than it smells."

(reply Quinnna)

(Posted by Keith)

End Compile