

**STARFLEET COMMAND'S
SEVENTH FLEET**



**USS WHITE BUFFALO
MISSIONS DECLASSIFIED**

USS WHITE BUFFALO
NAR 33247

INFILTRATOR

Time / Date: 2300 Hours / Stardate 63081.1

Place: Uss Kelly patrolling near the Bajoran System

Captain Tiboden Jay sat in his ready room studying some star charts and making plans for his next vacation leave when he was alerted to an incoming transmission from Starfleet Command. He placed the the incoming transmission on his screen, and noticed that the face on the other end was that of Admiral Amy Bixby of Starfleet Covert Ops. "Admiral Bixby, its so good to hear from you again." Tiboden said politely. "Captain Jay, I wish I had a better reason for calling at this late hour, but we need some members of your crew for a critical mission, one that may lead to a permanent career in the Starfleet Covert Ops." Admiral Bixby stated getting right to the point. Tiboden sat their for a moment his face the perfect measure of a professional poker player then asked, "I see Admiral, may I ask the nature of this mission?" "I'm afraid not Captain, the selected members of your crew have already been transmitted to your console, I need an answer soon. They will get their orders transmitted to them if they accept. They will receive their mission orders and briefing en-route to their destination." The Admiral stated bluntly. "Understood. Admiral, may I ask how critical this mission is? I will need to know that so I can give the right level of motivation to these crew members." Tiboden replied. "Captain, this mission could change the the way that Starfleet operates in an entire critical sector of space." The Admiral returned with a quick glare that spoke volumes that she did not want to let any more information than was absolutely necessary to get out. "Is there anything else I should know about sending these crew members? Like what they will need to accomplish their mission?" "Just send them with a Type 11 Shuttle, and they should be fine captain, Starfleet Out." Tiboden sat there for a moment thinking while he looked at the names on the list. Knowing that this would take several of his engineers off the ship, and probably not for just one mission.

0720 Hours – 63081.2 Lt. Dellborg Ganloso sat in the Kelly's galley eating breakfast before his shift, when over his combadge he heard the Kelly's chief of communications calling his name. Dellborg tapped his communicator, and stated, "Dellborg here." "Lieutenant, you are needed up in the captain's ready room." "Acknowledged, on my way." Dellborg immediately stowed his cup and plate, and went off to the turbolift.

Dellborg stepped off the turbolift onto the bridge to see everyone staring back at him as if he did something wrong. Nervously, Dellborg approached the ready room and touched the door chime. From inside everyone could hear, "Enter" Dellborg stepped inside and yawned as he said, "You wanted to see me Captain?" Captain Jay looked back and wondered if he'd just woken the lieutenant from his sleep, when he remembered that the Lieutenant was an android. "Feeling ok Lieutenant?" Tiboden asked. "Yes Captain, I just didn't sleep well." Dellborg responded. Tiboden looked taken aback as he stared at this android right across from him. "Lieutenant, are you trying to be funny?" "No sir, I'm just working on my emotion chip, modifying it to demonstrate human gestures." Dellborg responded matter-of-factly. "It seems to be working, but you may want to adjust your setting's, you shouldn't be showing that your tired before going on shift." Tiboden responded. "Understood captain, will there be anything else?" "Yes, actually it seems that Starfleet has selected you for a mission. I cannot specify what type, or generally anything else, except that you will be accompanied by several other crew members, and that this mission could well affect the way that Starfleet conducts itself in an entire sector of space in the future." Tiboden stated trying to express the importance of a mission that he himself had no information on. "Can you give me any specifics on this mission?" "I'm afraid not. Due to the nature of this mission, if you accept it, there is no backing out, and there is an unknown danger level involved." Tiboden replied as he tried not to grimace at how it all sounded. "Why does Starfleet feel I make the best candidate for this mission?" Dellborg asked trying to think of questions that would further his information on the mission. "Unfortunately Starfleet didn't specify why any of the crew members were chosen, so that I cannot tell you." "What would be my role for this mission?" "As far as I am aware, if you accept the mission all your questions will be answered when you receive your orders. Until then, I'm sorry I cannot tell you anything further." Dellborg waited for a few minutes considering all of the specifics so far, and realizing that there were none, his curiosity got the better of his emotion chip. "Well captain. I would have to say I accept." "That is good, I will forward your decision to join onto Starfleet. You should be receiving your orders before the end of the day. Good luck, and dismissed." "Aye Sir." Dellborg responded as he turned and left.

Deep in the deep end of the ships pool Lieutenant Aki Chandra swam several laps before the ships internal speaker system announced that she was wanted to proceed up to the captains ready room. Aki immediately went to the nearest communications panel and contacted the bridge to report that she was in the ships pool, and that she would be up as soon as she was in appropriate attire.

Fifteen minuets later, Aki was standing in front of the Captain in uniform. "Aki, you have been called up here because you have been selected by Starfleet for a special assignment. I cannot tell you what it is, why you were selected, where you will be going, or even who else has been selected, but I can tell you that there is an unknown level of danger involved, and that the success of this mission could well determine the way that Starfleet conducts itself in an entire sector of space in the future." It was clear that Captain Tiboden Jay had been doing these interviews all day, and that he was rather tired from it all, so Aki decided not to try to push for any further information, but to just accept the assignment, and ask "Is there anything that I will be needing to bring along with me on this mission?"

"Your mission assignment, and the rest of your questions will be answered later tonight when you receive your orders. Good luck, and dismissed." Aki turned and decided to head back to the ships pool. It was one of those days that every officer enjoyed, the day off.

Toven Karu Drey sat in his ready room studying the new USS Kelly's specifications, when he too was called up to speak with the captain. Toven didn't waste any time and proceeded immediately. Luckily enough his quarters were right across from a turbolift and it took him almost no time to reach the bridge. No one even bothered to look anymore at the those who went to the ready room. It was the general consensus that eight people had been summoned so far. All in all it seemed to be a very busy day for the captain. Some meetings took mere minutes while others took close to a half hour. Toven rang the door chime and waited. From inside he heard, "Enter." Toven went in and proceeded over to take a seat, but waited to be told to sit. "This wont take long, You have been selected for a mission, I cannot tell you anything about it except that it may be extremely dangerous, and may change the way that Starfleet conducts itself in an entire sector of space. If you accept you will receive your orders giving you more details, and finally, you cannot back out once you have accepted." Tiboden stated in almost in one breath. It was clear that he just wanted all of this to be over with. "Sure, I'll go." Toven replied without even a moments thought. "Just like that, no questions or anything?" The captain asked in astonishment. "Nope, nothing." "Good, your excused." Toven left the captains ready room and went back to his quarters to find that his orders had already been sent to him. He opened them on his computer, and read. *Well, it looks like I've stepped in it big time now.* He thought.

Lieutenant Dellborg sat in the mess hall when his orders were transmitted to a PADD that lay on the table next to him. Looking over Dellborg picked up the PADD, and began to read. "Oh joy, this is going to be fun." He said to himself then put the PADD back on the table and continued to eat.

Lieutenant Aki Chandra was in the ships bowling ally when her orders finally arrived. Unlike most of the others Aki's orders were delivered on a PADD. Toven bowed and said "Your orders Ma'am." as he held out the PADD for her to grab. "Aki took the PADD and began to read, also noticing that the young man was still watching, and seemed to be observing for what her reaction would be. Aki rolled her eyes, sighed deeply, and said "ahh smeg." Toven thought that the reaction may have been just for show since he was obviously standing their waiting for it, so he decided to turn, and walk away.

0800 Hours - 63081.3 Dellborg found the Type 11 Shuttle that had been selected for the mission, it was clear that someone already knew about the mission, and had prepared the shuttle accordingly as the shuttle appeared to be an old and dilapidated mess. Dellborg called everyone who'd been selected to meet there. He restudied the orders again and again, looking to see if he'd missed anything, but the mission seemed to be clear enough. They were to proceed to the sector that the Orion Syndicate generally operated in, and try to infiltrate one of the selected vessels to try to gather further data on it. This was clearly not going to be an easy mission, and only one crew member was to be the one to attempt the infiltration. Everyone else was to remain on the Type 11, shuttle they were to be assigned, and provide support. The crew member to be assigned the daunting task of infiltration was to be Crewman Toven Karu Drey, It seemed he'd been selected to play pawn since he grew up in that sector of space, and would probably fit in the best, even if he had to use the excuse of, just visiting family. Others on the mission were selected for other general reasons, such as why Dellborg had been selected for the mission. It seemed that Starfleet Covert Ops rather liked the Idea of another Android in command, even if it were just an away team mission. Especially since Dellborg had not only an Emotion Chip he could already control, but a genuine people personality subroutine. His natural command ability also sweetened the deal. Others were obvious choices, but another candidate was Lieutenant Aki Chandra who's natural curiosity, natural multitasking abilities, eidetic memory, and unarmed combat skills made her an obvious candidate. It was also a good choice to have someone of extreme faith along, since it could help the crew's luck. It took only five minutes before the first of the group showed up. This of course being Crewman Karu. Followed by Lieutenant Chandra and the rest. Each began to take their seats around in the back of the Type 11 Shuttle. Lieutenant Dellborg Ganloso stood by the door leading into the front compartment of the shuttle waiting for everyone. Everyone finally settled down and Dellborg called the meeting to a start.

Everyone waited patiently for Lieutenant Ganloso to start. It was clear that he was in charge of whatever this particular mission would be. Ganloso was reading from a PADD that had been given to him by the communications officer who had received the contents of the PADD from Starfleet Covert Ops, decrypted it, and upon orders had deleted it using the Admiral of Covert Ops personal command code. Zharaina Belar now sat in on the meeting. Lieutenant Ganloso asked Lieutenant Cadrial to step into the front compartment of the shuttle, as he stood and left the compartment. The Denobulan cocked his head to the side, thinking that this could either be good news, or really bad news, but he followed anyway. In the front compartment, Ganloso waited as Cadrial stepped in. He couldn't tell from Dellborg's expression what was in store, and Dellborg, being android, had no expression to read. An Exocomp had been assigned to the mission as well, and had been working on the flight check, and disembarking process.

Back in the aft compartment everyone continued to wait, and were clearly starting to get bored. Crewman B'kana stated sarcastically, "Well, this may take awhile," in an annoyed tone. Ensign Karu smiled slightly and continued to play 3-D chess on his PADD. Zharaina looked up with an annoyed look for a moment from her hardback copy of Moby Dick. The book was in surprisingly good condition, considering that it was not a replicated item. Everyone else in the compartment stared around the room blankly as they waited. A moment later the Lieutenants walked back in. Dellborg still had no expression to display. When Cadrial came out he had a concerned expression, which seemed to be contagious. as the same expression was suddenly adopted by those in the compartment who had been staring around idly. Dellborg was the first to sit, and he started with, "You're all fired!" Everyone stared in annoyance, as the clearly not funny statement fell on impatient ears.

Dellborg continued with, "Thank you all for attending this meeting, and for participating in this unusual mission." The annoyed expressions in the room softened, as everyone realized that it was about time that the meeting got started. "Tomorrow we will be disembarking from the USS Kelly in this Type 11 Shuttlecraft in route to the Trill Sector of space, in an attempt to infiltrate the Orion Syndicate. You have all been obviously selected for this mission due to your unique skills, talents, your Starfleet psychological profile for professionalism, and secrecy." Everyone seemed to take an interest in what was being said at this point, and few in the room were still bored. Dellborg went on to say, "Starfleet Covert Ops has selected each person for a specific department posting, these were officially listed as suggested postings, however, I will stick with their suggestions and see how well each of you perform in these postings." Everyone, including those who were bored, were now paying full attention as the android continued. "We will start from those who will be in operational command of the away mission, and on." Everyone looked around at each other for a moment wondering who was going to do what duties, and what posting they were going to be assigned. B'kana hoped that she wouldn't be assigned to the science department, since she had been training for security. Toven went back to playing chess on his PADD, once again bored as he really didn't care what posting he was assigned. Zharaina was hopeful about getting the operations assignment, but hid her expression from everyone. Cadrial was more concerned about other matters to worry about his posting, already knowing what his posting was going to be, although he was hoping for the engineering posting while on this mission. Dellborg sat taking in the thoughts of everyone in the room as he focused in on them individually. Since he did not have an Emotion chip, and his Psionic Chip was experimental, the thought of this being an invasion of privacy never occurred to the Lieutenant, nor did the idea that it was unethical to read peoples thoughts without their knowledge. The group noticed that the shuttle suddenly lifted up off the shuttle bay's pad, and launched from the USS Kelly. Dellborg stated "Well it's clearly too late for anyone to turn back now, and quit this mission, so I will continue with everyone assigned tasks for this mission."

"Lieutenant Cadrial was assigned to be the second in charge, Ensign Toven Karu Drey has been selected for the crucial role of infiltrating the Syndicate, and downloading the entire database from the main computer of a stolen Aerie Class vessel. Lieutenant Aki Chandra has been selected to serve as the mission engineering officer. Joran Elbrun was selected for medical officer. Zharaina Belar was selected to be the operations officer. Bakna was selected to be the security officer. Jesser Ki'haif-Torsu was added to this mission because Starfleet seemed to think we would need an Ambassador on this mission." Dellborg Ganloso finished telling everyone their assignments, and told them to start learning or researching their duties. Bakna, Zharaina, and Aki Chandra all joined 315 in the cockpit section for their assignments, as 315 reported that they were almost 3 days away. Everyone sighed at this news since the Type 11 was so small, and even though the shuttle had been fitted with a shower, and other necessary facilities, it would still be a long trip in a confined space for a long time. Since launching from the USS Kelly - A during her shakedown cruise they had to launch near Terra Nova, and since the Kelly was going to be heading back to Utopia Planetia to finish its construction. They all knew that they would be on their own.

Toven sat in the back reading over his Starfleet personnel record as he wondered why he'd agreed to go on this mission after leaving Starfleet. He'd sworn he'd never join it again, but he was ordered to join it, for him it was not voluntary, even so he did have a choice, he just hoped he'd made the right one. Toven remembered standing in his quarters on the Kelly as someone walked in and ordered him to sit. "We have pulled a lot of string Mr. Drey, and you are going to listen. You will be asked to join a mission soon. You will accept, or we will finish with you once and for all. Have I made myself clear Mr. Drey?" The rather tall muscular man stated in a rich deep booming voice. Toven knew who this man was, who he worked for, and what they wanted. What he didn't know was why, out of millions of operatives, did they want him on this mission. Toven was a nobody, who'd left Starfleet just to end up joining the Department of Civilian Operations posting in the United Federation of Planets. Civilian Operations was a boring posting, and all he ever did was tell civilian scientists where they could and could not conduct their business due to safety or, for lack of a better term, military operations. "I understand you very well." Toven replied. The man walked out of the room as abruptly as he'd walked in, without another word or even a glance. They both knew that since Toven had, on more than one occasion, proven to be a serious pain in their sides, that this was his last chance to redeem himself, and stay alive. At least now he knew why he'd been ordered to go back to the USS Kelly.

Cadrial looked over the mission orders, and studied up on the Orion Syndicate as much as he could. He'd remembered the lectures about them at the Academy, and knew that they weren't the kind you'd want to mess with, unless you had a fully armed Federation Starship at your back. Since they were going in, in just a Runabout he figured he'd want to study up.

Joran checked and double checked the vessels medical supplies, and mission essentials making sure that they'd have everything they'd need, but no one could ever be certain of exactly what they would need. After checking the supplies, he began to work out, and in a confined space he hoped he wasn't bugging anyone as he did pushups, and situps. No one seemed to mind, or at least they didn't seem to want to even look over.

Bakna readied all the weapons, and even made sure the Shuttles weapons were calibrated properly. She knew they might end up in a fight, and even though they wouldn't be a match against Syndicate vessels, at least they could be ready to put up a fight. She thought about her last fight in the Kelly's holodeck. A mean little pest of a crewman dared her to fight an entire squad of Romulan soldiers in a strange kind of a mission he called Capture The Flag. She'd won, of course, and he owed her his holodeck time, but this was just one of many missions she'd won that the odds were against her, and the two of them had become friends, She always shared the holodeck time he'd lost to her, with him.

Aki had finished going over the shuttle with several diagnostics, and had even managed to enhance the engines to cut off four hours of their trip, but with the equipment, resources, and confined space they were all in she knew that their was little more she could do. And without any entertainment on board, she knew she'd get bored really quickly unless she kept busy.

Aki decided what this crew needed was some entertainment, so she went to the back of the shuttle and asked who all wanted to join in on a game of poker. Everyone seemed to think this would be a good idea since it would at least help to kill some time.

Zharaina was up at operations as most of the others were in the back, as she noticed that the USS Matrix was on almost the same course as them, and would be very close to them rather soon. She let the Captain know. "Hail them, and ask for a lift." Dellborg replied, and moments later they were landing in the Matrix's shuttle bay. According to her calculations this would save them almost two days time.

Jesser walked around the Matrix's galley, looking for a good spot to sit and enjoy her drink, as a pair of Betazoids walked past her. They looked like a lovely couple, arm in arm, and one of them, a young woman looked over and winked. Jesser let it go as she turned her attention out the window to study the stars beyond. They were rather lovely and they reminded her of home as she sat out on their families patio at night looking up. She was lost in her reverie when a male human came by and sat next to her. "What brings an Ambassador out this far?" the young man asked curiously. "I could tell you," she whispered, "But then I'd have to kill you." She joked. The young man choked back a laugh as he was trying not to choke on his coffee. The two studied each other for a moment then he started, "Seriously, why are you out here?" He tried again. But before she could say anything, something caught the young man's eye, and he quickly got up and said, "I'm so sorry, I forgot I have something I..." as he hurried away. Jesser turned to try to find what had caught his eye, and saw Toven glaring at the man as he ran out. *Something's wrong with this one.* She thought to herself as Toven walked out following the man who'd run out.

Toven walked after the operative that had been talking to one of the crew-members he'd arrived with on the shuttle. The operative seemed to be in such an impressive hurry to get away that members of his own crew were starting to take notice, to the point of trying to get into Toven's way. He stopped trying to follow after a few minutes, and turned to enter sickbay as if that had been his destination all along. The chief medical officer was busy with a patient but the nurse had turned to look. "Is there anything we can do for you?" The nurse asked. "Oh no, I must have gotten turned around. I was looking for the mess hall." Toven joked. The nurse smiled and said "Its just out the door and to your left." "Thank you." Toven replied as he left.

Many hours later, the crew was in the shuttle ready to disembark, each of them looking well and refreshed. Dellborg gave the order to proceed, and with the help of the Matrix the shuttle left the shuttle bay. The shuttle flew quickly away from the USS Matrix, and masked its warp trail as best it could. It would only be an hour at most till they arrived at their destination and each seemed to be in their own little worlds as they waited. The mission wasn't a simple one but they all knew what they were required to do, most of it would be on Toven to do, but the others had important missions as well. Dellborg had to lead the mission and make sure nothing went wrong. All in all if anything did go wrong Dellborg was going to be Starfleet's scapegoat, along with disavowing Toven. Cadrial was Toven's support, along with helping to lead the mission he would also be feeding Toven information only when absolutely necessary. Joran was the crews insurance policy. They all needed a medical officer if someone got hurt, and Joran was one of the fleets quick studies, having been on the front lines in the Dominion War. Bakna was assigned to the group because of her weapons expertise, and since Starfleet requirements state that they need a Security officer on any away team, she had been selected. Aki would be needed if they had any engineering problems, and Zharaina was added because they would need a operations expert to help keep the mission moving smoothly along. They were all discussing the mission as they reached their destination and Toven stepped into the transporter. "Good luck." Cadrial said as he transported Toven down.

Toven walked inside a rather poor looking establishment and looked the place over. It had gambling tables, a bar, several seats, some of which were hidden in booths that had curtains. Toven knew he had no contact to look for, so he basically had to just make a best guess of who to approach. This, Starfleet knew, was a recruiting place that the Syndicate often used so he knew he didn't have to wait long for someone to approach him. Toven's record wasn't the best, he'd left Starfleet as an Ensign, and had several incidents with Starfleet Security. His record spoke for itself, but it also had some embellishments added by Starfleet Covert Ops that even Toven didn't know about. His new record stated that he was wanted by Starfleet for sabotage, theft, and for his extensive knowledge of Starfleet Operations. In fact it hadn't taken long at all for someone to approach him, as before he could even reach the bar a very lovely woman was grabbing his arm and escorting him to one of the booths with curtains. Toven wondered for a moment what he'd gotten himself into, but as he'd been sat down into a chair at the booth, and the curtains were drawn he wondered if he'd attracted the right kind of attention or if he'd end up broke by the end of the night. "Toven Karu Drey?" The woman asked. Toven glanced to meet her gaze after having looked her over. "Who's asking?" Toven replied trying to sound as un-starfleet as possible. "A person who's now helping to keep you alive." The woman replied. "You have a choice Mr. Drey, you may either join me, or I will allow someone else to collect Starfleet's bounty on your head." *What has Covert Ops done to me now?* Toven thought annoyed at his new predicament. "Why would you want to help me?" "Because your unique, very few people have a wanted dead-or-alive bounty on their heads by Starfleet these days, and because your rather cute." She smirked. Toven found he was really starting to like this stranger, even though he knew it was all a rouse to get him to join. "Well, seems like I have little choice." He replied with a smile. "You have no choice at all, I would have had you either way." She said as she slapped something to his arm, and a second later they were both transported somewhere else.

"I've lost them." Cadrial stated as he continued scanning everywhere. "What do you mean you've lost them?" Ganloso stated in annoyance. "Just that, They transported somewhere, and I cannot get a lock on where." he replied. "Start scanning the area for Toven's beacon." Dellborg ordered. "Found them. They are on the Aerie class ship we were after." Zharaina stated. "Good work, now lets try to keep a fix on them." Dellborg ordered.

Toven walked from the Transporter padd following the woman who'd just kidnapped him. "Where," He started but was cut off with, "My ship, It has no name, not anymore, but it will once we can unlock the computers." the woman stated. "and you want me to help you unlock them?" Toven asked. "Yes, after all you have extensive knowledge on Starfleet Operations, that means you must know all of their command access codes." She stated. Toven laughed. "What's so funny?" The woman asked bemused. "Two things, one this is a civilian vessel, and second, I don't even know your name." Toven replied with a smile. The woman thought for a moment then smiled. "I am Captain Nikka Fenn, at least I will be when this ship is ready for me." She started. "So are you trying to tell me you can't help me?" She asked as she tried to give her best pouty look. "Not at all. In fact it will make things much easier." Toven replied. "How so?" Nikka asked. "If you wanted me for my Starfleet knowledge I might have had an ethical problem, for about a minute, but if its just a civilian code you need me to break, then I can do that in no time." Toven finished. "Good, then I will take you to the computer core. I expect you to unlock it before the end of the day." Nikka ordered. "And if it's not?" Toven asked. "You said it should be no problem, if it takes more than five hours, then it will be a problem." Nikka returned as she led Toven towards the computer core.

"I have a lock on Toven's earpiece now. He and Syndicate Captain are heading to the computer core, and she wants him to break the cores lock-down code." Cadrial stated. "Can he do it?" Dellborg asked. "I don't know, not even we can get that code. The Civilian who locked it down was killed when the ship was infiltrated." Cadrial replied. "I hope for Toven's sake that he knows something we don't." Bakna stated. "It's worse than that. If the core is still on lock-down then the Syndicates database hasn't been uploaded to it yet." Zharaina stated. "Toven's done for." Aki said, and everyone went silent.

Toven worked on the core, it was so simple that he actually laughed out loud. *Who in their right mind would use password as their unlock code?* He thought as he laughed again. It hadn't taken him long to break the code, everyone else assumed that the previous Captain had been a genius, and so had to have a seriously complicated code that no one even tried the most basic of codes. Toven always did those first, since he thought of most people as idiots until proven otherwise. Most of the time Toven was wrong of course, which is why he liked most people, but he still always went with the simple and basic first. Toven finished infiltrating the core, and had even setup an entire system of his own that looked authentic, but which would give only him entire control of the ship should he need it. He'd just finished when Captain Fenn came walking in. "Have you gotten my ships computer core working?" She asked. "As a matter of fact," Toven started. "Because I hope the five hours you've had were good to you." She finished. She'd allowed Toven to work alone after she noticed him getting very frustrated and entirely unproductive with her guard watching him. She'd ordered her guard to stand watch outside, and that seemed to hurry Toven up. But what really helped was when she was in the room. Toven seemed to want to impress her by working hard, and fast, but she couldn't spend her entire time with him, even if she was starting to like him. She was actually starting to have second thoughts about turning him back over to Starfleet dead. She couldn't turn him over alive, especially with what he knew, and she also couldn't allow him to stay on her vessel, no matter how much she liked him. She toyed with the idea of keeping him around, maybe even as her first, but she quickly shrugged that off. Her mate wouldn't like that at all, and he'd probably kill her if she did. "I have finished." Toven stated simply as he pressed a series of keys which brought the entire core online. The entire ship seemed to come to life, and a series of alerts went off signaling what systems needed urgent care. Toven started a level one diagnostic. "What are you doing?" Nikka asked. "I'm running a level one diagnostic. We need to know what is needed to be repaired quickly. This ship has been on lockdown for way too long, and several systems should be on the verge of collapse by now." Toven finished. *It's nice that he is so worried about my ships condition.* Nikka thought as she allowed him to continue. "Just remember that I have my own engineers that do all of that." She stated. "Captain Fenn to crew, The ship is now responsive, I want the database transfer started now, I want all systems fully operational before the end of tomorrow night. This gives everyone enough time to get some rest. We will have a very long day ahead of us. Nikka out." She finished. "Toven, thank you. We couldn't have done this without you." She continued. "It's better than being dead." Toven joked. Nikka looked as if she'd just been smacked, but she recovered quickly. "Follow me, I'll show you to your quarters." She stated, and he followed.

"Toven has managed to hook his earpiece up to the ship, and the Syndicates database is being uploaded to our core now." Cadrial stated. "Good, now we have to start our part of this mission." Ganloso replied. The crew waited till the database was downloaded, but they quickly noticed that the download wasn't enough, they needed the encryption key. "Toven's hailing." Zharaina said in surprise. "On screen." Dellborg ordered. "I don't have much time, I have total control of the computers over here, but these people are not stupid. I think they mean to kill me tomorrow." Toven stated. "We can transport you at any time, but we have a bigger problem, the encryption that the Syndicate is using is newer than which we have on file. We cannot decrypt it." Dellborg stated. "Bigger problem? You need to sort out your priorities. If you can get a lock on as many people over here and wait till I can transport all of them off, you can dock before they have a chance to transport back up." Toven stated. "Good Idea, how much time do you need?" Dellborg replied. "Give me ten minutes" Toven stated. "Understood Ganloso out." Toven quickly started working on getting a transporter lock on as many as he could, and laughed at himself. "Ten people, they only have a crew of ten. It only took a moment, but he used the ships internal systems as best he could, and quickly got a lock on everyone. It took a grand total of ten seconds to transport them all off, and open the shuttle bay doors. It took no longer than one minuet for the shuttle to land, but when it did, Toven quickly raised shields, and closed the shuttle bay doors. He couldn't do anything more remotely so he hurried to the Bridge, and met several of the others en-route. They all greeted each other quickly on their way as they were practically running. When they reached the Bridge they all took their stations. "There is a Syndicate ship heading this way, weapons and shields are up." Zharaina reported. "Our shields and weapons are up." Bakna replied. "The syndicate is trying to use a prefix code." Cadrial stated. Toven laughed and said, "I disabled it." "Get us out of here," Dellborg ordered. Cadrial, who'd taken up the Conn quickly punched in a course, and set the ship to its maximum speed. The small Aerie class vessel went to warp quickly getting away from its pursuers, but it was clear that in the rush they all forgot that the small vessel had a lot of badly needed maintenance. "We have a coolant leak in engineering." Toven stated, as he manned the Engineering station.

"Dellborg to engineering." Dellborg started. "Lieutenant Chandra here, I'm on top of it. This ship has a lot of work needed, but I'm on it." She stated. "I'm on my way to help." Toven replied. "Ensign Belar, are we being pursued?" Dellborg asked. "Yes, but their maximum speed seems to be only warp six, ours is warp seven. We are just barely ahead of them." Zharaina replied. "Should we send out a distress call?" Cadrial asked. "No we are not supposed to give the Syndicate any reason to believe that Starfleet has gotten a hold of their database." Dellborg responded. "But wont they change it all anyway since we have stolen this ship?" Bakna asked. "Not if we make it look like the ship was destroyed." Dellborg responded. He walked over to the science station, and ordered Cadrial to set course for the nearest sun. It was only a ten minuets away, but it was enough time for Dellborg to finish what he was working on. The ship dropped to impulse as it approached dangerously close to the sun. "I have impute the data for metaphasic shields into the computer. Bring them online and take us in." Dellborg ordered. Zharaina activated the enhanced shields as Cadrial set course close to the sun's corona. Once they were in place, Cadrial brought the ship to a relative stop. "How long do we wait?" Bakna asked, clearly not enjoying the thought of hiding. "Until the ships systems are repaired." Dellborg replied. Toven and Aki worked on the systems for hours, trying as hard as they could to stay ahead of the side effects from staying in a sun's corona for a prolonged period of time. They had gotten all of the critical systems repaired, but there were almost a thousand smaller problems that they just couldn't get done for at least two weeks, and they both knew that they didn't have two weeks within this sun. Then Toven remembered the Exocomp that was on the shuttle. He hurried to get it, and ask for it's assistance. With Dellborg's approval, they were able to replicate a second Exocomp. They would have to worry about answering to Starfleet later, but for now they needed the help desperately. With the two Exocomps helping they were able to greatly speed up the repair process. The Exocomps were transporting from site to site, quickly repairing the systems. Toven, and Aki kept ahead of them, only by moments, as they fed them data on the repair locations. In under an hour, and with the added assistance of Dellborg himself, the repairs were complete. "We'd better be leaving soon, we only have a few minutes before the shields start to fail." Zharaina stated as Dellborg had reentered the Bridge. "Take us out." Dellborg ordered. Cadrial wasted no time as he quickly punched in a course, speed, and engaged. The small Aerie class vessel left the sun's corona, and noticed that there was no one waiting for them. "It seems they believed we'd been destroyed." Bakna stated. "Very good fortune for us. Set course to Deep Space Nine, we will get further orders from there. Until then, good work everyone." Dellborg stated.

Almost half of the crew were sitting in Quarks at Deep Space Nine when Dellborg entered. He looked at each of them in turn, and signaled for them all to follow him. When they all went into the empty Bajoran temple Dellborg started, "We have our orders. Starfleet Covert Ops wants us to continue to operate in this sector as an extension of them. Any one of us may choose to leave now, and stay here, but they are giving us the use of the Aerie Class vessel." He paused for a moment then continued, "We may choose a name, but our registry is NAR 33247. Officially a Civilian vessel, but they are giving us a lot of new upgrades which will arrive soon on the USS Matrix." He finished then, "So does anyone want to stay behind?" He asked. No one said a word. "Good, everyone else has also chosen to join us. We start now." Dellborg stated simply, but it seemed like an order. Everyone seemed exited as they made their way back to the small Aerie class vessel, a place they would start to think of as home.

END

