

To Die for One's Belief

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by [ivedonestranger](#)

Summary

The GSN Gorn Talon has been ordered into Federation space to arrive at Miniar 7 and to locate a terrorist named Aneera 10 who has attacked the Gorn Confederation and is preparing to attack again. The GSN Gorn Talon's orders are to locate the terrorist and apprehend him or terminate him. They must do this without causing a war between the Confederation and Miniar 7. Senior Commander Tk'Lnn Vss'Kov of the Gorn heavy cruiser Gorn Talon must go to Eminiar VII and find a terrorist responsible for attacking their own mining platforms. This is the crew's first test on being on their own as when one works for a secretive Intelligence Organization, anything was possible.

Notes

In the early 2000s I ran a play-by-email RPG based on Star Trek and for the run of the entire ship, we were the only Gorn RPG group out on the internet. Unfortunately RL took away the time to run this ship and it gradually fell by the wayside.

Though the Gorn Talon-A crew no longer writes stories, I have pulled them from the archive and wanted to give them a place to live. I hope you enjoy your adventure with the Gorn Talon crew as much as I did.

This mission was originally Titled "The Terrorist Way" and was written in a script format. I have converted it to novel for easier reading.

Chapter 1

Stardate: 238001.03

Location: In Orbit of Treknor Minor, Gorn Confederation Space

The briefing room of the GSN Gorn Talon was small and cramped. The old Bravery Class Heavy Cruiser had seen quite a number of years before it came under the command of Senior Commander Tk'Lnn Vss'Kov. The Gorn was of average height but what stood out the most of him was the purple flecks in his scales and aqua colored irises.

The ship sat in Spacedock G-11 orbiting Trekor Minor, the brown marble the home of the largest Gorn shipyard in the central part of the Confederation. Tk'Lnn could see the muddy sphere from outside the port window.

"I don't think we will be able to do that. Because we have Ensign Turon and Commander Morg are from the federation. They were kidnapped and one retired and supposed to be on Earth."

Tk'Lnn snapped back to reality as his newly assigned Ensign Tak was speaking. This short but powerful looking lizard with greenish yellow scales was talking about the new mission they had been assigned.

The lizard leader glanced down at his emerald PADD to see where he last left off.

"I don't see it as a problem. Only one Federation vessel will be there and they are from a totally different star base. We have taken steps to make sure Morg's status is not compromised."

"What vessel will it be?"

"It will be the USS Renegade."

"How will we be equipped? peaceful or for war?"

Tk'Lnn chuckled at the young ensign who had been grilling him for the past five minutes. Yes, the Gorn Talon had been authorized for some unorthodox crew members as a member of the secretive Guardian's Errant. The clandestine intelligence agency preferred using ship's dedicated to their mission much like the Federation's Section 31.

"I wouldn't call it a diplomatic mission if we were going to war, Ensign. Any other questions?" Tk'Lnn asked to the rest of the people present.

The earlier mentioned Morg, a tall average looking Gorn with a bearing more apt for Starfleet than the Confederation sat to his right while a Lyran by the name of Neekera studied the PADDs in front of her. The feline alien was on loan from the Lyran Clans due to her medical and bio-engineering abilities.

Ensign Nlish Vkk'Takk, a more slender Gorn from a different world in the Confederation had red scales with flecks of green instead. She had been the most strait laced Ensign he had picked up so far. The last in his command staff was Senior Lieutenant Bk'Tar, his Chief of Engineering. The coal black scaled lizard had been on quite a few missions in his time.

"How will we find this Aneera 10?" Tak continued but Tk'Lnn raised his hand.

"If the Confederation had that answer they wouldn't send a special forces ship. That will be the job of the away team. As I said, We are going to Eminiar VII to assist in the investigation of possible terrorist actions that are tied with the recent assault against our mining platform on Reshkal. Eminiar VII is not a member of the Federation though they have close ties with them. There will be a Starfleet presence.

"And how do we know he is on this planet?"

"I know," Tk'Lnn said with just the slightest air of mystery. The majority of his crew did not know who he was, just that they had been snatched from where they are and had joined his new crew.

"Oh, that's reassuring." The ensign grumbled and Morg gave him a nudge.

"The only reason you aren't at Tll'Va Prison, Ensign Tak is because I thought you would be worth something to this crew. If you start doubting my intentions and my information...well, That prison just may find you again. Understood?"

"Sure." was the only response Tak get but at least he went silent. Tk'Lnn glanced over to Morg who just gave a nod.

"Alright. The list of personnel on this away team when we arrive is, Commander Morg will be in charge with Vkk'Takk, and Tak going to search and locate Aneera 10." Tk'Lnn continued sending the data to their personal PADDs. He gave a stern look to the ex-prisoner. "And Ensign Tak, don't try anything on the planet. I won't be happy and it will effect my report to the High Command."

The Ensign gave a curt nod and nothing else.

"Good. Dismissed."

The first out forced open the heavy bulkhead door and all filed out except for Morg. The Gorn waited until they all left.

“I took the liberty of going over all the records of everyone on the ship, Senior Commander,” Morg started officially.

Tk'Lnn sat back down and waved his hand. “No formalities when it's just you and me. What's your concern.”

“Honestly? You've chosen a lot of people with different opinions and some are polar opposite. I worry about cohesion of the ship in times of stress.”

“That's something we need to test on our way to Eminiari. Ensign Vkk'Takk comes with a lot of commendations, I'm confident she can balance Ensign Tak's penchant to cause mayhem.”

“I hope so too,” Morg said with a slow nod. “Or things are going to go from bad to worse.”

Tak stood in front of the large black doors to the holodeck. It was one of the few modern things that got put into this old class of ship. Honestly, it was better than the prison. Tak stared at it trying to understand how it would work.

“Computer...Open.”

“Please specify program,” the voice came back. Human female but was speaking the Gorn trade language. Must have been purchased from a Federation vendor.

“Ummm. Just load a program.”

“Specify program.”

“No. You specify a program.”

Ensign Tak slammed his fist down on the panel though it was made of a high density glass and did not shatter. The hot headed lizard thought for a second of ripping it off the wall and making it work.

“Uh...the door doesn't work that way.”

Tak turned to the cute female Gorn who stood there unamused by his behavior. He had only met Nlish Vkk'Takk recently and recognized a hard tail right up front.

“I know that. The computer is being uncooperative.”

“You have to give it a list of criteria before it is going to be able to run,” Nlish continued coming up to the door and activated the touch pad portion of the hardware.

Tak growled at it. “I'm not here to program, I'm here to try it out with what little off time I have left.”

Nlish sighed tiredly, finished typing and gestured as the door opened.

“There you go. Loaded a standard ship simulator. You really need to read the manuals.”

Tak only growled an impolite word back.

Chapter 2

After the majority of the crew left after the briefing, Tk'Lnn engaged in a brief conversation with Turon, a new crew member.

"Something seems to be bothering you, Ensign," Tk'Lnn said from his place at the table as he finished the last of his report.

"Not really, sir," The Orion said with just a bit of hesitance but sat down. "I'm just concerned about the Lyran."

"Doctor Neekera?" Tk'Lnn asked surprised with a tilt of his head. "What bothers you about her?"

"We all know how vicious the Lyran Clans are, especially their battle against the Kzinti."

Tk'Lnn, confident in his choice, replied, "Neekera is one of the best in the Lyran Clans. I picked her myself."

Turon couldn't resist a lighthearted jab, stating, "Then you have bad taste, sir."

"I brought you onboard to be a tactical officer. Not judge my tastes. Do you understand that, Ensign?" The Senior Commander said, wanting to make sure he was clear.

Turon, recognizing the seriousness of the situation, replied, "Yes, sir. And I would like to be dismissed, sir."

Though the ensign wanted to leave, Tk'Lnn had different plans for Turon. He needed him to man the tactical panel in the absence of Lieutenant Bk'tar this of course would be something Turon would be reluctantly too due to him being new on the ship but the Gorn in charge did not have much of a choice. The Confederation on gave him so much to work with.

As both made their way to the bridge through the large hulls of the warship in silence, their quiet was only interrupted once the lizard in charge made it to his main seat. Commander Morg was waiting for him. He knew his first officer was going to have questions to but they didn't have time to get them answered.

The bridge doors opened again as the crew began to prep the ship for departure and a new, tall Gorn arrived with red stripes on his scales. This was the last of his command crew that he was looking for. The feline alien behind him had accompanied. S

Neekara stepped off the shuttle and immediately noticed a Gorn standing before her. It addressed her, introducing itself as Senior Lieutenant Bk'Tar.

"Ensign Neekera, Senior Lieutenant Bk'Tar. I assume you have everything in order?" Tk'Lnn asked.

Neekara confirmed, "Yes, sir."

"Still situating a few things but not anything that would stop us from leaving," The other one said simply.

"Alright. To your departments. We leave in 20 minutes."

The turbolift hummed as Bk'Tar and Neekera stood beside each other. Bk'Tar spoke first.

"You will be in charge of Medical?"

"That's correct," The feline responded with a nod.

Bk'Tar led the way as they entered the turbolift and made their way to the quiet and empty medical bay, where the only sound was the humming of the equipment.

Apologetically, Bk'Tar expressed, "Sorry, you are the only doctor we have onboard it seems."

Neekara reassured him, "That's okay, sir."

Bk'Tar smiled, appreciating her formality. "Thanks for the formality, Ensign Neekara. Just call me Bk'tar. Stop with the sir. That drives me up the wall," he requested.

Neekara smiled back and agreed, "Alright."

Handing her a combadge, Bk'Tar explained, "Here is your combadge. If you need anything, just tap it and call the person you want. They'll answer."

Neekara accepted the combadge and replied, "Okay, Lieutenant."

Bk'Tar concluded, "Good, now I'll leave you here to get set up. Your room and your office are four doors down."

Neekara bid him farewell, saying, "See you later."

Bk'Tar waved goodbye and exited the medical bay.

In another part of the ship, Vkk'Takk, the Chief Engineer, strolled through the hallways, observing the activity surrounding the engines and his crew bustling about.

Addressing a crew member, Vkk'Takk instructed, "Make sure the phase Inducers are fully operational for emergency Warp drive."

The crew member acknowledged, "Yes, sir."

Vkk'Takk then initiated communication with the captain, Tk'Lnn. "Vkk'Takk to Captain," he spoke through the comms.

The GSN Gorn Talon surged forward at superluminal speed as it engaged its warp drive, hurtling through the vast expanse of space towards the distant planet of Miniar 7. With its sleek and deadly design, the Gorn Talon was a true testament to Gorn engineering prowess as she was old but still powerful. It's Type-G Plasma torpedo as it's primary weapon, two Type-Fs as backup and phaser emitters around the hull. The heavy frigate design had been the backbone of the fleet for years.

Within the vessel, the crew operated with a seamless efficiency that was the hallmark of military discipline. The bridge hummed with activity as officers manned their stations, monitoring various displays and consoles, ensuring the smooth operation of the starship's systems.

The journey to Miniar 7 was a few days due to having to cross Federation space. No one was quite sure what to expect once they arrived.

Chapter 3

The old but sturdy GSN Gorn Talon, gracefully soared through the vast expanse of space. With a resolute purpose, its warp engines propelled the ship through space. The trip would take a few days to cross Federation space but they were going as fast as the old ship could take them safely.

Commander Morg stood on the semi oval bridge with his arms folded across his chest. Something he had picked up from his brother Nugra so many years ago. The wet, blue marble that was a planet was plastered on the view screen and the Gorn looked at with a hint of disgust. He preferred more arid worlds than the one they were about to visit.

"Ensign V'Rakk, scan the area of space around Miniar 7. Report your findings."

Mkk'Nrr focused on the scanning task and reported to his superior, "Uh...I can't see anything, sir. Wait! I'm picking up a vessel orbiting Miniar 7. Its call sign is the USS Renegade. Nothing else is there."

'As *expected*' the lizard thought to himself.

Mkk'Nrr continued to watch the screen as Tak maneuvered the ship into orbit, their mission steadily unfolding before them. So far everything appeared to be going according to plan.

"We are in orbit, Commander," Tak said with a flourish across the keyboard.

"Senior Commander to the bridge," Morg called out knowing the computer would send his message t where ever Tk'Lnn was at the moment.

The heavy door to the bridge ground open and Morg turned to see his superior stride in. He moved towards the command seat that Morg left empty. An Executive never sat in the Captain's chair. It remained open as a reminder of who was in charge.

"Teams are being assembled as per requested," the executive officer said. "Anything else before we go?"

"No," Tk'Lnn said sitting down. Take your shuttle and head down. We'll follow up with you."

The shuttle *Gorn Blood* dropped from the shuttlebay of the Bravery Class starship and darted towards the surface. Its green hull glinting in the starlight as it banked and accelerated. Morg sat in the co-pilot's seat while Ensign Tak flew the craft. Their engineer Mk'Nrr was in the back monitoring the ship's engines as this shuttle was one of the older ones in the Black Fleet.

"We've begun descent, Morg," Tak said.

The Commander ignored the lack of protocol. Tak had been recently paroled from a penal colony and so military decorum was not going to be the top of his list. Why he had been brought aboard and what he did was only known the Senior Commander himself.

"Good. Head us for coordinates 342.2 Vector 4."

As the inertia shift told Morg that the Ensign was following orders, the young lizard spoke up. "What are we going to be armed with?"

Morg contemplated the situation and replied, "The captain didn't want us to go down with weapons, but I guess some defense is necessary."

His species was not keen on going anywhere unarmed and since many humanoid species responded poorly to their reptiloid features, it was always wise to be prepared.

Tak understood, set the ship to autopilot, unclipped his belt and went in the back. Morg turned to watch him and saw him retrieve three Vss'Kot daggers from the back of the shuttle. Handing them to Morg and Mk'Nrr, Tak jokingly advised, "Here you are. Let's hope we don't use these!"

Tak then returned to the controls, humming contently. Reporting to Morg, Tak said, "Sir, we are ready to land."

Morg acknowledged, "Alright then. Let's get this started."

"Yes, sir. Landing, you better hold on... this is my first time landing a shuttle like this. Here we go."

Morg expressed surprise, asking, "You don't know how?"

Tak whispered back, "It's not that hard... I hope."

"Just don't wreck it!"

"Sure... get ready for impact."

"Impact?"

Tak corrected himself, "Okay, okay, landing. Is that okay? Guess what?"

Morg inquired, "What?"

Tak happily announced, "We are on the ground, and we are still alive."

Mk'Nrr interrupted the exchange, reporting, "Sir, there are life readings outside, and they have weapons."

Morg looked surprised and move to examine the scanners himself. After a moment of thought, he mused, "I don't know if this is some type of greeting party."

Decisively, the lizard issued orders, "Ensign Mk'Nrr, Let's just assume they are taking precautions. We barely warned them that we were coming. Daggers hidden in the belts. Let's not give them a reason to shoot."

Mk'Nrr acknowledged, "Understood, sir."

Morg turned to Tak, assigning further tasks, "Ensign Tak, while Mk'Nrr and I go out, I want you to contact the Gorn Talon and let them know what's going on. Don't come out unless attacked or I call you out. Once we are gone, I want you to investigate on your own to locate Aneera-10. They won't know you came. Got it?"

Tak confirmed, "Aye, aye, sir."

Morg continued, "And after you send the report, don't use your communicator unless necessary."

Tak complied, "Yes, sir."

Morg signaled to Mk'Nrr, and they exited the shuttle, leaving Tak behind. As they departed, Tak prepared to contact Tk'Lnn.

Taking a breath and straightening his uniform, Morg motioned for Mk'Nrr to follow.

When the two Gorns left the ship, Tak waited for the automated system to slide the door closed before he moved from the corner he was in. Tak was actually excited that the Commander had thought to let him on his own. Being a thief had given him some distinct advantages and for a Gorn, he was much smaller than other others. He came from one of the other three species that evolved on their planet.

Tapping the comm, he made sure it was on a narrow band before he let the signal go.

"Tak to Gorn Talon."

"Go ahead, Ensign." came the voice of the man who had gotten him off the asteroid penal colony.

"They left the shuttle and are gone. They are going to the people, and I was supposed to wait here and tell you what is going on. Then, I'll leave by myself unnoticed so I could search on my own, to avoid being found. This will be my last communication unless necessary."

Tk'Lnn understood the situation, cautioning, "Understood. Don't get yourself killed."

Of course he wasn't going to get himself killed. What was the fun in that?

"Tak out."

With that, Tak packed a backpack with his weapons and departed the ship, heading towards the city.

Chapter 4

Meanwhile, Morg and Mk'Nrr stood outside the shuttle, facing four humanoid individuals who had their weapons visible. Morg raised his hand in salute and introduced himself, "I am Commander Morg of the GSN Gorn Talon. I represent the Gorn Confederation in the trade negotiations."

One of the individuals holstered their weapon and apologized, "I'm Terla-Two. I am sorry for this. The councilmen were expecting transporters to their chambers. We're still getting used to the fact that people are coming from the stars."

Morg expressed understanding, saying, "Please forgive us. We did not know."

Morg then turned to Mk'Nrr, introducing him, "This is Senior Ensign Mk'Nrr VI'Rakk. He is my aide."

"Please follow us."

The group proceeded towards the capital, and Morg and Mk'Nrr attracted the curious gaze of many locals. The city was bright, and the group walked along marble roads. This planet was all humanoid, much like the humans of the Federation, and two massive reptiles was not something they were used to seeing. At least the air was not too humid for both of them.

"As you see, our culture has survived when we did not go to war with Vendicar. We are very pleased with the Federation and were surprised at the invitation of your Gorn Confederation."

Morg explained their intentions, stating, "We want to make our presence more well-known in the galaxy. If you don't mind, I would like to send my assistant to explore your city. He must make a report for the Confederation on your city's culture."

Terla-Two agreed, "Very well. He can meet the councilmen in two hours. A guard will escort you to make sure there isn't any misunderstandings."

Morg whispered to Mk'Nrr, "Investigate, but don't make contact with Tak. We want to separate information. If you need help, get beamed up."

Mk'Nrr nodded and separated from the group, wandering through the city with a PADD, pretending to admire the architecture.

As Mk'Nrr explored, he engaged in conversations with different individuals letting his commbadge do the translations. However, he was caught off guard when a Klingon approached him. He hadn't realized that the Kligons were here also.

Mk'Nrr cautiously engaged with the Klingon, asking, "What do you want, Klingon?"

Kernun responded, "I take a guess you are looking for Areena-Ten."

Mk'Nrr remained cautious but curious, replying, "What's it to you?"

"Follow me, lizard," the ridged humanoid said with a sneer and walked away. Mk'Nrr tilted his head in surprise not quite sure what he was supposed to do. He hadn't expected someone to just come out and tell him. Slowly and cautiously, the Gorn ensign followed the Klingon, unsure of where he was being led.

Back aboard the Gorn Talon, the crew continued on it's regular duties but anyone could sense the tension flowing underneath the appearance of business as usual. Neekera was working in her medical bay getting it setup the way she liked and happy to not have been disturbed. When she had been asked to participate in an exchange program, the Lyran was not expecting to be assigned let alone to a Gorn vessel. Her people and theirs were never been on good terms for long.

The heavy door to the medbay ground open and the Orion man she had seen earlier walked in, the scent of nervousness easily detected.

Neekera greeted him with a fangy smile, saying, "Here for your mandated check up? Please sit down on the bio bed, Ensign."

Turon seemed reluctant and replied, "I don't want to sit down on the bed."

Oh. So it was going to be like this.

"You must take a physical. It is probably the captain's order," Neekera explained.

Turon sighed, resigned to the situation, "Unfortunately, it is."

For the next few minutes, Neekera monitored the computers that were feeding her information in her own language. For as best as he could, this Malcolm Turon stayed in place until the final results had come in. Giving the bed a thump to get his attention she nodded.

"Well, you look healthy to me for an Orion."

"May I go now?"

"Sure. Have fun with the rest of your day."

He did not stay around to say anything more.

“Well...that was an odd start to the day.”

Back on the bridge, the same undercurrent of nervous energy could be felt most here. This oval section was the brain of the old warship and it relied on the words of their Commanding Officer.

Senior Commander Tk'Lnn remained seated, gazing at the planet they were orbiting. The helm officer who replaced Tak, spoke up with the slightest hint of nervousness in her voice.

"Uh... Sir, it seems something is approaching."

"What do you mean seems to be?" The lead Gorn said leaning forward just a bit.

“That’s the thing,” the cute female lizard said. “it was there and then it was gone.

‘Krr’Mkk,’ Tk’Lnn thought. *‘It better not be what I think it is.’*

"Defense Condition 2," he ordered out loud.

The ship's alert system emitted a pinging sound, escalating from a high to low pitch.

"Continue scanning. I want to know if—"

The ship suddenly shook, causing Tk'Lnn to be thrown out of his seat. The helm officer hit the ground with a thud, and sparks flew from the damaged console. Tk'Lnn rushed to the controls and maneuvered the ship to face the enemy, only to find a Klingon Cruiser in front of them.

Tk'Lnn snarled to himself as he slammed his hands on the comm as the Ensign tried to pull herself up where she had fallen.

“Bridge to Medical. I need you up here Neekera!”

“On my way,” the Lyran’s voice called back.

Tk'Lnn then turned to communications officer whose claws were dancing across the board. "Activate hailing."

“Yes, Senior Commander.”

Tk'Lnn stood and handed the helm over to an officer who rushed on the bridge with Neekera and he returned to the center seat.

"This is Senior Commander Tk'Lnn of the Gorn Confederation. You have attacked a diplomatic ship. Explain yourself or we will return fire."

“This is Kagnok of the IKV Rabble Killer. You are our enemy!”

Tk'Lnn looked over to Bk'Tar who had taken his spot as the Executive officer.

“Did I miss an announcement we were at war with the Klingons?” Tk'Lnn asked sardonically.

Turon rushed back to the bridge through a separate route. As he reached the bridge, he saw the Lyran attending to an injured helmsman, and the room was filled with light smoke. He approached the helm console, tapped the soldier of the officer there, sat down and examined the readings, discovering that a Klingon warbird was facing them at a distance of only 40,000 kilometers.

Neekera went over to check on the injured officer, using a tricorder to assess the burns. The readings indicated only minor injuries, and she administered a hypospray to alleviate the pain.

There were in the middle of it now.

Chapter 5

Vkk'Takk was growing frustrated as the captain had not contacted him yet. Just as he was about to hit his combadge again, the ship rumbled, and crewmen shouted in response.

"Lt. Vkk'Takk, the ship has been hit. I detected a fluctuation in Screen 6, but I managed to stabilize it," called out one of his engineering crew.

Vkk'Takk quickly approached the crewman, asking, "What hit us?"

"I don't know... The helm is turning us completely 180 degrees."

Realizing the urgency, Vkk'Takk decided, "Watch over things here. I'm going to the bridge."

"Yes, sir."

Vkk'Takk rushed to the turbolift and reached the bridge within five minutes. As he entered, he noticed smoke filling the room, with an Orion and a Lyran present. Bk'Tar, also heading to the bridge, felt the ship rumble and leaned against the wall to steady himself. He quickly made his way to the turbolift and joined Vkk'Takk on the bridge.

"Captain, what is going on?"

"It appears the Klingons have taken a shot at us," Tk'Lnn responded sardonically.

Bk'Tar moved towards the tactical screen, while Tk'Lnn observed the situation. Neekera closed her tricorder and attended to her duties. Ensign Turon manned the helm.

"I guess you get your first taste of combat in friendly territory."

"Yes, it is." The Lyran replied not quite sure what to do.

"Ensign Turon, reopen the channel." Tk'Lnn finally said as helm maneuvered them to face their attacker.

"Aye, aye, sir."

Tk'Lnn initiated communication with the Klingon vessel, addressing them sternly, "Klingon vessel! You have attacked a diplomatic ship, and the Federation will not be happy with your actions. The USS Renegade is likely challenging you at this moment."

"The USS Renegade is approaching rapidly from the aft," Bk'Tar reported.

Tk'Lnn then refocused on the Klingon, saying, "I will count to three. If you do not withdraw from this system, I will open fire."

Though no visual connection was made, the channel opened and the response came over the translator.

"You haven't seen the last of us."

"Are they withdrawing, Ensign Turon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good, switch to Defense Condition 2 and bring our shields to full power."

With all the commands given, the Senior Commander turned to Vkk'Takk that was still waiting by the turbolift when he had come in. Tk'Lnn finally turned his attention to him.

"Now, Lieutenant Vkk'Takk, what can I do for you?"

"Sir, I need someone with expertise in Engineering. None of the crewmen down there really know what they're doing. Is there anyone available?"

"We don't have enough recruits to spare from their current positions. However, I'll send you some engineers as soon as possible."

Vkk'Takk returned to Engineering, feeling a bit disappointed with the answer but understanding the current constraints.

In the council chambers back on the planet's surface, Morg was welcomed by Terlare-2, the leader, who stood up to greet him.

"We are happy you are here, Commander Morg. Would you please state what the Gorn Confederation would like?"

"A trade agreement, sir. We wish to extend our trade to other planets and are seeking permission for Gorn Freighters to visit your planet."

"Really? Is that all you want? The Federation would like us to believe otherwise." The man said curiously.

The door opened an older man in a Starfleet uniform walked out wearing a scowl on his face. "I am Ambassador Wolfe of the United Federation of Planets, and I know you do understand, Commander Morg."

"You are making assumptions, Ambassador. I was sent here to do my job. I have no interest in what you think I may be doing here."

"Then why send a special forces ship?"

Morg was surprised by Wolfe's accurate statement but composed himself and explained, "The GSN Gorn Talon *was* a special forces ship until it was decommissioned four years ago. You can take a look at the records. And another thing, if you keep insulting me and my world, I am sure that your president will hear from the Grand Autarch about your slanderous remarks."

Doubt flickered across Wolfe's face as Morg turned back to Terlare-2, realizing the need for privacy in their conversation.

Morg said, "If you will excuse me, sir, Ambassador Wolfe would probably like to talk to you. I will come back when we can have some privacy."

Morg left the council chambers and was escorted to his chambers by two young women. Once they left, he activated his combadge.

It was Tk'Lnn who responded on the encrypted channel.

"Morg to Tk'Lnn. It seems that an Ambassador Wolfe has been making accurate guesses about our ship. He calls it a special forces ship, and we are after more than just a trade agreement."

Tk'Lnn responded, "I'm not surprised. The Klingons think the same thing. I don't know how this information got leaked but be careful."

"Yes, sir. Is everything alright?"

"As well as can be expected. The Klingons tried to test us a bit ago but we're fine.."

"Klingons? That's surprising. You don't need me, do you?"

"No, just take care of your end down there and make sure all our crew comes back alive."

After closing the communication channel, Morg turned to wait until the next move of this strategic game was played.

Meanwhile, in an unknown location, Mk'Nrr had been following a Klingon and was growing increasingly nervous.

"Where are we going?"

The Klingon remained silent, ignoring Mk'Nrr's questions. Feeling threatened, Mk'Nrr drew his phaser and warned, "You better answer me, or I'll use this."

Suddenly, a yellow phaser shot struck Mk'Nrr in the back, causing him to collapse to the ground.

Back on the bridge of the GSN Gorn Talon, Tk'Lnn had retreated to his command office connected to the bridge with his security chief. Bk'Tar stood there trying not to take up too much space in the small room.

Tk'Lnn had ignored it and spoke. "Any ideas why the Klingons attacked?"

"I don't have anything but guesses, Senior Commander," the tall lizard answered. "If Commander Morg is correct, they may be operating under the same leak that the Federation is. If that's the case, we need to assume that everyone is compromised."

"I'm not ready to do that yet but I want an escape plan if it comes to that," the Senior Commander mused. "I have been told this mission outweighs any diplomatic issues so plan for everything."

With a nod, the security chief left to plan.

Morg was not sure when he drifted off sitting at the table that he had been studying a book he had found. Something though had caused him to start awake. He peered around wondering what it had been.

"I wonder if I was dreaming something again?" he amused.

It was his hearing that picked up voices outside his door. One of them must have spoken too loud.

"We need to arrest him immediately by the order of the council."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. Let's get a move on it."

Morg quickly realized that there were bars on his window and regretted not checking before dozing. There was a good chance he had walked into a trap. Thinking quickly, Morg tapped his commbadge in the pattern of emergency beam out and hoped they picked it up in time. Morg could not help but smile as the transporter beam whisked him away as the guards came bursting in.

When his sight returned, he found himself surrounded by buildings, indicating he was in the street. org started running, taking numerous twists and turns to lose any potential pursuers. The plan had been to beam him straight to the ship but it appears that the transporter signal did not make it and materialized him nearest to his old location. That was not good. As he began to move quickly towards cover before the guards could find him, a Klingon stepped out from a corner, aiming a disruptor at him.

"You will come with me."

"Make me."

"Your Ensign VI'Rakk is being held by my boss, Aneera 10, and if you don't come peacefully, he will die."

Reluctantly, Morg stood and raised his hands to show they were empty. After a half-hour journey in the back of a small scout shuttle, they reached a camp where Morg was led into Aneera-10's tent, accompanied by three bodyguards.

Aneera-10 greeted him, saying, "Well, well. It looks like the Gorn Confederation finally got tired of my little fireworks shows."

"Of course. Stupid slime like you should be totally eradicated." Morg snarled back.

Aneera-10 laughed.

"Oh, is that so? At the moment, it seems you are in my camp and at my mercy."

"That won't last long. My captain will catch on very quickly."

"Take him to his other 'frog' friend."

"That's lizard friend, coward."

With that, he was drug away.

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