

Justice

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by [trekfan](#)

Summary

Taking place in the "Yesterday's Enterprise" universe, this story is a small snapshot of one of the events in that universe, and the cost of being loyal.

August 19th, 2362

The lift stopped and opened to reveal well-lit corridors of Starfleet Tactical, the hustle and bustle in the hallways more chaotic than normal. He weaved his way through the many bodies, his legs carrying him to the office of his direct superior, Admiral Tanaka. That's where he would get the truth, that's where he'd find out if the reports were right — for once, he hoped to God that they weren't, that it was just the media getting carried away.

But as he stepped into the Ops, he could sense the tension in the air: the silence was deafening and if he just reached out with his mind, he'd know he'd find them all thinking the same thing he was.

How the hell did this happen?

He stared at the FNN feed, broadcasting silently as images of his homeworld played out in the background. He could guess what they were saying. He could imagine exactly the tone they were taking.

He briskly made his way to the admiral's office, rang the door, and waited. It opened almost immediately and once he stepped inside, his worst fears were confirmed.

Tanaka's eyes told him everything.

"Commander, have a seat," the admiral said, pointed to a chair in front of his desk.

Atas Koi stayed standing. "Respectfully, I decline." He resisted the urge to reach into the admiral's mind — he *needed* to hear this. "Is it true?"

Tanaka gave a single nod. "Betazed... it's been rendered lifeless. It appears to be a total loss."

Total loss. Tanaka said the words so easily, so stoically.

"Then the Klingons have committed genocide," Atas whispered. They'd been at war for years now, but this was an act neither side would come back from. He took a breath. "We must respond in kind."

Tanaka leaned back in his chair. "Your response to genocide is more genocide, Commander?"

"My response is proportionate — they took this action, we *must* match it."

Tanaka gave him a disapproving stare. "Your species has lost their homeworld, Koi. Rash actions won't bring it back."

"Doing nothing will do the same!" he yelled. Dropping all decorum, he stepped closer to the admiral's desk and drilled his eyes into his superior. "We've fought this war too long, lost too many, to just let this stand. You need to recommend we match fire for fire."

"How do you propose we glass the Klingon homeworld?" Tanaka stood, and though the admiral was a head shorter than Atas, he still projected an intimidating presence. "We just ask them to let one of our ships through?"

"All we need is a cloaked vessel and one Genesis device."

Tanaka's eyes widened. "Are you mad? A Genesis device? They're banned. We *officially* don't have any."

"And unofficially we have the designs, we have the resources, and we could put one together quickly." Atas leaned forward, placing his hands on the admiral's desk. "We both know this has been proposed before. Now's the right time to propose it again. In one stroke we can end this war."

"Or commit an act of savagery that will taint us for eternity," Tanaka countered, his voice dripping with disgust. "I won't recommend that. We're better than that, Koi."

Atas' face grew flushed. "So Betazed and her people are just another sacrifice in this war? We've been loyal to the Federation for decades, we've never wavered on our commitment—"

"Betazed's loss will be avenged, but not with more genocide!" Tanaka tugged down on his uniform and sat back down. "Your recommended course of action has proven you're not in the right frame of mind, Commander. You're relieved of duty for the next three days — take the time to get your head straight."

Atas grit his teeth, stood at attention, and fixed his eyes on the wall behind Tanaka. "Understood, *sir*. Anything else?"

"No. You're dismissed."

Atas left without another word, made his way back to his quarters, and tossed his combadge onto his desk.

This had gone far enough. He couldn't stand by and watch the Federation do nothing, again.

If they wouldn't seek justice for Betazed, he would.

And he wouldn't be alone.

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