

Breaking Bonds

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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.

February 2nd, 2366

There was little in the way of protection or oversight here in the old city-center; it was as it should be. This meeting was held on mutually dangerous ground for all parties, as it had been for decades. That was the arrangement her family had with these “allies” of theirs, but it was an arrangement she would no longer tolerate. Tonight was the last of these meetings.

Tonight, she would cleave her House from their lecherous “allies” once and for all.

She maneuvered her way into the meeting place, a run-down brothel that had served as a discreet meeting place for many powerful people for hundreds of years. It wasn't exactly a state secret why people came here, but what happened here *stayed* here.

She sequestered herself into a room and found her guest waiting.

“You are quite punctual, Chancellor.” The Romulan leaned stepped out of the shadows, his tone sneering. “Much unlike my dealings with your father. He was never quite on time.”

Vakara lowered her hood and bore her teeth at the Romulan. “Telmek.”

He flashed an insincere smile. “What can the Star Empire do for our ally?”

She grinned. “Let me show you.” She flicked her wrist and a dagger appeared in her hand. With swift movement, she pushed the Romulan against the wall and stabbed him through the shoulder, the blade easily slipping into the Romulan's flesh and through it, pinning him against the wall as he screamed in pain.

Thick, green blood leaked out of his wound as he struggled against her. “What are you doing?!”

“Sending a message,” she said as she twisted the blade deeper into his shoulder. “Tell your betters that the House of Duras no longer serves your interests. We're through being puppets.”

He gripped her arm with his hand, squeezing it as tightly as he could — it barely registered for her. “Are you so sure you wish to bite the hand that fed your weak family for generations?”

She smiled and head-butted him. His eyes rolled back into his head briefly, dazed, and she took some satisfaction in seeing that she had broken his nose. Trails of green blood ran out of his nostrils like a small creek about to flood. “I'm sure, Telmek. My father, and his, and his before him were weak — power hungry to the point of blindness. But we have no need for you any more.”

“Then we'll reveal your connection to us! We'll see your house be stripped of everything it holds dear!”

She moved her hand away from the dagger and wrapped it around his throat. “I have declared war on the Star Empire, Telmek.” She watched his eyes react with surprise and she squeezed just a little tighter. “As we speak, I'm reassigning my forces from the Federation front lines. The Klingon people will make your *pay* for the treachery you have wrought on us.”

“But... but... the Federation...”

She released her grip and he coughed raggedly, trying to suck down more air. “The Federation has been dealt a killing blow, they will die on their own within the year. No need to waste forces on a bleating targ.” She dipped her index finger in some of his green blood, tasted it, and

spit it on the ground with disgust. “Your people’s dishonor runs deep, Romulan.”

He spat upon her. “We’ll defeat you with ease. Your people are weak, so prone to conflict with each other!”

She gripped the dagger and pulled it free of him; he dropped to the floor, his face grimacing in pain. “Tell your superiors if I see you or any other Romulan on my planet, you will be killed on sight.” She wiped the blade on the brothel’s bedding and holstered it. “Goodbye, Telmek.”

She left the room, put up her hood, and slipped out as quietly as she slipped in.

She had charted her own course now. A course for her family and her people.

She only hoped it wasn’t too late for either.

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