

Stuck in the Future

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Stuck in the Future

by [SPACEtraveler_I](#)

Summary

From the "Star Trek the New Frontier" novel we can learn that M'Ress got stuck in the 24th century. Sadly in those books she is not the main or secondary character so we don't learn much about her adventures. So I made this fanfic.

Captain Kirk always said 'There is always a way out' and M'Ress always followed it. When all other paths were cut off M'Ress believed the Gateway was the 'way out'. But now when she found herself in the future it seems there is no 'way out' of this situation. But is there?

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The Fatal Gate

The gravity didn't exist here. There are no lights, no smell, no sound. Only some strange taste stuck in the mouth. The soundless wind was always changing directions, always changing its strength. The filling of weightlessness made M'Ress sick. Her brain lost any sense of direction or time. She was here, wherever here was, for some unknown amount of time. Darkness felt like liquid. And she lost the sense of her skin. She didn't try to move, didn't try to get out of here. She just gave up, just relaxed and replayed the last couple of hours that in her head.

"Get down there, see if there is anything strange, take the readings and come back." Ensign Jonson said. "Sounds easy enough!"

M'Ress smiled once again, remembering this phrase. "Easy enough" miss on that one.

"Don't ease off so early." Responded lieutenant Vetrov. "We will still have to walk." He said, knowing full well that Jonson hated long walks.

M'Ress only smiled at the small discussion. She was in a good mood, but sticking her head in to a dialog, was not something she liked. She has already changed her uniform dress to a more fitting jacket and jeans. Even though the jacket she took was light one, it still looked a little too big for her. Jonson and Vetrov were wearing much warmer clothes. The planet, on which they were beaming to, had a good air composition, but really bad conditions. temperature -38 C, strong winds, a lot of precipitation. But unlike humans Shiboline had her fur as a very good lair of protection, especially because it just shed old fur.

"You are a little too quiet today lieutenant." Vetrov said to M'Ress. "What do you think?"

"Think about what?" M'Ress asked.

"About the expedition."

"Well, I wouldn't call it an expedition. It's more like a little away mission. Nothing really important. Shouldn't be so hard."

"Yea, I think so too." Jonson said. "If it was something important captain Kirk would lead the mission."

The doors to transporter room slid open and the team of free entered the room. Ensign on the controls was already waiting for them. The group walked up on the transporter floor. lieutenant Vetrov as the leader of the landing party looked at his team.

"Hope you didn't forget anything. Asking captain to transport something on the surface will be humiliating." He said to us making Jonson check his equipment once again. After Jonson's nod, Vetrov turned to face the ensign behind controls. "Beam us down ensign."

"Humiliation is hundred times better than what's happening now." M'Ress whispered, but her whisper never left her own throat.

Immediately as he ordered, the landing party was captured in a beam of light, reduced molecules and send hundreds of kilometers down to the surface. Only to be rebuild from the ground up.

M'Ress opened her eyes. She never liked beaming with open eyes. It disorientated her. Harsh, cold wind hit her face with all its mite. Her fur took the blow, but she still felt the cold stings of the snow. Trying to protect her face with her hand, she looked around to find the crew mates.

"Is everyone here?" She heard Lieutenant Vetrov asking.

"Here!" Jonson responded.

"Here!" She said trying to get to both men, through the thick snow.

Soon two silhouettes appeared. They almost immodestly turned in to Vetrov and Jonson.

"Alright people, lets get to work!" Vetrov commanded.

M'Ress took her tricorder out, scanning the area for the same reading detected by the ship. Jonson meanwhile opened his beg and started collecting the samples of the snow. The tricorder tried its best to scream through the wind, but M'ress still couldn't hear it. She only worked with the data it showed on the screen.

"Here, this way!" She said to the group leading the way.

Through meters of snow they forced their way to the source of strange readings. The wind hit them hard and the snow painfully stung the skin. the team has already gave up the hope that the source will be in some closed area with no wind or at list no snow, but the closer they were getting to the source the more obvious it became that before them was some sort of landscape of building.

"Is that... a building?" Asked Jonson.

"No. More looks like a rock formation. Too random angles." Answered Vetrov.

M'ress kept quiet. She looked on the tricorder trying to understand what it said, but the reading were too random. Scans showed that the structure before them was made of metal, but in second the same scans said it was send. Whatever there was it was messing up with the tricorder.

*"Of course it was! This peace of *****" M'Ress screamed in to the void. Her voice wasn't even formed.*

The team finely got to the structure. It was still covered by the snow, but judging by the area they saw clear suggested it something like a

mountain.

"Whatever it is, it's inside the mountain." M'Ress said when three of them found a small deepening in the rock formation to hide from the wind.

"Is there a way inside? A cave maybe?" Asked lieutenant Vetrov.

"I have no idea. The tricorder is mostly useless now. That thing messes up with its sensors." M'Ress said trying to make something out of the mess the tricorder gave her.

"Hay, I think I see something." Said ensign looking somewhere along the rock. "It could be a cave."

"You sure?" Asked Vetrov.

"Well, we can check it. I don't see much more options here." Answered Jonson.

"M'Ress?" Vetrov asked for opinion.

"Why not?" She said.

And the team got on the way to the presumable cave. Luckily for them it actually was a cave. The entrance was about ten meters in height and about 6 meters in width. It was fully covered in ice, with meter long icicle hang down from the entrance. In some way the cave more looked like a very big tunnel than a cave.

Hah! We didn't know... How stupid. We didn't know... M'Ress thought. She didn't notice how her sanity was slowly slipping away.

"Feu! At list there is no snow here." Said Jonson as the team walked farther from the entrance and there was less and less snow scattered across the floor.

M'Ress didn't respond. She lightened up the screen of the tricorder with a flashlight. She tried to make a map of the cave, which was surprisingly easy despite all the random data tricorder gave her.

"Well, M'Ress? Do you have a map?" Asked Vetrov.

"Give me a second..." M'Ress said. "Okey, I think I got it." She said in a moment and started walking to the approximate location of the source of the strange readings.

The group walked through the cave, lighting its way with flashlights. The cave became smaller the further they went. It sometimes divided, and the group had to mark the way out with a phaser and go on further in to the darkness. They walked like this for several minutes, stopping sometimes to take samples of the cave. The team started noticing that the cave looked a little odd. It looked a little too rectangle like, as if someone made a rectangle corridor in the rock and then left it for couple thousand years. They couldn't prove it or check it, though. So they concentrated on getting to their destination.

After some more time they got to the end of the tunnel. It collapsed a long time ago and now the only way further was to crawl through a very narrow path...

"Well... I suspect the source of the unusual reading is somewhere there." Vetrov said pointing at the very small entrance.

"You're right. It's there." Said M'Ress. "It's actually should be very close. I would say a couple of meters."

"Okey, um... I don't think any of us can crawl through this." Said ensign Jonson. "Except for you maybe." He added pointing at M'Ress.

M'Ress said nothing. She looked at the hole near the ground asking herself if she really could crawl through it.

"Hm... I can try." Shiboline said. "Doesn't hurt to try." She added taking off her jacket and giving it to Vetrov.

She smoothly laid on the ground and like any other feline started slowly crawling through the tiny tunnel. Like some liquid she moved on the rocks. there wasn't a single moment when she was stuck or couldn't move forward. The T-shirt she was wearing protected part of her fur from being covered in dust and dirt, but her hands had already in so much dirt that M'Ress asked herself how long she will find send in the fur. The tricorder followed her like a second tail hitting the rocks and making the plastic or metallic clacking sound. Finely her hands were able to grab the walls of the exit out of the narrow tunnel. Without much of a struggle she forced herself out of tunnel.

She stood up checking her uniform and trying to clean the dust and dirt.

"Did you get through?" She herd Vetrov asking.

"Yes, I'm here." She turned to look around.

"What do you see?" Asked Jonson. "M'Ress?" He asked when didn't get an answer.

M'Ress couldn't say a thing. She looked around in shock. She wasn't in a cave any more. She was now in a room, enormous round room. Its dome ceiling was at least 12 meters high. In the middle of the room were two big columns. They blended a the tip forming something similar to gates. If gates had no doors. Around these 'gates' were several things that looked like control stations. Everything in the room was made of the same material and had the same stile. This material had the color and shine of metal, but it formed a pattern that looked more like something biological. The light from flashlight made some lines in this pattern illuminate with a strange purple color. These lines were like veins that spread everywhere. And lighting only a small section of these system of veins would illuminate several meters of them.

"M'Ress? Are you okay there?" Vetrov asked again, clearly nervous of possible loss of the member of his team.

"I'm here! I'm alright. It's just..." M'Ress didn't know how to start describing the place she found herself in. "I'm- I'm in a room. It is clearly artificially made and if I had to say it seems like whoever made it was about our level of technology, maybe a little lower." She said starting to walk around the 'gate' and scanning the structure. "In the middle there is something like two obelisks or columns. They look like a gate without doors." She now looked only on the tricorder. "It seems like this gate is- I don't know... Either it's messing with my tricorder or it emits some strange- radiation? The readings are too random."

Her voice echoed through the room. She circled around the 'gate' slowly getting closer and closer. Her eyes were catching more and more repetitive data in the tricorder. She was slowly finding pieces of the whole picture, slowly getting to the point of everything.

"No... No! I should have stopped! Why did I continue? The facts were all there! Why didn't I see it?!" M'Ress asked herself just for the sake of asking, just to fill the void that was slowly getting in to her mind.

"Hey... I think I see the source of all this interference from." M'Ress said looking at the possible source.

On the other side of the control station, the side that is closer to the 'gate', there was a small bulge. The tricorder went mad when Shiboline brought it closer to the bulge. Trying to learn more about the thing, M'Ress touched the bulge. In an instance a cylinder slid out almost hitting feline's head. She jumped up, away from the cylinder, but the machine hands already came to motion. The control station started changing its form. The metal it was made of melted and like water started moving around. The 'veins' on the station lit up with a purple light. Like some disease this light infected the floor, then the 'gates', the walls, and finally the ceiling. Suddenly the room was illuminated by tens of bulges in walls and ceiling.

"M'Ress? What happened?" Vetrov shouted from the other side of the tunnel. "The cave lit up just now!"

"I- I don't know. It seems the system activated from my touch, I'm not sure why and how!" M'Ress shouted back. "The two columns are moving closer to each other. They are literally forming the-"

M'Ress didn't finish the sentence. The room shook and her tricorder started screaming with beeps. The seismic activity just fired through the top. SD radar showed that there was something massive happening under the room.

"M'Ress get out of there!" Shouted Vetrov. "Jonson contact the Enterprise! We need to beam out."

"The rocks are blocking the signal!" Responded Jonson.

"Then run to the exit! Come on, run!"

"But sir... you-"

"That's an order!" lieutenant cited him off. "Come on M'Ress get out of there! I'm not leaving you here!" He shouted in to the tunnel.

He didn't know M'Ress tried, but the tunnel was blocked by some rocks. She already tried to find another way out, and the options she had were one worse than another.

"I can't! The tunnel is blocked. You run I'm gonna find my way out!" She almost ordered to the Vetrov.

"I already said it. I'm not leaving you here!"

"There is no other way! Come on, get the hell out." M'Ress shouted looking around, trying to find another tunnel, or a button or something.

Vetrov cursed to himself and ran back to the entrance. Meanwhile M'Ress has already gave up on finding a tunnel. She thought now on how to contact the Enterprise and somehow get transported from the room, but soon she realized that to do so she needed years and unlimited resources, which she didn't have. So the only thing left to do is to stop whatever the mechanism she started. That was nearly impossible, but at least it was 'nearly'.

M'Ress ran to the station and took out her tricorder. It finely stopped showing the random results and it became much easier to see the correlations and resolute, but it was all useless. M'Ress couldn't do anything with it. She didn't even know who created this thing, not to say about their language or controls. She saw the buttons, saw some little dents, but she could do nothing about it.

In panic she tried to push them, to activate something, to make the machine do something. But machine did nothing. The shakes continued kinking M'Ress down. In frustration she tried to smash the control panel with her hand, but instead of hitting the metal and making a loud bang sound, her hand sank in it. The 'metal' like water wrapped her hand, getting between the hair and touching her skin. M'Ress could say anything. Fear took over now and she tried to free her hand, but the liquid meta caught her. She used all the strength she had, despite the pain of her hair being pulled the opposite way. She tried to twist her hand out but the metal stuck to her. M'Ress was able to get her hand out of the station, but the metal was still stuck to her hand. It stretched to the station. M'Ress tried to twist her hand again, almost turning it 180 degrees.

The metal suddenly freed her, making M'Ress fell on the floor. The 'gates' moved forming a bridge between the two columns. The veins in the columns started shining even brighter and changing colors. From dark purple it changed to pink, then red, then suddenly dark blue and finally stopped at light blue, almost white, color. It shined like a lamp now. Suddenly the light disappeared and the space between the two columns was filled with light blue and white strings. They appeared one after another, and in a moment filled the space to the point when M'Ress couldn't see the other side.

M'Ress laid on the floor in disbelief that her absolutely emotional and random actions led to such effect. The lines between the columns started to mingle and morph in to each other. Soon from those lines and images formed. A shore of some sort. Green waters were coming on the

blue sand, washed it over, and then came back. From the sides of the picture Shiboline could see some mountains. Slightly above horizon there were two moons. This picture was clearly from some other planet, as the planet she was on never had any moons.

The picture changed. Now it showed some city between some low mountains. Somehow the strings were able to show the hundreds of people that walked on the streets. M'Ress couldn't see what species they were as the picture was taken from some hill a kilometer or two away, but she was sure she have never seen any structures like the buildings shown. Then the picture changed again showing some mountain terrain, and than again showing space, and again showing some insides of a ship. For a moment M'Ress saw someone familiar to a human that walked through the tunnel shown, and M'Ress could swear that person saw her through the gate. Their eyes locked on to each other for a moment before the picture changed again. M'Ress walked backwards a couple steps, but fell on the floor again because of another earth shake.

She looked at the 'gate'. A thought came in her mind, a stupid thought, but a possible one. What if the 'gate' was some sort of a transporter system? It would be shameful if she went right through it and it would turn out to be hologram, but if it was a transporter... It could save her life.

Or ruin it! Break in to nothing! Destroy it! I should have died there instead of doing it!

M'Ress looked at the 'gate' the views have changed for several times now, but there was nothing even remotely familiar. If it really was a transporter she would like to get somewhere more familiar than a civilization that leaves in a Middle Ages. The views changed one after another. A river swapped with mountains, skyscrapers changed with tents, but one moment a very familiar figure changed the view. It was hidden in a shadow, but the figure of captain Kirk was still recognizable.

M'Ress couldn't wait for her mind to recognize the surrounding of the captain. The cave, the room was getting less and less stable. It could collapse at any second, so a place with captain Kirk which surely on the bridge, was an ideal place. She ran to inside the picture and suddenly the world around her twisted and melted. Colors became intense, started burning her eyes. The coolness of the cave changed with a burning feeling. And then... *everything went black.*

So she got here, in this place, in the darkness, in nothingness. She lost her feeling of time, lost her feeling of place. It was nothingness. Tears had formed on her eyes as her she reminded herself this story of hers once again. The ending was the same, no meter how hard she screamed or how deeply regretted her decisions. She was here once and for—

SHVO-OH-H

A sudden noise almost made Shiboline deaf and the bright wight light almost made her blind. The gravity suddenly appeared above her head and the she fell on something metal making a loud **BANG**. Pain has fired through her head and darkness returned in to her eyes for a moment, but this time only for a moment.

A Welcome to the Future

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

M'Ress knew she was not in the 'nothingness' as she called the space beyond the 'gates'. M'Ress felt the ground, asphalt, she was laying on. She heard the chatter somewhere far away. Felt the light wind touching her fur. She opened her eyes. She was laying on her stomach. She could see the asphalt, a brick wall not far away and some metal construction with a dent in it. It wasn't hard for M'Ress to imagine herself falling head down on that thing and only with some miracle not breaking her spine in the end. Almost immediately after the picture flashed before her eyes, her neck filled with pain and with it the whole body followed.

M'Ress slowly set down screeching her head. Her skin was numb and her eyes were easily blinded by the star up in the sky. The chatter she heard was slowly getting louder and louder, so Shiboline had to look around to see where she actually was.

It was a side street. One side of it led to a street full of people. Thankfully not a single one of them looked in the side street. They just walked by. The other side was a much quieter one. It looked like a pedestrian street, full of plants and shops. On that pedestrian street M'Ress could see the picture she saw through the 'gate'. Now though Captain Kirk wasn't in the shadow, so now M'Ress could see that it was not the real person. It was a monument which clearly depicted the captain.

That was odd. M'Ress thought he deserved a monument, but with all the trouble he gave to starfleet command and the Federation it was impossible. She slowly moved to exit the side street, but stopped right before making the final step. Her body was in pain and the sun was killing her, but she still checked her cloths before going public.

Her jeans were covered in dirt as well as her jacket, so she took off the jacket and tied it at the waist so that the dirt parts of it would look inside and the Jeanette would cover Shiboline's dirty jeans. She took the badge off and placed it in the jeans pocket. She felt it would be better to play a role of a simple citizen for now. Finally after one more look over herself M'Ress walked out of the shadows of the side street and in to the public.

Though there was no public actually. The pedestrian street was surprisingly empty. There was a group of three really far away and a black young man, about 21 year old. He was wearing a sort of business suit and sitting on a bench looked at the statue and written something down. M'Ress didn't really pay any attention to the man. She slowly walked up to the monument and looked at it. The statue precisely depicted Kirk, just like she saw him mere hours ago. Near the monument were several plates with text. M'Ress already confused by the monument was even more confused by seeing a Klingon writings on one of the plates. Confused M'Ress tried to find the plate with English, but instead was surprised by seeing Caitian words on one of the plates. The words formed two sentences.

"Admiral James T. Kirk the captain of the Enterprise. 2233-2293." M'Ress whispered the sentences to herself.

In disbelief she made a step back, then a second step, and another, and another until she found herself on a bench. She looked bluntly in to the face of a man she saw just a couple of hours ago. A person who's listed dead by that monument.

Future... No... this can't be. Am- Am I in the future? No... it can't be it have to be some joke, a really bad joke. But who could hate me or Kirk so strongly that even bought a monument! Can't be...

"Quite a person wasn't he?" A voice snapped M'Ress out of her thoughts.

"wh- what?" She asked blinking, returning back to reality.

"I'm saying quite a person he was." The man said. "His adventures really inspire imagination."

"Ye- yeah..." M'Ress said still somewhere else.

"Can you imagine what his crew had to go through?" The person continued.

"I can..." M'Ress said, then her eyes finely focused on the federation symbol on the statue's chest. She had finely filtered her thoughts and came to a conclusion that something really strange and wrong happened and the only way to find out what it was is to get to the starfleet. "Um... Sorry, what was your name?" She asked the man before he could continue.

"Jake. Jake Sisko. I'm a journalist." He said holding out his hand.

"Shiboline M'Ress. A science officer." The feline shook his hand. "I'm new here and I got a little lost. Do you know where could I find the closest starfleet facility?" She asked with the most innocent eyes she could make.

"Oh, I think the closest one would be the shuttle-station on the Embarcadero street." the man said.

"Um..." M'Ress had no idea where it was but decided to play as if she knew the place. "Oh! Yes... thank you very much!"

She stood up and started quickly walking in the direction she just looked.

"Ms. Shiboline, you're going the wrong way!" The man said loud enough for her to hear.

Ashamed of her inability to take the right path M'Ress turned and started walking in the opposite direction. She tried not to look at Jake, but her eyes couldn't resist making a quick glance at him. The young man smiled and even laughed a bit. His eyes didn't show any surprise, just a genuine little laughter as if it was a simple mistake a child just made. That little laughter made M'Ress even more ashamed

of herself. Never in her carrier has she done something childish.

She walked through the street. The atmosphere here was calming. The further she got from the monument and the young man in his suit, the calmer and freer she felt. Instead of just feeling emotions she started thinking and analyzing.

From the look of it she found herself in the at least one year in to the future, if not more. The buildings looks drastically different from what she saw on Earth. Of course it could be just the fact she didn't really traveled on Earth a lot, but they still looked too... unfit. There were no light poles, which was very strange, and all those buildings were covered with some sort of plant live. what was even stranger is rare people that walked by. Their cloths to be exact. For some reason they were wearing ether some strange overalls or the old style suits.

She came to conclusion she really was in the future, more than one year in the future. She had to return home and the only way to do this was to contact starfleet, or maybe not... The fact she was in the future made her a potential subject of experiments or the events that had happened could change Federation and... There were just too many possibilities, so she decided the best thing to do would be to find out what time it is and what had changed. And only then decide on what to do next.

Shiboline didn't notice how she approached the intersection of the pedestrian street and the normal one. There were much more people here. They walked concentrated on their own lives and didn't pay much attention at a strange Caitian woman who just entered the masses. All of them were wearing these strange and fashion-less cloths. By M'Ress's standards they were disgusting. She couldn't think of a single reason to wear them. Trying to hide her emotions about the clothes in particular and the situation as whole, Shiboline tried to find some way of finding a direction. Soon she found a sort of map stand. She recognized it, sort of. On those stands people could search for any information they required, such as a map or date.

Near the stand was a person wearing uniform, just as ugly as the cloths of the people around. The shoulders were red and the rest of the overall was black. A very recognizable symbol - the arrowhead. It was a little different and for some reason was a part of a badge for some reason, but it was still recognizable part of starfleet emblem. Also she found an interesting part on the collar — two silver circles. The human wearing this uniform noticed Shiboline's gaze.

"Can I help you?" He asked.

"No, sorry." M'Ress said after a momentary pause.

She walked past the human and to the terminal. She tried to activate it, but was surprised to see that there weren't any buttons on it. Nervously M'Ress tried to find the buttons on touch, but couldn't. She turned around to see if anyone noticed her attempts to activate the machine. To her fear one person actually noticed it — the person in that uniform. To add to her panic the person started approaching her.

"Do you need any help with the terminal?" He skied standing right next to her.

"N-no! I'm just—" Feline looked at the terminal, then at the human and back, trying to think of some explanation and a phrase that would get this man away from her. But when nothing came to mind she surrendered. "Yes... I can't remember how to turn those on." She said.

"Ah, that's fine! Those things are twice as old as I am." The man said touching a section of the screen. "My father thought me on how to activate those. If you need any help you can ask me."

"Thanks, I think it's gonna be all for today." M'Ress said trying to find a way to the so called shuttle-station.

That's too much encounters for today. She thought while looking for a date or a map. Soon the date was found.

"2370?" She said out-loud in shock and frustration. A little too loud, she realized as she felt many eyes locking on her.

"Oh! Yeah, these things are rarely updated." The man in uniform said, still being near terminal. "though 6 years... that's a little too long." He added quietly, looking at the screen.

6 Years?! So that means I'm in... 2376?! Oh God... M'Ress was about to fall in to the abyss of hopelessness, but in the last moment she took herself in her own hands. the situation was already bad and making it worse by surrendering right now, in crowd of those people... No she wouldn't let her feeling win, not on the eyes of those fashion-less and tasteless people, not on the eyes of the future people.

"Excuse me mister." She turned to the man in uniform. "Could you please find a map on this machine?" She asked.

"Yes, of course." He looked at the menu for a second and, like a magician, with a swipe of his fingers made the map appeared on the screen.

"Thank you." M'Ress said in a little shock of the technological marvel.

With some additional research she found out what the symbol for shuttle-station was and after a second of searching through the map she found an ideal way there. She quickly orientated and without a word began her way to the shuttle-station. she didn't notice how the man in the uniform almost called for her to stop and turn off the terminal, but stopped. He just did it himself and continued with his plans.

The further through the city M'Ress walked the stronger became was gettin her headache. The legs were already in pain and the long walk didn't help. But M'Ress didn't really pay much attention to it. She had a goal — return home. And to get back home she had to... Well, find the way. Firstly she could use the starfleet database to see if there are any time machines were created or any time travel phenomenon discovered and than find a way to use them. The first part was relatively easy. In comparison to the second part at least.

She walked for quite some time. She felt some eyes on her back, but not as many as she expected to. Her look was drastically different to that of the general population, but it seemed nobody cared about it. Changing the uniform to expedition cloths back on Enterprise and hiding the badge were very good ideas. She couldn't help it but feel that she wasn't welcome here. The skyscrapers covered in green, tens

of shuttles flying around, the hyper-trains almost out of use, holograms used on every corner at every shop or cafe, these officers in discussing uniform walking and laughing, everything in this world was different than what she remembered. She could imagine or even start to imagine that the same picture is everywhere she had been. Even the Enterprise, which she wasn't sure served at the moment, should be 100% different.

Even if I find my way out, how can I get to it? What if it's somewhere on the other side of the galaxy? What if it's some super secret Time Machine? How am I gonna get to it and activate it? These questions were flying through her head and the only answer she could give was — *I don't know. Somehow.*

At the time M'Ress got to the shuttle-station she already used two of her 9 lives. One, when she was almost hit by a hyper-train because it turned out that the poles placed in between the road were actually a station and they didn't even have shields. So when M'Ress tried to cross the road she almost got under the train. She had to run after that and she lost her clothes in the first found fountain humiliating herself even more than she already did. The second time she was walking on the street when suddenly a woman started screaming at her to "get away from the landing pad!". It turned out a small rectangle near one of the buildings, marked by four purple light bulbs on tripods, was a beaming pod. The cargo was literally beamed there without a centimeter inaccuracy, precisely in the middle.

Now, after all that humiliation and risks she finally stood right next to the shuttle station entrance. The building looked like a spaceport. It looked a little shiny because of the amount of glass in it, but otherwise it looked fine, starfleet like. There were many people in civilian clothes entering one of 4 entries. There were also many people in that new starfleet uniform of theirs. M'Ress could hardly keep her frustration at bay, as the last events and the lingering pain were driving her crazy. But she couldn't give up or mess up right now. She needed to find out what happened and how to come back.

With a lot of confidence and a little bit of fear Shiboline entered the building. Inside it looked mostly like she expected. The room was big with high, transparent ceiling and long bending columns, somewhat familiar to old human airports. Several meters away was a check point where people went through gates and with a green signal continued their way. Before the check point, near in the left wall was the station where people gave their baggage, which was immediately transported. To the right there were some shops and cafes.

M'Ress moved to a wall, so not to stay in the way of people. She observed the masses for some time to see if there were any requirements to pass the checkpoint and if people would come somewhere to find anything. She noticed how some people would come to some sort of stations near the walls and open their mouth as if they spoke, but no sound could be heard from them. She thought for some time what could those people do there, but after several minutes of looking at them and when more and more eyes of the officers would look on her, M'Ress decided to move.

She walked up to one of the stations and... The sounds suddenly disappeared. The hum of masses evaporated with no clear indication of the reason. Shiboline even looked around to see if anything happened. But no, the crowd moved just like it did a moment ago.

"Hello. Please state your name." A voice suddenly interrupted from nowhere.

"Um... Shiboline M'Ress." Feline said to no one in particular.

The screen in front of her flickered to life and the emblem of the Federation appeared.

"Are you a starfleet officer or a civilian?" The monotone voice asked.

"A starfleet officer...?" M'Ress said with a little bit of question intonation as she wasn't sure if that would be the right thing to say.

"State your rank and authorization code." The voice continued just as motionless.

"Lieutenant. Authorization code: C-S-0-0-1-7-0-9-9" M'Ress said remembering the code automatically.

"Code is unidentified. Please repeat." The voice said in response.

Well, that was expected.

"Agh... Forget it. Restart. Rebut." How do I restart this program?

"Do you wish to complete the list again?" the voice asked.

"Yes, please."

"State your name please." Computer asked again with no sign of

"Shiboline M'Ress."

"Are you a civilian or a starfleet officer?"

"A civilian."

"State your destination." computer said.

"Anywhere where I can get access starfleet database." M'Ress said sarcastically knowing too well the computer wouldn't answer-

"To access full starfleet database you need to either go to one of the Starfleet Staff Only locations or to any of major starfleet facilities." Computer responded with rock hard facts.

"Okay..." M'Ress said surprised. "Which one is closer?"

“Starfleet Academy is the closest starfleet facility.”

“But you can’t go on the Academies territory unless you are a starfleet officer, right?” Asked M’Ress remembering her time there, which felt like not that long ago.

“Not necessarily. You can also enter Academy’s grounds if you or your group have a permission from the Academy’s administration.”

“Which I don’t have.” Shiboline crossed her arms. “Is there any place that doesn’t require a permission or starfleet rank to get in and get an access to starfleet database.” She asked.

“Only starfleet officer of admiral’s rank can have full access to starfleet database.” Computer responded.

“Okey, well not full access but at least the biggest possible!”

“Star-base 1 have an Inter-Federation Grand Museum which contains many information including the biggest possible access to starfleet database for civilians.”

“Good. How do I get there now?” M’Ress asked herself.

“You can sign up to an upcoming shuttle.” Computer responded.

“Okey... how do I do it?” M’Ress asked and the long dialog between her and computer continued.

To her surprise the machine was the essayist one to talk to. The knowledge that it was just a lifeless program that can’t feel anything helped, but the fact that it had an answer to any of her questions and had time and patience to answer them was even more helpful. It took her quite a while to book a ticket on a shuttle that would leave that evening. If dialog with a machine was relatively similar to that of her time, with only difference being the fact that she didn’t have to give an absolutely precise command, the way to book anything was drastically different. She almost gave up midway from all the useless and information she had to give, and have for that matter. What started with a calm and even pleasant dialogue, finished with M’Ress almost hitting the screen.

Being in a soundproof atmosphere almost made her forget that there were many people around. So she left the station ashamed by noticing hundreds of eyes following her. To the exit.

What she didn’t notice was the amount of starfleet officers appearing on the station and the fact that every one of them was looking at her throughout the interaction up till the point when she left the station. M’Ress also didn’t notice how two of them started following her and Jake Sisko sitting on a bench near by.

If the officers had a mission connected to her, Jake just happened to be there. He has done his work and just walked around the city, trying to get inspiration from people and surroundings. He found himself in the very little park near the shuttle-station. It of course reminded him of the captain he saw near the monument, but he was quickly captured by his own work.

This work, though, quickly freed him as soon as he noticed the caitian woman walking through the park. It seemed she didn’t really knew where to go. She looked around trying to decide where to go. And the two men in uniform with phasers on their belts only strengthened his interest in the whole situation. After all what could be more inspiring than some real experience?

M’Ress slowly walked... somewhere... She looked around but the place was absolutely unfamiliar to her. She now knew she was in San Francisco. The starfleet academy was just a couple of hours of walking. She sometimes came there to see if anything changed and if the bar-caffe was still open. But nothing changed and for the last 5 or so years she didn’t come there. She didn’t visit the city as it was too loud to her liking. Hundreds of voices that came all around her was disorientating her. Her headache, which was strong enough, was made even stronger by all this sounds, all this searching, and thinking. She needed to go somewhere quiet. Somewhere like that terminal in the building.

She walked shuffling her feet, when a signboard appeared before her eyes. The word “Bar” and the fact that it was almost empty, were too attractive to come by. She walked inside, trying her best to look ‘fine’.

The bar looked like a normal bar. It was made in a style of 20th century earth.

What did those people find in that century. By me it was the worst time in humanity’s history. She thought to herself.

She walked to the bar stand and set at the corner. She still tried to make a posture like she was fine and totally fine.

“You know it’s a bar right?” The barman asked. “You don’t need to pretend here.”

In that moment M’Ress gave up and just leaned on a wall, like she had no sleep for the last couple of days.

“Do all barman can read minds?” She asked.

“Only the good ones. Anything to drink?” Barman answered and immediately returned to work

“Do I have to pay?” Asked Shiboline to his question.

“We are on Earth. First 2 are free.” The barman said and looked at the door. “If you’re from starfleet, everything is free.”

“Cool...” M’Ress said. “You have anything from headaches?” She asked still leaned to the wall.

“Of course. Synthelol or real?” The barman asked as if it was something normal.

“What...?” M’Ress not recognizing the first word.

“Synthehole or real?” repeated bartender.

“Agh...” said M’Ress, annoyed by the fact she didn’t know what seemed to be common knowledge. “Just give me the real one.” She said. “but make it very light. We-”

“I know, I know.” She was cut off by the bartender. “You caitians are not so good with alcohol. I’ll make it as light as possible.” The man said and walked away.

M’Ress, leaning on the wall, started falling asleep. Though soon a glass of something orange appeared on the table in front of her.

“The best one for caitians.” The man said walking a little away, but keeping an eye on the feline to see if she would like it, or if he would have to call for ambulance.

Shiboline looked at a drink for a little and with one fell swoop dried the glass, just like McCoy thought her. the bartender was shocked. In all his experience he didn’t see a single caitian drinking like that. He kept the distance and an eye on her.

“Heh... kinda weak.” The feline whispered.

“Weak?” Shiboline herd a familiar voice behind. “That’s something unusual for a caitian to say.” Jake set on the next seat.

“I am an unusual caitian.” M’Ress said with a mix of bragging and sadness. “Are you following me?”

“Me? no. But those two men surely do.” Jake said discreetly pointing at the two people in uniform who entered unnoticeably to her and set on the other side of the bar. “They followed you from the shuttle-station. What happened?”

“A lot, but nothing to explain that.” The feline said looking at the uniforms. “Disgusting.” She accidentally said out loud her thoughts on that uniform.

“What?” Jake asked, confused by this response.

“The uniform. It looks disgusting.” M’Ress said.

“It looks fine and its quite comfortable. But really? That’s what worries you? Not the fact that they are following you?” Jake asked, trying to get back to the point. It seemed to him that the glass of alcohol actually had its effect on the caitian.

“There were many men following me.” Shiboline said. “And believe me that’s not the biggest problem of mine.” Her voice was slowly

“Well what is your biggest problem than?”

“I need a Time Machine.” She said bluntly. “Do you know how I can get one?”

“No.” Jake said realizing the woman going drank. “Did you find what you looked for in shuttle-station.”

“No, but I got a ticket to a shuttle headed to the Starbase 1.” She said taking out the ticket.

Jake took the ticket. He didn’t see those in quite a while, but after some time searching through the it he found out that the shuttle was going in a half an hour.

“Your shuttle is going in half an hour!” He exclaimed.

“Oh... I thought it was time before shuttle departs...” M’Ress said going somewhere else in her mind.

“Come on, let’s go. You’ll be late.” Jake said taking M’Ress by her hand and getting her out of the bar.

“Late? I can’t be late... I have to get to the library!” M’Ress said teaching her head with her other hand. “Uf... My head.”

Quickly they crossed the street back to the shuttle station. Jake tried to maneuver through the crowd to get quicker to the station. Whatever was going on it had to be something interesting. Starfleet would send to people just to watch a criminal, they would arrest her already, which means there is something interesting going on.

Inside the building he quickly led M’Ress to the check point. He saw as some of the officers were gathering slowly fathering around, but didn’t try to oppose him. they kept the distance and always kept their eyes on him. Going through the detector Jake gave the ticket to the machine and quickly pushed M’Ress through the scanner. He soon flowed her and was surprised that the woman actually waited for him. He tried to grab her hand, but she quickly moved so to not to be touched.

“Don’t humiliate me. You already did more than enough.” She said with absolutely clear voice.

“Oh! So we are not drank anymore?” Jake asked sarcastically.

“No. Caitian biology can adapt to alcohol with enough time, but the first drink would hit as out in anyway.” She explained.

“Hah... I didn’t know.”

“Nobody knows. If not for Mc-” M’Ress stopped herself. “...my friend, I wouldn’t know ether.”

“What did he do?” Jake asked leading the way to the hangar.

“Nothing, he just liked to drink now and then.” M’Ress said noticing the side eyes from People around them.

“It must have been hard to have a drinking friend.” Suggested Jake.

“He wasn’t an alcoholic.” Shiboline firmly confronted him. “he knew his limits, though liked to have a drink after a mission.”

“He was serving?”

“Yes, as a starfleet officer.” M’Ress could continue to say that he was a medic on her ship, but decided that it was too much information she needed to give.

“I thought starfleet didn’t really liked drinking-” Shiboline locked her eyes on the young man. “Okey, people who drink more than sometimes. Such people are usually the ones who break the regulations.”

“Hah! All starfleet officers break regulations. Some just break them more often than others.” M’Ress laughed.

Everyone knew that. Right...?

Her smile quickly faded away as she saw the look on Jake’s face.

“That’s a very strange view on starfleet...” he said going through the door that led to the hangar.

Together they entered the massive room with one wall simply didn’t exist. Several platforms were pleased a little higher then the floor, so that people wouldn’t get burns from the engines. Some shuttles were lifting up and others were already flying through the non-existing wall.

When Shiboline was already lost in all the turns that led to the hangar, Sisko quickly found the shuttle they needed to board. He also noticed several officers coming towards them so instead of going right to the shuttle he changed direction to mix with the crowd that tried to get to one of many shuttles that would go to one of the ships in orbit. Thanks to the caitian’s hight they quickly disappeared mixed with the crowd. The officers that followed them entered the crowd, trying to get to them. They forced their way through the crowd, but soon they were lost in this mess of people.

Meanwhile Jake led the caitian out and like nothing happened started walking to the shuttle.

“Why did we go there if our shuttle is this one?” Asked M’Ress when realized where their actual destination was.

“Didn’t you see these officers? They are now trying to get us.” Jake asked. “Oh sh-oot...” He whispered, noticing the officer near the entrance to the shuttle as he walked up the stairs.

Shiboline and Jake continued like nothing was happening to the shuttle. Naturally the officer stretched his hand out to block the way.

“Shiboline M’Ress?” The officer asked.

She looked at Jake.

“Ye-es.” She slowly answered.

“You will have to go with me.” He said placing a hand on the phaser and coming closer the the two.

M’Ress turned around to see that the other officers coming closer.

“Why?” M’Ress asked.

“You are being detained.” The officer said reaching to grab M’Ress.

SHWH THUMB

Shiboline’s fist stroke like a lightning right into the solar plexus of the human. In a moment the officer was bending over M’Ress’s hand, coughing. With power nobody expected the M’Ress pushed the body inside the shuttle. It didn’t take long for Jake to get inside and with a push of a button close the shuttle’s door.

“What are you doing?!” He shouted in a little panic, getting to the controls.

“I don’t know!” M’Ress shouted back. “I just- Oh shit...”

M’Ress thought of starting the shuttle and getting out of here, but looking at the most strange and horrific controls... Her plans were shattered. Though she saw Jake climbing to the pilot seat.

“Come on, take a seat! I’m gonna need a second pilot!” He shouted pushing the buttons on screen, while M’Ress looked in shock at how the screen reacted to his fingers and how he knew where to push in all that mess of letters, colors and numbers.

It took Shiboline a moment to wake up from the stun. She blinked a couple of times before running to the second seat in front. The controls in front of her mixed into molten mess. There was no order, no sorting style. And to add to all that no pushing buttons!

“Turn on the dampeners!” Almost ordered Jake.

“How?!” Shouted M’Ress in confusion. Her eyes ran through the council, but saw nothing familiar.

“The red line!”

“Which one?! There are at least 13 of them!”

Jake had to bend and look at her controls to push the tight button.

“This one!” He said. “I thought you would know how to fly a simple shuttle. You knocked a starfleet officer after all!”

“Well, not that kind of shuttle!”

“What kind of shuttle?! There is no other type of controls!” Jake said getting the shuttle up in to the air and out of the hangar

“Well, I flew a Klingon D7 Battle Cruiser.”

“A D7 Battle Cruiser?! Where the hell did you find that?!” Jake asked.

“It’s a long story!”

“And what? They have better controls?”

“Of course they do! They literally have one part with left, right, forward, and backward, and another part with tilts. This pease-” She almost said a number of curses. “-of technology is absolutely chaotic.”

“Well, I’m sorry Federation made it’s controls for starfleet officers and not some barbarians!”

“Klingons are thought their duty from infancy, so don’t think they are some peasants.”

There was a moment of silence. The shuttle had already penetrated the clouds and was climbing up to the space.

“That is actually a myth. They are kept with their parents until they are 6 years old and only then the training begins.” Jake mentioned. “I thought everyone knew that already. Though knowing you flew a D7 battle cruiser...” He said with that intonation that said You talk like an old hag.

“Shut up...” Shiboline said, leaning back in a chair.

SHWAMB

Everyone in the cabin was thrown forward, with M’Ress pushing something on the controls.

“Shuttle 119743 you are ordered to shut down all your engines and power down the shields or we will start being serious.” A voice of some woman in a new starfleet uniform said. Her shoulder were colored red, which meant nothing to M’Ress.

“It seems I forgot about these hails...” whispered Sisko.

“What kind of seriousness?” Shiboline addressed the question to Jake.

“We will open full fire on your engines and your safety will not be guaranteed.”

“A shuttle firing of shuttle?” Feline began her question when Jake suddenly Cut her off.

“Alright, alright we will cut our engines.” He said. “But we have some problems with our tactical controls shutting down shields will take some time.”

“You have five minutes.” The woman ordered and stopped the transmission.

Jake immediately turned off the engines and jumped from his sit. He ran to the security officer who was still laying on the floor.

“Why am I not surprised.” He growled a little taking the phaser from the unconscious officer.

“What?” M’Ress asked. She didn’t understand the sudden pretension.

“You didn’t take the phaser. What if he woke up?”

“That’s a ph—” M’Ress decided not to continue the question and instead ask a different one. “What’s your plan.”

“Well, I learned a little trick from my father, back when we were on DS-9.” Jake said doing something on one of stations. “If you send a certain signal to the station, the automated computer will have to transport to designated, in the same signal, coordinates.”

He finished doing, whatever he was, on one the station and stood up in the middle of the shuttle. M’Ress just followed him to the center.

“With any luck we will get to the station the moment shields go offline.” He added.

The two waited for a moment before computer said.

“Shields are offline.” This monotone voice played on M’Ress’s nerves.

For a moment they waited when the very strange sound of a transporter announced the arrival of the officers.

“It seems luck is something we lack.” M’Ress said with a very small half a smile.

But before the officer could even materialize, the room filled with light and in a single blink of an eye M’Ress found herself standing in something like a hangar.

“It seems luck is still with us.” Jake Sisko said beginning his way out, hiding among the cargo, but keeping a posture like nothing happened.

The gate in to the hangar slowly opened and M’Ress saw the hundreds of star and the large green and blue world. She followed Jake, but kept an eye on the room. Several shuttles flew in to the hangar and soon hundreds of people in civil cloths exited them, forming a crowd. This crowd slowly going to the main entrance, which had two guards standing by looking through the crowd, probably to find her and Jake.

“Welcome to the Star-base 1.” The same monotone electronic voice howled through the hangar. “Starfleet hopes you enjoy your time, being here.”

Chapter End Notes

Okey I know it took some time but here are several chapters in one go.

I’d hoped to see some comments, but I know I need a bigger audience for it. It doesn’t mean you shouldn’t write them if you want to! I’ll be happy to read any comments.

Further Exit

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The hangar was filled with voices. This noise drove M'Ress crazy. Thankfully Jake was near. He was surprisingly calm and cold headed. He led the way through the little labyrinth of containers to get closer to the exit. There they both finely appeared to the public's eyes. The public though didn't really care. M'Ress and Jake entered the crowd and quickly exited the hangar without being noticed by two ensigns near the entrance.

As soon as they entered the station's promenade they found an information post where they stopped trying to find the way to Inter-Federation Grand Museum.

"Why are you helping me?" M'Ress asked while Jake was searching through the map.

"Because I wish to learn your story." Jake said. "I'm a writer and just like many others I base my stories on real life. This life for everyone is different and depends on peoples experiences. Many people have a quite sad life, but others-" Jake turned to her turning off the map. "-like you, have so interesting life that it can be seen from the first look."

As Jake finished his sentence he began their way to the Grand Museum.

"An what in my look indicates, that I have such an interesting life?"

"Well first of all it is clear you appreciate history." He began. "These cloths you're wearing are stylized like..." He looked up and down M'Ress. "I would say mid 23 century.

A clause one. M'Ress thought.

"Second of all you're quite strange. The stuff you know and don't know is quite... random. Third — starfleet looks for you."

"What's with the third point? Shouldn't it be a red flag?" Asked M'Ress.

"It should. But it's only starfleet that looks for you and not the law enforcement. Therefore you have something to do with starfleet but not the Federation so... Kinda fine."

"Kinda fine'? If I were you I would already hand myself over." She said then immediately added. "Not that I'm against what you are doing. Just... Just a thought..."

They walked for some time quiet. The promenade here was something M'Ress looked at in disbelief. Only t months prior she visited the station on her shore-leave and now nothing she saw was preserved. Neon signs were replaced with holograms. Worm pink, brown and yellow colors were changed to gray, blue and wight. The concrete like base was swapped with metal and glass. Reflections and glares of bright wight and blueish light were blinding. No emblems or posters of shops were seen. And the shops that you could hardly find on the station before now filled the whole promenade. Nothing was left untouched.

"Now that I answered your questions, could you answer mine?" Jake suddenly asked, tired of the quietness between him and Shiboline.

"Of course..." M'Ress responded with some dread in her voice.

"What have you done to make starfleet ran for you?" He asked, quickly taking out his device to write down the notes.

"I don't know." M'Ress partially honest as she was sure she didn't do anything unlawful. "I found out that they were following me only when you told me."

"You previously told me you were a science officer which implies you are from starfleet." Jake said writing something down. "Could that have something to do with all that?"

"No, not really." M'Ress said.

"I'm starting to think you are not telling me the full truth. What happened to you before we met?"

"I'm telling the truth. I am a science officer and I truly don't know why they are searching for me."

It actually was true except for the last part. She knew why starfleet looked for her. She didn't know how they found it out so fast.

"Are we close to the museum?" M'Ress asked trying to get away from answering Jake's new question.

"Yes, very close." Said Jake and waited a second for M'Ress to answer. "You didn't answer my question." He calmly reminded her.

"Ah... That's a long story." M'Ress said, trying to find the museum as fast as possible.

"Well, we have some time." Jake said.

"It's too long." M'Ress said still trying to get out from that question.

“Alright, if you don’t won’t to tell it now. You could tell it later.” Jake said. He had his own plan in mind.

He knew there was something interesting in this woman’s past, and he wanted to find out what it was. When he returned to Earth, after his father’s disappearance, his life became too dull. No encounters with the dominion anymore, no new anomalies. A simple and quiet life with interesting stories only on the other side of a screen. He was growing tired of this life, so when a strange Caitian In some old cloths appeared again near the shuttle-station and had starfleet officers following her. He couldn’t just give up this opportunity to be a part of something interesting. Was he on the right side of this story though? That was another question.

“Here.” Jake said and stopped before the big arch that led to the Grand Museum.

Behind the arch was a really long and big room with a second floor. There were many more smaller arches mounted in the walls. Each of them had a name of a civilization. Every arch was also decorated in the civilization’s manner. M’Ress quickly found her own ‘arch’ with a some classic Caitian ornament on it. She also found the arch that she needed. In the center of the furthest wall was a the biggest arch with the classic arrowhead above it and word StarFleet written under the arrowhead.

Both M’Ress and Jake entered this central arch together along with many other people. Before them opened a really big gallery. Big models of ships were flying though space above the crowd. All of them were from different times. Some M’Ress could easley identify. Like the California class and the Miranda class or the Constellation class, which was only about to leave dry dock. M’Ress hoped to see the ship’s first fly as she believed it had its own beauty, even if Scotty believed it to be one of the ugliest.

In the middle was a holographic map of the museum and it was grandiose to say the least. The scented was taken by starfleet with several floors forming a long cylinder. Every floor was given for one of starfleet’s periods. There were floors for 21st, 22nd, and 23ed centuries. There were several floors for the many big event that happened, like the war with the Dominion. There was also a floor dedicated to Enterprise, which was odd. Very odd for M’Ress. Around all see floors were many tunnels that were like snakes or springs circling around the central cylinder. Those many tunnels would somehow go around each other and returned to the same place they started. Sometimes branches appeared from those long corridors

M’Ress looked through the map and quickly found a floor named “Time-incidents.”

“Okey.” Jake said from behind. “Now we will have to separate. you go wherever you need. I’m gonna go to the Enterprise’s floor.”

“Okey, I’ll see you there.” Said M’Ress and quickly walked to one of the turbo-lift with a sign “Time-incidents” above it.

She entered the turbo-lift along with several other people. Some of them glanced at her with a strange look, but said nothing. Some people talked to each other but lift was quick to upend again and everyone inside quickly entered the floor.

The room was just as big as any other. Apparently the amount of time-incidents didn’t increase that much. There were several M’Ress already knew about but also many she didn’t. With a deal breath she started from the beginning.

The first was the NX-01 and all her stories with time traveling. It all went to junk as Jonathan Archer was simply lucky to be the one who changes history. All the time travel was caused by the temporal agents and their technology. Just like she knew all the technology had disappeared after all this temporal stuff ended. And even if there was anything left it surely was send to the Daystrom Institute. So it was absolutely useless to M’Ress

There were many events that included her Enterprise. In non of those events she participated herself, but she herd the stories from her crew mates. All those events were a simple luck and coincidence. Non of them M’Ress could repeat without a ship. And even with a ship the odds of her repeating the same events were very low. Therefore it was useless to her. There was also the time-travel of Captain Kirk on a Klingon warbird, but just like the others is was impossible to recreate.

Then the new stuff began. Someone by the name of Jean-Luc Picard has used something called Nexus to get Captain Kirk in to his time and stop a mad scientist from destroying a young civilization. That’s why Captain Kirk, who could leave a couple more decades has ‘disappeared’ in 2293. That immediately made a bad impression of Picard in M’Ress’s eyes. She had to restrain her emotions a little before going on. Nexus was too rare to be any help for her.

Then there was a civilization that could use time-travel. It could be a great way for her, but the same Picard destroyed it without a second thought. Now M’Ress felt actual enter to him as he had not only lead to Captain Kirk death now, but also took a possible way for her to return.

Next was the accident that happened near Earth. Someone called Benjamin Sisko...

M’Ress stopped. Her eyes read one word over and over. The strange second name “Sisko” which she herd not so long ago. The young man Jake Sisko who have been traveling with her. The coincidence was massive, but it could still be a coincidence. After all who knows how popular that name is. It could also be some far relative of Jake. But he surly wasn’t a father... though the visual similarities were... very noticeable.

Shiboline shook her head to return back to her goal - finding a way back. That event was nothing but luck, an absolute one. Therefore a useless one. So she went on to the next event. In which some guy named O’Brien was able to go back and forth in time. It was useless to M’ress as the teleportation was only temporary and also required a Romulan ship. The ship that was using a fricking black hole as a source of energy.

If they are using black holes as a source of energy... The Romulan Empire is more dangerous then ever. Well, I’m sure Starfleet had already built the military fleet. I remember voting for it’s creation... it went quite well.

She continued reading past the next event which was a simple luck once again. The next story actually included herself. Kind of. She was on the Enterprise at the time. The fact that some people from the future just roamed around the ship and no one even noticed was...

humiliating. And again behind all that was Captain Sisko. Shiboline even made a note to see those six time-travelers. Also the Orb of time... this thing actually caught her. This thing was capable of transporting in time. It was located on Bajor and was in hands of some religious organization... It was maybe the easiest way to get back, possibly the only one. And the creators of Orbs... they were creature out of time. They could actually send her in to the past and if all that was said was true it wasn't that hard to convince them. It surly wasn't impossible.

"Found what you looked for?" A sudden, familiar voice asked right beside her.

M'Ress almost jumped and screamed from surprise.

"God! Don't scare me like that!" She said in frustration.

"Sorry, I just though you herd me." He honestly said.

"I would!" M'Ress almost began screaming at him, but stopped in time. "I'm just a little ill. Why are you here?" She asked calmed down.

"Oh, I just found everything I wanted." Jake said like usual. "Lieutenant Shiboline M'Ress the communication officer on Enterprise and science officer on Enterprise-A." Jake singled out the letter. "The caitian that was announced to be lost in the way of duty, along with lieutenants Jonson and Vetrov on the 2nd moon of Tiquoy" Jake finished with a little not siriosness in his voice.

Suddenly caitian's throat became dry. The little secret she had was revealed by the only person that helped her. The only person she talked to in this time.

"So, you know..." She quietly said.

"Yes."

"..." It took M'Ress a small pause before she could ask the next question. "What are you gonna do?"

"I don't know..." Jake honestly said. "Do you know how to return back to your time?" He asked. As the two of them sadly stood aside from the people in the room.

"Maybe? These things in the wormhole near the Deep Space 9 could help or the Orb of time." She said.

"It's hard to get to them." Jake noticed.

"I know. But what else can I do?" She asked Jake. She looked him in the eyes and she saw that there was something he was fighting with inside.

"Stay?" He asked instead of suggesting.

"Stay? Here? No. I have to find a way back. This time is... too different. All my friends are there. I have to come back."

"I know but... I would be fully on your side if you were from the future, but you are from past. The things you know will effect this time no matter how hard you will try not to." Jake said. "But, if it makes you feel better. I can be here for you. Help with whatever you decide to do." He said trying to lighten up the dark situation. "And you will tell me about your adventures on the Enterprise in exchange."

There was a second of quietness. M'Ress thought about what he said. The question of staying in this time period was already answered. She will try to return no matter what. But having a friend from this timeline would be good too.

"Who's Benjamin Sisko to you?" She finely asked.

"He's my father." Jake said with Little bit more hope.

"That explains it. You said just like a starfleet officer would." She said with a little smile an her face.

"Maybe. but the second part is more likely from Quark, my ferengi friend's uncle." Jake said.

"Ferengi? Some new species right?" Shiboline asked.

"Yep." Jake said.

Again the pause appeared. M'Ress again was in her own thoughts. There were new ships, new events, new heroes, and even new species. She did need someone from this time to help her.

"We were studying some strange reading coming from that moon. A landing party was dispatched to investigate. I, Mr. Vetrov and Mr. Jonson transported on the surface. We soon enough found the source of the reading in some cave. It was room with some sort of gate in the center. I was the only one able to get in that room. I tacked something and activated that thing. Maybe underground was some facility that was activated or something, but the cave began collapsing. Somehow I activated the gate and it turned out to be a transporter and also a Time Machine. And so I found myself in that side street." M'Ress finished her short backstory. "That's what happened before I meat you." M'Ress said.

"Thanks." Jake said taking out his devise.

They were standing near the wall for the next couple of minutes, while Jake was writing down the little story she gave him. Standing there they didn't notice how the doors of one of the turbo-lift's opened and 5 people in starfleet uniforms entered the room. It took

officers only a moment to find their target as there was only one Caitian in the room. Their orders were clear - capture the female Caitian by the name Shiboline M'Ress and a male human by the name Jake Sisko.

Shiboline noticed approaching officers and moved to try to run, but was quickly stopped by the only officer in red aiming her phaser. M'Ress thought about jumping behind some exhibition, but she quickly realized it was a dumb idea.

"Stay where you are Shiboline. We don't want to harm you." The woman in red uniform said. Her three pimps on the collar shining in the light.

You didn't even call me right. I don't trust you in the slightest. She thought, but kept those thoughts inside.

"I know what you're feeling. You got in to this new time, a new world. You are scared. But we can help you. We are from the Department of Temporal Investigations. We want to help you."

All she said was wrong for M'Ress. She wasn't scared, more than that she was annoyed by the failed attempts of making a trust connection between them. M'Ress didn't need the help of some department. She had a helper by her side and she didn't believe the woman actually wanted to help her. She remembered the phrase Jake said "I would be fully on your side if you were from the future but..." She knew what it meant. She already knew a lot of stuff someone from her time shouldn't. The officers found her in the museum of all places. They clearly didn't have that much wish to help her.

"Why should I trust you?" M'Ress asked. Just to delay the moment she would have to follow the officers.

"Because just like you we are serving to the Federation. And even after all that time Federation's ideals didn't change." The officer said. "Plus, if we really wanted to cause any harm we would already do that, don't you think?"

"Well, I see the logic is still a thing." M'Ress said. "Alright, we surrender." She raised her hands along with Jake doing the same.

The woman in red signaled her team to get the pair. When one of the men in yellow took the phaser from Jake's pocket, she lowered her phaser. The men around kept their hands on their weapons, ready to take them at any point.

"Please, follow us." The woman said and the whole group began moving to the turbo-lift.

M'Ress already forgot how it felt to be escorted out. She had been in a couple of bar fights from which she was led to the brig. She also risked her career that one time when she scrambled communications of Excelsior when it tried to catch the Enterprise. She was almost thrown out of the star fleet that one time.

But what a career or a job to a friend. She thought, walking through the promenade with officers to her right and left.

People looked at her. Some with fear, some with interest, some with disgust. She didn't really care at this point. Her fight was over, for now... She was captured.

Jake walked in front of her. He turned one time and surprised M'Ress by an honest smile. He seemed sure that everything was going to be alright. Shiboline didn't show it, but that one smile did fill her with some hope. She might lose some time right now, but the Orb of Time won't go anywhere.

Chapter End Notes

I'd hoped to see some comments, but I know I need a bigger audience for it. It doesn't mean you shouldn't write them if you want to! I'll be happy to read any comments.

Home, New Home

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

M'Ress was taken to something she theorized was a police station. She was led to a room with 8 brigs placed in the circular walls. In the middle there was a control station, that she assumed controlled all the brigs around. M'Ress and Jake were stoped next to one of the brigs. And turned around to face the room.

"Any devices or implants we should know about?" A black man in yellow uniform asked.

"Well, there is one." M'Ress reached under the jacket and with a little struggle took her tricorder. "If could call it a device in your time." She said giving it to the man.

The woman in red looked at the officer that previously searched M'Ress with a small fire in her eyes, which didn't mean anything good.

"That's a device alright." The woman said taking the black box and looking at it like at some strange figure from some collection.

The black officer took a sort of road and slowly moved from Shiboline's ears down. He stopped when the thing suddenly made a **BEP** sound. M'Ress quickly realized what it was. Her starfleet badge, the one every starfleet officer must have while on duty. M'Ress took the badge out showing it to the officer. Surprisingly to her the officer suddenly took the it saying:

"All devices must be confiscated." He said trying to take the badge, but M'Ress didn't plan on taking *that* type of insult.

These badges were not just a peace of metal. They were a symbol. A symbol of a man being a part of starfleet. Something everyone took seriously.

"Hey!" Shiboline grabbed the arm of the man. "It is no devise! It's my badge and you better give it back." She said with some hisses herd in her voice.

The young guy to her right grubbed the handle of his phaser as if he feared M'Ress could actually do anything. Meanwhile Jake tried to stop M'Ress from doing something stupid

"I-" The man was about to say something when the woman in red suddenly said.

"Give it back. There is no communicator in it." She calmly said. "Sorry lieutenant." She said when the man gave insignia back. "He doesn't know much about your era."

Shiboline didn't answer. She pinned the yellow, bronze and wight insignia and looked back at the officer wordlessly asking "What now?"

"Due to the troubles you gave us I'll have to keep you in the brig. All I can do is provide with anything you require and, if you wish, separate you in to two brigs. The last is your choice." The woman said, while the black man powered the shields down and motioned for the two to enter the brig. "Officer Vixon here..." The woman motioned to the young Bolion, the one who had his hand on the phaser. "... will provide you with anything you require. Do you have any questions?"

"What are we waiting for?" M'Ress asked sitting on the bench in the brig.

"You are waiting for the officer from Department of Temporal Investigations to arrive and he will tell you what's going to happen to you. Mr. Jake on the other hand is waiting for his trial for an assault on a starfleet officer and hijacking a shuttle." She said looking accusingly on the man.

"Then let the record know It was me who knocked out that man." M'Ress said trying to take at least some guild on herself.

"We know." the woman said.

"And also it was me who initiated this hijack." M'Ress added.

"what are you taking the guild?" The officer in red asked.

"Because I'm some time traveler that came from the past and was in a panic and he is just a man. I have chance to get out of this. He doesn't." M'Ress said.

"Hm... that's something out historians will like." The woman said. "Well, I have my duties to complete."

With that the woman and three other officers left the room. With that came the Quietness. And with quietness came the headache. It always was there, but when there was always Something to think about or someone to run from the headache was hidden somewhere deep down. Now when there wasn't anything to think about or plan about it returned with twice the force. Shiboline laid down on one of the bunks with her hands clutching around her head.

"Hay, what did she mean when she said about communicator inside the badge."

"The badges now are also communicators." Jake said. "They've been like this sins 30 or 40 years ago."

“Really?” M’Ress was actually surprised. the emotion made her headache a little less painful. “Can it reach the ship from the surface?”

“It can. Basicity your own communicator but much smaller.” Jake said. There was some warring in his voice.

“Cool...” Feline said. And the room became quiet again.

“...” Jake waited for a second before finely asking. “Are you alright?”

“No...” M’Ress honestly said. “I was thrown in to the future, captured by starfleet, and now sitting in a brig. My only way out is somewhere far-far away. And to add to all that my head is killing me.” She said clutching harder to her head.

“When did it start?” Jake asked, clearly worried.

“When first got here.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?!” Jake asked now standing up, worried for a new found friend... or a source of stories.

“Because I didn’t think it was important, and we had other things to do.” She said and then added. “Plus it wasn’t that painful before.” She added quietly.

“Um, should I call for a medic?” Asked nervous Bolion asked.

“No-” M’Ress tried to say.

“Yes! And you should.” Jake immediately cut her off. “Declining medical help when you need it is a part of your time’s culture?” He asked placing his hand on M’Ress’s shoulder.

“It’s just a headache. I just need some sleep and everything will be fine.” She said trying to get his hand off her.

CHIRLIK Sounded the combadge of the officer.

“Medical personal is required security station 1-4-8.”

“Understood.” M’Ress herd the quite response.

The officer was clearly nervous. The single pimp on his collar clearly explained it, but M’Ress still had question of why would they place some new officer to guard a time traveler. She tried to concentrate on something else but her headache. The mystery of the officer was good enough for that purpose.

“Hey, Bolion.” M’Ress said. “Why were *you* of all the officers left here to guard us.” M’Ress asked.

“Really? That’s what you want to talk about?” Jake commented.

“Yes.” Answered M’Ress. “So what’s the answer.” She turned back to the nervous guy.

The guy looked around for a bit as if the reason was too personal to be shared.

“Well, you see... I’m just a little fan of the original Enterprise.” He started speaking faster and faster. “And especially of the Betta shift. I’ve read every single one of your adventures. It’s so sad that you were left out of history. Because you had so many things that were so much more interesting then the alpha shift... and every single one of them had some mystery or...” He suddenly stopped proving his obsession. “Well... Yea... That’s why.”

M’Ress looked for a bit at him and then asked the question she wanted to ask long ago.

“Okey... What do we have to do with that?” She asked in honest confusion.

“Well...” Vixon was caught off guard with this question. “Because you surged on the original Enterprise, in Betta shift.”

“No I didn’t. I’m not from that time. Plus how could I? The NX-01 was out of service before Federation even made first contact with Cait.” She said.

“Oh...” Jake said. “I actually forgot about that one...”

“What do you mean ‘forgot about that one’ Jake? The first Enterprise under command of Jonathan Archer is the legend!” M’Ress said in a little frustration. “Don’t tell me you forgot about it in your time.”

“We... actually kinda did...” Vixon said, slowly.

“Oh Prrey...” M’Ress now covered her eyes. “So you don’t remember the first warp 5 capable ship, but you remember some Constitution class ship that wasn’t even the first but was one three first? Just- Just tell me why.”

The room became quite for a second. But only for a second as Vixon tried to defend his time period.

“Well, your Enterprise went through a lot of events and adventures so...”

“Jonathan Archer literally got himself in to a time-war. And he took part in a Romulan-Federation war. What better adventures and events could you think of?” M’Ress said

Vixon was about to say something when he was cut off by a new male voice that seemingly appeared from nowhere.

“Doctor Will Shatson is here, what’s your emergency?” He asked in a blunt voice.

“It’s no emergency actually...” Vixon began. “It’s just... One of our prisoners has a headache and... well, that’s it actually.” He said nervously.

“Alright. The prisoners are not dangerous I hope.” Doctor asked.

“No, not really.” Bolion said.

“Of course they’re not.” doctor said. “Okey, open it.”

The shield generator flicked and powered down. The doctor, a human male of about 43 years old, entered the brig. The generator flickered back to work as soon as the medic was inside. Jake stood aside to let doctor do his thing. The bad mood in which was M’Ress didn’t make her very helping. But the doctor did need help from his patient. He took out the tricorder and started scanning her head with a part of it. The repeating sound it made slowly drove M’Ress mad.

“Mm...” She finely said turning to the side. “Can you turn the sound off?” She asked annoyed by it.

“Sorry, but I can’t.” The doctor said clearly not carrying about her request.

“That’s stupid.” She said.

“What?”

“The fact you can’t turn the sound off.”

“Why?”

“What if you will need to treat a person in absolute quietness? Like inside the enemy territory.” She said.

“I don’t know.” The medic simply said without paying much attention to her. “That’s odd.” He finely said interested in the data he got. “Your brain-waves are not in sink. That’s what causes your headache.”

“Is it bad?” M’Ress asked, not much worrying about it.

“No, not really. It’s just-”

“Strange isn’t it?” A sudden voice sounded from the entrance to the room.

A one more human appeared in the doorway. He was wearing the regular uniform, the only difference was the amount of pimps. There were four gold pimps on his collar. The man looked old, about 60 years old if M’Ress would guess. His silver hair was shining in the light of lamps. He warmly smiled at the small audience that he faced.

“The brainwaves seem to be from some other dimension as they are the ones that have problems synchronizing with time.” The man said.

He walked up to the brig.

“Ensign pleas turn off the barrier. The prisoner is now under my jurisdiction.”

“Yes, sir.” ensign said and immediately turned the barrier off.

The man stayed outside the brig.

“Well, doctor? I suggest you use some painkillers on your patient so she could easier acclimatize to her new quarters, that the department of temporal Investigations appointed to her.” He said, sometimes looking from doctor to M’Ress and back.

“I would like to make some more precise scans in the med-bay, before you take her anywhere.” The doctor said.

“don’t worry doctor, we will check her. After all our department had quite some experience with this sort of things.” The man said.

“Alright.” The medic said took out the hypospray from his little box and made an ejection in M’Ress’ neck. to her surprise the injection was almost painless. He then stood up and exited the room without a single word.

He stood up and walked out without saying a word.

“What rude medics we have these times...” He remarked and immediately turned to M’Ress. “Captain Mark Jonson.” He said reaching his hand to for a shake.

Shiboline’s ears flickered hearing the last name of the person. *Well that’s some luck on my side.* She thought remembering the crewman she went to the surface with. It was just a couple of hours ago and his face was still as fresh as ever.

“Lieutenant Shiboline M’Ress.” She said shaking his hand.

Her headache was quickly dissipating, but with that some weakness slowly filled her body and eyes.

"I am very pleased to meet you." He said with his worm smile. "I may be a man from some The future for you, but I paid attention on the history classes."

"Hm..." She voiced her intrust so quietly and stood up.

"Oh believe me." The man said, surprising M'Ress with his hearing. "Especially your truly heroic act on the USS Hood which gave you the promotion." He said.

That last sentence absolutely threw her off track. The man actually did his research and seemed genuinely worried for her. He also knew what was going on, or at least made it look so. She didn't notice how he took a role of second trustworthy person in the room, even if the there was the abyss between the first and second places.

"well, lieutenant? Should we go? I'm sure you feel quite tired of all the things you had to go through. As I said, we have some quarters prepared for you for the time this whole situation resolves." The man said.

"Yea... I'm just-" M'Ress turned around to face Jake. "I'd like Jake would go with us."

"Hm..." Jonson took a moment to think. "Alright, I believe it can be done."

"Sir." The Bolion immediately said. "This man is in our custody. I can't let you take him."

"Ensign, I understand you are following your orders, but I was given the control over this case. So we can other do it a long way - we're gonna leave, I will send the request to the station's authorities, they will give me permission which will take a day or two. Or we could do this a fast way - you let me take him, I will send a request which they will approve and we both will be happy."

"Sorry sir, but I have my orders so we will have to do this the long way." ensign said.

It's not like him. He should be giving up, not stand his ground. Is that because he's starfleet or because he's just strange. I herd of those in my time. They were whimpering up until it didn't touch their starfleet duty... Strange people.

"Sadly, M'Ress, it will take a day or two, but I promise I will get Jake out of here." The captain said.

"Alright." M'Ress turned to look at Jake.

He just calmly nodded saying with his eyes "I will be fine."

"I'll take you on that promise..." M'Ress said and later added. "sir."

"I'd expect nothing less." He said and the lightly hit the badge on his chest. "Mark Jonson to Daystrom Institute. Two to beam down."

He said and in a moment the room filled with light. The world around her slowly blended and changed to some blue space with wight lines. In this blue world of some sort of mist and lines of light Shiboline notices some figure getting clearer and clearer. It was feline. A feline in uniform with... the world began appearing again now in absolutely different place.

"Woah!" M'Ress shouted When gravitation suddenly returned and her legs gave up. She almost fell on the ground if not for the captain who caught her right in time.

The room she found herself in wasn't exactly the room. It was a very big hallway. It led to even bigger room that was more familiar to some central plaza. It had a tree right in the middle and presumably a glass ceiling. On the other side of this hallway was what seemed to be the entrance to the building. The walls had a granite-like texture and look. With some wood finishings it looked much wormer. The yellow lights made the whole place calm. The building seemed to be a public one, but there wasn't a single person in the area.

"Where are we?" M'Ress asked, looking around.

"We are in Dystrom Institute, the dormitory 4 to be exact." Captain said and quickly added. "Students are usually absent here during class time."

"Well, that's expected." M'Ress said, still looking around. "Why are we here?"

"We have assigned you a room here. We've decided that contact with age group would be helpful. Don't worry, you don't have any roommates." He said and quietly added for himself. "For now..."

"You sound like you're no planning on returning me to my time." M'Ress said.

"We- We will talk about it tomorrow, okey?" Captain said, carefully placing his hand on M'Ress' shoulder. "I think you should rest right now. Tomorrow, with clear heads, we will discuss anything you wish to."

M'Ress didn't answer. She actually agreed with the man. She felt tired and it was becoming harder to think. Jonson lightly pushed her in the right direction and together they walked to the 'central plaza'.

After taking a lift to 8th floor and walking through corridors the two of them stopped at a door. It was just like any other with only difference being a number on it '845'. M'Ress expected the captain would take out a key-card or something like that, but he simply took a step away and showed M'Ress to open the door. Surprised but without a question she tried to open the door. It took her some time to find the right button on the little panel near the door. Her attempts to push a button only to see no effect on the door were humiliating. After the 5th try the door finely slid to the side and the two entered the room.

The room was quite large. It was bigger than Enterprise's quarters, or those on the StarBase-1, or even those on the academy grounds. A lot of furniture filled the room. There were no pictures or decorations, but there were several plants. The small corridor led from the entrance to the dining room, which had all furniture needed for studying. An open door in the corridor led to the bathroom and presumably something else led from the dining room to the bedroom and kitchen, though M'Ress didn't see it yet.

"Well, these are your quarters for now. As I said, there will be no roommates unless you ask for them. On the computer there..." Jonson pointed at the computer on the table near the window. "...or panel here..." He pointed at a large display panel in the wall. "...you can order for anything you wish for. It will be beamed to you as soon as it will be replicated. The replicator you will find in the kitchen. The bedroom is to the right, there." He said. "If you have any questions or need any help you can push this button and contact dispatcher. They will help with anything you need or connect you to my office if you need. Your belongings will be transported to you in less than an hour."

"How-" M'Ress looked around and felt the embarrassment of asking the question. "How are you gonna transport my things? Like- What if they beam in to something else?"

"Oh! Don't worry. See this hatch?" He pointed at the big hatch with no handles in the wall. It had a word 'Do not open!' written on it. "Everything will be transported there. If you will ask for any furniture, a special worker will come here and point out the location where you wish to place it."

He was quiet for a moment, but quickly noticed the sighted of embarrassment on feline's face.

"Don't be embarrassed. You are not the first one here, you know?"

It didn't help, but M'Ress made a look like she was fine.

"I'll leave you here." The captain said. "Remember, if you need anything, absolutely anything, just contact me. I will make sure you have it, alright?"

M'Ress nodded and the man exited the room.

"Fu-u-uh" She exhaled and only now realized how tense she was.

She took off her boots, that looked more like socks made of rubber, and threw her jacket on a shelf.

BA-DAM

A small object fell on the floor. M'Ress quietly realized it was the starfleet badge. She picked it up and looked at it in her hand. Her fingers touched the metal and plastic of the badge. This badge was the only thing that actually gave her memories. This badge served her for about 30 years now. It saw the same dangers she saw. It went through the war. And it never, ever was changed. Even when a disrupter's blast flew so close to M'Ress that even melted half of the badge, instead of changing for a new one M'Ress repaired it. The crack that was left after this repair was a reminder of all those events.

She squeezed the badge in her hand. This thing was a symbol and the one she wasn't gonna lose.

With those thoughts M'Ress looked around to find the open door which led to the bedroom. She walked inside. The room had a single bed that was placed in the far right corner. In the left wall was a long window, that stretched from wall to wall. The light of the downing sun filled the room with a warm orange color. There were doors to two wardrobes in a wall. The absence of any other furniture showed that it was originally a room for at least two if not four people. The place actually reminded of the academy where rooms were more cramped, but still housed at least 2 people, not to mention the parties.

But right now M'Ress could care less about the apartment she got. Her head felt heavy and her eyes lids were constantly closing. She fell right on the bed and as soon as her head touched the pillow she fell in to the land of dreams.

Chapter End Notes

Fan fact: At the time M'Ress was thrown in to the future she should be close to her 50s.

She entered the Academy when she was 16 in 2260 and was sent to the future in 2296. Therefore she is 46 at the time of the story.

If Caitians have the same lifetime as humans (about 110 years in the 23rd century) she almost lived half her life already...

Little World of the Institute

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

M'Ress found herself on the bridge of the Enterprise. Captain Kirk announced the members of the landing party and before leaving the bridge he looked around the officers left. His eyes stopped at her and the surprising words left his mouth.

"M'Ress, you're in command." He said with surprising seriousness.

M'Ress herd the trust in his wards and that alone made her uncontrollably happy. The long awaited wish of commanding a starship, even if it was temporary command, made these feelings even harder to hide.

"Yes, sir-r." She said, not simulating the long r at the end.

She stood up and walked to the seat in the center of the bridge. With barely contained her purring she set on the long awaited chair. She tried to memories every feeling of the so soft seat, every touch of the controls on the sides, every uncomfortable bend of her tail that she had to make to simply sit upright. These were the best feelings of her life and she would have gave up everything to feel them for a few more seconds.

SHWAMB BANG BAND SHW—WH-hhh-BDAM

The explosions around made her jump upright. She noticed a barrel of a Kzinti phaser' barrel pointed at her. A hand reached for her tail and drugged her down behind the improvised barricade. If not for this hand the phaser shot would pierce her head just a moment later.

"Stay down ensign!" The lieutenant screamed in her ear almost deafening it.

She clenched to her ear. Her hurst was beating like hell. The room was filled with the shudder from blasting hits and phaser shots. People stamped and screamed everywhere. Kzinti language deafened even the humans. She herd and felt every single one of those things. She was lost in this world. She panicked. In fear she clenched like a child in to a little furry ball trying to get away from the reality.

"Ensign! Ensign, god demon it!" The lieutenant screamed and shook up the caitian. "You are a Starfleet officer, so take the damn phaser and fight!" The man screamed literally using the phaser in her hands.

*She looked around and quickly found the body of an officer to who owned the phaser before her. The body had a big whole in her chest. Some black stuff oozed out of it. She almost threw the phaser off her when she felt a have **THAMP** to her left.*

She quickly turned to see the face of a saver before her. The face somewhat similar to a captain one but much more animalistic looked at her with just as animalistic blood thirst in it. It's long claws were extended and tried to reach for Shiboline's neck.

What happened next she remembered only in a number of images. First she saw the laser shooting from her phaser at the center of the Kzinti's body. Next was the image of it being stunned, immobilized. It felt as if the time stopped for the creature. The next image she remembered in the most of details. She saw as the clothes of the animal started melting with it's fur. Agonizing scream stuck in it's mouth. The bloodthirsty eyes changed in to the ones filled with fear and pain. The next mage showed as the skin began to melt and inflame in to micro-fires. In the center, where the phaser hit, the clothes already disappeared and the skin was burned away. Through the melting mussel and veins she could see the black bones. Soon the next image flashed. The skin was fully burned and the muscled melted. The black bones appeared throughout all of the body. The center was already melted through to the organs which began to burn with everything else.

Images of the burning skeleton were carved in to her memory. She didn't study Kzinti biology but she could easily draw it's skeleton after that day. She pushed the trigger up to the moment when every single cell was burned to nonexistence and the phaser beam was burning the ceiling only then her finger finely stopped pushing the trigger.

Breathing in and out she leaned back on the fence. Her hands were trembling, but they never let the phaser out anymore. Even when she turned to see the Lieutenant who just a moment ago saved her life, and now was laying dead on the floor, M'Ress kept the phaser in her hands.

Now she knew what death meant. Now she knew what fear for the life really was. Now she knew how taking someone's life felt, even if taken life was an animal's one. Now Kzinti were animals to her.

With no fear and no regret she picked out of the barricade and shot at the first creature she saw that wasn't part of the crew.

SHW-W-w-wh THUMB

Right in target. The unlucky Kzinti who worked on the communication panel, certainly didn't expect for the fellow crewman to be a caitian, especially the one able to kill him.

With a couple quick pushes of a control panel she locked the door to the communication room. This room was now her defense point. Well, at least it would become one if she would be able to lock the doors and send a massage to starfleet in time.

She ran to the station where a moment ago stood the animalistic creature. The Kzinti language, primitive as it was, gave M'Ress some problems. It took her a couple of minutes to understand how to send a massage to starfleet about the USS Hood and it's condition. In just a moment the door sounded the alarm warning about an attempt to force a way in. The failed attempt of course. Kzinti were too stupid breakers through her...

SHQUA-AN

The door opened and the station's security ran in firing at everything they saw. A couple of beams were so close to her that her right ear's fur was burned a little. She jumped behind the panel hearing a couple of shots hitting the panel. With a quick move she armed the Kzinti phaser. The Federation one she left back on the Hood.

The beams were fired back and forth, but the animals were too bad with phasers to hit her. Though they actually made several burns and cuts to Shiboline's fur, it was nothing too big to handle. When the guards realized they lost four of their men to a single caitian woman no older than 27 they tried to use their strength and claws.

With two more people dead while running to M'Ress they finely made it close enough for the close combat. What they didn't expect was the strength and fearlessness with which M'Ress answered them. Her claws were the first to draw blood. She slid a throat of one of the guards quickly removing the blood-thirst from the creature's eyes. Next was able to hit her chest making a deep scar and drawing it down to her stomach. With a painful groan she made two hits to that lucky animal. Its luck quickly ended when its organs started falling out of the cut on its stomach.

The happy groan M'Ress was about to make was quickly stopped by a claw hitting her face and almost cutting her eye. She couldn't realize what happened when a second claw entered her stomach spilling the blood all over itself. With pain blurring her eyes M'Ress used a final weapon she had. She bit the creature before her right in the neck and ripped a chunk of its flesh out. With two more hits to the creature next to her she was able to reach for the phaser and shoot another one that tried to reach her.

Two more hits were fired and the room was clear, at least for a moment.

KILIK!

"M'Ress here." She responded to the communicator's sound.

"Commander, M'Ress report to admiral Colins immediately." Kirk's voice said.

"Under-rstood." Shiboline responded.

She quickly looked at her reflection in the reflection of station's glass. She quickly corrected the insignia and started walking to the admiral's office.

The door to admiral's office opened and M'Ress entered the room. Admiral Colins was standing behind the table and admiral Kirk stood near it. M'Ress felt the pressure that filled the room. She knew now something terrible happened. Admiral's gaze was turned to the window, as if he didn't want to see her. Kirk looked at her with happiness, proud and fear mixed in to one emotion.

"M'Ress, it's good to see you." Kirk said giving a small hug to his old friend.

"It's good to see you too sir." She said giving a hug back. "Admiral." She said making a small nod to the other man.

The admiral turned. He looked M'Ress from top to bottom. A mistrust was easily read in his eyes. He and admiral Kirk clearly had something on their minds and M'Ress's part in it was under question.

"Well..." He finely said. "The student is following her teacher's steps?" He asked looking at the commander. M'Ress turned her head in questioning manner. "Commander, I have a ship for you."

He said giving a small PADD to M'Ress. In disbelieve she took the PADD.

"A good old Detroyad class heavy destroyer." Kirk said, looking at M'Ress's reaction. "Her name's Hunter. Maybe she's not a beauty but a working horse never the less." He added.

M'Ress looked through data. The situation was bad, but not catastrophic. The last encounter with Romulans made quite a damage and took her captain, but with some repairs and a new captain she could be flying in no time.

"If you don't mind my language... what's the catch? She looks quite fine for the trouble she went through." M'Ress said looking at both admirals in confusion and suspicion.

The admirals looked at each other for a second before unpacking the secrete.

"You will have to make this ship fly in a week." Kirk said finely.

"A week? Well, with some quick repairs it will, but it won't bite. Plus why me? There should be captains on the station who were taught to do that." M'Ress said almost shouting.

"You see why I was against it?" admiral Colins said turning away.

Kirk took M'Ress by her shoulder and walked her to the side.

"Listen. There is a really important mission we need you to do. And the only ship we have is this one." He said.

"Well, if it's important why me? There are other captains on the station." M'Ress asked.

"There are two. One graduated academy two month ago and the other is 95 years old." Kirk said.

"From space to hell..." M'Ress commented.

"That's why I chose you." Kirk continued. "You have the experience and the strength with courage to make risk decisions. I believe you are the one for that particular mission and also maybe for that ship." M'Ress looked at the admiral with a look of disappointment. Everyone in the fleet knew that Destroyat was monster in both construction and name. "Well it, will add some beauty that the ship lucks."

M'Ress looked at him bluntly. The command of her own ship became something of unreachable wish and now when it was right in her paws, she suddenly wasn't ready to give an answer.

"M'Ress." Kirk took her by the shoulders and looked her right in the eyes. "I know you for 8 years now. You are the one for this job. Take the opportunity when it presents itself. There maybe no second one." He said.

"..." M'Ress looked in captain's eyes. Suddenly she found trust of the power she didn't expect from him. Trust in her abilities to command. Trust in herself. "I'll take the command, sir."

The smile appeared on his face and they both returned to the admiral. He only looked at her for a moment, but with no other words gave M'Ress the PADD. She took it. The whole data on Hunter and her crew was in her hands.

"After confirming this PADD you will practically be the captain." Kirk said. "Congratulations, Captain M'Ress"

As his words echoed in her mind her finger touched the PADD and with a BIP she will be given her own vessel. Her wish will come true.

BIP

BI-IP

BI-I-IP

BI-I-I-I-i-i-ip-p-p-p

Her eyes opened...

The dream dissipated...

Hopes died...

"Fuck..." She murmured to the air.

BI-I-IP the alarm ringed again.

Shiboline with all her force smashed the nightstand, but a second later...

BI-I-IP The alarm ringed again.

She smashed the wall trying to turn the damn thing off.

For a moment she thought she succeeded but then...

B-I-I-IP Again the alarm filled the room.

"For prey's sake! Shut UP!" M'Ress shouted in to the air.

"Do you want to relay this message to your guest?" The computer's voice said.

"What...?" M'Ress asked in confusion.

"There is a person ringing the door bell."

"Shit!" M'Ress jumped up from the bed.

The sun was already high surely there were no clocks to find the correct time. M'Ress ran to the bathroom. It took her quite some time to open the door. She randomly pushed the buttons on the control panel. She entered the room with a classic mirror. With a single look she understood the situation she was in. The makeup she made hours ago was partially absent, partially smudged. The scars it covered up appearing here and there. Nothing too bad. Nothing to really worry about. But still not good.

Making a new hairstyle she made a mind note that she should ask for some time with replicator.

BI-I-IP The ringtone sounded again making her jump in surprise and quickly run from the bathroom to the entrance door. There she again pushed several buttons on the control panel to randomly open the door.

Behind the slid open door she saw a young man in a uniform with red collar and a single gold pimp on it. He was a small human with disgustingly blue short hair and a strange sparkle in his eyes. His lips widened as soon as M'Ress appeared before him. His hands, hidden behind his back, started shaking a little.

"Oh, my god..." He whispered to himself. "Ensign Jim Carter." He shoot his hand to M'Ress. "It's so nice to meet you!"

M'Ress was startled. His hair colour made M'Ress want to vomit. The difference in age was felt even despite him being the same height as the caitian. Yet the flame in the eyes and his uncontrollable emotions confused her feelings and now she practically didn't know what to feel.

“Lieutenant Shiboline M’Ress.” She said slowly shaking man’s hand. “Nice to meet you too.”

The flame in man’s eyes suddenly changed in to outright fire from her words.

“Oh my God! You can’t believe how proud I am to shake your hand!” He bursted in emotions shaking M’Ress’s hand uncontrollably. “I’ve read.” He realised how hard he shook her hand. “Oh! Sorry. Um... so, I was send here to um... by captain Jonson to give you a little excursion around the institute... But I see I’m a little early...” He finished noticing the state woman was in.

“No, no. It’s fine!” M’Ress immodestly changed making herself look like everything was fine. “You can begin...” She said and quietly added. “Not like I’ve never been here before.”

“Well quite some things changed in those 80 years that you were absent...” He said and accidentally looked at Shiboline. “Should I wait for you to change?” He finely asked.

M’Ress looked at him with an expression like “Are you stupid?”

“Sadly I didn’t take anything with me from my century.” She said sarcastically.

The boy looked at her with his strange look. A fire mixed with misunderstanding.

“Oh! He didn’t tell you...” He finely said.

“Tell me what?” M’Ress asked.

“We prepared some cloths for you in the closet. The classic caitian and some starfleet for caitians. The basics you could need.” He said as if it was someone of normality.

“How did you do that?” M’Ress asked in surprise.

Replicating even such simple stuff like clothes took some time, even if clothes were as simple as caitian ones. Replicating all that stuff in just half an hour seemed impossible. It actually was impossible.

Well the word “was” is the most impotent here. M’Ress thought.

“The security department notified us of you and then we did everything by the protocol. Find the basic information like clothes sizes, psychological evaluation and such. Prepare the quarters according to species and time from which you traveled. Than... well... We waited for the security to get you here.” The boy explained.

“But how did you do all that in just-” she tried to remember how long it took her to be caught by security and then taken to the quarters. “-30? 40 minutes?”

“Well... we are actually quite a big department and we have quite a lot of resources, but the time travelers like you are quite rare. So it didn’t take much to get all department to get a started on preparing for you.” The boy said as if it was some sort of normal thing.

“Hah...” M’Ress said and finely exited her quarters.

The doors behind her closed and the boy showed her the dire action to walk.

“And how big is your department? What was it called?” She tried to remember.

“The Department of Temporal Investigation.” The boy quickly reminded her and continued. “This whole wing is ours. It can hold up to a thousand people, but usually there are only about 600 of us. It was given to us when a ship got free of a time loop. Thanks to Picard, if not for him they would be strangled there for even longer! Oh I really wanted to see him when I heard about the story! Too bad Enterprise had to continue on her mission...”

Picard... again this name. He’s the captain of the Enterprise now? Oh... Well, of course the Enterprise has to be now a new ship. 150 years would be too much for any ship... even for one as tough as the Enterprise.

“But I’m off topic! Our department also includes four floors in the main building and a couple of laboratories. We also actually have access to any equipment we need if requested.” He said proudly, but with something else mind. That ‘something’ though was quickly uncovered. “And also! We have at least ten stations only for our department across the Federation!” He proudly announced like some little boy announces his newly build model.

M’Ress looked at the boy with a look of disappointment. Almost every department she knew had at least one station. But when she saw the look on the ensign’s face she tried to make an impressed look.

“Okey... And what do you do here?” She asked.

They entered the lift and with ensign’s words it started slowly going down to the first floor.

“Oh, we do a lot of things! Calculating the mathematics of temporal distortions, solving temporal anomalies and trying to find a way to create and break temporal loops.” He said, and after a quick glans over the caitian added. “And building the Time Machine of course.”

“Hah cool.” M’Ress only said.

They exited the lift to a sort of little park area inside the glass building. She have already been here yesterday. Today, though, there were

people here. A lot of people for that matter. As soon as she entered the area the loud talks quickly changed to a more normal one. Tens of eyes shoot at her making her feel really uncomfortable. To make the situation worse the boy she followed suddenly stopped and looked at her expectedly.

“What were you ordered to do?” M’Ress asked like everything was fine. “Make a tour for me of the compound?”

“Yea, I’m here to show you all the are that you have access to.”

“Access? You make it sound as if I’m a prisoner.” She said firing her eyes at the people that stared at her. They quickly turned to look away when realized she noticed their glances.

“No! No! No! You’re not a prisoner. You have access practically to the whole institute!” He quickly said as if he himself was accused of something. “But we can’t just let the time travelers freely walk around without supervision now, can we?”

“Yea...” M’Ress actually wanted to argue but realized she would do the same in their situation. “But I expected more from your century.”

“What do you mean?” The boy ask confused.

People around continued firing glances at her while the boy seemed to be absolutely fine with it. Talks now changed to whispers. People tried to her what they were talking about so M’Ress had to speak eve quieter.

“I don’t know... Maybe some sort of a satellite system that can detect and identify every single person on the planet at least.” She said, putting her hand in the pockets.

“Well, you’ll be happy know that technology didn’t go that far.” He said and then quietly whispered. “It really didn’t go that far from 98th.”

“Boy, in the starfleet academy I was trained on shuttle with two joysticks and a panel with buttons. The day I left Enterprise was expecting new shuttles that wouldn’t have those joysticks even as a backup systems.” She said and quickly hated the way she said it. Her grand-grandmother would say stuff like that. “Now you have those- those... Agh!”

“Well... They are actually quite simple! I’m sure you’ll-”

“O, shut it!” M’Ress cited him off. “You are here to make tour? Then show me where is the dining room. I’m starving.” She said hoping to get away from those eyes that followed her every move.

The boy was quite for a second. Shiboline realized she said some stupid thing and the boy was about to break her hopes once again.

“Um... We don’t really have a dining room...”

M’Ress looked at him, unsurprised of this answer. It was the future after all.

“But I can show you many more things! I- I-” Ensign said when noticed M’Ress giving up on this world. “Follow me!” He suddenly ordered, surprising M’Ress with this sudden change in personality.

She followed the boy outside. She couldn’t tell if anything changed here, as she have never visited the Institute. Despite the fact she was a science officer, Dystrom Institute was never part of her dreams. She wanted to serve on a starship and hoped to become a captain one day. But fate though of her otherwise.

The buildings around were not so high compared to the old 21 century skyscrapers. They were about 10 floor in height, made of glass and metal they looked... kinda futuristic. If not for the plants growing from the walls and down to the ground or trees breaking through the glass and trying to reach sun M’Ress would actually classify them as such. But all that green stuff only made them look stupid. Beneath those buildings were the good old break or concrete. They looked just like the ones M’Ress remembered. It’s true that universities are the only places where buildings are actually safe from time.

Those buildings were connected by small concrete paths surrounded by gras, bushes and flower beds. Rare trees looked strong as if they were hundreds years old. If not for people the location would look good, but the people in those strange clothes only made everything worse. The fact that more then half of them were wearing new starfleet uniform only made M’Ress feel depressed.

“That building right there-” The ensign pointed at the building that looked like half of a sphere. “-is a Grand Holodeck. At least that’s what we call it. In reality its name is SPHSF which is too long to pronounce so we call it just that. It is made to-”

“Make very accurate simulations of the biggest events. ‘The biggest simulator ever!’ At least that was the name of the project in my times.” M’Ress said looking at the only truly futuristic building around. “Heh... I thought I would make an arrangement with the one in control to make a farewell party for the whole crew after our last ‘Memorial’ mission. I-” The words stuck in the throat. “-I thought I would return and... well- the fate decided differently.” She quickly finished the thought just so she wouldn’t have to remember the things she lost.

They continued quietly to the next building. People around looked at the newcomer. A strange caitian in strange clothes. She tried to hide her emotions but even people who stood far away could see the dark cloud above her. They quickly went through the libraries and laboratories, through compounds and recreational areas. They didn’t stop for too long to look through any one of those. Ensign continuously tried to support M’Ress but his uncertain way of talking only made the situation worse.

Finely the tour got to the important part. The classrooms. The boy said that to quickly acclimatize in this time she would have to go through a course of classes that would teach her about main things that are required to survive in this era and plus everything about the culture that seemed to change drastically from what she remembered.

The classrooms were all placed in one building. This building she recognized right from the first look of it. It was classic Federation, modular

design. Big, square like shapes that were connected by one big ground floor. It was somewhat similar to the Soviet designs from the 20th century Earth. Such buildings were used as absolutely anything. A factory, an office building, a house, or even as a school. Shiboline's High school was actually in such building.

They entered the main hall and M'Ress quickly recognized where everything was. Though the design have changed the plan seemed to be the same. The most drastic difference was the absence of the lockers mounted in to the walls, instead there were locker rooms. They were placed at each of many entrances. There were lockers for men, woman and someone called 'transgenders'. M'Ress had to look at the name for quite a while to remember who those people were, long years of starfleet service showed their effect.

Starfleet was always known for its strictness. The division on rank and gender was strict, at least on paper. In reality ranks didn't meant that much for personal relationships. The gander though was part of actually strictness. Men and women and no one else. If someone wanted to break this strict division he got in troubles not only with the rank but also with the whole crew. On the starships that was.

On the stations, right near civilian life, things were different. The ran meant much more there and the gander situation was a little different. There were such things that were meant only for transgenders, but everyone called those places the 'party rooms' as people used them to make parties that no high ranking officer would know about.

"That is a-" The boy tried to explain her the locker room, but was quickly cut off by M'Ress.

"A Party Room." She said, disapproving the attitude towards her. She wasn't a child.

"No... It is actually-" He tried to continue but was stopped again.

"I know what it is but for me it will always be a Party Room. Don't disappoint me in this era, please." M'Ress said more jokingly then seriously.

The boy looked at her with such disappointment, as if she just cursed on him.

"Why do people of your era are all so careless about gender?" He asked sarcastically.

"Because universe doesn't care about your gander. Blackhole will kill you in any case. And Kzinti won't care about your gander and Klingons won't. We have enough problems in this galaxy to care about. We don't need another one." M'Ress said dismissively. "Ships don't even have public washrooms or public locker rooms. We have quarters." She added dismissively.

The boy was quite for some time. Then he finely said.

"Well... for you... fair enough." He said, surprising M'Ress by this phrase.

"What do you mean 'for you'? For other people it's not 'fair enough'?" She asked.

"Well you mostly served on starships instead of stations. About half of your service time you spend on the Hood and the other half on the Enterprise. Plus some service time on the USS Conterva of course. All your service time on stations combined is equal only to one and a half year."

M'Ress looked at the man as if he was some stalker. It was understandable as e just named all her service record and even include the Conterva. A thought flashed through her mind. What else does he know? But it was quickly and forcefully pushed aside.

"Well, I mean..." The boy quickly got all shy about it, realizing what he just said. "The service on the stations would explain how you know about the 'Party Rooms' and the service on ships would explained your... attitude towards..."

"Let's just forget about it. Alright?" She stopped him before he would dig his grave even deeper. "Just tell me how do you know about the Conterva."

"It's all in the open databases! Your service on the Conterva as a science officer and all your heroic acts of defending her, it's all there!" He said and quietly added. "I mean.. I am kinda your fan so I had to know..."

M'Ress mentally exhaled realizing the situation wasn't all bad. She didn't want to become an icon for people to fallow. From what she saw at this point this Ensign was the only person who seemed to be amazed by her story. Which was good knowing now about what happened to poor Captain Kirk. He became a legend. Knowing him M'Ress thought he would be very against it, but... what a dead man can do?

They returned back to the tour. Classrooms in this building were another drastic difference between the building and her Shiboline's school. These classrooms were made for scientists to make long calculations to find the theoretical salvation of their problems. There were no tables in rows. Instead the tables stood randomly and each had som equipment or stuff the scientist owning this table needed. There was no teacher's table. Instead every one of them was practically the same. Screens mounted in the walls were off but M'Ress would imagine those would have some data that ships like Enterprise collected.

M'Ress remembered her service on the Conterva. She was science officer there, at least officially. It was right after the Kzinti-Federation war began. She collected there some scientific data, before the real battles began, and now she asked herself if this data was used in one of these classrooms.

"And this is your class." Ensign said, taking M'Ress back to reality. "It's not much but at least something."

They entered the room. Just like any classroom it had several tables, but they were all clear. Every one of them had a sort of monitor mounted in to them, but there were no keyboard so M'Ress questioned if she would be able to use them. In one of the walls there was a big mounted monitor. It was on. The screen showed a long line with dates and events on it. It went from the 2298 all the way to the 2376. Two things her

eyes caught right away. The big words “Dominion War” and “First Flight of Enterprise-D”

“Like what you see?” A familiar voice sounded from behind, which made M’Ress jump. “Sorry, didn’t plan to scare you.” Captain Jonson said. “I thought caitians had good hearing, though.” He said calmly.

“We do.” Said M’Ress calmed down. The man’s voice for some reason gave her feeling of so needed comfort. “When we want to.”

“It seems right now you don’t really want to listen to surroundings.” Captain calmly noticed with his deep voice. “Or even be in these surroundings.” He added.

“Can you judge me for that?” M’Ress asked. “I don’t want to be here. Never wanted...”

“Nobody does.” The captain said. “This world have a strange love to sudden turns that no one wants.” He said looking at the screen in the wall. “But, we are just people and we can’t change this world. So we have to deal with it. After all-” He calmly put his hand on Shiboline’s shoulder. “-we are starfleet officers. That’s what we do: deal with the world.”

M’Ress looked in the man’s eyes. She felt strength and confidence in them and that was... soothing.

“Heh... yea...” M’Ress finely said. “That’s what we do...”

A smile finely appeared on her face. A small smile, but smile nonetheless.

“Now we’re talking.” the man said happily, lightly hitting her shoulder. “Let’s go I have something to show you.” He said leading M’Ress to the door.

“Um... he...” M’Ress pointed at the ensign. “...said I had to meet my teacher here.” She said already guessing the Captain’s response.

“You just met him.” He said pointing at himself.

“Why am I not surprised...” M’Ress said smiling.

“That’s the spirit.”

Said captain and three of them continued to the place he had in mind. They walked through the building’s corridors to the elevators, yet instead of talking it they went down by the stairs. They walked down the well maintained staircase past the first floor and to the underground corridors that connected all buildings of the institute. Yet instead of going down the small corridor they stopped near a hatch. M’Ress was surprised to see that hatch here, as it was just like the ones used on the California class starships to close off the Jefferies tubes from the rest of the ship.

“Now, M’Ress that place is known only lower ranks from the Temporal Investigation’s Department and select few from other departments. I believe you can keep secrets, right?” captain said.

“Well, yes. Unless you’re hiding a murrder.” M’Ress said jokingly.

Captain showed even bigger smile and turned to the hatch. With several spins of a blocking mechanism, combined with a code in a hidden code panel under a door to some ‘electronics’, the hatch opened showing a typical jefferies tube, which M’Ress seen hundreds of times. The tube didn’t have any ‘mistakes’. Just like the real one it was going up at the same angle as any other. It had the same red and orange tubes going through it, and just like the real one the tube on the right was unbelievably hot. The only ‘mistake’ M’Ress found were the letters to the right from the first step of the ladder. The letters “ASSPK-114” were a drivel. To say simply they said that the tube had to go from the engineering room 1 to the torpedo loading room 1 and then to the 4th warp nacelle. A drivel basically.

Captain motioned M’Ress to go in first. The situation seemed more bizarre then suspicious so she climbed inside first. At the end of the tube she saw light, something she didn’t expect. Though she didn’t know what to expect. She started climbing up. Her hands quickly remembering how to do it properly. Closer to the end she slowed down. The light before her had a warm orange color, yet this color didn’t really gave any trust. M’Ress even turned to look down, only to see the captain nodding to her. So she took all the strength left and made the last push to take a look to where the light was coming from.

As she saw where the light was coming from, her eyes slowly grew to their largest. Before her was a window in to the past. The past which even M’Ress herself saw only in books and the bar Captain Kirk visited. Before her was a literal 19s century Earth bar. It was very small. Only 5 tables, a bar counter, and a very little stage with two people playing some song from the same time as the bar itself. Walls were covered in pictures of different starships and people. There was a picture of some California class starship and a picture Kirk near the bar counter. Above the bar counter was placed the biggest picture of all. It depicted a Miranda class starship, with some modifications, docked inside the Starbase 1, and what seemed to be a full crew standing in front of it. There were about 400 people all in the modern red up and black down uniforms.

“That’s our second group of students.” Said captain Jonson noticing ow M’Ress looked on the picture. “They were stock in a time loop with the Enterprise and thanks to her crew were freed from it about a decade ago.” He explained before pointing to another picture. “That’s our first student, or patient actually. He was from 21st century Earth and tried to use a Time Machine to become reach in his time. He boarded the Enterprise and pretended to be a scientist from 24th century that came to study the past. Luckily commander Data uncovered his lies and was able to detain him.”

The picture showed what M’Ress could only describe as a homeless man. She asked herself Who could have even thought he was a scientist? That’s clearly an imposter. Then a thought came in her mind.

“Was it the same Enterprise captained by the Picard?” She asked.

“Yes, how did you know?” Asked captain somewhat surprised.

"Well that's explains it." She commented on Jonson's response. "I had some time in the Grand Museum."

"Oh. Well that's good." Said captain and walked to the only taken table to join the already drinking people.

M'Ress looked around. Ensign took his place on the table near the exit and was constantly firing glances at M'Ress. A caitian woman was sitting by the bar counter and drinking something from a bottle. Her presence, as the only caitian in the facility and the third caitian M'Ress saw in last 30 years, immediately raised Shiboline's interest.

She walked up to the counter and took her seat, one chair away from the caitian. Though M'Ress tried to keep her posture, she could keep from taking a quick glance at the woman. Her look was strange and even bizarre for M'Ress. She was wearing this new ugly starfleet uniform with this uncomfortable 'sweater' as M'Ress called it. Wearing this thing was hell for her and she couldn't imagine how this woman could keep her calm posture. Yet what truly surprised M'Ress was the colored fur. Her face had green, orange and violate lines that didn't make any sense, like those letters in the fake jefferies tube. Her hair was musically absent and what was left had a gray color. She looked strange.

The woman noticed M'Ress's stare and didn't take er time start the dialogue.

"Have we met?" She asked M'Ress.

"What?" M'Ress immediately asked back caught off guard. "Um... uh... No! It's just- It's just your look is..." M'Ress didn't finished her Santander thinking she was clear on the meaning of it.

"My look what?" Caitian genuinely asked.

"Um... Are you one of the Rrawthi?" M'Ress asked.

The Rrawthi were a religious group on Cait. They prayed to the sister of the goddess Rrikalla, the sort of dark counter part to the goddess, and were known for coloring their fur in strange meaningless patterns.

"Rrawthi? No. Why do you ask?"

"It's just that the... drawings on your face don't have any meaning." M'Ress explained.

"Do they have to?" The woman more stated than asked.

"Um..." The question caught M'Ress of guard. "I mean it should? Back on Pontherraia every drawing had its precise meaning."

"Pontherraia?" The woman asked surprising M'Ress.

"Yea. The main contenant on the Cait."

"Oh. I'm sorry, I'm not from Cait." The woman said. "I was born on Thuorra."

"Thuorra?" Now was the M'Ress's time to ask this question.

"Yea, the second colony..." The woman said and then suddenly changed the topic. "You know? Let's start from the beginning. Name's Aurri Am-Thet." She said giving her hand for a shake.

"Shiboline M'Ress." M'Ress said surprised by the human gesture but followed it. "Your name. You meant M'Thet?" She asked pronouncing the name correctly.

"Oh, really? That's cool." The woman said a little surprised, but her voice didn't say she would change that.

"You don't seem super surprised."

"Well, I kinda knew it. Suspected it. My adoptive parents Were humans and served on a starship. They couldn't hear or pronounce some of the sounds I could. Plus the caitians I met had some problems with pronouncing my name so I suspected it."

"But now that you know your actual pronunciation you are not gonna do anything?" Gussed M'Ress.

"Yea. You are starfleet too?" M'Thet asked.

"Kinda." Answered M'Ress.

"What do you mean?" M'Thet asked.

"I'm... I'm an ancient. Agh! I'm a time traveler, from 22ed century." M'Ress finely said.

"Oh. It was quite some time since we had time travelers here. At least 2 decades, from hat I know."

M'ress looked at her with surprise. The woman looked only about 30 years old. Starfleet academy graduated students who were at least 20 years old. It was impossible for the woman to serve in the Institute for 20 years even in the best scenario.

"How old are you?" M'Ress asked, confused.

"Well I'm surely lunged then you are." M'Thet smiled. "I'm 35."

"Hah, you were right. You're younger than me." M'Ress said. "I'm 46."

“Uf! I thought you were 30 at most.”

“Heh, thanks.” M’Ress said.

A bartender suddenly appeared from behind the wall of different bottles and drinks. It was an alien. It was large, all muscular with four arms and apparently a female. The voice only confirmed the last observation.

“Hello there, it’s always good to see new aliens here. What can I get you?”

“Japanese sake.” M’Ress ordered.

Paradoxically M’Ress rather liked the drink, unlike her ex-lover Sulu. He, despite being Japanese himself and being raised in the Japanese culture, hated the drink.

“Are you sure?” Asked the bartender. “I mean, it’s a good way out of your situation, a poetic one some would say, but still...” She said honestly worrying for the caitian.

“Did you just made a whole sentence to describe the word suicide?” M’Ress asked. “I am in a very problematic situation but to commit a suicide was never in my plans.” She reassured the bartender.

“I know, that’s why I didn’t imply a suicide. I just remembered, that the last time I saw you drinking sake it ended up with a bar fight.”

Both Caitians looked at the woman with shock and in disbelief.

“The Klingon crew was of course asking for that, but it was the crew of Klingon delegation... So you were declined the promotion-”

“Wait, wait, wait!” M’Ress stopped her. “I have never in my whole live started a bar fight, and I was never declined my promotion! And how in the world would you, some random bartender, know about that. Even if it happened it must have been almost a century ago!” She protested.

The situation was literally impossible. She didn’t remember that event. She most serially would remember it simply because alcohol for a caitian is still a risky affair. She took every opportunity to get a promotion and she would have most certainly remembered if she was declined one.

“Well, you were drunk!” The bartender calmly answered. “You took 3 shots of sake. Maybe little shots for a human, but apparently enough for you. The Klingons began bragging about how they are stronger than humans, and when you confronted them began calling you a human cat and insulting Cait. So you started the fight and Enterprise’s crew were only happy to help.” She described the event and added. “And about revoking your promotion I herd from the Kirk himself the next day. He seemed sad about it.”

The story was even less realistic than before for M’Ress.

“Even if it happened how would you remember? How old are you?” M’Ress asked distrustfully.

“You know, it’s rude to ask the woman about her age.” She asked knowing full well on Cait it was different. “I don’t really remember actually. Lost my count on 2nd century. But anyways, of course I would remember it. You started the biggest fight in my bar!”

M’Ress opened her math to ask anther question, but was stopped by a sudden sound of a bird. She quickly turned in the direction of the sound. It was a clock mounted on the wall. For the two doors a wooden bird figure appeared, made the sound, and came back.

“What is it?” Asked M’Ress, quires about the construction.

“God bless you Jenkins!” Said M’Thet, without anything good in her tone. “That means the good time is over, we have to leave.”

The people in the bar started going one by one in to the tube. The captain and ensign walked up to M’Ress, waiting for the crowd to climb down.

“Had good time M’Ress?” Asked Jonson.

“Yea. What’s happening?” She asked. Her ears were folding back in rapid succession.

“Agh, it’s commander Jenkins again. He’s the embodiment of a biological robot. ‘Everything must be according to starlet regulations!’ Is his love phrase. He opposes our department as whole and this bar in particular.”

“A suck-up.” M’Ress said.

“Yea.” Ensign confirmed and continued instead of the captain. “He tries to find this bar. This signal notifies us if he is close to finding us. We have some people in the security to look for him. It’s 5th time on this month!” The guy said throwing his hands emotionally.

“F-sh...” M’Ress hissed not liking this Jenkins already.

M’Ress climbed down in to the tonal and looked around. People were walking in different directions. The group that was sitting with the captain walked down the tonal. Behind them M’Thet turned around and waved her hand back to M’Ress, making a strange but warm human smile. M’Ress waved her back and turned to the Jonson and the boy.

“I see you found yourself a friend there.” Noticed Jonson, when the group turned to walk in the opposite direction.

“*Maybe...*?” M’Ress said unsure of what her relations with the caitian were. “I’m not sure. We just met.” She said honestly.

“Well your whiskers say differently.” The boy said.

M’Ress’s tail tip flicked from frustration, when she realized her whiskers were actually quivering. She mentally forced them to stop and lower her tail, so that it’s flickering went unnoticed.

“And the tail only confirmed it!” Proudly announced ensign smiling.

“Oh, shut it!” M’Ress shouted and lightly slapped him on the back of his head.

The loud slap sound filled the tonal, but was followed with laughter. The group of three people continued on their way back to the compound for deserved sleep.

Chapter End Notes

That’s the biggest chapter at this point and I’m a little proud of it so if you have anything to say (good or bad) I’ll be happy to read it! Thanks for reading.

I drew a picture connected to the story and I’ll post it soon, so be ready :)

End Notes

I don’t have the full picture of the book, only the general direction, so as I said you can help me creat this story. I would love to hear your thoughts and ideas in the comments.

I know M’Ress is not like the one from original story, nor like the M’Ress from “New Frontiers” I have problems with reconstructing the personalities. But I hope you will like this fanfic anyway.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!