

Would This Moment Last Forever

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1669) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1669>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Borderlines
Character:	Ensemble Cast - BAN
Additional Tags:	The Lost Era (2293 - 2364) , Border Patrol , Canon-Typical Violence , Crew as Family
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Borderlines: Book III - Visigoth
Stats:	Published: 2024-07-10 Words: 4,142 Chapters: 1/1

Would This Moment Last Forever

by [B_Radley](#)

Summary

Bar-hopping on a crappy world. Those captain's bars come in handy. Lessons learned in the CIC. You're an investigator—investigate. Help is on the way, even as the 'help' tries to figure out who she works for. Squirmy takes over the battle.

The Soul Dancer

Aidoann t'Khnialmnae, a once and future Subcommander of the Romulan Star Empire, known by so many names, watches as the Klingon drunkenly stumbles to the bar. She makes sure that her hood is off and down and that the robe that it is attached to shows the low-cut top that hides none of her charms.

If anyone had ever told her in the Fleet Training Barracks that she would be sitting at a bar on a tiny space station in the Triangle, somewhere just between the disputed space between the Klingon Empire, the Klingon Free Systems, and the Romulan Star Empire, waiting on a drunken Klingon master engineer to notice her mostly-bared breasts, she would've either challenged them to a duel, or laughed in their face.

Or both.

The Klingon's bleary eyes fall on her. He leers, his yellowed teeth bared. He moves over to her; the people in between them hurriedly get out of his way.

Not from fear, but from the stench of shitty bloodwine.

"Hello, Rom slut. Would like a ride on a true warrior?"

"Sure. You got one handy? Maybe in your pocket?"

He stares at her, anger rising. He makes a quick move towards her.

She steps out of the way, allowing him to overbalance and hit the bar with his face. Her hand moves down to the d'k tahg at his waist, the only weapon he appears to carry, at first look.

Aidoann reaches down to relieve him of the other object on his belt, as well. She steps back in disgust as twin liquid streams strike the already filthy floor under him, where he has slid to the barstool. She realizes that his flies are open and at least a couple of things are fully exposed.

She uses the dagger to delicately relieve him of the comm unit, taking care not to get anything else on her hands, before stepping back and letting him fall to the floor.

"You're dishonoring a Klingon warrior by taking his blade," says a deep voice.

Two other hulking Klingons stand between her and the door. Without hesitation, she flips the d'k tahg, reversing it, and hurls it. Violet blood erupts from the speaker's mouth, above the blade now embedded in his throat.

"I just returned it," she says as he chokes.

The other Klingon, a slightly smaller figure, backs away, then moves towards his disruptor.

He dissolves with a scream from the insensate Klingon's disruptor. The second look had revealed it. She throws it back to the drunk.

She steps over the remaining body, pulling her hood up and her robe over her chest.

No one appears inclined to stop her as she leaves the bar. She does see the so-called security force responding, passing her by.

When she gets to her room, she lifts the communicator that she had removed from the drunk. She scrolls through the history, then pushes another button.

Aidoann lifts her own comm. "Hey, Agon. Need that ship of yours."

Relief

Saavik snaps awake as the wailing whoop of the general alarm slides into her unconsciousness. She moves her legs over the side of the bed; she sees a nurse moving over to her.

Apparently something in her eyes stops the nurse, as she turns around and hands Saavik her trousers.

She pulls off the sickbay gown and dons the trousers, as well as the shirt and tunic. She feels the sharp pain as her wound pulls on the shirt when it comes down. Another thirty seconds and she is out the door, on her way to the bridge.

Her Vulcan side tries to combat the impatience that her Romulan side is consumed by as she watches the turbolift stations tick by horizontally, then start to rise. Her mind trails over the possibilities for this alert.

The doors snap open. Commander T'Varish, the Science Officer on a ship full of scientists in one way or another, looks up. For just one microsecond, her eyes narrow as Saavik steps out. For another microsecond, she doesn't get up from the command chair.

"I relieve you, Commander," Saavik says.

The helm officer intones, "Acting Captain has the deck and the conn." The mention of the 'acting' title stands out for everyone.

"Report," Saavik says smoothly, but with a decidedly definitive tone. She doesn't sit in the chair just yet.

T'Varish stands up. "We have a security situation, Captain," she says, looking at the new Captain's insignia on Saavik's shoulder and left wrist. The use of the title seems to be a bit begrudging in Saavik's mind, but she discounts that thought.

"What is it?"

"Captain Stivek has disappeared from detention. We received a delayed report of phaser fire. That triggered the Red Alert."

"Delayed?" Saavik asks, her eyebrow going up.

"Computer log indicates it happened several hours ago. The guards were apparently asleep during that time, possibly drugged. Monitors were down as well. Special Agent Ambrose and Lieutenant Commander Cavendish are below, looking into it."

"Very well," she says, turning back to the turbolift. She is about to return command to T'Varish, but stops at her expression.

"What else?"

"We received a fragment of a transmission. From Leelix III."

"Merlin," Saavik says as she steps down and sits in the command chair, figuring that this might take precedent for her attention.

"Yes, Captain. As I said it is a fragment of a transmission. It indicates they are under attack."

"Is the entire wing there?"

"Negative, Captain," T'Varish replies. "Only most of one full squadron, the patrol/escort one, a torpedo corvette, and part of the Headquarters detachment."

"Where's the rest of the wing? I understand that under the new reorganization, this was the base for the Commodore of the Special Operations Capable wing."

T'Varish's eyebrow raises, the only sign of surprise that Saavik was up on a relatively new directive, from her sickbay bed. She says nothing.

"Apparently Commodore Rosen was called away to Antares Deep Space Area Command," Mike Walsh says as he enters the bridge. "By BUPERS."

"Admiral on the bridge," T'Varish says.

"As you were." He turns to the dignified older Vulcan male standing silently next to him.

"Captain Saavik, this is Captain Sokoro. He's here to relieve you."

Drama and Hurt Feelings in the Midst of a Battle

Decker Sinclair runs into the CIC as she feels both shuddering against the shields of disruptor fire and the powerful thrust of the engines shoving them into the snowy sky. The Cohort system is manned and ready, with Daronex, the XO who had superseded her in rank and seniority taking the lead.

Chandra walks through the other hatch and walks deliberately over to the command chair rigged in the corner, where she can see everything,

as well as monitor the bridge.

“We’ve passed the outer markers of the atmo, Group,” Siobhan’s voice comes over the speaker. “We have five ships answering the call in the air, plus one, the marines’ ship warming up.”

“How many bandits, Cohort?” Chandra asks calmly, pulling on her field jacket, so that she would be wearing some protection against fire rather than the tanktop she had under it.

Something she had insisted on for her crews in battles. Even though Captain No-pants hadn’t exactly followed that dictum during their first battle. Decker takes a second to smile at that as she slips her own Service Dress-Charlie long-sleeved pullover down over her own torso. She’d almost forgotten that nickname for Chandra.

She looks at Daronex, who is staring at the Cohort system. “Mr. Daronex, I need that information,” Chandra says calmly.

“Ten, no, twelve ships, Captain,” he says. “Unknown type, but some kind of freighter or transport.”

Decker sees one of the junior Cohort techs staring at Daronex. She catches Chandra’s eye, who narrows it and its companion at her being in the CIC. She raises her eyebrow at the CAG. There is a moment of calculation on Chandra’s features, as she weighs the best way forward.

She motions Decker over to the Cohort table. Decker nods and walks over to stand next to the Edosian, who is staring at the flat holotank of the device. She takes in the data from all quadrants of the tank, as well as the screen.

“Twelve ships, CAG,” she says. “All appear to be deuterium carriers.”

“Our old friends,” Chandra says.

“Yes, CAG,” Decker says. “Same impulse signatures.”

Daronex turns and stares at Decker. She’d never met an Edosian before, but she’s pretty sure that the look on his narrow face is most probably one of irritation.

He turns to Chandra. “Captain, this officer has no assignment on this ship, or even in this command. I’m not even sure what her rank is, as she is awaiting a BUPERS hearing on that very thing.”

Decker turns and stares at him. She wonders how the hell he knows that. “Now wait just a damned minute,” she says.

He turns to one of Grasp’s security operators, the senior one. “Remove this woman from the CIC.”

The Jaunty turns to Grasp, who stares at Daronex. “Belay that,” he says quietly. Decker sees one of his blue eyes drop in a wink at her.

“Captain, three of the bandits are making a run for the settlement.”

“Helm, move to intercept,” Siobhan says over the intercom.

Chandra looks at Daronex, then at Decker, making a decision. “Cohort, are the other four *Lancers* linked into the system?”

He starts, then snaps at a technician. “Why haven’t you gotten me that information?”

Chandra stands up and moves over.

Decker doesn’t hesitate, but moves closer to the table. “Because it’s your job to make sure they get it to you and use it,” she says.

She turns and nods to the technician, who sets to work.

“You’re relieved, Mr. Daronex,” Chandra says. “You need more time in simulations,” she adds this so that only Daronex and Decker can hear.

“Captain, I protest,” he says in a loud voice.

“Protest and be damned,” she says, a hard edge coming to her voice.

“I want my protest logged,” he continues, somehow standing his ground.

She ignores him. “Is the boomer in the atmo?”

“Negative, CAG,” Decker replies. “Captain Torbert is moving up into the black. There are four bandits there, in reserve, apparently.”

“Are there any fighters this time?”

“There doesn’t appear to be,” the Chief Weapons Technician says. “Scans indicate all of the attacking ships are crewed.”

Decker looks at Chandler. “Either they’re holding those back, or we depleted them last time.”

Chandra runs her hand over the scar on her head. She nods, then turns to Daronex.

“We’ll continue this discussion later,” she says. “I don’t have time to baby anyone in a battle.” Again, Decker realizes that she has said this only loud enough for her and Daronex to hear.

Except for Grasp, who appears to be looming over the officer, with what her Alabama great-grandmother had referred to as a ‘shit-eating grin’

on his face. "Come on bud," he says quietly. "Watch and learn."

Daronex whirls on him. "You can't talk to me like that. I'm the XO of this ship and a lieutenant j.g."

"And I don't report to you," Grasp says. "Plus, I'm a lieutenant commander. I was a little slow in the Academy, but I think I might have some rank on you." His expression hardens. "What the hell are you doing? We're in a goddamned battle. Haven't you ever been in one before?"

Daronex is about to say something else, but suddenly thinks better of it. He turns and starts to stalk out of the CIC, his shoulders set in anger.

"You're not dismissed," Chandra says. "I agree with Commander Grasp. Watch and learn." This is said in a louder voice. *All bets are off*, Decker thinks, *since he had challenged her in battle, and in public.*

Chandra turns away from him, focusing on Decker. "Instruct the boomer to take care of the reserve. Her torpedoes have been replenished, right?" she says, her voice quiet.

Decker checks the readout, focusing on the '100' flashing there next to the blue icon. "Yes, CAG," she says. "I've also sent out a recall to the rest of the Group, even the ones who haven't reported yet.

"Weapons are free," Chandra says. "Retake control of this battle, Deck. Splash me some assholes."

Mystery

Nell Cavendish runs her hand through her hair as Ambrose stares at her tricorder, as well as the PADD in her other hand. She realizes that Casey is wearing a data-monocle over her right eye as well, attached to the earpiece in the same side's ear. They are standing in Stivek's cell, trying to figure out where the hell the rogue captain had managed to disappear to.

She has her suspicions.

Casey looks up from her various screens, then takes off the earpiece/monocle. "Well, I think we can safely say that Stivek isn't a fugitive. We can cancel the BOLO."

Nell's brain translates the acronym. Cop-speak for 'be on the lookout for.'

"You found organic matter?" she asks.

"Yep. Consistent with a phaser on a full 'kill' setting."

They turn as another figure moves into the small compartment. Nell nods at Saavik. "I guess you're out of a job," she says dryly.

Saavik's green eyes pierce her. For a moment, Nell thinks her propensity for sarcasm may not have served her as well. "For now." She turns to Casey. "So you have evidence that Stivek was disintegrated?"

She glances at Nell before answering. "Yes, Captain. There's Vulcan organic matter consistent with the remains of disintegration. DNA matches Stivek's."

Saavik takes this in. "And surveillance? The guards?"

"Surveillance is nothing but distortion. Your computer experts are working on clearing it up, but nothing so far. As for the guards, we found evidence of very small puncture wounds on their necks. The medical staff found an unknown substance in the wounds," Nell says.

"So they were drugged from a distance?"

"Yes, Captain." Nell smiles. "By the way, congratulations. It's about goddamned time."

One side of Saavik's mouth—the left—lifts maybe a millimeter in acknowledgement. Nell, who has known her for over a decade, can detect the pride that Saavik feels at her accomplishment.

She holds out her hand, gesturing towards the PADD. "May I give it a try? I do have an A-7 rating on the computers."

Ambrose's eyebrow raises then nods. They move out of the cell, then over to a computer console. Nell exchanges a look with Casey as Saavik's long-fingered hands flash over the input controls.

Nell hesitates to look over her shoulder, but can see the recordings with its static being manipulated. An indistinct figure appears in one passageway camera.

An indistinct and large figure. Saavik sits back as a horizontal scanning line moves over the figure.

Removing distortion as it moves up and down relentlessly.

They all look up as Walsh steps in, followed by the new captain, Sokoro. Walsh motions them to remain seated and not rising to brace at attention.

Nell gets her first look at the new captain of the *Intrepid*. He is a very dignified older Vulcan who gazes at everything through calm, light amber eyes. His gray hair is wispy over his skull, but still combed into that helmet that Vulcans—male and some female—affect.

She starts as his eyes fall on her. She manages to turn away, but before she sees something that she hadn't expected in the eyes.

Amusement?

Saavik looks up at her. "Finished."

All five of them stare at the screen. A large Vulcan male in security armor stands frozen in the screen.

"I've seen him before," Nell says. "Hanging around us when we interviewed Stivek."

Saavik punches in a command. Something in Vulcan script flashes on the screen.

She looks at them all. "According to the crew roster and biometric recognition, he isn't a member of the crew."

Recall

Patience Brannigan watches as the stars streak by. In spite of how she had gotten this command, or at least how those that had coerced her think she got the command, she relishes being in space again. Even in such a small, but powerful ship.

She looks over at her XO, standing near her chair, since they aren't at battle stations yet, with still another half-hour at maximum warp. The Izarian stares back at her with no expression on her face. Rumor had it that she was a direct descendant of Garth of Izar, one of the lions among starship commanders, in spite of how he had ended his career. Her blue eyes are narrowed at Patience, her muscular arms in the Service Dress Delta short-sleeved pullover in the universal body language indicator for 'what the hell did you do to deserve this over me?'

Among other things. She hardens her own look at the XO, whose name she hasn't even had time to memorize.

Or the inclination.

As she returns her thoughts to what she is about to do, both covertly and overtly, she finds herself traveling back to the past. Not necessarily hers, but to someone who has come before.

Another lion of a starship captain, as well as of the Security and Intelligence functions of the Federation.

A lioness actually.

She sees her grandmother's face with the same blue eyes of her own and a face with higher cheekbones. A small trademark space between her upper front teeth, that could give her smile a more sardonic flavor, if she needed to.

Grand Admiral Charity Brannigan had no problem employing that sardonic look, as well as cutting sarcasm when she needed to.

Even at eighty years of age and with over six decades on the galaxy's stage.

Including a part that most people didn't know she had played on that stage.

Her mind travels back to only a day ago, when she had last spoken to the Founder. She sees in her mind's eye her grandmother's model-like features. She remembers the story that her father had told her, that Charity had made extra money before entering Starfleet Academy as a sought-after model for various products from companies who didn't use AI-generated ad campaigns.

She hadn't lost those looks at all.

"You're my legacy, girl," she had said. "We started this version of Section 31 to respond to those threats that the bureaucratic inertia of the Federation and the Fleet can't respond to. I've seen us grow to one of the most powerful organizations in the galaxy, to one that now hides in the shadows. I've also seen it corrupted by those who seek their own power, both within and without."

Charity's eyes had softened as she had reached up to touch Patience's slightly more rounded cheeks. "This doesn't mean that we don't have oversight. Right now, I and certain members of the Federation Assembly are the oversight. I had hoped that your father would be that oversight, but he has proven himself a disappointment." The sardonic look returns. "Please don't prove yourself the disappointment, too. You will be my right-hand. The one that executes the vision of Section 31 that I and a few others like me had. Not Stivek's xenophobic version."

She turns as the XO—*Panara of Izar*, she remembers from the introduction—closes on her command chair. "We'll be reverting at Leelix III in about fifteen minutes, Captain," she says in her deceptively quiet voice. "Shall we go to battle stations?"

After a moment, Patience nods. "Yes. And bring the Cohort system online. We don't know if anyone will have thought to Cohort-link all of the ships into a defensive alignment or not."

"I can assure you that they haven't," Panara says, her gaze sharp.

Patience looks up at her, narrowing her eyes. Panara doesn't back down.

Finally, Patience relaxes. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that to Captain Chandra, the best defense is a damned good offense."

"How do you know her?" Patience asks.

"I served with her on the *Enterprise-B*. She was my Security Department Head. She encouraged me to get on the command track, rather than continuing as a knuckle dragger."

"That sounds insulting, if those were her words."

“No, Captain. They were mine. When you look like me—over two meters tall and with muscles on top of muscles, people expect you to go into Security. She made me see that I was living up to other people’s expectations.”

Patience feels her face relax into a smile as her eyebrow comes back down to the default position. “That’s how you switched over to navigation.”

“Yes,” the Izarian replies. “But as I was saying, Chandra doesn’t believe in sitting back and waiting on somebody to bring the fight to her.”

“Why is that, do you think?”

“I don’t know. It could be the fact that someone talked her into playing rugby as her sport in the Academy. She doesn’t look like me. She’s fairly tall—about six feet and in shape, but definitely not somebody you’d think would play rugby. It might be that one of her little gang she ran with, as she said, ‘triple-dog-dared her’ to go out for rugby and she never backed down from that challenge.”

“Sounds overly aggressive,” Patience says. “Compensating for something.”

Panara’s eyes sharpen even more. “No, Captain. That’s not it at all. She won’t waste anyone’s life, but she knows she may have to sell her life and those of her crew dearly, to save more. Plus, she’s a Deltan. They don’t compensate for anyone. They live their lives as they see fit, within laws, but their lives are their own.”

She turns and walks away, as if done with the conversation.

Patience closes her eyes as she wonders if this is what her grandmother wants her to do. Or if her father’s recalcitrance where Section 31 is concerned was truly a weakness.

Order of Battle

Chandra stares over Decker’s shoulder at the list of her assets, as the young officer works to follow her last order. The three attackers that had headed for the settlement had been set on by the marine ship; her point-defense weapons had discouraged them, along with ground fire.

She notices that Daronex had followed her last order; he hasn’t left the CIC, but stands in the shadows. His yellow eyes burn as he stares at her. She puts him out of her mind.

“Captain Torbert on the TAC line,” the comms tech says. She notices that Decker starts with what looks like recognition. He nods and gives her a slight smile. “L-T,” he says.

He connects the call.

“Hey, CAG,” Willa Torbert says.

“Ah, Captain Torbert. Back from your adventure in the Land Beyond?”

“If you could call it that, CAG. Oh, by the way. Your boyfriend is kind of an asshole.”

Chandra’s eyebrow raises. She shakes her head at the cheek, seeing Decker’s wide eyes.

“Just kind of?”

“I’ll give you that. He looks like he knows what he’s doing, whatever that is.”

“Are you where you can, *I don’t know*, actually affect the outcome of the battle?”

“Watch my smoke,” she says. She notices Decker standing next to Chandra. “Ahh. I didn’t expect to see you, Squirmy,” she says.

Chandra looks from one to another. “You two know each other?” she asks.

“You could say that,” Decker replies, dryly.

“Mr. Sinclair was in my platoon at the Academy as a plebe in Beast Barracks. She was as stubborn as shit. She spent most of that summer pushing away San Francisco’s ground.”

“Pot, meet kettle,” Decker snarks.

“Yeah, but I had a pip on my delta, Plebe.” She looks at Decker’s delta with her rank displayed on it. She grins, her light brown features lighting up. “And a j.g., a month out of the Academy,” Torbert adds. “Plus I heard that you were a captain for about five minutes.”

“Well, this rank probably won’t last long,” Decker says. She looks down at the display. “Looks like you’ll be in range of those looky-loos just out of orbit in about thirty seconds.” She touches some controls. “Got you on local control. Watch our perimeter, *Crusader*.”

Torbert touches two fingers to her forehead in mock salute. “Aye, aye, Cap’n Squirmy.”

The picture fades.

“Squirmy?” Chandra asks as she sits in the command chair.

“You’ll have to ask her,” she replies cutting off conversation.

Chandra files that. “Status on our birds,” she says.

“All ships report are locked in and synced with our Cohort system,” Decker says.

“Engage all targets,” Chandra. “My order stands. Take those assholes out.”

Decker looks at the tactical officer and her principal assistant. “Commence Firing.”

Chandra watches as the true genius of the Cohort system is demonstrated, as the half-dozen ships under her command engage the deuterium carriers as one.

All of them controlled by this barely-out-of-her-teens recovering California beach bunny.

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