

Over the Hills and Far Away

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1727) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1727>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen , Multi
Fandom:	Borderlines
Character:	Ensemble Cast - BAN
Additional Tags:	The Lost Era (2293 - 2364) , Border Patrol , War
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Borderlines: Book IV - The Battle of Leelix III
Stats:	Published: 2024-08-07 Words: 4,230 Chapters: 1/1

Over the Hills and Far Away

by [B_Radley](#)

Summary

The Twelfth Corps gets its due at Gettysburg. A friendly marine debate; weapons remain holstered. A real engineering casualty. Thoughts on a lost little sister. A little brother goes for revenge, throwing caution to the stars. Light relief is better than no relief.

Strike, *Aerfens*, Strike

Agon raises his rifle as the horde of bellowing Klingons charge closer. He senses a presence beside him. He glances over to his right. It wasn't Theelia, who he had thought it was. It was the young captain, Lincolnton. Her pulse rifle is up with the eyepiece to her eye. There is no sign of her earlier difficulties, only an expression that resembles one that guaranteed that this young woman would put her head through the nearest brick wall, to do what was necessary.

He'd already seen that manifested in a few young officers—several young women and at least one young man—over the last thirty years. The most recent was the young woman who was this one's friend, a few years younger. He'd seen that when they'd recovered her crew and her from the upper depths of the gas giant.

A crew, that with only a couple of exceptions, had survived due to Decker's stubbornness and skill, before she had lost consciousness.

He senses a warmth on the other side of Siobhan. The warmth is centered in at least three places on his body. He watches as Theelia reaches over and draws Shiv's face to hers. Their lips lock for a few seconds, then Shiv is back to her scope. Theelia looks at him and smirks, before wagging her tongue.

A glance back at Shiv and he sees that somehow, her resolve is stiffened even more.

He rolls his eyes as he realizes that something else might be stiffened on him from his wife's Threads. The smirk remains.

"Shiv," Theelia says. He shoves all thoughts of Theelia's effects on him and Shiv away.

"Wait for it," she replies.

"Shiv," Agon adds his voice as the horde covers more ground.

"Commence firing," she yells, in a loud voice, but with no urgency in her tone. She adds her fire to the others. "Pick your targets."

The wave staggers from the small wall of fire. Many of the Klingons go down, but there doesn't seem to be a slowing down of the assault.

He wonders if Shiv had waited too long.

Only for a moment, as the front rank of the mass drops behind the corpses of those in front. They are in the open, but have slowed to continue the onslaught of fire on the Federation positions. He sees some of his fellow defenders going down. A glance over at the right tells him that the Klingons that had attacked what had been their front were still moving forward, albeit at a slower pace, more cautious since Shiv and Jaiggur, the dunderheaded Orion security officer had refused their line to cover both angles.

A thin line to be sure. He looks at Theelia and Shiv. "There are more of them, than there are of us."

Shiv narrows her eyes at him. "So what are you suggesting?"

"We may have to fall back to the hospital building," he replies.

She exhales, weighing that. “If we do, we’re going to be fighting room-to-room, with patients all in there.”

“We can move them to a central location. The last stand,” he says. He sees her expression fall at her words, but only for the length of Theelia’s ‘resolve-stiffening’ kiss.

“No. We stand here.” She turns to Theelia. “You and your hard-charging waitress. Take about five or ten of the walking wounded. You’re it for the hospital.” After a moment of staring at Shiv, Theelia motions to Usura, who doesn’t seem too thrilled with the order. Theelia moves over to Agon and says, “I’ll see you when I see you, old man.” She kisses him, for much longer than she had Shiv.

“We’ll really need to take care of all that resolve you’ve stiffened for me,” he says, his eyebrows moving up and down.

She looks at him for a few seconds, then slowly moves her eyes to Shiv. “Maybe I can re-stiffen both of you.”

The anticipated eyeroll and accompanying blush could be felt on Antares as Theelia starts to motion to others.

He returns his eyes to the front. “They’re creeping forward,” he says.

“I know,” Shiv says. “We don’t have much time. I don’t even know how the battle is going in the skies and in the black. We could be all there is for Merlin.”

He takes in a deep breath. He turns his eyes towards her. There is fear in those eyes, but again, a tremendous resolve. He compares her to other captains he has known. In particular, his mind flashes back to looking at three captains seated at a table in front of him, as he and Theelia stand at attention in front of them, clad in dress blues. Another one watches from the gallery.

None of them can look them in the eye.

“Maybe we should charge,” Agon says suddenly.

Shiv’s eyes widen. “Are you out of what’s left of your mind?” she asks incredulously.

“They won’t expect it.” He grins. “Little Round Top at Gettysburg, 1863. Didn’t you pay attention to Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain in Military History class at the Academy?”

“No. I paid attention more to the right flank that held just like the 20th Maine did, with less fanfare. They didn’t have a press agent like Chamberlain did.”

He snorts. “Twelfth Corps slander. Can you actually name the commander of the regiment on the right flank on Culp’s Hill?”

She opens her mouth to reply. He can sense the snark coming. She closes her mouth at a roaring sound.

Along with explosions all along the attacking Klingon line as heavy phasers sweep along it.

“One of the cutters broke off?” he asks.

She points. “Hell no!”

He follows her finger. A large triangular shape rolls in, then starts to land between them and the attackers. He smiles as he sees the painted red phoenix on her black hull.

Along with the partially-repaired rent along her dorsal hull. He does notice that the ship doesn’t rise any higher.

“It’s the goddamned *Aerfen*,” Shiv shouts. She stands up. “Come on, you heroes!” she shouts. “Do you fuckers want to live forever?”

She goes to jump over the parapet, but her foot catches the top. She goes sprawling. He is beside her as their mixed force charges. He extends his hand; she can’t meet his eyes. He sees the tears forming in them.

“You and that other redheaded brat have been watching too many old war movies,” he says, pulling her up. He pulls her forehead to his. “You’re okay. But you need to get whatever’s going on with your eye fixed,” he whispers. She stares into his eyes, then slowly lets him touch his lips to her forehead. She breaks free at the familiar hum of a transporter.

A figure materializes. Agon stares into a pair of piercing, almost ethereal blue eyes in a porcelain-doll face, under auburn-brown hair. He nods at Morgan McMurtry, as she prefers to be called, rather than by her father’s last name, for some unfathomable reason—known only to her.

Or her mother, where the idea had probably manifested.

He smiles at another of those young women that he’d thought of. Leaders that he would follow anywhere, anytime.

Arguing for Argument’s Sake

Ava watches as two marines argue. Or at least one marine in name only and one that has been a marine for thirty years.

“We don’t have time for this, Starros. You were sent here by Chandra. You’re under her orders. Do you realize that if something isn’t done about this goddamned base, that she and the remainder of her group are going to be wiped out?”

Starros exhales, his teeth clenched. “I realize that, Blackthorne, or Croft, or whatever the hell you’re going by these days. But I’m not going in under your command. You haven’t commanded shit in a year. You may have passed all the tests to get the beret—I may have words with our certification section on that—but you’ve never commanded marines in battle. And I’m not sure if your head’s on straight or not. Fonseca

here,” he pauses to point at Ava, “told me what you did to that Klingon. I heard what happened on Vostus, from one of the crew of the cutters that was held there. There was a lot of killing going on there.” He stops, seeing Croft’s eyes.

Ava sees it, too. She moves over to Croft and places her hand on his arm. He unclenches his fist, as she stares into his eyes.

“This has nothing to do with that. I did what I had to do with Korag. I disarmed him and neutralized his soldiers.”

“You also shoved a mek’leth into his eye.”

“Well, I did warn him,” Croft replies. “And plus, I pulled it. The tip went into the skin around his eye. He should heal and be able to see.” He grins. “Mostly.”

“Major,” says a quiet voice at a portable computer console. The three of them walk over to Gunnery Sergeant Hagan. Ava spares a glance for the base that is the problem. “We’ve completed the bioscans. There are minimal guards dedicated to this place. The rest are small crews for the carriers on the field, plus a flight of Birds of Prey.”

“There were no ships on picket duty,” Starros observes.

“That we saw,” comes a voice from behind. They turn. Jonathan Fortescue, the captain of the *O’ Bannon*, the marine transport hidden behind a bit of broken up parts of this planet, walks over. He is a man of medium height, with dark skin and regular, even features. He grins at Ava; they embrace.

He stares at Starros with barely concealed loathing, but maintains his professionalism. “They may have been cloaked.”

“So you came sailing in here without checking?” Starros asks, his eyes hard.

Fortescue’s expression matches his. Ava sees Croft throw up his hands in anger. “Yes, bootneck,” he says in a London accent. “I dumped your ass on this rock without covering you. Like I do every time.”

Starros calms, conceding the sarcastic point.

“So can your recon platoon hit the buildings, while the rest of the company and the ship take out the landing field?”

He realizes that Hagan is gone in the sparkle of a transporter beam. An instant later, there is a large explosion around the building.

“You were already planning to do what I said?” Croft asks, his eyes incredulous.

“Nope. What my Captain (L) told me to do.” He grins. “Starros, get my dumbass out of the jam he’s in,” he repeats in a credible imitation of Chandra’s mix of accents. “Her exact words. Just was going to do it my way.” He looks at Ava, then punches her lightly on her shoulder. “Besides. This one batted her big brown eyes at me. Told me you knew what the hell you’re doing. I’ve learned to trust her.” He turns and looks at Fortescue. “She kept us both on the straight and narrow, even though she let the Fort think he was in charge.”

Fortescue says nothing for a moment. Finally, he grins as well. “I knew who was in charge. A good XO usually knows how to manage up.” He grin turns into a warm smile. “She’ll make a pretty fair captain someday. Then she’ll be some poor XO’s problem.”

“I’m standing right here,” she says.

“We know,” they say in unison. She sees Croft grin as well, in spite of his anger at Starros.

A deep seated anger, tempered, she can tell, with respect for his abilities.

Starros’ communicator beeps. The comtech comes up with the screen. “Sir, Gunny reports the buildings are deserted.”

They hear a noise from the field. One by one, the carriers begin a startup sequence. The Birds of Prey lift off immediately, needing less time to warm up.

They immediately head for space.

“They’re not bothering with us,” Croft observes. He turns to Starros. “We need to hit those ships. There are twelve ships there that could overwhelm Chandra. Not to mention the BofPs.”

Starros removes his hand from the earpiece of his helmet. “Already shifted targets. The rest of the company is moving in.”

“Captain,” says a crewmember moving over to Fortescue. “*O’ Bannon* reports a contact at the edge of the system. A big one. Moving rapidly on impulse power to the planet.”

“Get me an ID,” he says.

At that precise moment, several large beams of light enter the atmosphere. Ava watches as they float almost lazily to the surface.

They’re at extreme range, she thinks.

In the next breath, chaos erupts.

Continuing On For a Bit

Sandiya Prandi watches as the stars streak by, en route to Leelix III and the escalating battle that she approaches. She looks over at her

engineering officer, who stands behind the junior engineer at the bridge station. His jowly face, a species indicator of his birth on Arcturus is set in a grim expression. He turns back to the console after she gives her own withering stare.

The engineering casualty that had kept the *Constitution* in Spacedock for a couple of extra weeks had been the result of a comm call from an older woman, instructing her to delay the journey to the Gold Line at all costs. Even her so-called 'handler,' the woman who had proven to be a Romulan agent, hadn't known that the founding partner for Section 31's most recent incarnation—as recent as fifty years ago—had instructed her to go against the wishes of another senior officer of the Section.

A senior officer now splattered to atoms in the brig of his own ship, little more than a bit of organic matter and for a time, residual phaser energy. A senior officer who hadn't even know that she had been Section 31 since her last year at the Academy. Recruited by a shadowy figure with a nondescript face.

One that hadn't changed in the twenty years since that time.

She takes a deep breath, then releases it after a count of ten. The midshipman at the secondary helm console, now starting to transition to an 'ops' console on many of the newer ships turns and looks at her wide-eyed. She narrows her eyes at him, suggesting with a patented look that it will be a cold day in hell before gets off his year's probation, letting him be reduced to the lowest petty officer rating she could.

Or kicking him out.

It apparently works, as he turns back to his work.

She had let Thelek and Saavik go off on their wild goose chase, supposedly hunting the source of the attacking ships. Accompanying them wouldn't have advanced the Section's agenda. They weren't ready to actually defeat the incursions, until they could at least try to subvert them. She knows that there are elements in the Klingon Empire who are working to defeat the attackers as well, but for their own reasons.

No matter how much Chancellor Azetbur bleats about peace.

She shakes her head slightly as she thinks of another mentor, one of the few she actually mourns. One who had died a broken man, imprisoned for his beliefs that the Federation and Starfleet Security should let the Klingons die. To remove the threat once and for all.

She is yanked from her reverie as the hum of the warp drive disappears and the emergency inertial dampeners kick in, slamming her back in her seat.

Sam looks up at the viewer. The stars are still.

So is the *Constitution*. She whirls on the ChEng. He doesn't flinch, but stares back at her.

She starts to say something, but he comes over to her as she rises. His voice isn't above a whisper, but she can hear the anger in it. "I told you, *Captain*, that if we pushed her like this, this would happen, after the casualty. She wasn't ready to come out of dock."

Sam stares at him. "Get her fixed. Lives depend on it."

Including mine, she doesn't say.

The Next Phase

Usura watches as the remaining Klingons pockets of resistance are eliminated. They of course refuse to surrender but resistance is dwindling as their numbers fall.

She can sense that her mate is watching her, from whatever guise he has taken. She knows that he will not continue as a Klingon. The *Aerfen's* role as a gun-sled ground assault vehicle had seen to the demise of that disguise.

Usura watches the young human woman known as Shiv as she checks her pulse rifle, making sure it is in working order. She had seen the young woman falter when she had missed. She keeps her smile to herself as she remembers the young woman lying asleep up in Agon and Theelia's quarters, after a night of excess in the bar.

She had overheard Shiv and Theelia talking, about the slight injury to her eye when the console had exploded. It had been mentioned as an afterthought to the more serious shoulder injury.

Usura had seen her chance. The use of a small tincture that a drunken Tiburonian healer had given her. Nothing too potent, but it could be a nuisance at a crucial time.

Like helping to lead the defense of this settlement and the nearby base.

It could also serve to keep her safe as well.

The young woman had barely stirred when she had lifted the left eyelid and allowed one tiny drop to be placed on the tiny, healing puncture wound.

Usura had stared at Shiv for a moment as she slept. Remembering her own little sister.

From the time before. One she couldn't keep out of a battle, as much as she tried.

She sees a slightly older woman than Siobhan, wearing a lieutenant commander's bar on the shoulders of the synthleather flight jacket walk up to Shiv.

Usura moves closer.

“Lincolnton, Commander,” Shiv says.

“I’m Morgan McMurtry,” the newcomer says. The most memorable thing about her, well, *her most mentionable memorable things*, is a pair of vivid blue eyes.

Eyes that remind Usura of her mate’s eyes, in his true form.

“Captain Chandra speaks very highly of you, Captain,” McMurtry says, using her title, rather than her actual rank.

“And you, Captain,” Shiv returns the compliment. “Do you have news of the rest of the group?”

“No. Just that they’re still in it,” McMurtry replies.

“Can we get into it?”

McMurtry shakes her head. “That was the extent of what we could do.”

“You mean—

“Yep. *Aerfen*’s not going anywhere anytime soon, without a tow.”

Usura tunes them out. She recalls the exact moment that she and Sivlik discovered that they were trapped in this century.

She wonders if this will be the beginning of at least being free of the woman who had found them and protected them.

Half a century ago.

Usura closes her eyes. She sees his green features. His blue eyes staring at her feverishly, just before they put their sand-textured skin together.

Revenge from the Other Side

Vekak of House Klinzhai narrows his eyes at the grand strategic display of the Leelix system. He watches as the deuterium carriers slow in their attacks on the Federation scout ships. He wonders how much longer he should wait.

He looks around at the crew of his own Bird of Prey, sitting just outside of sensor range with two elements of Birds of Prey. Their eyes are on their stations, but he can tell that they are expectant. He grits his teeth, knowing that none of them respect him, knowing he was the House Lord’s youngest brother.

The only one remaining of the direct, or even marriage line, with the death of the lord’s mate.

He sighs heavily—something many mentors have tried to beat out of him in his young life. In his memory, he sees his older brother’s mate, a d’k tahg buried in her left side, just before she falls into the slush deuterium holding reservoir. Her eyes are angry, with no little surprise at being vanquished by two half-dead young human women. Both of who are holding each other up, their bodies dripping blood from various cuts from Akora’s mek’leth.

One of them holding another d’k tahg. One with green blood on it.

He had lifted his disruptor to send both of them to hell, or either drop them in the fuel themselves, when a hand had closed on his wrist. A young human woman hadn’t hesitated; she’d slammed his wrist on a rock, breaking it, then had taken the weapon.

He had known in that instant that he would die a warrior’s death, but with no great deeds to send him to Sto-Vo-Kor. She had looked at him for a long moment, her eyes boring into him. He’d realized who she was; he’d watched her kneeling next to her comrade who’d been executed by Akora.

Waiting her turn.

The woman had smiled slowly, something he didn’t recognize coming over her light brown features. She taken his shoulder, pointing towards the path opposite the two murderers.

His face had burned with embarrassment, when she had sent her boot to his ass and shoved him down the trail. Her words hang in his memory.

“Go on, kid. Get out of here.”

She doesn’t know what she had wrought with his mercy.

He looks at his first officer, then calls his name. He turns slowly, almost contemptuously. His sneering face doesn’t change when he turns.

It is frozen on his face as he dissolves in fire. The crew turns and looks at him. He points at the next senior, a woman, over to the first officer’s spot. She nods. There is still no fear on her face, but the contempt is abated.

“Signal the other remaining Bird of Prey element in, to back up my nephew, Verag in the K’tinga, since he can’t seem to bring the battle to a close. They’ve destroyed all but three of the deuterium carriers, but they are heavily damaged. Inform the base and Korag that we will need to commit more of the ships.”

“And the Romulans?”

“Send them to the surface. They can mop up the scraps.”

She nods, then turns to comply. He looks at the rest of the bridge crew. Only a few of the stations are manned. That will change when the Empire hears of his and the Klingon Free Systems’ triumph here.

“My lord,” his new first officer says. “There is no reply from the base, or your nephew.”

He feels his eyes widen. He makes a decision.

“Warp speed to the Fed base. Cloak when we get there and send the other two of my element in. We will destroy them.”

A Series of Fortunate Events

Chandra stares at the viewer as the remaining Klingon ships reform. She had moved her eight ships into a blocking box, so that their remaining weapons can defend in all directions, somewhat like the old Flying Fortress formations of Earth’s Second World War.

They had destroyed all of the initial wave of jury-rigged deuterium carriers. The K’tinga, which holds back slightly, would still outnumber them, along with the damaged Bird of Prey.

One of their sensor satellites had detected more ships with similar signals at a light year’s distance or so.

Just sitting there. This was all before the dozen Romulan dartships had jumped in, half of them immediately heading towards the surface.

She exhales, then winces as Cheese, the comms tech from the *Aerfen* wipes at the blood around a piece of the Cohort table—that sits useless in the CIC—on her upper right bicep. The Cohort isn’t even able to be linked to the others, now managed by the *Malcolm Reed* and her foster sister.

Chandra looks over at the seven other figures seated or standing in holoform around the CIC. Decker is there as well, from her position on the bridge.

“Options?” she asks.

There is silence. Gavank, the Tellarite captain of the USS *Hornbeck*, which has accompanied Kaylin in the *Reed*, shakes his head. “Not many, CAG,” he says. “Especially if those watchers finally decide to join in. And the dart ships are headed to renew the attack on the settlement.

Several other heads nod in agreement. Storm, the commander of the full Lancer escort squadron shakes her head. “I know. But I don’t know how we can abandon Leelix.”

Chandra remains quiet. “I know. Lot of civilians there. Plus our own forces.”

“We don’t know how many are alive,” Gavank says bluntly. The others turn towards him.

“Captain. Incoming signals.”

“The Klingons?”

“I can’t tell, CAG,” Jovar says. “Our sensors are barely hanging on.”

“Just like us,” Emma Rosewarne says quietly.

Chandra makes a decision. One that will haunt her the rest of her life. “Prepare to retreat,” she says.

She gazes at them, focusing on the two members she knows the best. There is nothing but love and support there, from Kaylin and Emma. From Decker as well.

“Another signal,” Cheese says. “Federation!”

She turns towards the viewer as a familiar flat disk of a *Miranda*-class light cruiser shifts to realspace.

The remaining Bird of Prey bursts with light and superheated gas. The three remaining carriers seem to almost slump.

“It’s the Commodore,” Kaylin says. “Good old *Ayoan*!”

“Who are you calling old, pup?” Ahava Rosen says over the comm.

“Never underestimate a *Miranda*.”

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