

Mirror Leakage

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Mirror Leakage

by [0Devoid](#)

Summary

Devoid finds some old friends that don't seem to recognise him. Meanwhile, mysterious wormholes are appearing and enemies from another universe are beginning to invade.

Notes

Also written by Fateweaver

First Stop.

Gary was looking in the computer logs in several rooms for programs that could help them on their journey through space. Then, he came across a program in sickbay simply labelled 'EMH version 0.82'. "Huh, what could that be for? On a Miranda class ship no less... Would fit more on a medical vessel." Gary asks.

"Computer, activate EMH." Gary commands.

The computer beeps in response. Suddenly, a balding man in his 40s in a science Starfleet uniform from the 2350s appeared to the side of Gary, as if he had just materialised out of nowhere.

"Please state the nature of the medical emergency." The man speaks in a sort of neutral voice, as if nothing was wrong.

"You must be the EMH." Gary utters, turning to the man.

"Yes. Emergency Medical Hologram... It seems you might need me due to the lack of a doctor on the ship." The man replies, observing the quite empty Sickbay behind him.

"You're right there. Is there a way we can get you around the ship? I don't think we have any holo-emitters around the rest of this place." Gary asks.

"Yes, there is. You just have to transfer me to the Mobile Emitter. Got it from a voyage in the 29th century." The man explains.

"Good to know. Thankfully, I think I know what those are." Gary replies. Gary looks to the computer. "Computer, deactivate program." Gary commands. The guy disappears with a few beeps from the computer.

The Unreliable flies through subspace as if it hadn't laid abandoned for a long time. "Andy, are there any stations nearby in which we can dock? I'm thinking I need to do some maintenance." Breezie speaks, concerned for the ship.

"I see no reason to do maintenance, but if you want..." Andy replies, manning the communications console. "There's a space station in orbit of Regula, owned by the Ferengi. Mainly used for buying ores, but does offer ship parts and a place to dock." Andy continues.

"Sounds good. Set a course there." Breezie commands.

"On it, captain." Andy replies, setting a course to Regula.

Gary walks into the bridge, looking around to see everything running efficiently, which made the name of the ship seem rather ironic. "Where are we going?" Gary asks, sitting down on one of the many chairs on the bridge.

"A Ferengi space station orbiting Regula. Breezie feels as if she needs to do maintenance." Andy explains.

"Hm, maybe there we could get some newer equipment. Ferengi are known to sell at any opportunity." Gary replies.

The Unreliable drops out of warp near Regula, the space station in the sight of the Miranda class starship. The Unreliable moves into one of the docking ports... which just seems to open up for them. The ship flies in and a bridge is extended to the airlock of the ship.

The crew + Devoid & Sally headed to the airlock and left the Unreliable.

"Y'know, that was nice. They just let us in." Breezie says, heading to the door that leads into the main station.

"Anything to make a profit, I suppose." Devoid replies, shrugging with his hands in his pockets.

Everyone walked through the main door, finding that the station... was like a shopping mall in space!

There were shops for all the needs Breezie might've wanted, and some more too! Breezie makes a swift course to the starship weapons store, hoping they'd have more powerful equipment than what's already on the Unreliable.

"Oh, why hello Madam, would you like to buy some of our wares?" The Ferengi at the desk says, seeing Breezie walk in.

Breezie's eyes scanned the walls, decorated with starship weapons.

Meanwhile, Gary walked around, before seeing a strange looking being sitting on some shipping crates.

Her skin was the colour of Ballet Slipper pink, she had practically fluorescent orange hair, magenta eyes, wearing a baggy brightly coloured shirt (almost looking like tie-dye) which was seemingly held onto her by some overalls along with wearing some steel tipped, ankle tall boots.

"Hey, you lost or something?" Gary asked, putting his hands on his hips.

"No? Why'd you ask?" She asked back, leaning forward to Gary.

"You look like you have nowhere to go. I could use a bit of help on my ship. I'm the only main engineer, after all." Gary explains.

"You'd be right there. What's the class?" She asks, curious.

"Just a simple Miranda. We only took it off about a few hours ago. The captain's off getting some mods for the ship." Gary explains.

"Hmm... Well, sounds like a good offer. I'm in." She says, hopping off of the shipping crates.

"What's your name? I never got it." Gary asks as she hops off the crates.

"I'm Fiora Sweetheart. You are?" She says.

"I'm Gary Calces, good to meet you." Gary replies, shaking Fiora's hand.

The two made their way to the rest of the group, with Breezie transporting what seemed to be 2 massive guns to the Unreliable to be applied by some workers of the space station that she contracted to do.

As the guns were applied, the rest of the crew got to know Fiora... until Devoid got distracted.

"Hey... Those guys look familiar." Devoid says, pointing at 2 people.

One with blonde hair, a black jacket and a maroon t-shirt and another who was hispanic, had puffy black hair, a scar on his upper lip and a sleeveless blue hoodie on.

Devoid approached them, happy to see some people that he hadn't seen in a long while.

"Hey Chris & Jay, how's life?" Devoid asked.

"Do I know you? How do you know my name?" 'Chris' says.

"I'm likely right. See? That rift led us to an alternate world!" 'Jay' says back. "I mean, maybe the version of you in this world knows that hedgehog." He continues.

"Wait, alternate worlds?" Devoid says, confused.

"Maybe we should check. Perhaps the ship's doctor would know." Sutaba brings up.

"Alright... If it confirms my theory, I'm up for it." 'Jay' replies.

"Alright, I'll get them aboard the ship. The addition of those guns should be done soon." Breezie says, getting up.

Through A Crack In The Glass.

“Well, it seems it’s true. The biological patterns do match those of Chris Scott and Jay Ocasio... But they’re surrounded in a sort of dimensional residue which I can only conclude that they are from an alternate world... You have heard of the Mirror Universe, haven’t you, Captain?” the EMH explains, taking tricorder scans of ‘Chris’ & ‘Jay’

“I can’t say that I have, no.” Breezie replies, clueless.

“The Mirror Universe is a hostile version of this reality, where there is no Federation, only the hostile Terran Empire. I can’t say more though, I’m a Doctor, not an Encyclopedia.” the EMH defines, going off of the limited database provided in his databanks.

“He is right though.” ‘Chris’ says, turning to Breezie.

“The Terran Empire is the most despicable thing I’ve ever seen. They tore their own planet apart looking for defectors like Jay and I, even when we managed to hijack that ship and leave Earth.” ‘Chris’ continues.

Sickbay was consumed in silence as the EMH and Breezie had a bit of a think about what they heard.

“Do you remember how you got from there to here?” Breezie asks, looking at Mirror Chris & Mirror Jay.

“We were on the run from a few Terran ships... Chris wasn’t looking where we were going and ended up flying into that rift. Thus, we ended up here.” Mirror Jay explains.

“I can only hope that the Terran ships haven’t detected that rift... Otherwise this universe is fucked too.” Mirror Chris laments.

Soon enough, the extra guns were fixed onto the Unreliable, with the computer systems detecting it and the Tactical systems updating to include the extra guns.

Most of the crew gathered on the bridge, while Gary and Fiora are in Main Engineering, making sure the relaunch goes well. The Unreliable departs the dock and heads into space.

As the ship flies through space at only impulse power, they spot another rift. Along with a Starfleet vessel examining it. The Ambassador Class USS Whistler.

“That’s odd... I’m reading strong anomalous energy readings from that rift... And something is coming through it. Something that’s charging weapons power.” Alex says, scanning the rift itself.

“Looks like those Terrans have found a way in. Red Alert! Target the vessel’s weapons systems and get ready to fire phasers, Sutaba.” Breezie commands, the bridge’s lighting dimming, with a pulsating red light flashing over everything.

The Unreliable targeting the vessel, soon revealed to be a Terran Excelsior Class, the ISS Vortex.

The ISS Vortex tried to fire at the USS Whistler, but didn’t have time to as 3 of the phasers were damaged by the Unreliable. This gave the USS Whistler a chance to get away from the Terran Excelsior class.

“Breezie, the Terran Vessel is charging up whatever weapons power they have left!” Sutaba shouts.

“Raise the shields to max! We can’t risk taking damage!” Breezie commands.

The ISS Vortex replied to the wrecking of their fore weapons by firing a photon torpedo at the Unreliable. Thankfully, due to the shields being raised, Breezie’s ship took no damage.

The USS Whistler decided to take a bit of revenge on the ISS Vortex... and fired a photon torpedo of its own at the ship’s deflector dish, providing a target. The ISS Vortex’s Warp Core.

“We’ve got a target! FIRE AT THAT CORE!” Breezie commands, pointing at the exposed warp core from the viewscreen.

The USS Whistler and the Unreliable then proceeded to rain hell on the ISS Vortex with several phaser blasts and the occasional Photon Torpedo. The ship went from being a mighty Terran Battleship... to only a flaming wreck.

“Alright... Good to see that’s been dealt with.” Breezie says, wiping sweat off her brow.

“Breezie, we’re being hailed.” Sally Sillington speaks, looking at the comm console.

“Put them through, on-screen.” Breezie commands.

As Sillington put the hailing signal through, they found it was from the captain of the USS Whistler.

“Thank you. We didn’t expect or call for reinforcements, so it’s good you were here when that vessel was going to destroy us, Captain..?” The Captain of the USS Whistler says, wondering who Breezie was.

“Captain Breezie McKormic of the Unreliable. Who might you be?” Breezie replies, with a question to boot.

“I’m Captain Yuji Takizawa of the USS Whistler. Thank you for asking. Should be going now, I’ll report this to Starfleet Command.” The Captain of the USS Whistler concludes, ending the hail as the USS Whistler turns 180 degrees and heads to warp.

“I just hope that the Terrans won’t give us any more trouble... Imagine if they send an entire fleet after us!” Alex says, not expecting such an encounter.

“I’m trying not to, Alex. Now, let’s get out of here. Warp 6. Blast off!” Breezie laments before saying the command to go to warp. The Unreliable warps away from the rift, unaware of the dangers to come...

Lost & Found.

The USS Whistler approached spacedock for the scheduled maintenance that was pushed back to investigate the rift.

Yuji Takizawa left the ship and headed straight for the transporter to the Admiral's office, which was on Earth.

"Admiral. About the rift... It's worse than we thought." Yuji says as the doors open, holding a PADD.

Admiral Hudson looked up, seeming concerned. "I guessed so, the scans from a satellite installed nearby did detect an energy surge recently."

Admiral Hudson replied, a sense of anger in his voice.

"It was a rift into the Mirror Universe. The one reported by some of the crew of the lost Constitution class vessel Enterprise." Yuji explains briefly... Which caused Admiral Hudson to seemingly get lost in fear.

"How... How did you know?!" Admiral Hudson asked, his stoic demeanour now likely completely destroyed.

"A Terran Excelsior class vessel tried to destroy the Whistler... Thankfully, a vessel called the Unreliable saved us. It looked to be a Miranda class but... I don't recall a vessel like that." Yuji explains.

Admiral Hudson was confused. "Why would we name a ship 'Unreliable'? Sounds like a bad idea. Did you manage to get the ship's NCC registry number?" Admiral Hudson asks.

"Just about. It was on the underside of the saucer. NCC-11130." Yuji answers as Admiral Hudson searches the number... and finds the fallen vessel USS Reliable. Lost due to an internal revolt led by the infamous Benn Medzin in 2305.

"Good god... We may have found the first vessel lost due to the infamous Anti-Khitomer Protesters!" Admiral Hudson shouts in shock.

A vessel thought lost for 60 years had suddenly come back!

"You can't be serious! I thought the USS Reliable was destroyed! I read all about the early history of the Anti-Khitomer Protests in school!"

Yuji replies, almost in shock.

"I just hope it's captained by a good person... Because if it saved you. It must be in support." Admiral Hudson says, hoping the Captain of the Unreliable is a decent person.

News spread throughout the Federation like wildfire. People were talking about the mysterious 'Phantom Vessel' USS Reliable, many calling it fake, many desperate for attention trying to do conspiracy theories on social networks or on video sharing sites... It was a massive shift.

As Admiral Hudson looked at the footage the Satellite's security cameras took of the battle, the USS Whistler could be seen, along with that Excelsior class... and then Admiral Hudson saw it. The Unreliable.

The Miranda class vessel seemed to look different. With a roll cage and what he thought were sensor probes. Usually those vessels had one or the other... but this was something unique.

One odd rumour is that it correlated with the 'Light of Man Disaster' that happened in 2214 when 2 rogue Columbia class starships attempted to destroy the USS Light Of Man with the loss of Breezie McKormic due to Benn himself having gone somewhat rogue.

Especially when looking through the hails of the USS Whistler... Revealing the lost vessel's new captain and proving the theory.

"Breezie McKormic... I thought you were lost because of Benn's mad act on the Light of Man. Not anymore." Admiral Hudson says, accessing Breezie's documentation and editing the status from 'Lost' to 'Alive'.

This news wasn't released to the public though, so rumours persisted across Federation space on who might be captaining a vessel...

Sensationalist newspapers wrote articles on the most popular theories (of course being wildly wrong with who they guessed). It was like History was being made right at this moment.

Facing Yourself.

The Unreliable dropped out of warp, Fiora walked up to the bridge to see Breezie looking at a cloud of stars oddly...

"Breezie, what's up with that?" Fiora asks.

"I'm not sure. Alex, do a scan of that cluster and compare it to the one we did of the rift that Excelsior class came out of... I have a feeling it might be another rift." Breezie commands.

Alex runs the scan and compares it... The tension was so thick around the bridge that it could be cut. "The energy wavelengths... They're a near match!" Alex replies, throwing the bridge into chaos.

"I knew it. The Terrans must've noticed the attack. They've probably got you on a hitlist now, Breezie!" Mirror Jay shouts. Just then, a familiar saucer begins peeking through.

"A Terran ship is coming through the rift, Red Alert!" Breezie commands. It didn't prepare her... for what Terran ship would come through. The ISS Reliable.

"Good god..." Sutaba utters in shock.

"It's us. The evil version of us." Fiora utters, lost in fear.

"Even if it is ourselves, we shouldn't back do-" Breezie tried to motivate her crew, but the ship was blasted in the saucer by a Photon Torpedo, knocking her down and interrupting her.

"Sutaba! Fire the Rail Guns! Andy! Get us the hell away!" Breezie commands.

The Unreliable started turning around, the Rail Guns rotating and taking aim at the ISS Reliable. It fired and started whittling away at the shields of the Terran ship...

However, a phaser blast near the impulse engines by the ISS Reliable caused a bit of a problem. "GOD DAMN IT, I NEED TIME TO THINK!" Breezie yelled in severe stress, her eyes clenched shut... and everything stopped. The sounds of the Red Alert were replaced with the all encompassing roar of silence.

"Well. That helps." She says to herself. She got up and looked at the situation from Sutaba's tactical screen... The ISS Reliable was quite close, also lacking the rail guns the Unreliable had. Breezie then had a thought. If the ISS Reliable matched closely with the Unreliable... Then the warp core was in the same place. Breezie temporarily took control of the Tactical console and set 2 torpedoes. One aimed at the ISS Reliable's torpedo launcher, and another at the Terran Miranda class vessel's warp core.

She calmly walked to the captain's chair, closed her eyes and took a sigh of relief. Time seemingly restarted, the 2 torpedoes launched from the Unreliable's torpedo launcher and left the ISS Reliable with no torpedo launcher and a ticking time bomb for a warp core.

"What in the world?" Sutaba asks, looking confused at how 2 photon torpedoes launched with no input from him.

"Pay it no mind, Sutaba. Ready those Rail Guns once more. Andy, make us orbit the ISS Reliable... Let's cut this thing like a Christmas turkey." Breezie commands, smirking.

The Unreliable began spinning around the ISS Reliable, popping holes into its mirror self like Bubble Wrap, before the ISS Reliable's Warp Core violently exploded, which the shields of the Unreliable managed to take with little to no stress. The Unreliable flew away from the scraps of the ISS Reliable, heading to warp soon after.

Mirror Chris walked onto the bridge soon after, concerned. "I don't believe this is the end. The Terran Empire might launch all out war against the Federation. You took out 2 of their ships! That's not something people say with little regard in my universe." He explains, Breezie listening as the ship flies through Subspace.

"Maybe so... But who's to say the Federation won't fight back with what they've got? I mean, I don't know what they have now, I was a popsicle for 150 years!" Breezie replies, getting up from her chair. "Now, if you excuse me, I have some catching up to do." She concludes, leaving the bridge and heading for her quarters.

Breezie looked upon the database in her quarters, reading up on ship classes and events that have happened since 2214.

Just then, Alex came into the room as Breezie looked up the person who freed her. Benn Medzin.

"What are you reading?" Alex asked, looking up at Breezie. "Just up on the database and... Oh god." Breezie answered, as she read upon the first sentences of Benn's page.

'Benn Medzin (2187-2310) is a former Starfleet officer and founder (and first president) of the racist Anti-Khitomer Protesters.'

Alex could see it from her face. "I see you read it." He said, walking towards Breezie. "He was always vocal on how Klingons were mindless brutes, especially after the Khitomer Accord in 2293. So much so that when he was told to stop it before he could get harmed, he went out in his ship, the USS Impala... and destroyed 5 Klingon and Federation ships on his way to found the Anti-Khitomer Protesters." Alex explained. Breezie felt conflicted, how could the man that sent her away cause so much harm for others? She scrolled down... and found a paragraph on the plans that he had for her and the Unreliable... The Klingon Extermination Project. Which involved the hijacking of the USS Reliable and turning it into a fearmongering Warship more akin to something planned for the Terran Empire. Breezie felt as if she was going to be sick.

"Good god... Was I going to do that? Was that his horrific plan?!" Breezie shook as she spoke, tears starting to run down her face in both horror and severe distress.

"Oh no, this isn't good. I'll get you to sickbay." Alex says, helping her up and turning off the database viewer.

Against His Wishes.

It had been a few days after the battle with the ISS Reliable. The Unreliable dropped out of warp near the Donatu system; it had caught an unstable SOS signal. The crew didn't catch what ship sent it, but had to help. As the Unreliable approached, they found out what sent it. A Klingon Vor'cha Class. The ship had clearly seen better days as it looked like it was holding on for dear life!

"Good god... What could've done that?" Devoid uttered, looking upon the viewscreen in shock.

"Try and hail them, hopefully their communications systems are functional." Breezie commands, hoping for the best.

"On it, Breezie." Devoid says, running to the unmanned Communications console (as Sally Sillington was still having breakfast) and sending out a hailing signal.

Thankfully, the ship answered back. A wounded Klingon was standing in front, the bridge seeming in severe disrepair. "What do you want? Are you going to finish us off?!" The Klingon said, a mixture of anger and oddly enough, fear in his voice.

"No. I'm Breezie McKormic. I've come to help. Are your transporters operational?" Breezie says, standing confidently.

"Thankfully, they are. One of the few things that works besides Life Support." The Klingon replies.

"Alright. I'll bring 2 of my engineers along and we'll help you fix your ship enough to get to Qo'noS for further repairs. My ship, The Unreliable, will escort you on this journey to ensure your safety." Breezie explains.

"Qatlho." The Klingon says before ending the transmission, the sight of the trashed Vor'cha Class appearing once again.

"I'll go get Gary and Fiora and head to the Klingon ship. Everyone else, stay on the Unreliable and keep systems running." Breezie spoke, before heading into the turbolift.

Aboard the damaged Vor'cha Class, Breezie, Gary & Fiora materialise on the transporter, being greeted by the Klingon that explained the situation to them.

"Greetings, I am Lotren, Son of Agnus. Welcome to the IKS 'ejyaH. It's good to see you answered the SOS." The Klingon speaks as the trio walk off the transporter pad.

"What exactly happened here? Did it play into why you seemed unsure of the Unreliable?" Breezie asked, curious.

"Quite a bit, yes." The Klingon says as he begins walking out of the transporter room, with Breezie, Fiora & Gary following.

"You see, we were heading back to Qo'noS after preventing Romulan ships from trying to destroy one of those Federation ships... It was a funny looking one but I'm getting off topic. You see, we suddenly got attacked by what looked to be Federation ships... but they had stronger weapons and a symbol with a human sword going through the Earth on it." The Klingon explains to the group as they walk across the wrecked corridors.

"The Terran Empire... Those bastards." Gary utters in disgust.

"They blew one of our nacelles and forced us to drop out of warp... but they didn't attack us after that. Much of the crew is gone and I might be the only one conscious." The Klingon explains further as the 4 of them went through the corridors of the ship.

Meanwhile, on the Unreliable, Devoid's pocket begins vibrating... Someone was calling him. "Oh, sorry. I'm getting a call. Hang on." Devoid says, heading to the turbolift and setting it to the mess hall.

"How is he getting a reception in deep space? Cell Phones are outdated as hell!" Sutaba asks, confused.

"Beats me too. I don't think he's hacked it into the subspace network like Chris and I did." Mirror Jay replies, clueless.

Devoid arrives in the empty mess hall, answering the phone. "Hello? Who is it?" Devoid speaks.

"Hey bud! How's everything on your... Travels and such?" Barnaby responded.

"Oh, Barnaby! Yeah, they've been quite eventful. I'm on a starship right now. Been accompanying the crew through their voyages." Devoid replied, leaning on a wall.

"Sounds fun. Wally's missing you though, I see him starin where your house once was every now and then. Gotta snap him out of it when he does." Barnaby speaks, a bit concerned for Wally.

"Hm. Is he with you right now?" Devoid asks.

"Yeah, he is. Why'd you ask?" Barnaby answers.

"Put him on the phone." Devoid replies. Soon enough, Barnaby passed the phone to Wally.

"Hello? Who's there?" Wally asks, as Barnaby didn't say who was on the phone.

"Hey, Wally. It's been a while, hasn't it?" Devoid answers.

"Yes, it has. Doesn't feel the same without you around." Wally responds, seeming quite a bit sad.

"Well, don't you worry. Once I'm done with helping Breezie, me and Sillington will pay a visit." Devoid spoke, confident.

"I'll be looking forward to it." Wally says back, sounding slightly less sad.

"I bet. See you soon, Wally!" Devoid responded, with Wally saying goodbye as well before Devoid hung up.

Back on the damaged IKS 'ejyaH, Breezie was fixing up some of the bridge consoles. While the design was foreign to her, she tried to fix it up as if it were a Starfleet ship. The console came back online, but not at full efficiency.

Fiora & Gary were working hard too, making sure the impulse engines came back online.

Breezie looked from the console to Lotren. Who was watching from just his captain's chair. "Y'know, the only thing I'm jealous about is the fact that you have a chair that rotates 360 degrees. Mine can just go 45 in each direction! It's really awkward when I need to analyse a situation." Breezie says to Lotren as she heads to another console, checking the status of the ship. "Gary and Fiora are doing a good job on the impulse engines, they're back to 85% efficiency already!" Breezie says to herself, watching as the data updates across the ship.

"Right, perhaps we should hail the Unreliable and be ready to go?" Lotren asks.

"Good plan. When we get back to Qo'noS, me and my crew will beam back to the Unreliable." Breezie replies, pointing a thumbs up at Lotren.

Gary & Fiora head to the bridge of the IKS 'ejyaH to take a position at some of the consoles.

"Y'know, never worked on a Klingon ship before, let alone a bridge... I'm sure I'll get used to it." Fiora says, looking down at the console and just how... different it was to a console on the Unreliable.

The IKS 'ejyaH hailed the Unreliable. "We're being hailed by the Klingon ship." Sally Sillington says, now back from her breakfast. "On screen." Sutaba answers, pointing to the viewscreen. Lotren along with the visiting crew of the Unreliable appear on the viewscreen. "We've got much of the essential systems repaired. The escort shall begin." Lotren says.

"On it, we'll get you to Qo'nos and make sure your ship is properly repaired." Sutaba replies.

Lotren hangs up and starts up impulse engines on the 'ejyaH.
The Unreliable does the same, making sure to not fall behind the 'ejyaH.

As this happens, Mirror Chris watches from the windows of his allocated quarters. He was doing some reading up and looking at news distribution services... Until he came across a certain headline.

"TERRAN DEBRIS FOUND: Mystery Miranda makes a strike." The headline said.

Mirror Chris went to the article. Turns out the Mystery Miranda was the Unreliable. The headline was rather vague and didn't even say who the captain was. But all this made Mirror Chris download the article onto a PADD to give to Breezie later.

The 2 ships made their way across Klingon Space largely undisturbed. The Unreliable did have to answer to a few passing by ships to ensure this isn't a hostage situation as they escorted the 'ejyaH back to Qo'nos for maintenance. They soon made it to Qo'nos, leaving the 'ejyaH to dock before beaming the visiting crew of the Unreliable aboard.

Lotren and a few other Klingons give their thanks as they are beamed to the Unreliable.

The Unreliable didn't stay for long, turning back and warping away to make sure they didn't overstay their welcome.

Breezie, Mirror Chris & Gary were in the mess hall after the escort.

"I guess it's not just Terrans that know this ship now." Gary says, reading the article off of the PADD in Breezie's hands.

"This battle... It happened 3 days ago. Why'd they make an article about it now?" Breezie asks, confused.

"It was published only a few hours after, I just happened to find it now." Mirror Chris explains.

"Well, that makes sense. Perhaps Starfleet might have an interest in this ship?" Gary asks, looking around.

"Maybe, maybe not. It's only a Miranda class, after all." Mirror Chris says, which made Breezie look quite pissed.

"Well, compared to what we had before I was frozen, this is essentially a dreadnought! Especially with the modifications!" Breezie replies, making a point.

Mirror Chris shrugs as he leaves the mess hall.

The Recruitment.

Breezie, Devoid & Fiora were on a rather cold planet and in a cave. Breezie had a puffy jacket on to protect her from the cold while Devoid had his fur and Fiora had a scarf and gloves on. Breezie dusted off some snow to find a rather valuable looking gem underneath. "Take a look at that. It looks to be some sort of Charoite cluster. Seems to have split some time ago though..." Breezie explains, before starting to dig away at the ice to get at the chunk that broke off. It wasn't a large chunk but looked as if it would be the size of an apple.

After about 4 minutes of digging, they hear footsteps approaching. The trio turn around just in time to get flashlights to the face.

Those holding them point them away before asking one question. "Are any of you Breezie McKormic?" One of the flashlight holders asks.

"I am, why'd you ask?" Breezie asks, curious.

The 2 people that arrived took off the head protection gear and revealed their Starfleet combadges. "I'm Commander Sam Thorn of the USS Aegean. My colleague and I have been told to bring you to our ship by Admiral Hudson. We need your help." They say.

"I went here on a shuttle because our transporter lost power a week ago... Should I just use that so we have a way to get back?" Breezie asks.

"We don't mind." Sam says, shrugging his shoulders.

"Alright, because that means my colleagues will have to come too." Breezie replies.

One of the Unreliable's shuttles, named Hendrix, departed the planet after collecting the fragment of the Charoite cluster, but instead of heading to its home ship, it went a different way and headed to the USS Aegean, a Niagara class vessel with the registry NCC-49075.

The shuttle docked, while there was some confusion due to it being a very retro looking shuttle, it mellowed out in the end.

Breezie, Devoid & Fiora walked out the shuttle and looked around as they were escorted through the shuttle bay.

Just then, a female officer with white hair contrasting her dark skin at the doors between the shuttle bay and the rest of the ship. "I believe you are the people Captain Pian ordered me to take to the conference room." The woman says.

"Ah, good to know, mrs..?" Devoid says, not knowing her name,

"I am Commander Penelope Hyun, I'm the first officer aboard the ship. Now, follow me." The woman says before walking through the doors, indicating for Breezie, Devoid & Fiora to follow.

Breezie, Devoid & Fiora were escorted by Commander Hyun through the corridors of the Aegean, heading to a nearby turbolift, they head out on Deck 1, heading through the bridge and down a small corridor to the Conference room.

A masculine looking person with their long hair tied back sat at the back of the table, much of the bridge crew of the USS Aegean lining the sides with 3 seats to spare.

Breezie, Fiora & Devoid sat down in that order as they made their way to the 3 empty chairs.

"Let's get this started, I am Captain Nara Pian of the USS Aegean. We were told by Admiral Hudson of Starfleet Command to look for you as you seemed to have experience with the so-called 'Mirror Universe'." The person at the top says, explaining their point.

"We encountered and destroyed 2 of their ships, why were you asked to get us?" Breezie asks, confused.

Captain Pian sighed. "We got concerned when the USS Longhorn was sending out reports of a rift rather large in size similar to the scans acquired by the USS Whistler. It seemingly is being generated artificially in order to start a takeover of our universe. Worst part is, it's only 5 light years from the Sol System." Captain Pian explained, their voice holding back on the dread they felt.

Looks of horror flooded the room from not just the bridge crew, but from Devoid, Breezie & Fiora.

"We were ordered to gather any ships available that had the experience with the Terran Empire, which left us with 2. The Whistler and your ship, the Unreliable." Commander Hyun continued.

"How many ships are around that rift? Is it just the USS Whistler and the USS Longhorn?" Fiora asks. "A bit more. Starfleet sent out 22 or so ships. This one included. So in case you do join, you won't be facing a fleet alone." Captain Pian answers.

"And I assume reinforcements are ready to send in case things go badly?" Devoid asks, leaning forward in his seat.

"Yes, Starfleet is ready in case the Terrans successfully beat us." Commander Hyun answers.

"Hm... Pian, would you mind if we discussed this amongst ourselves?" Breezie asks, not sure on what to do.

"Go ahead, we'll be waiting." Captain Pian says, nodding their head.

Breezie, Devoid and Fiora stood outside in the nearby corridor.

"It's clear they need us for our experience." Devoid says, leaning on a wall.

"I don't know... One ship was enough to stress me out horrifically when we faced the ISS Reliable, who knows how many ships the Terrans are going to send out this time?" Breezie laments, feeling somewhat unworthy.

Fiora put her hand on Breezie's shoulder. "I'm sorry, we didn't know. But, I believe we can push on. We have the help of about 25 other ships on our side too, so we won't be alone." Fiora explains.

"Indeed. You won't be alone either, Breezie. I believe the rest of the crew on the Unreliable will stand with you till the end.." Devoid continues.

Breezie smiles, feeling a spoonful of determination in her gut. "Right then, I know what has to be done." Breezie says, smiling.

The 3 of them walk back into the conference room. "We're with you. Let us go back to the ship and we're ready to go." Breezie says, determined.

A bit later, aboard the mirror version of Chris's TARDIS, Mirror Jay and Mirror Chris were talking. "So, I guess you heard." Mirror Jay says.

"Heard what?" Mirror Chris replies, standing on the elevated platform the console was standing on.

"They found a rift the Terrans are going to use to invade. So Starfleet and the Unreliable are going to fight whatever comes out." Mirror Jay explains.

"Your point being?" Mirror Chris asks, turning to face Mirror Jay.

"We could use that rift to get home. Someone has to fight the good fight there, y'know?" Mirror Jay says.

Mirror Chris sighed, he knew it was the truth, but he didn't want to... However, the Terran Empire would continue to go uninterrupted in their world if they didn't use the rift to go home. "Alright. During the battle, we'll speed through the rift and get back, ok?" Mirror Chris proposes.

Mirror Jay nods as the Unreliable & the Aegean warp to the battlefield.

Unreliable Joins The Fleet!

The 2 ships dropped out of warp, joining the barrier of ships surrounding the rift in a 180 degree manner.

They could see the USS Longhorn nearby, clearly being a Cheyenne class ship.

“Red Alert! We don’t know when those Terran ships are coming through, so we best be prepared!” Breezie says, the bridge dimming with the red pulsating light turning on. Breezie heads to her chair and holds down a button. “Bridge to Engineering, I’ll need you to optimise our energy flow so we can fire as many weapons as we can once those ships come through.” Breezie commands.

“On it, Breezie. We’ll try to optimise it to the best of our ability.” Gary replies.

“Reducing power from non-essential services in order to put them to the weapons, shields and engines!” Fiora says to Gary.

“Scans from the USS Longhorn are saying several Terran ships are coming through now!” Sally Sillington says.

“Alright then, go with the other ships, CHARGE!” Breezie shouts, the Unreliable following the fleet into battle.

Terran ships appeared through the rift, firing phasers at the incoming fleet. Thankfully, the fleet had the brains to raise their shields, so the phasers only did moderate damage to them.

“Shields are at 82% and holding, Breezie.” Sutaba says, reading from his tactical console.

“Maintain course, we aren’t backing down now!” Breezie commands, the Unreliable making a direct course to the rift generator.

Mirror Chris took this as a chance. In the Unreliable’s shuttle bay, Mirror Chris’s TARDIS began to dematerialise as the Unreliable speeds to the rift generator... It rematerialised outside, before it sped into the rift, heading back to their home world.

“The dimensional residue of our mirror universe visitors has disappeared, they must’ve returned home.” Devoid says, reading from a console.

“Then I wish them the best of luck. We should be almost at the Rift Generator... Prepare to fire all weapons!” Breezie says.

As the Unreliable approaches the rift generator, it fires its phasers and rail guns, crippling the generator before completely destroying it with a few photon torpedoes.

As the Unreliable races away from the exploding rift generator (which causes the rift to fizzle out like a firework.), a Terran ship decides to get a spoonful of vengeance by firing a spread of Photon Torpedoes to try and cripple the shields. This caused havoc on the bridge as the ship shook from the explosions.

“Shields are failing! They must’ve done something to their torpedoes!” Sutaba yells.

However, like a superhero, the USS Whistler flies above the Terran ship and fires torpedoes at whatever forms of propulsion the Terran ship had, causing the nacelles and impulse engines to explode violently.

“Breezie, we got a message from the USS Whistler. It says ‘I guess I don’t owe you anymore’.” Sally Sillington reads out from the comm console.

“Remind me to thank Captain Takizawa once this is all over. Sutaba, restore shields! Alex, make sure they’re strengthened to take more damage!” Breezie says.

The Unreliable begins firing at whatever Terran ships cross its path, even slicing open the bridge of one of them! It seemed the Terran shields were rather inefficient.

The USS Longhorn raced next to the Unreliable above a Terran Ambassador Class ship, before both decided to cause hell by raining torpedoes onto the ship, turning it into a flaming ball of scrap. As a Terran Niagara class tries to block both ships’ way, the Unreliable uses its rail guns to fire through the deflector dish, before expanding the many small cavities with one BIG cavity as both ships fire weapons THROUGH the engineering hull. Both the Unreliable & the USS Longhorn make it through.

The rest of the fleet tore through the remaining Terran Ships, The Unreliable decided to help out by taking out a Terran Challenger class vessel by firing torpedoes at the nacelles not unlike what the USS Whistler did to help them.

Soon enough, there were no Terran ships left, only wreckage. The crews of every ship in the fleet celebrated, before heading back to Earth Spacedock, including the Unreliable.

Once they got there at max warp, the ships (albeit, mildly battered) arrived to the sound of applause from Earth Spacedock.

As many of the crews beamed over to the station for the celebration, the crew of the Unreliable took a shuttle.

Once they arrived, they were invited to join the celebration with the other crews, including their holographic doctor as Breezie believes they should ‘join the fun’.

As Breezie was talking with a few of the other captains, she was brought aside by Admiral Hudson, who wanted to talk with her ever since finding out she was alive.

“I believe I should introduce myself. I’m Admiral Richard Hudson of Starfleet Command... and while I don’t wish to enlist you, your crew and your ship in Starfleet, I wish to officiate you as an ally.” Admiral Hudson explains.

“Which means?” Breezie asks, not exactly sure what Admiral Hudson meant.

“You can assist in missions or ask for assistance yourself if you please, but you can continue your own independent voyages, along with gaining these for ease of communication. They’re some spares from Starfleet, but I’m sure you’ll be fine with it.” Admiral Hudson continues, giving Breezie a thin black box with the outlined Starfleet insignia on it in half silver and half gold.

Inside there contained combadges for permanent and temporary officers. Permanent in gold, temporary in silver.

“Thank you, I’ll distribute them to my crew once the party is over.” Breezie replies, closing the box as it was handed to her.

Once the party ended, the crew of the Unreliable headed to their ship, which just finished getting repaired. Breezie took this chance to distribute the combadges. Mostly everyone got gold, except Devoid & Sillington by request, who got silver.

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