

DownVall

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DownVall

by [0Devoid](#)

Summary

A transwarp accident leads the crew to a mysterious place beyond the galaxy they know, to a world where demons roam and 3 tyrannical overlords feign power and threaten to steal the Unreliable... Will their threats go through or will the crew find a way to succeed?

Notes

Also written by Fateweaver

Welcome To Hell!

“Captain’s Log: Stardate 43201.39. After a long tumultuous mission on Deneb V, the crew and I are long overdue for a stay on Risa. Due to the distance and the crew begging for rest, we will be using transwarp to get there quicker. A few days there can hopefully help us chill out.”

The Unreliable raced through space at maximum impulse, heading away from the Deneb star system.

“All hands prepare for transwarp, we’ll be at Risa before we know it.” Breezie announces through the ship’s comm system.

“Gary to Breezie, there’s a small problem with that.” Gary says through Breezie’s combadge. Breezie taps it and asks

“What do you mean? All systems seem operational.” Breezie states.

“That encounter with the rogue Denebians has caused a minor antimatter imbalance in the warp core, I don’t suggest going to warp at all.”

Gary explains.

“I’m sure it’ll be minor enough to ignore, but we can fix it once we arrive at Risa. Breezie out.” Breezie says as she taps her combadge once more, cutting the signal before Gary could intervene. “Go to transwarp, blast off!” Breezie commanded.

The ship almost went into transwarp, but the antimatter imbalance hit, making the ship start to shake as a sort of vortex appeared around the ship.

“What the hell?!” Johannah shouts.

“I don’t know what’s going on, the sensors have gone haywire!” Wally replies, all the consoles on the bridge flickering.

“Take us out! Take us out!” Breezie commands in an attempt to stop this.

Andy tries to, by trying to shut down the Transwarp Coil, only for the helm console to explode. “I’ve lost the helm!” Andy says, getting back on the chair.

The comms console also explodes too. “I can’t send an SOS! The comms have been knocked out!” Sally says.

A white light materialises at the end of the vortex, seeming to leak into the bridge.

“Looks like whatever we’re doing, we’re going into that light! All hands, BRACE FOR IMPACT!” Breezie commands, the crew gripping onto whatever they could as it all goes white...

They are forced out of transwarp, and when coming to their senses, they see a red sky. A 21st century styled city lies below, major roads all in the shape of a pentagram. The mountains reach high above the metropolis, as The Unreliable is floating far above the mysterious city.

“What the hell happened?” Devoid says, getting up and looking at the viewscreen.

“I think we went to plaid!” Johannah replies breathlessly.

“In all seriousness, we need to figure out where we are. A transwarp accident and we end up in... Red City.” Breezie says, heading to Wally as he scans the area with sensors, a look of fear appearing in his eyes as the results come up.

“I don’t think you’ll like the answer, Breezie.” Wally states as he reads the results of the scan.

“What do you mean?” Breezie asks, confused.

“We’re in the Pride Ring.” Wally states fearfully.

“Pride Ring..? Like the rings in Dante’s Inferno? Are you saying we’re in Hell?” Alex asks.

“I don’t think there was a Pride Ring there.” Devoid replies.

“Scans show there’s only 7... not 9 like what Dante said, but we can only get info of the one we’re in, the Pride Ring.” Wally says, reading the results.

“Are we dead?” Andy asks, baffled.

“I don’t think so, I don’t feel dead.” Devoid answers, with others agreeing.

“Breezie? We’re being hailed... And it seems to have a trademark associated with it.” Sally says, looking at the comms console.

“That’s odd. Really odd. Put it through.” Breezie replies, turning to the viewscreen.

On the screen are 2 individuals on a fancy couch and, well... They are humanoid. One seems to be a lavish bald pimp in a pink coat, he smokes a cigarette as his grin reveals a golden tooth. The other has 2 massive pigtails and wears a crop top with a pair of striped pants. And the female with the pigtails is the first to speak.

“Okay, Vox, who the fuck is this?” A figure in the distance, looking out of a window answers her as he walks to the couch

“They are a new business venture, Vel. Don’t worry,” He responds as he sits down with his compatriots, his head a grey television with a devilish smile. “So, who are you? And what are you doing in our ring?”

Breezie walked to the viewscreen and pulled down her tank top to loosen it up, explaining to the group “We honestly don’t know what we’re doing and don’t call us a business venture. I’m Captain Breezie McKormic of the Federation starship Unreliable. This is my crew. We’re not looking to cause any trouble so if you just leave us alone, we’ll be out of your hair bef-”

“Yeah, I don’t think that’s an option for you,” he states, interrupting the captain and snapping his fingers as the ship shakes slightly. “I’m giving you an offer you can’t refuse. Give us your ship, and you can wander Hell all you want. If you don’t, we’ll-”

Breezie quickly draws her thumb at her throat as Vox begins explaining what happens if they refuse, looking at Sally.

Sally cut the signal.

“Those guys seem like total asshats.” Sutaba says from the tactical console.

“Indeed, polarise the hull so their interference can’t get through.” Breezie commands, taking notes from captains of NX Class ships.

“I don’t think those people are in charge either... Scans show the undoubted ruler is indeed the Devil, Lucifer.” Wally says, looking at further data gathered.

“Not only are they scumbags, they’re frauds.” Sally says, not exactly pleased.

“I’m not looking to give up this ship to Mr Screenface. Let’s see what the... satsuma is going on down there.” Breezie says.

“Are you really going to substitute hell in that phrase with satsuma while we’re here?” Alex asks.

“I’ll find a fruit that fits. I’m really craving fruit... I should get a fruit salad once we get to Risa.” Breezie replies.

“IF we get to Risa.” Johannah states, not feeling hopeful.

The modded type 10 shuttle ‘Tyson’ departs the Unreliable, heading down to the city. Demons from all across the pride ring went to look at the foreign shuttle touching down, some even recording it on their phones.

“I think the people are interested.” Devoid says, looking out the cockpit window.

“You don’t say?” Alex replies, looking at the hedgehog.

“Come on, we’re here to investigate. Let’s not cause much ruckus if Screenface and his comrades are around here.” Breezie interjects, pocketing a type 1 phaser as she leaves the shuttle.

“Agreed, that group was giving me the creeps.” Wally says as the rest of the crew leave ‘Tyson’, unnoticed by the other demons as they mainly took photos of the shuttle, which had been locked to not let them in.

“So, where should we look first?” Johannah asks.

“We’ll find something.” Breezie says as the 5 of them walk down the street.

The away team strolled down the pavement, demons passing by and the smell of brimstone and smoke in the air.

“It smells like everyone’s having a barbecue down here.” Devoid mentions, looking around.

“Or being barbecued. It’s hell, after all. Cannibals are down here.” Alex replies, making Johannah shudder.

“Don’t remind me. I really don’t want to be someone’s lunch.” Johannah says as the 5 of them approach a weird looking club, the word ‘Consent’ written in neon above the door.

“This looks popular.” Breezie states, looking through a window.

“Who named a place like this just ‘Consent’? Wouldn’t hurt to add something to the end to make it seem more like, I don’t know, a place.” Devoid says, critiquing the name.

“We’re not here to critique their naming choices. Let’s just go in and investigate.” Alex says as Breezie leads the way into the club.

As the away team enter the club, they are greeted with a rather explicit sight.

“I can see why they didn’t call this place ‘Decency’, I’m sure I can count the pieces of clothing on all those performers and it’d be among the single digits.” Johannah says, looking around the place.

“There’s a bar. Perhaps we can ask the bartender some questions about that weird group?” Wally points out, ignoring the performers and looking at the bar.

“It’s worth a shot, Wally. Maybe we’ll get some answers.” Breezie replies, walking over to the bar.

The bartender quickly noticed her and her group, walking up towards them.

“Can I help you? You don’t exactly look like someone I know.” The Bartender says, cleaning a glass as he looks at Breezie.

“I’m Breezie McKormic, I’d like to ask some questions if you don’t mind. My group & I are investigating.” Breezie states.

“Uuh... Sure. What have you got to ask?” The Bartender replies, leaning on the counter.

“I might sound like an utter crackhead, but what do you know about a guy with a TV for a head called Vox?” Breezie asks.

“Oh, that guy? He... He’s a tricky fellow. Anyone who seems to call him out on his actions seems to just disappear right as they’re about to explain. Doesn’t help he’s part of a group with Valentino & Veltette, they call themselves the Veets too. They’re all kinda weird though. Don’t tell them I said anything though, I want to keep my job.” The Bartender explains.

Breezie was confused and initially was going to ask why... When that same lavish bald pimp she saw on the viewscreen walked out of a door with a star on it, a displeased performer walked out with a bit of a limp.

“That must be Valentino.” Johannah says, remembering what happened on the Unreliable about half an hour ago.

Valentino sat awkwardly close to Breezie, making the Captain rather uncomfortable. “One Cucumber martini please.” He says as he reaches into his coat. As the martini is placed on the table, Valentino takes out a vial of pink liquid and places a few drops into the martini, spiking it with a heart shaped puff of smoke. Valentino then looked around for his next target as Breezie took her type 1 phaser out of her pocket.

Discreetly, Breezie fired the phaser at the glass the spiked martini was in. This caused it to shatter in a not as discrete manner, catching the attention of the purple moth.

He turned to Breezie as she pockets the phaser. “Now what do you think you’re doing?!” Valentino says.

Breezie didn’t know what to say, staying silent.

“I know you... You’re that captain.” Valentino spoke again, reaching his creepy gloved hand to Breezie’s face. “Mind you, you’re too cute to cause trouble. How about I give you a drink and let bygones be bygones?”

“Don’t touch my face like that.” Breezie says, clearly uncomfortable.

“Why shouldn’t I?” Valentino responds.

Almost like an instinctive response, Breezie grips Valentino’s wrist and bites it.

The bald pimp panicked, getting up and shaking his arm rapidly. “OW! OW! OW! GET HER OFF! GET HER OFF!” Valentino yelled in pain.

Breezie did not get off until she wanted to, which revealed that her bite drew blood.

Valentino looked between Breezie and the bite mark she left in horror.

“I’m not particularly a fan of creeps who spike drinks, so I’m going to make you regret it!” Breezie shouted before pouncing at Valentino, gripping his coat.

Val winced in pain as Breezie began climbing the pimp.

First kicking just above the knee before punching him in the ribs, Breezie wastes no time on her beat down. She keeps climbing, enduring a back blow from the moth. She gets up to punching range of his face hitting him in the nose, causing him to stumble back and fall onto a table. Breezie then begins to wail on the moth, making sure he bleeds and weeps as she rips out pieces of his fluffy collar. Left, right, left, right, right, right, left uppercut. Going all in before Vox walks in.

“Val, what’s taki- WHAT THE FUCK!” Vox yells, rushing over to break up the one-sided fight.

“Oh. You.” Breezie says, unimpressed as she hops off of the badly beaten pimp. She didn’t have time for a sarcastic remark as Alex grabbed her by the arm and rushed to the shuttle, the away team following suit.

“We can’t exactly deal with him, if he can affect the ship, who knows what he’s capable of doing. We’ll need to hide somewhere more discreet.” Devoid says as the shuttle takes off, flying away from the street.

Not When They're Supposed To Be

The shuttle flies for a good while before landing in an abandoned junkyard.

"I thought we weren't landing in their headquarters." Wally joked as the shuttle touched down.

The away team chuckled a bit as they exited the shuttle.

"Well, this'll do as a somewhat decent base of operations. That group won't be able to find us here." Breezie says as she walks around.

"It's a junkyard. Who would work in a junkyard?" Johannah says, opening her jacket to get some air in.

"Look, it's just a place to lay low for now. We don't know what the Veeps are doing." Devoid says.

"That Vox guy freaks me out... His TV head just doesn't seem right." Wally utters leaning against the shuttle.

"You can say that again, that's freaking me out. I don't know if he's organic or synthetic." Alex says.

Before their conversation could continue any further, they heard a rattle behind a pile of trash. Breezie turned to the pile, confused. "Did you... hear that?" She asks, looking between the pile and her crew.

"Must just be a rat." Wally says.

"Are there rats in hell?" Devoid asks.

"Demon rats." Wally replies.

Breezie approached the pile cautiously. "Hello? Is anyone there? I'm-" Breezie says, about to introduce herself when someone jumped out from the pile, latching onto Breezie.

A grey woman with stark white hair, dressed in ragged purple clothing with hints of salmon and grey, she was also missing an eye, an eyepatch with an X on placed over her missing optic. "WHO ARE YOU? WHY ARE YOU HERE?!" The woman yelled, causing Breezie to panic.

"We mean no harm! Promise!" Breezie yelled back as the woman let go of Breezie.

Alex seemed to recognise the woman, approaching her.

"Vaggie? Is that you?" He asked, making the woman stop in her tracks.

"Alex? It can't be... You aren't dead." She says, confused.

"Exactly, I'm not. None of us are. How long have you been down here?" Alex asks.

Vaggie rubbed her chin. "About 21 years, yet you barely look older." Vaggie says, causing Alex to get confused.

"21... But you died in 2359." Alex says.

"Oh god, did we go forward in time AGAIN?!" Devoid states.

"It must be likely. You must be from... about 5 years after I died. I see they haven't changed the symbol." Vaggie says, looking at the combat badges of the crew.

"Sorry for shocking you, Alex is my first officer. I'm the captain, Breezie McKormic." Breezie says, getting up and offering Vaggie a handshake.

"We're going by rank, aren't we? Alright then. Lieutenant Vaggie Illario, former Chief Engineer, USS Whistler." Vaggie states, shaking Breezie's hand.

"USS Whistler, hm? We helped that ship... 2 years ago? Ambassador class, wasn't it?" Devoid says, remembering their first proper voyage.

"You'd be right there. Captain Takizawa was the best there was. That's saying something too, especially as I was on the Stargazer for a period of time. Let me tell you, you do NOT want to be around Picard when he's not had his Earl Grey yet." Vaggie replies, remembering her career.

"So... What got you killed?" Johannah asked, curious.

"I had to eject the warp core manually. Unfortunately, breathing in coolant didn't do quite well for my lungs and I ended up here." Vaggie explained as if it wasn't a big deal.

"Vaggie, that's really heroic... Why are you in hell?" Alex says, rather confused.

"Because Heaven is a massive bag of dicks." Vaggie says bluntly.

"So... If it's been 21 years since you died, and you died in 2359... When are we?" Breezie asks, the away team confused.

Vaggie sighs. "The year... is 2380." She states, shocking the crew.

"So what got you to my hiding place?" Vaggie asks.

"The Veeps want our ship and we said no." Breezie states.

"Also Breezie beat the crap out of Valentino." Johannah replies.

"Of course... It makes sense why they want a Starfleet ship. Those 3 just want more and more power!" Vaggie says, pacing around.

"So what can we do?" Alex asks.

"We'll have to plan something out." Vaggie replies.

In the Vee Tower, Vox was patching up Valentino while Velvette scrolled through Brimstr.

"Wow... That McKormic has got some guts." Velvette says, watching a recording of the beatdown Breezie gave Valentino.

"Don't admire her! She and her crew are a threat! If she can do that to Val, who knows what she's capable of!" Vox yells, pissed off at Breezie.

"I... I didn't know she could even do it. She's half the size of me... and a mortal too." Valentino uttered, afraid.

"Look, Val. I'll deal with her. We've got control over the local district and soon, all of hell. Plus, Lucifer won't stop us, he cares too much for that stupid daughter of his." Vox says, a cocky smirk appearing on his face.

"I hope he tries, I've had my eye on her for a while... She would make a great performer." Valentino states, to which Velvette scoffs.

"That ugly bitch? You'd lose profits if you did." Velvette replies.

"Like you'd be much better." Valentino scoffs.

"WILL YOU 2 STOP BICKERING?!" Vox yells before sighing. "If we divide ourselves, who knows what that ship can do? It's clearly more powerful than any of our fleet, and if McKormic doesn't want to hand it over, we'll have to take it by force."

Valentino & Velvette stared in silence, stunned.

"Besides, if we have a powerful ship like that, then no other overlord will be able to overpower us! Not even that radio demon..." Vox continues, sounding desperate to have the Miranda class in his grasp.

"Do you think we even know how to operate that ship?" Velvette asks, getting up and walking to Vox.

"Velvette's right, we don't want to hit the wrong button and blow it up." Valentino says.

"We shouldn't be concerned by such things as of now. What we should do is take out the crew first... Supplies should be arriving in one of

your limos, Val. Once we get there, we should be able to hijack it. Then... It'll be all ours." Vox explains, before laughing maniacally.

To Save A Ship.

“So, Vox wants our ship so that the Vees become a dominant force? He sounds like a total dictator!” Breezie says, not quite happy.

“It makes sense, corporations ruling the world sound just like early 21st Century Earth.” Wally states, hand on his chin.

Just then, Alex rushes in. “Captain... I believe we’re on the news. They’ve spotted us.” He says, dread in his voice.

Breezie rushes over to a makeshift living room with an old TV, showing the Unreliable in the sky.

“Sources say that the ship has only communicated with the overlord group known as the Vees and is not answering any other signal. Vox himself has come out saying that he plans to ‘negotiate with the people of the ship to see if he can use it to benefit the lives of sinners’, but has received no answers. We will update you as the situation progresses. This is 666 News, signing off.” The news reporter says.

“That lying ASSHOLE!” Breezie yelled, not happy with the misinformation.

“It’s worse, apparently one of Valentino’s Limos is headed for the Vee Tower.” Vaggie says, looking out the window to see the limo driving past.

“Well, we won’t let it! Let’s show them that we aren’t giving up the Unreliable. Everyone, get to the shuttle!” Breezie says, pointing to the modified Type 10 shuttle.

As they rush inside, they all seem to be in various states of confusion.

“What do you plan on doing?” Alex asks, sitting next to Breezie as she takes off the shuttle.

“I am going to wreck that limo... They won’t have protection against our weaponry, so we should stand a chance.” Breezie says, as the shuttle begins to chase the Limo. “Ready our starboard phaser lance.” Breezie commands.

Wally leans over and hits a few buttons on a nearby panel. “It’s ready.” Wally replies.

“Here we go!” Breezie shouts, firing the phaser lance at one of the back tires. The beam causes the tire to rip into shreds. The wheel began grinding against the road. And yet the Limo rode, its momentum allowing it to maintain its speed. “Damn, it’s not spinning out. Looks like it’s time for drastic measures.” Breezie says, loading micro-torpedoes.

“If we destroy the engine, then it’ll likely start slowing down.” Alex suggests.

“Good idea, I was thinking of aiming for the fuel tank.” Breezie replies, before shooting the micro-torpedoes at the engine, causing it to detonate. The limo began losing control, swerving on the road.

And just when the final shot was going to be fired a white & yellow dart that fell from the Unreliable and T-Bones the limo so hard it made a V shape out of it. Sally taps her combadge and her voice rings out to the crew. “I felt Devoid was under threat earlier so I grabbed my hammer and came as soon as I could!” Sally shouts “Devoid, are you okay?”

Devoid looks amongst the crew before replying “Yeah, I’m fine... I just hope you’re OK.”

Sally simply replies by giving a thumbs up amongst the derelict V shaped limo. She looks inside the door after getting off the top of it. “Guys, it is just... toys... mostly weaponized bed toys.” Sally reports as she looks back up at the shuttle.

“What? You mean to tell me we were chasing a limo filled with dangerous dildos?!” Vaggie shouts, not exactly pleased.

Sally then pulls out a match and goes to the edge of the pooling petrol from the ruptured petrol tank before lighting the whole thing ablaze.

The shuttle lands on the ground and Breezie, Vaggie & Devoid walk out.

Sally quickly rushes over and gives the hedgehog a hug. “I’m so glad you’re OK.” Sally says, cuddling the hedgehog.

“Any updates from the ship? Has Vox attempted to talk again?” Breezie asks, leaning on the side of the shuttle.

“Yeah... Vox cut us off from everything that isn’t the ship, and something is trying to get into the rest of our systems, specifically the navigation and engines. The shields have prevented any further tampering, but I don’t know how long it’ll last.” Sally reports, nervous with a slight bit of panic.

“I’d suggest getting Gary & the Doctor to work on an override, by all assumptions, we’re 3 centuries ahead of them so it should be easy.”

Breezie suggests.

Sally looks towards the tower, noticing a fleet of attack helicopters coming out “Captain, I don’t think we have the time!” She shouts, watching as the helicopters head towards the Unreliable.

Breezie looked on in despair, before turning to Sally. “Sally, I’m giving you command of the Unreliable temporarily. I don’t know how you can get back up there though.” Breezie states, crouching down to Sally.

“I’ll find a way!” Sally replies, climbing Tyson and launching herself to a nearby Helicopter. She adjusts her weight so that when she swings on the lower wheels, it tilts the helicopter upside down as she launches herself over to another, hitting it with her massive mallet to keep her momentum, but puts her into another direction. Another and another, without fail and a lot of property damage as Sally makes her way up to The Unreliable, landing near the bridge module and making her way into the bridge.

“Alright! I’m in charge now, let’s... Let’s...” Sally says as she walks to the bridge, confused on what to do as the remaining helicopters begin firing on the ship. “J-just fuck ‘em up!” She shouts, sitting in the captain’s chair.

Sutaba nodded, firing every weapon the Unreliable had. Phasers, railguns and torpedoes firing at the helicopters.

One helicopter tried to ram into the pod where the torpedo launcher was, only to be fired upon and spin out, crashing into the side of the Vee Tower and causing a 3 floor tall gash in the middle of the building.

“Gary, try to work on an override for what Vox is doing, we’re 3 centuries ahead of them so we must find something to exploit.” Sally says to Gary, who was temporarily manning the sciences console.

“An override? It’s certainly possible, but it’s gonna take time we don’t have!” Gary responds. Sally focuses, looking at the tower.

“Try creating a second and third firewall, that should buy us some time! Brute force an override if you can!” Sally commands.

Gary nods, rushing over to an engineering console to create backup firewalls.

The helicopters continued to assault the Unreliable, despite their numbers becoming fewer and fewer.

Vox was not happy, struggling to get the fleet to do what he wanted. “They’ve damaged the command distributor, I can’t get through to them!” Vox shouts in a panic.

Valentino approached, smirking “Maybe you should’ve put some living pilots in there. Perhaps some soft and breedable ones-”

“VAL, SHUT UP AND KEEP YOUR PANTS ON!” Vox yelled.

“What pants?” Valentino replied, leaning forward.

Before Vox could give an answer (likely one of disgust), another Helicopter crashed into the Vee Tower, hitting the sign and damaging it to the point the logo was unrecognisable. Vox looked to the terminal in a panic, seeing a large caution sign flashing instead of schematics of the

Unreliable. "NO!" Vox yelled in despair, slamming his fists into the desk.

Back on the Unreliable though, this was good news. "The firewalls have been set up, your majesty, Vox ain't getting anywhere." Gary says. "Tear down the remaining fleet, time to show Vox what the 24th Century has in store." Sally commands.

Sutaba sends Photon Torpedoes directly into the remaining helicopters, making them either blow up on impact or spin out and crash into buildings... However, this victory was not all good. "Sally... the ship has taken major damage, several subsystems have been wrecked... If Vox sends out another fleet and breaks through the firewalls, I don't think we'll win." Gary says, dread laced into his voice. Sally sighs.

"Contact the captain and inform her. The away team will need to get back to the ship anyway if we need to figure out how to take down the Vees." She replies.

Trust Them With Nothing

The Tyson arrived in the Unreliable's shuttle bay, with the away team quickly heading to the conference room, meeting with Sally.

"I hear Andy has been scouring the internet for anything relating to VoxTech." Devoid says to Sally.

"Yeah, he has. Even their slogan is filled with shadiness. 'Trust Us With Your Safety'? No thank you!" Sally replies, her hands in her pockets.

"Ugh, slogans. Nothing but lies fed to people to drain them of any doubts." Vaggie says, rolling her eye.

"You can say that again." Breezie says as the away team + Vaggie enter the conference room. "So, what do we know about the Vees and what can we do about them?" Breezie asks, standing at the end of the conference table.

"Not much, Vox's fleet and interference has caused major damage to the ship. If anything, the best thing we can do is cut off their supply chain." Gary explains.

"What do you mean?" Breezie asks, curious.

"From what I know, Valentino runs a studio that distributes explicit videos and that's among one of the major sources of profit for the Vees. It's likely many of them that haven't been released are stored on a computer in the Vee Tower, likely Valentino's personal one." Vaggie explains.

"That could be one of their strongest supply chains." Johannah replies.

"If we knock out that, it'll cause a major blow to their system... But how? Fiora & Gary are still repairing a lot of our systems after Vox's interference damaged them, even if we wanted to fire the ship's phasers and be done with it, it's not an option. Most we have is lighting, impulse engines, life support and transporters." Sally asks.

"We'll have to break in and reach it ourselves." Vaggie replies.

"It's a plan, but we'll have to be ready to kill when needed. Who knows what Vox and his fellow scumbags have planned." Breezie says, rubbing her chin. "Vaggie, Andy & Johannah, meet me in the transporter room. Grab a phaser from the armoury on your way there." The 3 mentioned nodded, getting up with Breezie & walking out of the conference room.

In an alleyway just outside the Vee Tower, Breezie, Andy, Vaggie & Johannah beam down from the Unreliable, all with Type 2 phasers in hand.

"Alright, remember. No Vee Slaves." Breezie says as they head to the front door. Instead of opening it though, she kicks it in, shattering it. At that moment, the atmosphere changed. Alarms started blaring, employees rushing out to defend the damaged tower with outdated weapons all with the same dead look in their eyes.

"I guess we're going for a bloodbath then!" Andy says.

"Vox must've put chips in their brains to control them. He's doing this like a video game!" Vaggie says as the employees started arranging themselves in unison.

"Then if that's the case, time to tell him it's game over! EVERYONE, FIRE!" Breezie yelled, firing immediately after saying it.

The employees immediately began falling to the ground like flies.

Vaggie diverted her fire from the goons to a pillar in the lounge, destroying the base and making it fall to the ground. The pillar crushes many of the employees on impact and provides a safe space for Vaggie and Andy, who rush behind it.

"I think we should just vaporise them, give Vox no chance to regenerate his forces." Andy suggests.

"That makes sense. You must know your way around a phaser." Vaggie replies.

"Alex helped train me. Now, let's fuck these forces up!" Andy yells, setting his phaser to 'Vaporise' and starting to delete the employees as Johannah and Breezie sneak off.

Johannah and Breezie sneak through the stairways and corridors of the Vee Tower, alarm sounds distant as red lights occasionally flash.

"Where do you think it is?" Johannah asks.

"Likely in his room- Wait a second." Breezie replies, stopping herself when she sees an odd pink glow. She walks towards it and finds vials of the mysterious pink liquid she saw Valentino spike the martini with. "What is this stuff anyway?" Breezie says as she takes out a tricorder to scan it.

Johannah walks in, also curious. "I don't suggest drinking that stuff." She says, not trusting it.

"I don't think I will. This is a love potion... Liquid aphrodisiacs with a hint of alcohol to make people completely infatuated with a person."

Breezie replies, taking out her phaser. "I'm going to destroy it, Valentino's supply will be no more." She says before firing at any and all containers and equipment, destroying the Love Potion Lab with little to no mercy.

"We should probably get back on track to the computer. They might be making backups as we speak and I don't want our plan to be useless."

Johannah states before her and Breezie leave the destroyed lab... Only to be encountered by a VoxTech employee.

Breezie held up her phaser to shoot him down, but didn't get to.

Johannah rushed over before Breezie could pull the trigger, gripped the employee's face and seemed to cover him in violet cracks before he went limp, falling on the ground. "Weak spirit. Easy to conquer, easy to shatter." Johannah utters.

"What?" Breezie says, confused.

Johannah didn't answer, just continuing to walk.

Breezie, now a bit afraid, just continued following until they reached Valentino's bedroom.

His computer was there, abandoned and still logged in. The desktop image was a rather indecent one of him and his workers, as if to feed Valentino's ego.

"Let's check to see if everything is there and accounted for." Johannah says, walking to the computer and checking files. There laid everything, workprints for videos, final edits waiting to be uploaded... All there, all ready to be destroyed.

Breezie & Johannah both took out their phasers, looking at each other. With a simple nod from both, they fired their phasers, destroying the computer and leaving only a flaming wreck behind.

Johannah taps her combadge. "Johannah to Andy, the chain's been cut. Fall back and head to the ship, tell Vaggie to meet me near the garage. I've got a plan." Johannah says before tapping it again to shut it off.

"A plan? What are you going to do in the garage?" Breezie asks.

"I'm going to kill Valentino. I suggest you kill a Vee too, Captain. We can cut off Vox's support from there." Johannah replies coldly.

"Alright, I know exactly what to do." Breezie says, a confident grin on her face and a plan in her head.

Vee Two One

The Vees were uncomfortable. Unlike most times when they could make someone fall into submission through fear, they couldn't this time. The crew seemed too adamant. Their fleet was gone and their tower damaged. Silence encompassed them until Vox spoke up.

"What do we do?" Vox asks, genuinely confused.

"I don't know... We've lost our fleet, our employees are falling like flies... Maybe I could get my fans to fight for us, spread some lies about how they're really evil." Velvette suggests.

"Well, you can do that, I'm going to my condo." Valentino says, getting up and heading to the elevator.

"What?! You can't leave us! We're the Vees! We've ruled over this district for over 400 years!" Vox protests.

"Voxy, our tower has been compromised. We can't recover it. You can stay here if you'd like, but I'm going back and you can't stop me. If you'd like to join me, I'll be in one of my other limos." Valentino says before stepping into the elevator and disappearing.

Vox looked on in despair as Velvette set up a livestream.

"Don't worry, I still think there's hope. I'll head to my studio and this crew won't stand a chance." Velvette says, getting up and walking to the stairwell, going down to her studio and going live.

Velvette had all the lies planned out, faking panic and saying the crew of the ship were going to kill her. It was going well... But she was starting to run out of false truths. Velvette decided to try and get more by faking a bathroom break, so she said to her fans that she'll be back and rushed to her private bathroom.

Just then, Breezie snuck in with minimal noise and thankfully wasn't caught, as Velvette was nowhere to be seen. "OK... Good start. Let's see what the hell Velvette is up to." Breezie says, taking out a tricorder and scanning the place. Nothing seemed too out of the ordinary, besides some letters from Valentino that would need some investigation. Breezie folds up and pockets the letters, before turning to see Velvette's smartphone... and it was still live streaming. Breezie looked over at it, her face appearing on the screen and chat messages flying by. Breezie looked at it curiously... before the door opened, Velvette had come back.

"What are YOU doing here?" Velvette said as Breezie hid Velvette's phone in her back pocket.

"Just scanning the area for termites..?" Breezie responds, lying.

"Ugh, can't you do anything right? Besides, where's my phone? I need to get back to streaming to those parasites that give me free money and reinforcements against your stupid crew." Velvette says, unaware her phone was in Breezie's pocket... and still recording.

"I haven't seen it anywhere." Breezie lied.

"Of course you haven't, it's like you're a braindead idiot! Just like my fans!" Velvette responds.

Breezie scowled. "Oh, here it is." Breezie says, tossing the phone to Velvette, who finds out is still livestreaming... too late to do anything.

Velvette's face was one of despair, looking at the chat messages which were very much not in support of her or the Vees anymore. "You... You BITCH!" Velvette yelled, dropping her phone and rushing in to attack Breezie with a swift punch to the gut, knocking the captain down.

"What? Shocked that I caught you disrespecting the people who got you here on audio?" Breezie says, getting up, cracking her knuckles and trying to hide the fact that the attack hurt severely as the pain burned where Velvette punched.

Velvette scoffs at Breezie, walking around the captain. "You're only human. You're weak. I don't even know why you even resist. To the Vees, Resistance is Futi-"

Breezie interrupted with a swift kick right in Velvette's chin, ramming Velvette's bottom jaw into her tongue and flooding blood into the overlord's mouth. "I never liked the sound of that. Sounded too... Conquest-y." Breezie remarks, smirking.

Velvette responded not by words, but by spitting out the blood that collected in her mouth and punching Breezie right in the face, causing the captain to have a nosebleed. Velvette laughed, looking at the wounded Captain as her blood dripped onto the floor and going in for another attack.

Breezie gritted her teeth, inhaled sharply and blocked it with her arms, which felt as if arms were being hit by spiked chainmail.

Velvette kept going however, attacking Breezie until her arms were bruised and bloody.

After a lot of hits, Breezie let down her defences involuntarily, her arms felt like wet noodles at that moment.

Velvette smirked, going in for one more attack... Only for the battered, yet valiant Captain to grab Velvette's hand by the wrist, trapping it.

"May I remind you of who I am, you living fad? I'm CAPTAIN Breezie McKormic. One thing about me and my crew too, anyone who gets in our way, who stands against the freedom and independence of innocent people, is OUR ENEMY!" Breezie states, nearly shouting before jumping and headbutting Velvette right in the forehead, letting go of her wrist and causing the overlord to fall on the floor.

Velvette looked up at Breezie, despite looking badly beaten, she was still standing and Velvette was on the floor.

The influencer got up to try and attack one more time... but was interrupted by the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps: thousands, if not tens of thousands of angry people make their way to Velvette's studio.

Breezie has one last thing to say as she taps her combadge. "Breezie to Unreliable, one to beam up."

Velvette was shocked, looking at the doors barging open and Breezie disappearing in a blue light. "ONE?!" Velvette yells, in a panic as the fans rush towards her, attacking, abusing and ripping her apart like cheap meat. "Please, NO! It was just an act! VOX! ANYONE! HELP!"

Velvette screamed desperately as her now former fans turned her from powerful overlord to bleeding corpse.

Make Him Wish That She Stayed Uninvolved.

Johannah sat in one of Valentino's limos, the smell of bad sex and smoke intruding on her nostrils. Johannah had been sitting here for a while, waiting for the bald pimp so she could plan her kill. She heard the door open and was about to hide when she saw Vaggie instead of Valentino. "You think I was going to let you go at this alone?" Vaggie says, smiling.

"Weren't you helping Andy?" Johannah asks, looking confused.

"I think Velvette's fans sorted the remaining forces out for us." Vaggie answers, dusting off her ragged clothes.

"I guess she's out of the picture then." Johannah replied, trying to remain neutral.

Vaggie looked out the window, spotting Valentino walking to the limo they were in. Silently, the sinner & the ewe hid under some chair cushions.

After Valentino got in, the limo set off to the moth's condo. "All this work... 400 years of maintaining this empire... and it all falls because of me? No, no, I didn't cause this. No, I didn't." Valentino says to himself, trying to form some pity.

Vaggie scowled as she hit, watching Valentino lament. "You seeing this, Jo?" Vaggie whispers.

Johannah didn't answer. She wasn't even looking at Valentino.

"Nevermind." Vaggie whispered again, noticing a change in demeanour in the ewe.

The limo would soon arrive, and Valentino would run to an elevator up to his condo in a panic.

Once he was out of sight, Vaggie emerged from the cushions. "Alright, you ready to take him on?" Vaggie asks.

Johannah would only nod as she unbuckled her jacket, her expression blank and hollow.

Vaggie would follow, not knowing why Johannah had gone so non-vocal.

Valentino looked for some confirmation that his work was still at the top, only to find something terrible for him. At the top was mainly independent artists, particularly #1 being the famed 'Angel Dust'. "FUCK!!... Why is no one watching my shit!? What caused this!? I had the industry in the palm of my goddamn hands, and some insignificant little shits came and ripped everything out of my grasp?!" Valentino rants, furious as he kicks a chair and thrashing his desk. He pants a bit afterwards.

Johannah enters, the door seemingly opening in front of her on its own, and closing behind her before Vaggie could make it in. Jo's eyes became a deep purple, no pupil and iris to be seen.

Valentino turns around, noticing the ewe. "Wha-Oh great, some spooky shit, great! What do you want!?"

Johannah stays silent, staring into the abyss, as it comes back.

"I said, THE FU-!" Valentino yells before being cut off by a purple incorporeal hand choking him.

Hundreds of voices speak at once, as Vaggie listens in through the door "Valentino, thou bear witness to the host of WILL, we come to seek payment for what you have done to all of us." More hands appear as Johannah's irises turn white in the dark purple void.

Val is grabbed and pinned, nearly fanned out as he struggles to get free. Hands hold hammers, railroad spikes, and a heated knife as they get closer.

Vaggie can hear his screaming, his pain, knowing exactly what's happening. Crucifixion, followed by complete castration.

The hands write "Pietatis Imperium" as the descriptor.

"Please... stop... I can't do it... Anymore..." Valentino pleads, wanting mercy. Purple light comes from the ground as it cracks.

Vaggie is working on getting in to stop this madness as The Lamb of WILL speaks with the voices of many.

"You will not get your mercy. We broadcast to show your pitifulness, and that darkness cannot live." They stab Valentino with the searing blade, and twist it before pulling it out of his abdomen.

Valentino screams a cry of death, just as Vaggie gets in.

"Jo! What are you doing!? Snap out of it!" Vaggie demands, shaking Johannah back to a normal state as the hands quickly dissipate, and her eyes return to normal.

"Wha-What happened?" Johannah asks.

Vaggie only stares Johannah in the eye as the ewe turns to see the brutalised & pinned moth on display with a groin only a Ken doll would be proud of.

"O-Oh my God! I-I did this?!" Johannah asks, holding back tears of shock. How was she capable of this? Did she do this? Why would she do this?

"You seemed to have... been a vessel for those who died under his rule." Vaggie says, walking around the somehow still breathing Valentino.

"How many died? How many wished this harm upon him?" Johannah asked, curious as she watched Vaggie.

"There's no exact numbers... but it's said around twenty thousand were killed with illegally obtained angelic weapons." Vaggie replies, her tone somber.

Johannah was shocked, more tears crashing into the ground of the condo. "I... I think they were right." She says, looking into Val's eyes.

The moth was desperate. Desperate for help that won't arrive.

"But he's still alive. We have to stop any form of recovery. I don't suppose your torpedo launchers work?" Vaggie replies.

"We'll have to see." Johannah says as she buckles her jacket and taps her combadge. "Johannah to Unreliable, two to beam up."

Soon, the Unreliable soared over Pentagram City, making its way to Val's condo. Sinners were watching from below as the Miranda class starship flew over their heads and buildings.

On the bridge, Breezie stood up from the captain's chair, looking at the viewscreen. Memories soaring through her head seeing the state the clubs were in, the way the workers were treated... It made her sick to her stomach. She scowled, her hand clenching into a fist. "Sutaba, ready a spread of torpedoes. It should be enough to rip that damn moth to shreds." Breezie commands, clearly pissed off.

"Aye captain." Sutaba responds, loading a photon torpedo into the launcher.

The Unreliable slows, sitting only a few kilometres from the condo.

"Aim at Valentino and fire on my mark." Breezie says, as the atmosphere around the bridge gets cold.

"Are you sure this is the right thing to do?" Alex asks, concerned.

"If Johannah and Vaggie's concerns are to be trusted, then we can't allow that freak a chance to heal." Breezie replies.

The crew looks at each other nervously before Sutaba sets the aim. 5 seconds passed, though they felt like 5 centuries. Many had their hearts pounding in their chest.

After what felt like a millennium of silence, Breezie spoke. "Fire." She says, her voice making ice seem warm by comparison.

The torpedo blasted out of the launcher in the form of a bright red light, rocketing towards Valentino's condo. Valentino looked in front of him as he saw the torpedoes approaching rapidly. He tried to push himself off of the Delta he was crucified on, but it was far too late. With several loud bangs and a bright explosion, Valentino was killed, his flesh disintegrated by the flames of the explosion and his bones reduced to ash. "Good riddance." Breezie said coldly.

Last Broadcast

The ship continued to sit in front of the flaming wreck of Valentino's condo.

Breezie on the other hand had made her way to engineering. "So, Gary... Any luck fixing the imbalance?" Breezie asks, sitting down.

"Thankfully, there was. I did need a bit of help though." Gary replies, indicating to Vaggie working on a panel nearby.

"Haven't forgotten your skills, I see." Breezie says, smiling.

"It was a simple dilithium misalignment. The crystal must've been moved into an unfortunate position sometime before you got here." Vaggie says, looking at the now re-aligned dilithium crystal.

"Give it a bit of a recharge and we should be at Risa before you know it, captain." Gary replies.

"I guess you're staying, Vaggie?" Breezie asks.

"In Hell, yeah. Someone's got to fight the good fight down here. Let me tell you, even with the Veeps depowered, there's still plenty of threats down here." Vaggie answers, closing the panel door.

"Andy to Breezie." Andy says through Breezie's combadge.

Breezie taps it before responding. "Go ahead. Do you need me?" Breezie asks.

"We're being hailed, we need you on the bridge ASAP." Andy replies.

"I'm on my way." Breezie states, rushing out of Engineering.

Meanwhile, the hail is accepted, no input from anyone but Vox. he's in. "First, you come onto MY TERRITORY, Then you go into MY TOWER, and you kill MY BEST BUSINESS PARTNERS!! You know what, I'M DONE!! I'M GOING TO SEND YOUR PRETTY LITTLE SHIP, RAMMING SPEED THROUGH ALL 7 RINGS OF HELL!! I HOPE YOU LIKE BEING IN A FUCKING SHIPWRECK, BITCHES!! WHERE'S YOUR LITTLE CAPTAIN TO SAVE YOU NOW!!?" Vox yells before laughing maniacally. He hacks into the helm right as Breezie gets to the bridge.

"Is he hacking us?" Breezie asks, confused.

"Not for long!" Sally remarks, running the override that Gary prepared earlier.

Suddenly, the hack was blocked, the computer's voice speaking to Vox, simply saying "Access Denied.". Vox was frustrated, slamming his fists onto the terminal in frustration.

"So what was that about ramming speed?" Alex asks smugly.

Vox grins psychotically, the pressure getting to him "Oh-hoh-hoh, once I get my hands on you all, I'm going to cause so much damage, you won't recover for shit! Especially that little princess, might as well give her a little bastard to raise, right!?" He shouts, singing his praises early.

"No." Devoid states, getting up from one of the consoles.

Vox's gaze shifted to the hedgehog, his grin staying like superglue, asking "ex-fucking-scuse-me?"

"I said no." Devoid states, his hands clenching into a fist.

"Oh, great," Vox sarcastically exclaims "How about you define what that means, so eeeeeveryone can understand your 'master plan'!?"

"It means NO." Devoid shouts, walking into direct view.

"And how is that going to stop me? I'll still take your precious princess and give her a bastard of my own!" Vox replies, sounding insufferable to the hedgehog.

Unfortunately for Vox, this pushed Devoid to his breaking point. The needlemouse punched the railing he was standing by, causing the console he was just by to explode violently. "Would you like to find out what happens when you mess with my friends? Especially Sally? Because I'm going to have A LOT OF FUN when you do." Devoid declared, his teeth gritted.

Vox, in a state of mania, smiles wide "Then why don't you come down here and show us!? I'll broadcast the entire thing! I'm already ready for you, you can't do shit, PORCUPINE!!"

Devoid snarled in pure rage, speeding off the bridge. The crew looked amongst each other, worried as the viewscreen switched to Vox's makeshift broadcast.

Past the shattered doors, Devoid raced up the floors of the damaged Vee Tower, rage fueling him as he raced to Vox, anger burning in his eyes.

Vox charges up the environment, the only thing that can stop him now is either a ring wide power outage, or if that hedgehog moves faster than light with how much electricity is pushing through Vox... He is near overheating at this point... but that ship will be his, he called dibs, he needs it! What he got was a spin dash directly into his chest.

Devoid had arrived, smoke coming from his shoes due to how fast he ran. Once Devoid makes it up however, Vox goes for the first punch, aiming for the face with a fist chock full of electricity. Devoid grips the overlord's fist directly, wincing in pain at the shock he receives.

"You've got a lot of nerve threatening Sally like that, you widescreen faced freak!" Devoid says, gripping hard in an attempt to break Vox's fingers.

Vox lifts his arm and uses the momentum to try and slam Devoid on the other side of him, if not then just throw him across the room. "And you got the nerve to disobey me! Do you know who I am down here!?"

"I don't care enough to!" Devoid yells, deciding to play dirty and spin dash once more... right between Vox's legs. "Try making anything using that tiny thing now!" Devoid yells, standing on Vox's chair.

Vox immediately turns to try and catch Devoid, to grab his head and char it until nothing but a skull remains, trying to get at least 50 giga-volts into the turquoise fuck, grab him, lunge... his fatal mistake. He trips. Vox falls from the platform, crashing down to the floor below. Debris surrounded him as he just missed a soft surface, damaging his back. He spotted the needlemouse staring at him.

"Unlike you, I don't MISS!" Devoid yells, leaping off the platform and ramming his elbow into Vox's abdomen, making the TV demon cough up blue blood.

The Suited Screen immediately strikes Devoid in the jaw, sending him flying with a good few jolts to his body, Vox gets up, looking at the hedgehog "Do you know how long it takes to get to the top!? How many souls, and contracts it takes to innovate Hell for well over 400 years!? You know nothing of strength, You don't have the DI-"

Devoid rushes up, spin dashing right into Vox's screen and cracking it. "I know nothing of strength? You've hidden behind your employees and your colleagues, now we're fighting one on one and you are clearly losing! Your exploitation and your empire ends here. Accept your loss and maybe I'll consider mercy." Devoid says, sick of Vox.

A single eye cuts through the misaligned rainbow of colour the cracked screen provides “Over MY DEAD BODY!!” Vox screams, making more electricity flow through him, he is going to overload. “If I die, I’M TAKING EVERYTHING I OWN WITH ME!!!” Vox then laughs like a bloody psychopath as everything shakes and burns around him.

Devoid looks around, thinking to himself “It’s damn time to get outta here.” He looks at Vox and kicks him into a piece of malfunctioning equipment, trapping the overlord in broken panels and torn wires. “No, you aren’t.” Devoid coldly says, lighting a match and dropping it onto Vox. This only makes this worse, segments of the building now starting to explode. Turns out, Devoid ignited the fusebox.

Vox could only go deeper into insanity, as loud bangs echo throughout the collapsing building. “AREN’T YOU HAPPY!?! YOU WIN!! NOW DIE, YOU FUCKING RODENT!!” Vox yells, his body catching alight.

Devoid simply began running away as Vox burnt up, not wanting to do as the dying overlord says. He taps his combadge as he heads for a broken window. “Devoid to Unreliable, one to beam up!” He yells, leaping out.

Thankfully, they recovered him before any explosions caught up to him.

“Alright, we’ve got you, Devoid.” Andy says, helping the hedgehog up.

The Vee Tower was if anything, a tombstone. A damaged, charred tombstone. Stray fires still glowed within, but other than that, it was as dead as the group that owned it. The broadcast ended soon after Vox’s Death... Silence filled all of Hell, it’s over... It’s really over.

Devoid made his way back up to the bridge, immediately greeted by a hug from Sally. “I assume Vaggie has gone?” Devoid asks, looking at Sally.

“Oh, she left just before you came. But now that you’re here, we can finally go to Risa!” Sally says happily. The 2 make their way to their chairs, as Andy was already setting the ship up for Transwarp.

“Ready when you are, captain.” Andy says, turning to Breezie.

“I’ve seen enough of hell until my afterlife personally... Let’s get outta here, blast off.” Breezie commands, sending the ship towards the mysterious light in the sky and going to transwarp.

With a flash and a bit of shaking, the ship drops out of transwarp and arrives back where and when they’re supposed to be. Risa, 2366.

“I say we’re plenty due for a rest. Take the ship into dock, Andy.” Breezie says, smiling that she and her crew can finally get some rest.

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