

## Blood Of The Yakuza

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## Blood Of The Yakuza

by [0Devoid](#)

### Summary

An Alternate timeline tells a dangerous tale, with the USS Valentine having to investigate contaminated cargo deliveries that are causing major mass deaths across federation space. All they know is not to trust the people delivering it... The Yakuza.

### Notes

Also written by Fateweaver

## The Mysterious Asteroid.

In an alternate 2366, different from our own, Devoid was walking through a class M planet. His clothes were rugged and he was not well. He sat down by a tree, going into a fetal position and almost about to cry when he heard a voice in the distance.

"Hey! Sir! I'm Commander Joseph Shabalala of the USS Odyssey. Can I help you?" A man in a Starfleet uniform says, crouching down to Devoid.

Devoid could only nod, his voice worn out from what happened only minutes prior.

4 years later, Commander Devoid was sitting in his quarters. As of now, he had been assigned as the first officer of the USS Valentine, an Ambassador class ship. He sat with a cup of tea in his hand, waiting for it to cool down. A chime was heard at his door, causing the hedgehog to turn to it. "Come in." Devoid says, the door opening to reveal an older man, well into his 60s but still with a light in his eye. "Captain Casillo. Surprised to see you here." Devoid says, getting up from his chair.

"As you were, Ichi." Captain Castillo says, walking in.

"Would you at least want something to drink, Captain? I assume you're here for something important." Devoid says, heading to the replicator.

"Only some carbonated Strawberry Juice. I just want to rebrief you on our task, you did seem rather drowsy during the meeting." Captain Castillo states, sitting down on a chair parallel to Devoid's as the hedgehog hands the captain the fizzy drink.

"Understandable, sir. I've been rather restless lately. I've even seen Doctor Doveblade about this and she's working on something to help." Devoid explains.

Castillo sips his drink and nods, "Well, there is an assignment I need you to do, it involves a Maquis division, the Yakuza."

Devoid perks up a bit, those folks he has dealt with in the past. "Alright, what's the task?" Devoid asks, interested already.

Castillo gives him a briefing "We've received reports from the Unreliable that several Yakuza raiders and cargo ships are nearby, seemingly working out of an old asteroid base. I want you to lead the away team to see what's going on. While these could easily be simple supply runs, Captain McKormic has informed us that the scanners did pick up traces of illegally acquired weapons and illicit substances amongst the relatively harmless cargo."

"What do you think they might need those weapons for?" Devoid asks, sipping from his tea.

"We don't know just yet, but we can't be sure it's for assisting with threats to the Federation. We should be arriving within the hour, meet me on the bridge when you're done with your drink." Captain Castillo says, getting up and leaving, taking the beverage with him.

Devoid takes some time to get ready, making himself look somewhat decent despite the restlessness. He finishes his tea before heading off to do some checks before going to the bridge.

About 15 minutes after their conversation, Devoid arrives on the bridge, taking his seat to the left of Castillo's. "Any updates on the situation?" Devoid asks.

"None yet, it seems they're laying low for now." Castillo replies.

"We should be arriving within 20 minutes, we still have some time to relax." Ensign Danny Chilton says, looking at the 2 commanding officers from the helm console.

"Good to know, Ensign." Castillo says, smiling.

The Bridge doors open suddenly, Dr Poppy Doveblade peeks in from a turbolift. Poppy is a poodle mobian with fur tufts dyed pink, and green eyes to counteract it. She looks at Devoid, a sturdy minded "Commander, if you are going to do a mission, we better do a checkup. Want to make sure you are stable before you get in there."

Devoid nods, going with her to sickbay on deck 11.

She does her routine scan, and a physical examination afterwards. Testing his motor functions, hearing, reaction time, and cardio.

Devoid sighs at the very end "Poppy, you know the scans can see any problems beforehand."

She looks at him, unimpressed "You know how I feel about the scanner. It can estimate, but not predict the effects of a stress test. I was thinking of doing a psychological examination like we have every week, but you need to get back to your post."

Devoid begins to leave, but Poppy grabs his wrist

"Hey," Poppy requests "Try not to kill yourself out there, I don't want to lose my favourite patient."

Devoid nods, heading back to the bridge.

As he arrives back at the bridge, Devoid feels a sense of dread. Unlike other encounters, something felt terrifying about this one. He decides to hide his fear, he wouldn't want to worry his captain. Before he could speak though, a female Vulcan spotted something from a console.

"Captain, I'm detecting scraps of hull. It looks to match the new Intrepid class that has just launched." T'Plana, the tactical officer, stated.

"It could be what happened to the Pathfinder, Starfleet said they lost it only a few months back." Devoid replies, wondering what scraps of a new starship class might be doing out so far.

"There's no signs of damage though, it's as if the ship was disassembled instead of destroyed." T'Plana says, reading from the console.

"Odd... We best continue though, see if the Yakuza would know anything about this." Captain Castillo replies, straightening his shirt.

The Valentine continued to the location at high warp, dropping out near the location the Yakuza were working out of, an asteroid base with tons of Maquis Raiders & Antares class freighters flying past.

"Here we are, Captain." Ensign Chilton says.

"Lieutenant Keys, hail them, show we mean no harm and are just here to investigate." Castillo commands.

As the hail goes through, the viewscreen displays an image of a hand with the pinkie finger, middle finger, and thumb up captioned with the words "Fuck you" on top and "Boss is busy" on the bottom.

"Well, that's rather rude." Devoid says, getting up.

"Indeed. I assume you're ready to go in?" Castillo replies.

"Of course, Captain. Tell the away team to meet me in Transporter Room 2." Devoid states before heading to a turbolift and leaving the bridge.

Moments later, Devoid, Lt Commander T'Plana, Lieutenant jg Jackie Wellington, and Ensign Trevor Cribley beam down into the asteroid base, type 1 phasers hidden in their hands.

"Keep a lookout for anything of note. I wonder what this 'Boss' is busy with." Devoid says, leading the away team through the corridors of the

base.

The corridors, earthen walls and doors, reinforced from within by steel & neutronium. Tapestries of history, painted across some of the doors, indicate possible hints of where to go to find the "boss" of this faction. Symbols of togetherness mark some of the doors, while others have marks of war, unification, and punishment.

"And I thought the Romulans were imperialistic... Look at this place." Ensign Cribley says, looking around.

"Now's not the time to make sarcastic comments Ensign, we're here to investigate." Devoid replies as he approaches a door. "Anything behind that door, Lieutenant?"

Jackie takes out a tricorder and scans for life signs in the crack between the doors. "Quite a few, about 4 people are in there. But knowing these guys, I don't know if they're Yakuza members or captives." She says.

"Perhaps we can peek through the door? It would be a way to see them and remain undetected." T'Plana suggests, walking towards the door... Hearing footsteps from the other side.

Cautiously, Devoid & Ensign Cribley took out their phasers, Jackie being hesitant. Then they heard the Yakuza on the other side of the door. A conversation can be heard. Although they speak Japanese, universal translators are in play for our crew

"- and people started hoarding for more," one finishes.

"So that is why the boss is so angry today?" His compatriot asks

"Yeah, she did find one of the traitors though, so he will receive his punishment," the first states

"I don't think it would be light deprivation, especially with the mood she is in, probably the old way," A third says.

"Maybe we can cheer her up in case she goes on another rampage," A fourth replies

"Maybe we can improve our forces or get the Federation off our backs?" Footsteps stop, but the first is still heard.

"Wait... Delta... No Blood... NOW!" The group of four yakuza burst in, brass knuckles and Baseball bats pulled out and ready to strike... but not to kill. This group quickly went down to 3 as one was shot down by Ensign Cribley.

"Good shot, Ensign!" Devoid says as he leaps out the way of a punch to the face, only to get one right into his gut.

T'Plana attempts a Vulcan nerve pinch, only to get decked in the face, her green blood starting to pour out her nose.

Ensign Cribley grabbed T'Plana by the armpits and carried her away sneakily while Jackie got one of her ankles shattered by a baseball bat.

One of the Yakuza runs up to the one breaking the ankles, holding his chest with one arm he shakes his head "No blood, remember." The other one sighs as he throws his bat, accidentally hitting Cribley in the face.

"Sorry, I get blood drunk too often and it messes with my mind." The initiator sighs and pats his shoulder

"I know Ren, just be careful, brothers need to look after eachother." The two fist bump, but it didn't last as Cribley, in a last ditch attempt to reduce their forces, vaporises Ren with his phaser before hiding himself & T'Plana in a storage closet and blocking the door.

"REN! NO! Kofuku, get these fucks to the boss, call for backup! I... Ren..." The first begins to cry, as Kofuku drags Devoid and Jackie to the brig, tossing them in the same cell. He pants and closes the door, he pants as the yelling from one of the other cells stopped, silence fell as one person stepped out.

A Rubberhose toon woman, with black frizz in the shape of a bob. Her breasts under bandage wraps, her pants a tight leather, her shoes being the same. She wears a glistening metallic gold jacket with black plaid, and an eyepatch displaying her current mood in a little holographic face: Moody and a bit tense. She looks at Kofuku. "What are you doing here, I gave you patrol duty, right?" She asks him. He nods and replies.

"We found some Starfleet intruders, Sōutsu-Sarī."

She pinches where the bridge of her nose is, and sighs "If I didn't have enough to worry about... Who do you have in captivity?"

Kofuku peaks in, and looks "A human woman and some kind of... anthropomorphised needlemouse."

She perks up when he tells her the latter "pins and colour of his uniform?" She requests

"Red and 3 gold dots, no shadows." He obliged.

She smiles, laughing a bit.

He laughs with her, despite not knowing what about.

She looks at him with pleasure and a bit of excitement. "Kofuku, I already have a plan. Get the entire station and entire fleet ready for a boarding party. We are gonna have some fun... and take the rat to the baseball field, I'm feeling intimidating today."

The moment she finishes a blood curdling scream is heard from the cell she exited. "Use the bandages, don't just bleed out you idiot!" She calls back, making sure her traitor learned his lesson.

## First Inning, Yakuza's Court

Minutes later, Devoid wakes up, a pain still lingering in his chest. He is sitting on first base as a pitching machine sits at home base, throwing towards second. He isn't tied up or down, but free and without his phaser.

Sarī stands cheekily at third base, laughing. "Divu~oido-san! Hello! You should have told me that you wanted to meet in person!" She boasts, holding her favourite baseball bat like a cane as she calls out to him.

Yakuza sit near the wall Devoid was near, and by either side of Sarī.

"This is no time for games, if you simply gave us a response, we would've told you this was a peaceful investigation. Yet, you decided not to answer us." Devoid states, getting up.

Sarī only chuckles "Oh come now, if you are here, then that Valentine of yours is in MY space, MY territory. I'm about damn ready to start a full assault, but I'm willing to cut you a deal." She begins her approach, about to get through the pitch.

"If you are willing to cooperate, I can explain why we're here. We are not terrorists!" Devoid replies, stepping towards Sarī.

She stops in the line of fire, one of the guys near the pitching machine noticing and trying to turn it off. "Oh no. I know you aren't terrorists, you'r-" She is cut off by a stray ball clunking the side of her head. She stands there in surprise, all the yakuza looking at her in fear, but she starts laughing, and soon the others start to laugh..

Except the one on her left, who is concerned and confused.

She immediately turns and hits him in the gut with a bat and yells "That's your cue TO LAUGH!!" She kicks him while he is down yelling at him "LAUGH, LAUGH YOU STUPID MOTHERFUCKER!!"

Despite still being in mild pain, Devoid looks for any other crew members, jogging away from the baseball field and clutching his chest in pain.

Sarī notices and follows him, abandoning the rest of the yakuza. "Oh, Divu~oido-san, I don't think we were done talking," She states, "My offer is this. I will give myself to you, and you move your ship just out of my territory, just out of range of any phasers or proton torpedoes. How does that sound?"

Devoid scoffs. "We're only in transporter range. My question is this, where is the rest of my away team?" Devoid asks, stepping on Sarī's foot. "One of them is in the brig, and the other two are locked in a closet that they locked on their end. Don't worry, they'll be coming with you free as a bird," Sarī continues "I'll be the one in the cuffs."

"As I said, the ship is out of range. You're coming with me." Devoid states bluntly, gripping Sarī's arm and dragging her back to the brig.

She unlocks the chamber that holds Jackie, a yakuza member inside patching her up as best he can.

"Come on, Jackie. I'm getting you out of here." Devoid says, holding out his hand to help Jackie up.

Jackie, with a sigh, grips the needlemouse's hand and gets up, avoiding putting pressure on her broken ankle. One of the members comes up with some crutches to help with Jackie's mobility, offering them to her.

After recovering Ensign Cribley & T'Plana, the away team beams back to the Valentine with Sarī in tow.

Almost immediately upon arrival, Devoid escorted Sarī to the brig, staying silent until they got there.

Once Sarī was in the cell, the forcefield was raised.

"Now, tell me. Are you aware you were carrying contaminated goods on your supply ships?" Devoid asks. She shakes her head

"No, we have checkpoints to make sure that throughout the trip, nothing is tainted and nothing is altered. I was in the brig when you were brought to me, dealing with one of the traitors, making his squeal like a pig before punishing him properly," She responds, honestly.

"Then what are you carrying?" Devoid asks again, leaning towards the forcefield.

She smiles and pulls out things as she lists them "Wallet, keycard, some gum, and a book," she lists off, the book itself being 'The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' by Edward Gibbon. "Mind if I read for a bit?" She asks.

"I meant the cargo of the ships, Sarī! Don't play dumb with me!" Devoid shouts.

She smiles, as she begins to read to herself, answering Devoid "300 pounds of pain medication per ship, along with each driver and set of armed guards. All of my checkpoints reported no alterations to the shipment... then all of a sudden, the goods were tampered with before they made it to shelves. Tell me, why would I give out an order, and make one of my own men cut off a finger, just to hurt more people? People who are regularly in pain because they can't afford any good pain medication. And Starfleet is always too busy with politics and negotiations to treat those who need help, those who have problems that need to be solved by a group of people, willing to help out. Tell me, who is supposed to look after those who were given a bad hand in life?"

"Then explain the case of mass poisoning on Galador II after your Yakuza did a supply run. Our scans revealed contaminated medication and no Galadorans around had the equipment to do so." Devoid asks, his expression stern.

"I was keeping track of the data, nothing was poisoned, but there is always time between the last checkpoint, and any of the medication getting to its destination! It's not Like I or anyone else can test or check the medication exactly before a sale! How much of an idiot are you!?"

Starfleet, Blind and Deaf as always, not giving a shit about those who are trying to do right, but might have a few bad eggs! Have you considered that!?" She yells back at the Commander.

Devoid wasn't convinced and leaves the brig, heading for Castillo's Ready Room.

Captain Castillo was sitting in his ready room, looking over the report of the mission done by Ensign Cribley.

The door chimed as Devoid notified the Captain of his presence.

"Come in." Captain Castillo says, looking up at the doorway.

Devoid walks in and sighs. "She's being uncooperative. She's trying to push the blame off herself and saying that 'There's always some time between the last checkpoint'. I honestly think she's hiding something-" Devoid explains before being interrupted by Castillo.

"Calm yourself, Ichi. You must be getting too stressed. If we're going to find out if Sarī has been distributing contaminated goods and these illegal weapons, we're going to have to scan a cargo lot. If anything, we should be in sensor range. I'll have Lieutenant Davey Foreman scan one for anything we're looking for. Jackie isn't in good shape after what the Yakuza did to her so she's staying in quarters. Until then, Sarī shall remain in the brig and we will remain here, understood?" Castillo states, continuing to read over the report.

Devoid sighs, going along with it. "Yes sir." He says.

"Good to know, dismissed." Castillo replies, leading Devoid to leave the ready room.

As Devoid walked out onto the bridge, he noticed something on the viewscreen. "Lieutenant? What's that just by the asteroid? It looks like a larger Maquis Raider to me." Devoid says, looking at a partially obscured ship.

"I can do a scan if needed, but we need to check if the shipments are contaminated." Lieutenant Foreman states.

"Understood, make sure to scan that ship as soon as we get a result." Devoid replies, sitting in the first officer's chair.

A chime comes from a console, Foreman reading the results. "There's nothing. Everything seems fine." Lieutenant Foreman states, looking at the needlemouse.

"That can't be. It doesn't make sense." Devoid replies, getting up and looking at the console.

"There are weapons too, but none in the cargo bays." Lieutenant Foreman continues, pointing at indicators of where handheld weapons are on the ship, a clear gap in the cargo bays.

"They have got to be hiding something, I know it." Devoid states, walking away from the console. "This oozes distrust. How can these people get poisoned yet there's no poison on either route?"

Ensign Chilton hears this and gets up, walking to the hedgehog. "May I suggest something, Commander?" He asks.

"What is it, Ensign?" Devoid says, sounding annoyed.

"Wild idea... But maybe they contaminate the meds upon arrival? They might store the poison on the ship." Ensign Chilton explains.

"It's worth a shot, I suggest we at least try." Lieutenant Foreman states.

"Do it. If anything, that's our route to an answer." Devoid commands, walking back to the console, Ensign Chilton close behind.

The ship scanned for the poison directly... And there it was. A small sample hidden far from the cargo bay.

"Of course. She would lead us off guard." Devoid says in revelation.

"What do you mean?" Lieutenant Foreman asks, confused.

"Sari lied. Throw us off course by being technically correct." Devoid states, walking to a turbolift.

"And what are you doing, sir?" Ensign Chilton asks.

Devoid turns to the ensign, fury in his eyes. "I'm going to confront a liar."

## Spartacus Rising

Devoid stormed into the brig, both fury and glee on his face. “YOU FUCKING LIAR! I KNEW YOU WERE HIDING SOMETHING!” He shouted at Sarī, the discovery fresh in his mind.

She looks at him offended “What do you mean!? I told you what I know, I’m sure you found that there was a traitor among my men, LIKE I DISCOVERED, and you STILL DON’T BELIEVE ME!?” She yells back.

“Then explain to me why there is poison on your cargo ships. You didn’t think to do a thorough inspection?!” Devoid says, glaring into Sari’s eyes.

“We have checkpoints! We check the cargo, and now our men, for anything. I just instated a new policy before we left. Check once when leaving port, once for each base and outpost, once going into port, check all personnel and Cargo before departure! Do you really believe that I am that malicious, to kill millions under the promises of salvation and support!?” Sarī refutes, trying to explain.

“Then why haven’t you DONE ANYTHING?! Tens of millions are dead because of this. Medication needed to survive has been tainted BY YOUR PEOPLE and you’ve done NOTHING TO STOP THEM?” Devoid shouts, confused and angry.

“Oh, how about I get this into your head, I’m underfunded, undermanned, resources are low, and information doesn’t get to me fast enough! I came into your custody to make my case, for you to understand that regardless of your place in this argument, I’m knee deep in shit here, and you refuse to either help, or get out of my way! I’m trying to do what the Federation fails to do on a regular basis, Look after the common man. I heard your stories, and I always think ‘Hmm, how did the enemy see it? How do they feel when some unknown thing in the sky suddenly shows up and speaks of peace, only to be filled with those blinded by ambition and maybe some greed?’ Can you explain that? And don’t pull your little ‘Mission statement’ because I will tell you this: if you don’t monitor the garden, you will be taken over by weeds!” She rants to him, explaining her case.

“Greed? GREED? What do you take us for? Ferengi? Did you only listen to conspiracy theories?! I swear, if I hear one more thing about the Federation being fascist, I swear to the Bajoran Prophets...” Devoid replies, finding her rant flawed and filled with lies.

She stands there, looking at him menacingly “You don’t listen, you don’t have ears...”

Suddenly, a shaking hits the ship, the whole place going to Red Alert.

“What the hell?!” Devoid yells.

“...so let us give you ears,” Sarī finishes.

Devoid taps his combadge, confused. “Devoid to bridge! What is going on?” He says, running out of the brig.

“I think we found out what happened to the Pathfinder, we’re surrounded.” Captain Castillo says, fear in his voice.

“Engines are out and so are Comms & shields! We are dead in the water!” T’Plana yells, her voice coming through the combadge.

Devoid scowls, “Damn it, we’ll be torn apart! I have to get to Engineering!” He says before speeding off, hoping to meet with Lieutenant Lucia Colasanto to fix these things.

Unfortunately, 2 Yakuza members beamed in. One ready to shoot with a phaser, and the other ready for close quarters combat.

Devoid slid under the 2 of them, rolling back into a run.

The two run off towards the brig while Devoid rushes to Engineering.

“Colasanto! Do you need any help?” Devoid shouts from the door as he rushes into Engineering, the place lightly showered in debris and flames.

There he sees Lieutenant Colasanto, blood stains all over her as she beats one Yakuza member over a railing, the other bound to the floor by debris. “Not exactly. I’ve got this under control!” She yells from the upper floor.

“Not with beating their skulls in, I meant with repairing the ship!” Devoid replies, causing Colasanto to throw the member over the railing and look around.

“Shit, should’ve noticed something was up, hold on!” She says, vaulting over that same railing and landing directly on the skull of that member she was beating down, crushing it.

“I’ll set up forcefields so more can’t get in.” Devoid says, heading to a console and activating a Level 10 forcefield around the doors.

“We have major hull breaches around important parts. The shuttle bay has been severely damaged among many things and the other engineers have been slaughtered.” Lieutenant Colasanto explains, looking at a flickering Master systems display.

“Do we have weapons?” Devoid asks, remoting into whatever defensive systems they have.

“We do. They’re too concealed for the Yakuza to get. We could also use our deflector dish to screw with their systems.” Lieutenant Colasanto states.

“Let’s just knock them down a peg first! That ship’s a bit too big for its shields!” Devoid yells, making the Valentine fire torpedoes at the unshielded starboard nacelle.

The nacelle is blown off, turned into a fiery mess as it drifts away from the ship.

“Congratulations. You’ve made them angry. Thankfully, I’ve got some of our shields back.” Colasanto replies, looking unimpressed.

Suddenly, the ship is hit with 3 photon torpedoes at once, right through the shields and knocking out much of Deck 6. Another 3 have just launched as The Valentine is hit, a large gash appearing where a lot of Deck 6 once was.

On the bridge, Captain Castillo is far from happy, his hands gripping the armrests of his chair. “Full power to thrusters! Evasive Manoeuvres!” He yells.

The 3 torpedoes that were fired miss the nacelle it was aiming for and hitting the rim of the saucer section.

“We’ve lost part of our phaser array and our shields can’t take anymore! If we get hit by another volley, we’ll be dead!” T’Plana yells.

“Casualty Report!” Castillo says in response.

“230 crew members dead on decks 2-18! We have lost Deck 6!” T’Plana replies, causing the captain to go cold.

“Fall back.” He says, his voice filled with despair.

“Ensign Chilton, get us out of here, now!”

“I’ll try, but our hull is too damaged for high speed, we can only sustain up to Warp 4!” Ensign Chilton replies, looking at the captain.

“Just do it, Ensign!” Castillo yells back.

The Valentine starts to turn to try and escape... as one of the Yakuza members makes their way to the bridge, a knife in his hand.

T’Plana notices, but is knocked down by the Yakuza member as he makes his way to Captain Castillo... and stabs the captain in the back of the throat.

He pulls out his blade and beams back to the Yakuza’s ship, along with the others...

As the Valentine went to warp, the fatality count went to 231.

Devoid made his way back to the bridge, panting. "How is everything?" He asks, looking around.

T'Plana groaned, clutching her arm as they scanned the ship. "We've lost Sarī." She says, sighing. "And the Captain along with much of our crew is dead."

That last statement hit Devoid hard as he rushed to the Captain's bleeding corpse. "No... No, this can't be!" Devoid says, breaking up. He burrows his head into his chair, beating it with his fist as he sobs. After a while, he gets up, rubbing the tears off his face. "Once we get repairs, we're going back. We won't fall for their tricks then." Devoid says coldly.

"Sir, we were ordered to investigate, not to destroy them." Ensign Chilton says, turning to the hedgehog.

"Ensign, most of our crew is dead. We only have 89 crew members left including ourselves. Set a course for the nearest Starbase... I'll be in sickbay if you need me." Devoid replies, heading to a turbolift and heading down to sickbay.

On the Yakuza's ship, made from a larger version of a Maquis Raider and parts taken from the Pathfinder, Sarī beams back aboard, with a few personnel escorting her out of the transporter room. "Why didn't you tell me?" Sarī asks, unimpressed.

"Tell you what?" Toklaa, one of the escorts, says.

"Why is there poison hidden on the ships? What is the point?" Sarī asks, approaching the transporter officer with fury in her eyes.

"What poison?" Toklaa asks, confused.

"I thought we were supposed to help the worlds that the Federation abandoned so the Cardassians would keep quiet, not KILL INNOCENT PEOPLE!" She states, furious. "Now what have we gained from this? Not power, not superiority, but our lead ship is badly damaged because of tests we didn't do. I don't want to lose the Spartacus any quicker than we got the parts for it." She storms off to her captain's quarters, leaving the escorts behind. She punches a wall as she enters, denting it... she falls onto her knees, psychosis and pain in her eyes. "I am a good leader... I'm fit for royalty... I can do it mom... I can do it..."

Toklaa scowled, walking away while the other personnel looked amongst each other, not sure what to do.

"I suggest we repair our damages and get to work trying to prevent Starfleet from staging something like that again. We've never had a ship actually escape after intervening and we won't have it again." Vatlina says, before leading the others away.

As the Valentine continued to warp to the Starbase, Devoid sat in sickbay, talking with Poppy, who was taking notes on the captain's corpse as an Autopsy report. "I can't believe they killed him. Just like that. Why? He never did anything wrong." Devoid states, looking toward the floor.

"Some members of the Yakuza don't hesitate to kill to demoralise us. You know how they feel about Starfleet, even if they pin that blame on the entire federation." Poppy says, sitting next to him on a bed. She looks at his vitals, a few minor broken bones and strained muscles...

normal for how he is after an outing like this to be honest. Poppy ran an osteogenic stimulator over the broken bones, healing the hedgehog up.

"I'll have to tell an admiral about it. This fight is going awful for Starfleet." Devoid replies, sighing.

"T'Plana to Devoid, we've arrived." T'Plana says, her voice coming from the combadge.

"Alright, I'm on my way." Devoid replies, getting up and walking out of sickbay, much to Poppy's annoyance.

The battered USS Valentine limped through the spacedock doors, before docking inside.

Devoid beamed over to the starbase with a light limp in his step, walking to Vice Admiral Hayes' office.

Hayes watched Devoid walk in, her face seemed concerned. "Commander, what has happened? We sent your ship on a mission to negotiate and-" Hayes asked, before Devoid breathlessly interrupted.

"Captain Castillo is dead. I would like you to inform his family." He says, looking at the admiral.

"Why should I? Why should they know?" Hayes asks, as if his death was a taboo subject.

Devoid's face went from one of exhaustion to one of rage. "Admiral. Are you censoring the deaths caused by the Yakuza?" He asks, looking toward Hayes.

"I don't want to start an all out war, I don't want the innocent people of the Federation to die!" Hayes replies, knocking a PADD to the floor.

Devoid, curious, picked up the PADD and gazed upon the contents of the screen.

On it was an agreement, sent by another higher up in the Yakuza that wasn't Sarī. On it, it displayed a message to not inform the families or people of the Federation of the deaths caused by the Yakuza, intentional or otherwise.

Hayes gulped nervously, watching the hedgehog's gaze shift from the PADD to her.

Devoid, severely pissed off that those in charge would dismiss the deaths of thousands of Starfleet officers just to keep the Yakuza at bay, gripped the PADD with both of his hands and snapped it in two. "Admiral. You are either going to inform the people of this or I will. Either way, this censorship is coming to an end. 19 starships have been destroyed prior to this, including the Aeagan which was on a simple cargo run of its own. It would've been 20 if the Valentine didn't escape. Now, I expect the Valentine to be repaired as soon as possible. If you wish to not inform the people of these deaths, I will consider you complicit in the deaths of tens of millions of people. Including the contaminated cargo. Either way, once the ship is repaired, I am going to finish the job. Do you hear me, admiral?" Devoid says, staring Admiral Hayes down.

"What are you going to do? I have friends in command. I could send you right back to where you came from!" Admiral Hayes says, looking at Devoid.

"I will inform Admiral Hudson. He won't be so merciful. You know his stance on the Yakuza." Devoid replies, dropping the broken halves of PADD to the ground.

She stares at him, seeing his eyes filled with grief and rage. She takes a breath, not deep, but not shallow. "Do what you think is right... I-I'll stay out of your way."

Devoid nods and leaves, with Admiral Hayes staring at the broken PADD once more.

## Like A Phoenix

2 weeks had passed since the death of Captain Castillo, which had been hard on a lot of the crew, but especially Devoid. Not only was he watching the repairs of the Valentine, but he had also received a promotion to Captain of the same ship. He sat by a window, looking at the repaired starship as T'Plana walked up to him.

"Sir, they say you need a first officer on the ship." She says.

"OK? What can I do? I don't want to rope in someone who doesn't know anything about the situation." Devoid replies, getting up and turning to the Vulcan.

"You don't need to. Starfleet has sent someone over." T'Plana states, moving to the side to reveal a pretty relaxed looking fellow with a few duffel bags in his hands, his red hair trimmed well and swept back. His beard blatantly there but trimmed back for efficiency and stability. He looks at the Valentine with a look of constructed thought and calm in his brown eyes... totally ignoring Devoid who is right there.

"This is Commander Carter Rejin, formerly of the USS Porthos." T'Plana says, introducing the new first officer.

Carter looked at where T'Plana once stood, noticing his new captain in front of him.

"Mr Rejin. It's good to see you. I see you're getting a good look at the Valentine." Devoid says.

"Yes, I am. Just looking at where I'll be next. Mainly mapping the ship out in my head. It's a habit I have." Carter replies, looking at the hedgehog.

"Let's just get you accommodated first, we have orders to rendezvous with the Unreliable. They have more info for us on this Yakuza situation." Devoid says, walking to the starbase's transporter room with Carter & T'Plana soon to follow.

The crew made it onto the bridge, with Carter dropping off his belongings in his quarters.

"Mr Chilton, prepare to depart. ¼ impulse." Devoid commands sitting down in the Captain's chair.

Carter sat in the first officer's chair, watching as the crew went to work.

The Valentine approached the opening starbase doors. The ship departed at ¼ impulse as soon as it was clear that no ship would be in their way. The Valentine flew away from the starbase and soon went to warp, heading to the meeting point specified. It didn't take long too, as the arrival point was the orbit of Vacca VI which was where the Unreliable was waiting. The Valentine soon arrived at Vacca VI, approaching the Unreliable before starting to fly parallel with it.

Due to the Yakuza invasion and constant conflict, the Miranda class vessel resembled more of a patchwork battleship. The nacelles were more armoured, there was a Soyuz class styled dome with extra phaser cannons, phaser lances on both halves of the top of the saucer among many modifications.

"Hail them, Sara. Captain McKormic said to be here at once for a reason, I'm assuming." Devoid commands, standing up.

"On it, sir." Sara responds, hailing the Unreliable.

"This is Captain McKormic. I assume you want to know what I've gathered." Breezie says as soon as she appears on screen. The captain of the Unreliable was wearing a dark leather jacket and an eyepatch, with her left arm being cybernetic.

"Indeed. What have they been doing since their initial assault on this ship?" Devoid asks, walking towards the viewscreen.

"It seems they have assumed that the Valentine was destroyed. Yet, most of their work has been repairing their battleship. They're approaching this star system to do another cargo run and it seems poison has been snuck aboard. We have a chance to prevent the deaths of thousands if we destroy the poison." Breezie explains. Her socket aches... even after that angel ripped it out... the light was nearly blinding, any other light makes the ache worse due to what residue is left. At least the Chronokinesis has been tamed for the most part, still a few kinks to work out. Stretching a bit and slapping her cheeks, she mentally prepares for what's ahead. "If everything is going according to plan, we should have a good shot at taking out The Yakuza, maybe even the Maquis if the resources call for it." Breezie states bluntly.

The Sparticus is waiting at the coordinates, Shields ready to be up, photon torpedoes armed, and phasers waiting to fire. Sari would be drinking some Coffee, and having a sandwich... She still hears Mother's words, bouncing around in her mind "Childish" "Immature" "Irresponsible" "You were never fit to sit on the thr-" Someone knocks on her door, She jumps as she looks up and gulps down her bite "Shit! Come in!" She calls as one of her wakagashira, Yuto.

"Oyabun, It is an honour to get a response from you" Sarī nods, looking at Yuto with a stern look

"What do you need my son? Does something bother you?" She asks him.

"N-N0 Sarī-denka," Yuto stammers, scared that he is making a great mistake. "I-I-I just need to know what we are doing here ready for battle." Sarī indcares for him to get closer, and he obeys, walking to her side and crouching. She hugs him like a mother hold's her child, after putting her sandwich down, and speaks to him. "It's okay child. No need to call me by that name. Sarī-sama will do. You did nothing wrong." He hugs back, feeling the comfort. "Do you see the stars out that window Yuto," Sarī begins to explain, "see how they shine and look at us?" Yuto nods, seeing all of the night-infinite stars on the horizon "They are points on a chess board, and we weren't given a fair set of pieces. Now the federation has been fighting us, but I can predict exactly what they plan to do. Do you want to hear it?" Yuto nods, looking up at Sarī as she looks out at the stars "Here is what they are going to do..."

"While the fleet is coming over, we'll batter up where the poison is contained so they can't reach it and contaminate the cargo." Breezie explains in the Unreliable's conference room, where members of both ships were gathered.

"It's likely Sarī is nearby. What are we to do if she arrives?" T'Plana asks.

"I've prepared for that. Which is why if she arrives, she'll become the primary target. Remember, we shouldn't damage the cargo unless there's no choice." Breezie continues, pointing at the screen with her robotic arm.

"Our main goal is to disable the shields and then board where the cargo is to get what's untainted. Thankfully, our sensors have been calibrated to scan for what they're sending out." Devoid says.

"Why can't we use the transporter?" Sara asks, confused.

"Last time we tried, we got duped with a bomb and nearly destroyed the ship." Breezie explains, still angry the Yakuza did that.

"The Yakuza are about 20,000 kilometres ahead, so if we want to score some shots early, I suggest we get going." Carter says, looking at the screen.

"You make a fair point, let's go." Devoid replies, walking out of the conference room with the rest of his crew to follow.



## Alone On The Battlefield

The Valentine & Unreliable quickly approach the incoming Yakuza fleet, The Spartacus already firing on their positions. The two ships put up their shields and begin bobbing and weaving through the ships, firing at them and trying to take them out.

“Keep scanning for cargo and fire on the freighters.” Devoid commands.

Whilst the Valentine was sticking to the plan and familiar methods, The Unreliable had other plans. It opened up 2 panels on the aft section of the saucer, firing a set of 12 missiles per panel directly at Spartacus.

“The shields on the Spartacus are fluctuating. Those missiles must’ve done something!” T’Plana says.

“Damn, Breezie... STICK WITH THE PLAN!” Devoid yells, annoyed.

The scans continue on the other ships and shuttles, not a sign of any of the cargo, nor the poison.

The Spartacus fires back at The Unreliable, hitting the ship’s shields hard and fast in an attempt to ward them off.

A text signal from one of the yakuza shuttles is captured to the Valentine ‘You’re wasting your pebbles on Palestinians, David.’

Devoid and the crew were confused, so the Valentine catches said shuttle in a tractor beam and throws it right as one of the freighters, destroying it... and revealing nothing was inside.

“Wh... What?!” Carter says, getting up.

“They’re empty... We’ve been duped!” Devoid replies.

“Jackie, scan anywhere for carg-” Carter commands, but is interrupted when a spread of torpedoes crashes into the shields of the Valentine.

Jackie got the message and expanded the scan.

On the Spartacus, Sarī would be commanding the ship through the Aeroshuttle bay, and observing the two feds figure things out surrounded by pain medication, and her men controlling the ship.

“Oyabun, The Valentine is doing a mass scan of the fleet!” one of them tells his captain through the comms system.

“Let them scan,” Sarī states “tell me the time though?”

“Uhhh... 14:59 Ma’am?”

Sarī smiles a mischievously psychotic smile. “The numbers, plug them into the phasers and torpedoes. You know when. 60... 59... 58...” The Spartacus shakes once more, causing Sarī to get confused. “What in the..? I was in the middle of a dramatic countdown!” She yelled, annoyed.

“We’ve got damage to one of our phaser arrays, Oyabun. It’ll take a while to fix-” Toklaa explains.

“FIX IT!” Sarī yells, grabbing an abandoned glass and throwing it against the wall, shattering it. She scowled a bit before thinking “Wait... shit where are we with the countdown now?”

On the Unreliable though, they didn’t care about such countdowns.

“Sutaba, fire our phaser lances at the surrounding freighters. Let’s not give Sarī the pleasure of backup!” Breezie commands.

“On it, I’ll get as many as I can.” Sutaba replies.

The Unreliable speeds to 3 Antares class freighters which were flying in a row and fired the phaser lances. The freighters were pierced right through and went adrift before detonating one after another.

“Johannah, evasive manoeuvres in case Spartacus wants to fire. Alex, how long until backup arrives?” Breezie says.

“We have 45 seconds unless they decide to accelerate.” Alex says, manning the comms console.

“Wally, keep remodulating our shields in case they decide to pull some bullshit. Sutaba, fire at will.” Breezie says.

The ship shakes, Wally reading something off the console. “A Yakuza shuttle attempted to ram into one of our nacelles. They’ve only scratched the armour.” Wally says.

“Captain, should we use the-” Sutaba asks.

“Not yet, Sutaba. Not just yet. We still have a chance at winning. Fire missiles instead.” Breezie interrupts as several shuttles fly in front of the Unreliable.

The hatches open once more, now with a fresh batch of 2 dozen missiles. The shuttles didn’t stand a chance and were quickly turned to scrap.

“Our backup is accelerating, they should be here in 20 seconds.” Alex says, keeping his vision on the console.

“Keep fighting. We shouldn’t just sit around until they arrive.” Breezie says.

On The Spartacus, Sarī and her bridge crew were counting on their fingers while maintaining the fight.

“We should be in the single digits now.” Toklaa explains to Sarī, who is in deep confusion

“No, I think we... yeah we should be at about 5?” The Boss explains before the other Starfleet ships show up ready to fight.

“NOW!” Sarī yells “FIRE NOW!! MAKE THEM PAPER!! RIP THEM TO SHREDS!!” She begins to laugh in an almost insane state as The Spartacus makes its most insane move: Firing all phasers and torpedoes at the enemy fleet, unaware of the frequency modifications The Yakuza made.

“Captain, something’s gone wrong with the backup... Their shields have gone out!” Jackie says, looking at the status of the backup.

“What are they saying to us?” Devoid asks.

“Antares is reporting no damage, same with Honshu. Thunderchild & Intrepid are reporting minor damage to their hull.” Jackie explains.

“Tell them to keep evasive and fire when they can.” Devoid commands.

“Are you sure this is going to work?” Carter asks.

“No... I can only hope it does. Now, fire at will!” Devoid replies, nervous.

Outside, the Thunderchild & Valentine fire torpedoes at the Spartacus, scorching parts of the hull.

The Spartacus responds by firing phasers right at Thunderchild’s port warp nacelle, causing it to explode.

Meanwhile, the Antares, Honshu & Unreliable come up from behind, causing major damage to the aft shields. All the Honshu got as a follow message was a flurry of photon torpedoes, shattering the deflector dish, impaling the warp core and eviscerating the Honshu in its entirety.

“We have lost the Honshu!” Wally says on the Unreliable.

“Go evasive! Tell the Antares to do the same!” Breezie commands.

The 2 Miranda classes divert, going separate ways as the Intrepid rushes in and attacks.

The Intrepid quickly launches its Aeroshuttle to act as a fighter, with the Aeroshuttle going in and attacking the weapons directly. The Intrepid fires torpedoes onto the saucer, destroying the mess hall of the Spartacus while the Intrepid’s Aeroshuttle knocks the front torpedo launcher offline.

Sarī taps her chair and gives a coded order “Curveball them.”

A photon torpedo is shot from the back, but seems to have a curved trajectory as it lands its mark on the Aeroshuttle, causing it to ram into and destroy the starboard nacelle, leaving the Intrepid class a sitting duck for the onslaught The Spartacus was more than willing to give it.

“We’ve got our front launcher back online too.” Toklaa says, almost gleeful that they get to tear apart the Intrepid.

“Do it.” Sarī commands.

The Spartacus went all out, ripping holes right into the Intrepid as if it forgot what mercy was.

The Thunderchild wasn’t going to watch as the Intrepid was turned from starship to shipwreck and launched a ludicrous amount of torpedoes right at the top of the ship. Most caused minor hull breaches, while some ripped through the saucer of the Spartacus.

Sarī smirks with another command “Fastball, make it hurt.” The Spartacus fires a torpedo with the force of God behind it as it is launched at breakneck velocity at the Thunderchild, hitting the poor ship in the torpedo bay, the ship now ripping itself apart.

“Damn it... Everyone, fall back! Get out of here!” Devoid commands, with the Unreliable, Valentine & Antares going to leave the battlefield... But the Antares doesn’t stay with them for long, as it does a 180 back to the Spartacus.

The Anatares rushes at the Spartacus at maximum impulse, intentionally crashing into and ripping apart the aft torpedo launchers... but tearing off much of the port side of the ship in the process, leaving it adrift. The survivors were afraid.

“Sutaba. Now’s the time. We can’t risk them chasing us to finish the job.” Breezie orders.

“Alright then. Firing Energy Drain.” Sutaba says.

The Unreliable generates a large, crackling white ball before throwing it backwards. It hits the Spartacus, draining energy from all of its systems but Life Support. The 2 surviving ships warp away as fast and as far as they could.

## Spartacus The Slaughterer.

The 2 ships arrived at Janus VI, far away. While it was a dead planet, it was somewhere to station for the time being.

"I... I don't know what to say." Devoid says, placing his head in his palms. "How did we fail so badly..?" He says, getting up and walking around the bridge.

"Captain, perhaps we should've adapted the plan in case of-" T'Plana says.

"WE JUST ADDED TO THEIR PRIDE! WHY DID I SEND THEM TO DIE?! IT'S NOT FAIR!" Devoid yells in frustration, punching the helm console hard enough to make it explode.

Thankfully, Danny jumped out of the way in time. "Captain, what's wrong with you?!" Ensign Chilton asks.

"Captain. Go to sickbay. You're not doing alright mentally." Carter says sternly.

Devoid, on the verge of tears about what he did, nodded and went to sickbay.

Poppy was there, she knew his mental state well enough to grab a set of machines to keep track of heart rate, blood pressure, and brain activity. She holds a PADD in her hands as she indicates where the devices are huddled up. "Devoid, please sit, lay down, whatever position is comfortable."

Devoid walks over, sitting down, fuming to the point where you can physically feel the rage he has in him.

Poppy hooks up the devices, she sits in a chair behind a forcefield. "I know what happened, I felt it, and I could feel the panic of the crew... how did it make you feel? From beginning to end, take me through your mental process."

Devoid felt uncomfortable, as if he didn't want to answer. "I... I was so sure the plan was going to work, that when we found out there was no cargo it was a shock. Then Sarī started to destroy the ships and..." Devoid explained, but the anger overtook him and he punched the surface he was sitting on.

"Devoid. Why do you feel this is your fault? You know it isn't so why are you blaming yourself?" Poppy asks, concerned.

"I... I feel as if I led them to their deaths. 4 whole crews were killed because of my anger towards the Yakuza." Devoid says, feeling guilty.

Poppy responds immediately "Anger is a secondary emotion, reacting that way when in grief is normal. You were blinded by the grief you felt for Captain Castillo, and that grief turned into rage, causing you to make a brash decision, which then caused more death, more grief, rinse and repeat." Poppy gets up, disables the forcefield and opens her arms for a hug "It's okay, everyone goes through this kind of thing. But it is best to not keep that bull charging."

Devoid leans into the hug, starting to cry. All that rage, all that grief, released in a flurry of tears.

Poppy holds her Captain close as his tears stain her uniform. "It's ok, Devoid. We can work from here. There's wise words I was told the day I entered Starfleet. Today is the first day of the rest of your life. Everyone makes mistakes on the first day, so learn to work off of them." Poppy explains as Devoid cries.

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