

## The Needs of the Plenty

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## The Needs of the Plenty

by [Hawku](#)

### Summary

"The Founders sent out what has been called 'the 100', in an effort to have some kind of world export." - Episode 89: In the late 24th century, the U.S.S. Phoenix-X investigates the actions of a mysterious being harassing the colony world of Gault.

### Notes

Author's notes: After writing a few Literary Challenges on the Star Trek Online Forums for my 25th century series, I wanted to try writing prose for my 24th century series where I had been previously writing as chatfic. Like the format change, this served as a transition from the old commanding officer, originally role played by my old writing partner, to the new, Seifer, role played by me. This was written in February 2015.

## The Needs of the Plenty, Part I

### *Star Trek: Phoenix-X*

"The Needs of the Plenty, Part I"

The *Prometheus*-class U.S.S. *Phoenix-X*, the twenty-fifth *Phoenix*-named starship in a long line of unfamous *Phoenix*-named ships sat out in the vast, cold harshness of harsh, cold space.

Commander Seifer woke up in his quarters, in a frightened bleak sweat: "Aaah! I just had the worst dream. It was all about horrible fan fiction writing. Just, completely lacking in quality."

"*Uh, why am I on the comm?*" broadcasted Captain Cell's voice through the air. "*Did you preset the computer to initiate comm traffic between us in lieu of an alarm?*"

Seifer moved his legs out of bed. "Yeah, we're friends, right? Friends should be able to talk as soon as they wake up."

"*No. No, that's definitely not how friends works. Anyway, get yourself up to the Bridge, immediately. You're late for your shift.*" He then paused in sudden realization of his efforts. "*Ahhh, I see what you did there! Nice.*"

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Later, Seifer, un-expected joined Trill, met with Captain Cell, the well-adjusted and occasional power-tripper, in his Ready Room.

Cell's desk was full of Starfleet PADDs of all regulation shapes and sizes. "You'd think we'd have more memory on these things by now but no. PADD technology hasn't changed in 400 years."

"So, are we up for that three dimensional chess match we had planned? I took a regular chess set and threw away three quarters of each side's pieces."

The Captain shook his head. "Unfortunately, no. Ever since my secret went public, Starfleet Security's been hounding me with inquiries and questionnaires. I finish one, eight more are sent to me— Finish those, and I get thirteen CAPS LOCK written lawsuits."

"Well, the very idea of you being in Starfleet is absurd and irrational. Not to diminish your very existence."

Cell got up and handed over a padd. "At least I finished our report on our last Romulan aid mission. Those poor, struggling, paranoid conspiracy geniuses."

"They claimed the pyramids at Egypt were built by ancient Ferengi."

Captain Cell nodded. "They were right! Modern day archeologists found 200 bars of gold pressed latinum built into the Sphinx, which was clearly modeled after their Blessed Exchequer."

"*Bridge to Captain Cell,*" came Armond's voice over the comms, "*We're receiving a secured communiqué from Starbase 55. Something about moving-through-space envy.*"

---

Cell headed out onto the Bridge and Seifer followed suit. Admiral Cloud's image displayed over the main viewer.

"*Greetings, Phoenix-X. The only Phoenix-named ship to survive a maddening, over-zealous transwarp testing phase in which all previous Phoenix ships were destroyed in test-flights, one after the other.*"

The Commander held up a misplaced-prideful, pointed finger. "And, at an alarming rate, might I add."

"*That's not..... That's not a thing any normal person would brag about.*"

Seifer frowned. "Aw."

"*But the Phoenix-X does remain as my special operations ship. I mean, you already have the -X. Not like the Jenova, which I've recently demoted as to being my coffee-run ship.*"

Cell stepped forward. "What the hell? What's with all the exposition?? Do you have a mission for us or not?"

"*Huh? Oh, yes. But before I give it to you, you should know, those of us who've helped keep your recently-exposed-secret secret are doing our best to pull the legal-wolves right off you. You saved the Federation on more than enough occasions to warrant it: The Tribble Invasions, The Moriarty Cold Wars, The Kahn Race Riots.*"

Seifer pondered. "To be fair, the ethnic-variety of the Kahns that came out of those riots was what was really out of control."

"Commanding and ordering the crew around is what we're all about," Cell explained. "Saving others is just an awkward by-product."

Cloud leaned in, sternly. "Anyway, thank you. Now, speaking of others, the Federation colony world of Gault was recently attacked by an alien force. Locals have reported strange, tall men, ravaging their village centers for supplies. I need you to investigate while I meet Nechayev for lunch—I... I accidentally asked her out at a staff party and now I'm too afraid to cancel."

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Later, the *Phoenix-X* took orbit of Gault. An Away Team of Seifer, Armond and Kayl beamed to the surface and began scanning around and interviewing locals.

"It was a large, tall, lanky man! He had arms for as far as the eye could see!" exclaimed a scared, wild-eyed local, whilst pulling their own hair.

Lieutenant Kayl, operations officer, human and genetically augmented, just looked at the local, deadpanned. "Do you need a hair dresser or something...?"

"Check this out." Lieutenant Commander Armond, human and technologically savvy, walked over with his padd. "The local I interviewed said she saw these beings change shape."

Kayl's jaw dropped. "What the hell? You got a non-yeller??"

"No, she was screaming alright. I just mappd through her patterns of transitory coherence. Took me two PADDs to get a complete sentence."

Seifer walked over with his results. "According to one of the Gaults... Gaultans? Gaultoids? --According to the Gaulti-Gaults, the shape changing men they were met with were looking for energy weapons. When all they could find were laser rakes and high powered polaron shovels, they reformed into one large being and shot up into the atmosphere."

"It's so weird this entire planet is farm obsessed," Armond commented. "I met a man who genetically altered his biology and planted himself into the ground. He bore kava fruit in the spring."

Kayl bit into one. "Just make sure you grab the fruit."

"From all the data we collected, it sounds like we could be dealing with Changelings," Seifer postulated. "I had the *Phoenix-X* start scanning the surface for protoplasm and anything gooey. So far: a ton of amino acid and protein soup pools-- like, an over-abundance of them."

Armond's tricorder suddenly started beeping. "Sir, I'm picking up low-level traces of a chroniton pitch fork outside the village center, near the mountainous range."

"Ah, yes, rocky caves. Classic Away Team stomping grounds," Seifer smiled in touching reverie. "How do you want to do this: Walking? Argo buggy? Tame a giant sehlat and ride it?"

Kayl crossed her arms. "Transporters will be fine, Commander."

"Oh, sure, the lazy way. Remind me not to invite you to my Tuvok sweat drills." Seifer eyed her as he tapped his commbadge.

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Seconds later, the team rematerialized next to the rugged region of the mountains: Seifer, Armond, Kayl and an addition of Lieutenant Commander Red.

"Why did you wait so long to invite the Klingon?" Red growled. "Is it because I am a Klingon?"

Seifer took out his phaser. "Uh, pretty much. You freak us out, despite you only being our helmsmen. By the way, don't put that observation in any reports."

*SKZZZT!* Suddenly, the sound of a misused pitchfork beam hitting off a rock, rang through in the distance. The tool hit the ground and the being that used it went into immediate hiding.

"Over here!" Kayl called the group over to the fallen tool, nearby, but there was no trace of its user. "So which of us is going to die on this Away Mission? It's the yellow shirts in this era, isn't it?"

Seifer picked up the pitchfork and looked around. "No one's going to die, Lieutenant. Not without permission, and I only sign off on those occasionally."

"Way to ruin my day," Red replied. "I purposely did not answer any of my voicemails for this specific reason."

Eyeing the rocky surroundings at the base of the mountain, Seifer's vision caught the questionable formation of a nearby boulder. He then jabbed it with the pitchfork end, causing the rocky surface to fluctuate and form into a humanoid Changeling.

"Ah! Don't kill me. I surrender!" the shapeshifting being called out while assembling. "My name is Diggs, and I separated myself from the Traveling Link when they attacked here!"

Seifer stepped back. "Way to spill everything right out the gates. Ever heard of holding back?"

"Sorry. It's just that I get nervous really easily. As a pre-liquid entity, not being able to urinate is one of the worst forms of torture."

The Commander looked at him, sternly. "You already know that in the future no one goes to the bathroom! And don't you realize attacking people makes it impossible for those people to go about their daily routine?? Tell us why you did so, and make it snappy."

"Not until I speak to my lawyer! Also, where can I get a lawyer? Also, what's a lawyer?"

Seifer rolled his eyes. "Ugh. Never mind. At least we got you, thus enabling a really great feeling of accomplishment. You're coming with us."

"Ooh! Can we go to a Gaultan coffee house? I simply adore Gaultan coffee houses."

The Trill dropped his posture. "What? We're going back to the *Phoenix-X* where we can question you."

"A starship! How space-cowboy. Okay, whenever you're ready. Let's do it. How's my face formed? Good? It's probably good."

Seifer tapped his commbadge. "Away Team here. Prepare the quantum stasis field generators and lock on to all five of us. I'm going to also need my black rubber gloves, some hair gel, and tall boots. We have some interrogating to do."

*"That's a bit much, but, understood, sir,"* came Ensign Belm's reply over the comms. In seconds, the group dematerialized in hopes of an answer to the recent attacks.

TO BE CONTINUED

## The Needs of the Plenty, Part II

### Star Trek: Phoenix-X

#### *The Needs of the Plenty, Part II*

Up, in orbit of Gault, the *Phoenix-X* waited patiently for the results of Commander Seifer's investigation. Standing over a console for some time, Seifer was greeted with a pleasant *DING!*

"Are those the results?" Captain Cell asked.

Seifer reached passed the console to the replicator and pulled out a hlaka soup. "No, it's just my lunch."

"So, anyway," Cell continued as they both stood in the Messhall. "I've been contacting people I've known for years, Captian's Menrow, Iviok and Aeris, telling them to flat out deny anything on me for their own good. My reasoning being that I don't want any of my past misdeeds affecting those I care about dearly."

The Commander sipped his soup while standing. "Aren't you a hard-ass?"

"Uh, that's just my icy exterior. I extol it as both an emotional safety mechanism and a troll." Cell then turned. "Well, anyway, I need to go move all my Federation bank holdings to an off-territory account."

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Later, Seifer entered a re-dressed Sickbay with darker lighting. In the middle of the room sat Diggs in a chair— his shape held cold by quantum stasis field generators. Doctor Lox and Lieutenant Commander Armond, wearing leather gloves, stood nearby.

"Alright, let's begin the interrogation. Doctor, start the physical portion," Seifer ordered.

Lox raised his backhand at Diggs but was stopped by Armond. "Wait!" Armond interrupted. "Shouldn't we ask him a question first? Also, isn't all of this against Starfleet regulations?"

"I've been meaning to check up on that," Seifer admitted, truthfully. "And, I suppose questions are in order. I mean, I guess."

Diggs glanced over. "Right! On to topic: You see, the Founders, also known as Changelings, are a species of shape-altering crazy-heads. Our-kind run a small non-profit organization called the Dominion, and our love for lizard-pets led to the adoption of Cardass—"

"We already know what Changelings are! There was a whole war about it," Armond broke in. "There was also a lost ship in the Delta Quadrant at the same time, but their adventures barely paled in comparison according to most in the subspace message board community."

Diggs nodded in understanding. "Ah, good times. Well, before that, the Founders sent out what has been called 'the 100', centuries ago, in an effort to have some kind of world export, I imagine. A very few of that '100' became the Traveling Link, a giant Changeling entity working as one."

"Get to the point Diggs," Seifer warned. He then checked his timer. "Oh, never mind. We're actually ahead of schedule."

The Changeling turned to him. "The point being, I was a part of that group but left when we started exhibiting irregular behavior. When it accumulated to raiding small worlds, I decided it was time to leave— I directed us to Gault, where I expected I would take up farming and such. By the way, what's work ethic? Is that a something?"

"So, your personal needs unintentionally put the Gault colonists at risk," Seifer resolved.

Diggs nodded. "Precisely. Morals and social awareness is new to me, so you'll have to forgive the naiveté."

"Starfleet forgives nothing! Err, I mean, yeah, we'll let the judge decide that. What's right and wrong can't possibly be trusted to the common man, according to the last 400 years of Human society."

The prisoner adjusted his seating. "Perfect! I'll just go into a vegetative-mental state until then." Staring blankly for a very long time, Diggs was suddenly woken by a hearty shake.

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"Wake up!!" Seifer yelled.

The group found themselves in the *Phoenix-X*'s brig, where Diggs had been held for the entire time since blanking out.

"You've been out for two weeks," Seifer accused. "We weren't even done with the questioning!"

Diggs looked up at him. "Ah, dammit. Sorry. I tend to just act on impulse sometimes. You want to know where the Traveling Link is going to be next, don't you?"

"Yes!"

The Changeling sat up in his Brig. "Very well. The last I was aware, they were going to head toward the Delta Vega system. Their reasoning eluded me. I was all too excited about my new life of hoeing and planting."

"Hm. It would've taken them two weeks to get there by my uncalculated assumptions. The only way we're going to be able to catch up is if we use our beloved Transwarp!" Seifer clutched his hand close to his heart.

Armond tapped at his PADD. "I'm signaling the Bridge, using Morse code to set course and engage."

"Thank you, Armond. You remembered that as the new protocol for communication on the ship."

The tactical officer glanced over. "Sir, may I respectfully amend it is not an efficient form of communication???"

"I know, but it's just so damn cool," Seifer replied absentmindedly. "Well, carry on. It will probably take you ten to fifteen minutes to spell out."

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Later, the *Phoenix-X* dropped Transwarp at the Delta Vega system. Scanning the area, the ship found no signs of abnormal activity anywhere.

"How are we sure we can trust anything Diggs says?" Kayl asked from operations.

Seifer turned. "Lieutenant! How dare you take a specist attitude toward Changelings. Sure, many have done wrong in their time, but that doesn't mean you paint them all the same."

"I've completed several scans, and have found nothing," Armond reported.

The Commander clenched his fist. "Damn that Changeling liar. It's just like all of them too."

"What?"

He then sat back. "Oh! Uh, nothing. What I was going to say was, I'm starting to have second thoughts about Diggs' authenticity—on a non-specist basis." Seifer tapped his commbadge. "Bridge to Captain Cell. I removed the Morse code rule. Are you up for doing Captain stuff and whatnot?"

"Seifer," Cell's voice came over the comm. "Yes, of course. Just as soon as I work through this multi-layered subpoena. It's nothing really. I just have to agree to turn myself in to the courts and several other similar organizations all at once somehow."

Rubbing the back of his neck, uncomfortably, Seifer replied, "No, no. You know what? You just keep doing what you're doing."

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Entering the Brig, Seifer found Doctor Lox standing outside of Diggs' cell, scanning the Changeling with a medical tricorder.

"Commander, he appears to be destabilizing in some way," Lox reported. "If he dies, I'd like to use his ashes in a circle-puff smoking experiment."

Seifer cringed. "You freak me out, Doctor. You really do."

"Ugh!!" Diggs groaned in pain, prompting the two men to turn in his direction. The Changeling fluctuated for a moment, attempting to grasp his head in horror. In another moment, the fluctuation ceased and Diggs fell to his knees in pain.

Lox scanned him again. "Sir! He's not reading as a shapeshifter anymore! He's... he's a humanoid? Heart, lungs, muscles, bone structure—the whole shebang!"

"By the insanely unrealistic, but nicely designed, refit of the *Constitution*-class!" Seifer swore in shared shock.

Diggs groggily looked up from his unexpected transformation. "Owe. Does this mean I have to find a girlfriend now?"

**BLAM!** The ship shook from incoming fire.

Armond then broke through the comms. "Commander! We're receiving a hail from the Sydney-class U.S.S. *Oberon*. They're warning us to keep away from the shapeshifters, for they have 'much to do'. Quite generalized, if I do say so myself."

"What? That weak, old transportation vessel that's always carrying innocent civilians?? Return fire!" Seifer tapped his commbadge.

TO BE CONCLUDED

## The Needs of the Plenty, Part III

### *Star Trek: Phoenix-X*

"The Needs of the Plenty, Part III"

The *Phoenix-X* was hit by phaser beams, again, and again, by the *Oberon*. Seifer stood up at the center of the Bridge, peering at the transport vessel, trying to weigh the consequences of his next actions.

"Destroy that ship!" Seifer ordered. But then, snapping out of it: "Huh? What? Oh, I meant, let's negotiate."

In another moment, the Captain of the *Oberon*, a Rigellian named Fes, blinked on screen. "*Phoenix-X! You must not interfere with the Traveling Link! I took the time out to sit down and listen to their story.*"

"You mean the story of them going around harassing colonists and murdering people??"

Kayl turned. "There were murders? Well, that certainly ups the stakes. But, in a late way."

"Well, there were meant to be, at least, in my Part I logs, but I couldn't go back and edit them to reflect that. Starfleet doesn't like retcons ever since it turned out Romulans hated androids," Seifer cursed.

Fes interrupted. "*It doesn't matter what they did! Their actions are the actions of desperation! I'd elaborate further, but I'm insanely behind schedule and I think my passengers are trying to open the airlocks.*" He then chuckled. "*Oh, those Evora. Always running around and bumping into each other. So cute!*"

The *Oberon* turned in space and jumped to warp.

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Later, the senior staff, not including the Captain, met in the Conference room to go over the details.

"How are we able to have a meeting without the Captain? He preset this room to dissipate all the oxygen unless he was in here with us??" Armond panicked.

Seifer placed a bunch of devices on the table. "All we have to do is wear these Benzite breathers."

"Commander, my advice is we drop this mission and go to Risa," Ensign Dan suggested.

Seifer looked over. "You dare suggest an enticing alternative? You're relieved! Anyway, Doctor, what else can you tell us about Diggs, the non-changeling changeling?"

"His physiology appears to be Angosia, a near-perfect replica of Human anatomy, but with the subtle difference in nomenclature," Lox explained, scientifically-ish.

Kayl brought up a biographical display on the wall screen. "I did a little research, as well. The only record I could find on Diggs was an attempted latinum heist by his-self and two others on Lissepia's Central Bank, five years ago. He was caught tripping over their feet, as they were clearly really bad at heists."

"That bank gets heisted every year," Kugo remarked.

Seifer slammed his fist onto the table. "None of this is useful! Other than the common criminology theme, which, as I've stated before, is never a thing we should pay attention to. There's only one thing left to do: Send out a distress signal of our own, claiming a changeling disabled us."

"Excellent strategy, sir! Then the Traveling Link will think their humanoid transformation on Diggs didn't work!" Red, the Klingon exchange officer, exclaimed. "Happened to Odo all the time when he was on Deep Space 9."

Taken aback, Seifer fell out of his seat. "Ah! A Klingon!?"

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Hours later, the Traveling Link, a giant, conglomerate mass of space creature, stopped in space when it detected the subspace distress call using its internal alien-morphesized sensitivities.

"*Stop. We must acknowledge this message and proceed to loot this vessel,*" said one voice, internally.

"*If we're a link, and considered 'one', then why do we have separate consciousness's in here?*" asked another one.

"*We agreed it was more interesting this way! The Borg do it, so why not us?*" Just then, the giant creature U-turned in space and jumped to warp.

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"First officer's log, Stardate 68664.9; Captain Cell continues to barricade himself in his Ready Room, dealing with more legal woes than 2280's Kirk on a ship-stealing spree. Meanwhile, we have yet to see any sign of the Traveling Link, despite us disabling ourselves for theirs and any passer-byers' pickings. Sure, we could have faked it, but I wanted authenticity."  
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Out in the vast, cold vastness of ice-cold vast space, the *Phoenix-X* drifted, knowingly leaking a trail of plasma behind.

"Okay, nobody light anything," Armond warned over-cautiously. "Seriously. We're breaking about two hundred Starfleet regulations right now. Some I don't even get? Like, Starfleet Regulation 148? No group of officers are to commune together in any overly ambitious and hopeful way."

Seifer turned. "I'm pretty sure everything after 100 is a troll. Anyway, is anyone going to the taboo Data memorial celebration? And why are his cakes always made after his upper body?"

*SLAM!* Just then, several liquefied changelings hit the hull of the *Phoenix-X* and scurried their way inside, through the cracks. In the hallways, Starfleet officers were caught off guard and shoved aside by solidifying, in-a-hurry, shapeshifters.

"By the emotionless interaction of Chakotay! We've been boarded!" Seifer stood up in shock as three changelings entered the Bridge.

Tak, one of the changelings, approached him. "Give us all your things and stuff. We also demand you turn over Diggs."

"Hah! I was expecting you. I've installed quantum stasis field generators all throughout the ship! It was easier than installing holo emitters for the EMH, which we stopped trying to do out of pure lack of interest," Seifer surprised.

The changeling cursed, "You foolish non-changers! Don't you see? We just want to live! Is that so much to ask?? And who can we ask?"

"Correction: You want to terrorize. Explanation: You turned Diggs, one of your own, into a solid, and you're stealing from people. I'd allow it, but I get experience points for completing missions like these. It's not much, but once you start collecting them, you just can't stop."

Tak held up her hand to halt the other two changelings from attacking. "In fact, we are merely trying to procreate. We had a nice long talk about it with that Rigellian Captain."

"Pro-what? That's impossible, unless--" Kayl interrupted, shocked. "Diggs was always a humanoid??"

Seifer glanced at her. "Kayl! What have I told you about beetle snuff? You're certainly not suggesting the Traveling Link turned Diggs into a changeling? Are you?? Tell me the truth. Are you?"

"They turned Odo into a solid 19 years ago. What's to say they couldn't do it the other way around?" Lox postulated while bringing Diggs onto the Bridge.

Seifer looked on in shock. "You did it! You interrogated him in an inhumane way!"

"Ugh." Diggs, exhausted from questioning, turned to the crew. "It's true. I was a hardened criminal before the Traveling Link found me and turned me into one of them."

Kayl questioned, "According to records, you never actually were successful in committing any crimes whatsoever? The Lissepians wouldn't even charge you?"

"It's the failure which hardened me!" Diggs emoted quite dramatically.

Tak turned. "Clearly, our attempt to procreate was a failure. Now we will never have children. As for our criminal nature of late, we cannot explain. But changeling morals are looser than solids', so it's fine. It's mostly fine."

"That's just it." Suddenly, Cell walked out onto the Bridge. "Diggs' linking into you caused your behaviour to become abhorrent. Like, Thadiun Okona if he was an Acamarian Gatherer."

Seifer turned in shock. "Captain! Aren't you dead??" But then, "Oh, sorry. I was thinking of Kirk. You ever notice that he's always dying? Every universe."

"In a way, I was dead. But in a more specific way, I wasn't. A Captain isn't a Captain if he's not Captaining and pointing at stuff. For far too long have I been dismissing the actual situation at hand, which is only vaguely clear to me at this point."

Red gestured. "But, sir? You have been dealing with legal battles concerning the fact you lied about not being a changeling in Starfleet, for decades, after having departed the Great Link several centuries prior, in protest of their ways??"

"Exactly. And my recent Starfleet woes have gotten even worse. They're literally sending the *Enterprise-F*, the *Defiant* and *Voyager-A* all at once to come and get me right now-- Seriously, they're on their way here and will arrive momentarily." Cell paused for a moment to re-examine his focus. "Oh, right. But, me being a changeling is exactly why I'm intervening. You see, only another non-affected changeling can



diffuse the corruption Diggs caused in the Traveling Link, and I intend on being that changeling."

Tak approached. "That works out great, since the other non-affected half of our group, including such changelings with unusual names such as Shane and Sergio, split off from us before we altered Diggs, in some awkward desire to chase Borg cubes."

"Borg cubes are the bug lamps of changelings. It's a known fact," Seifer clarified.

Cell turned to the crew. "I know you have your doubts about me. All I can say is that although we have only been together for a short time, I know that you are the finest crew in the fleet."

"18 years is short to you?" Armond questioned.

Kayl interrupted again, "And aren't you always saying we're the worst crew in the fleet?"

"Yeah, yeah," the Captain waved all that way. "It made you tougher, didn't it? Besides, since all the legal troubles, I've discovered there's nothing more for me here. Remember me as I am now, screaming in perpetual rage at Federation bureaucracy."

Everyone watched as the field generators were disabled and Cell merged himself with Tak, followed by all the other changelings on the ship. The Traveling Link then nodded to the Bridge crew and a second later, liquid-shot itself through a nearby ventilation hatch.

"Wait! Wait!!" Diggs called out. "I was your baby! And I was going to shapeshift myself into so many of Harry Kim's Edge of Etiquette clarinet rock concerts!"

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Minutes later, Seifer and Chief engineer, Kugo, entered the Captain's Ready Room, presented with the messy-padd aftermath of the previous occupant's legal woes.

"Well, it looks like you're Captain now," Kugo said.

Seifer nodded, solemnly. "My first order of business: Pants-free Fridays! But before that, a moment of silence for my friend. I can only say that of all the souls I've met on my travels, his was the most changeling."

*"What? Did Cell leave the ship??"* came Admiral Cloud's voice from the desktop monitor. *"Typical. If only he'd waited just a few more minutes. You see, Captain's Menrow, Iviok, Aeris, and many more made statements on his behalf-- and we couldn't very well charge everyone for conspiracy. We don't have the emotional capacity to handle that many grievances! They also demonstrated anecdotal evidence of his achievements, enough of which to drop charges!"*

Seifer swivelled the monitor around. "Fan fiction, is there anything it can't do?"

*"Don't think this makes you Captain in rank, Seifer! Kugo sent me a report that you had no influence in the final moments for solving this mission at all."*

The Commander glanced at her. "What? But it's only been two minutes??"

"I'm a quick writer," the Vulcan engineer shrugged.

Cloud gritted his teeth. *"You stay put until we handle your situation. And despite you not taking the Traveling Link in for jail, the Phoenix-X is still my special operations vessel. If Admiral Parsons gets the U.S.S. Zephyra, then I get one too! That's how Admirals work. Cloud out."*

"I'd like to think Cell's noblest act as Captain was to save the Traveling Link from themselves. Our influence is of a greater regard of which is to follow his imperial example. Shall we go to the Bridge and order people around and such?" Seifer turned to her.

Kugo nodded in compliance. "He would've wanted it that way."

THE END

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