

Deadly Alliance

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Summary

"Now, initiate the Sequence of Dooooomm!" - Unofficial Literary Challenge #43: In the early 25th century, Captain Elektra of the I.K.S. *Valentine* attempts to open a portal to Gre'thor, aka. "Klingon Hell".

Notes

Author's notes: This was written in February 2018 as part of the Star Trek Online forums Unofficial Literary Challenge #43. Captain Reynolds was last seen on the Risa Resort RP, engaging in promiscuity while her fleetmates raced powerboards. In STO, both the Fek'Ihri and Gre'thor were brought back for gameplay.

Unofficial Literary Challenge #43: Some cultures bond over shared interests like entertainment or technology. Others join forces to help one another through difficult trials. But the most common bonding, if not the most dangerous, is the bonding over a common enemy. From the Cardassian-Dominion alliance against the Federation to the infamous Voyager-Borg pairing against the Undine, history has shown that even the bitterest of enemies can sometimes unite for a greater cause. Write a log about an alliance your captain has made once to ensure their survival. Perhaps you've sought assistance from the Hirogen with a promise of a grand hunt across time with the Devidians. Maybe you've convinced the Kazon to help you fight against a revitalized Dominion sect. But remember, these alliances will not truly forge a lifelong friendship. There may be a moment in these alliances where even your captain must keep a phaser or disruptor pointed firmly to their left. How far can you trust your enemy?

Unofficial Literary Challenge #43

"Deadly Alliance"

The *Ty'Gokor*-class I.K.S. *Valentine* perched, berthed upon the solar orbital space station in the Galorda system. The Orion and Klingon Defense Force officer known as Captain Elektra entered the station's dank and sordid conference room where she was met with a Betazoid whom was also a Starfleet Commanding officer.

"So, the indomitable Captain Reynolds, huh? Rumor has it you've slept your way from Orias to Laurentia. I'm impressed," said Elektra.

Reynolds smirked. "I hear-tell you've gone from Sanek to Archanis: Two rows of the galactic map."

"It was a slow month for Kirk-ing alien babes." Elektra shrugged. "Anyway, is that your *Akira*-class ship hanging in space at the edge of system? It looks awfully broken."

The Betazoid nodded, disparagingly. "The U.S.S. *Hijinx*— Yes. It's crippled near-beyond repair thanks to an ambush from these guys." She turned to watch as Lane, one of her subordinates, pulled a wrist and ankle-chained Fek'Ihri Chieftain out from the shadows.

"Kkssskkkk! I am Rukkh and I claim the Klingon Empire will fall to the might of the death-defying, high-flying, all-knowing, super-jacked Molorrr!" the 3-metre-tall creature announced whilst lifting his chin in prideful altruism.

The Betazoid walked over to Elektra with a PADD. "We and three of your ships were thrown into some unidentified realm full of red skies and non-ending Demon-class-planet-like biomimetic liquid. It was a Flat World Conspiracist's dream." She sighed. "Unfortunately, only my ship escaped."

"And what, pray-tell, is it you expect in return for this if-worthwhile information?" Elektra asked as she strolled around Reynolds and seductively dragged her finger along her shoulder. "I have some ideas if you're stuck."

Reynolds arched an eyebrow. "If I wasn't pressed for time, I'd take you up on that, but just some help getting my ship back to Drozana Station will have to suffice. There's an undercover intelligence operative there that I think is playing both sides." She handed the PADD to the Orion. "As for your teammates, the ships still trapped there are: the I.K.S. *Baetal*, *Masamune* and *Dragunov*."

"Those idiots," Elektra said to herself, studying the data. "It's no wonder I have orders to crush them." She then turned to Rukkh and stroked his oversized hands. "And speaking of crushes, well, since our goodie-two-shoes Captain is out, perhaps you'd like to be in? The price being some directions, of course."

Reynolds scoffed as Elektra's pheromones began their infiltration into the over-sized Cheiftain's nostrils. "You have a directive to destroy your own fleetmates?" the Betazoid criticized. "And isn't this beast largely out of your weight class?"

"I never did make it this far by second-guessing myself," Elektra replied. "You see, Orions, though powerful, are still second-class citizens who have to move fast in the Empire and capitalize on their impulsiveness. Isn't that right, my over-grown, Klingon-out-group-darling?" She reached up as high as she could and placed her hand on Rukkh's chest.

The giant Fek'Ihri, now responding to her amorous aromas, smirked mischievously with a foul, repulsive demeanour. "We Fek'Ihri do what it takes to succeed, even if it means coming back as disfigured abominations. It's just one of the many adorably unique qualities that horribly mutates us into who we may or may not be supposed to be!"

Later, the I.K.S. *Valentine* was hovering a few meters off the surface of Archanis IV, floating behind Captain Elektra, a few of her subordinates, and the very tall Rukkh. The Orion stopped her scanning process and turned to her diluted enemy.

"Is all this really necessary to open a portal to Gre'thor?" Elektra asked.

Rukkh closed his device as well. "A specifically modified, short-range, concentrated stream of antiprotons from a starship-grade amplitude deflector dish will grant one access to the realm of the dishonoured. Though, you must accept the presence of such debase souls."

"I'm surrounded by cranky, old prune juice loving Klingons on my Bridge every day. I think I can handle it," Elektra reassured. "As for you, I am impressed with your intelligence. Your class of Fek'Ihri are not like the others."

The overbearing man smirked. "I will take that as a compliment. Now, initiate the Sequence of Dooooomm!" And then, "Oh, just ignore that title."

"Elektra to *Valentine*. Begin pressing your various touch screen buttons and virtual panels!" ordered the Orion as she activated her wrist communicator that prompted the starship to initiate its beam into a spot several meters in front of everyone.

Just then, a portal opened up which shot a feedback pulse into the *Valentine*, disabling it whilst releasing a shockwave that threw Elektra and her away team to the ground.

"Thank you, my dear! Now my double-cross is complete!" Rukkh announced, quite pleased with his ability to tweak his directions. "Oh, and I disabled your failsafe Kataan probe necklace where you intended for me to live out an entire lifetime in Ressik under terrible living conditions," he said, throwing down the necklace. "Fek'Ihri do not play the flute."

Elektra pushed herself off the ground and looked up to him. "My pheromones weren't enough?"

"My size, Captain. You would need about seven or eight Orions to have any real effect on me. A spectacle-wearing basement-dweller's fantasy, no doubt," claimed the giant Fek'Ihri. "Perhaps there is deficiency in your philosophy of acting too quickly. As for my intentions, I plan to use your ship to fulfill my plans of Empire domination! Ha! And maybe some cross-species relations as you have intrigued me with as of late. Are there any female Gorn? Curious. Perhaps there is more to this existence of die-hard, constant-yellable revenge."

And then, a hard bat'leth blade pierced through Rukkh's chest from his back. He then fell forward to the ground as three men stepped through the portal.

"No! I never completed relations with him! He was a timely work in progress, in bed!" Elektra called out at the sight of Rukkh's slaying. Then, sad, "He said there were achievement unlocks for every ten square centimetres."

Her 'rescuers' revealed themselves as the three Captains she had come for in the first place: Sigon, Deloss and Kronen.

"That's an underworld bat'leth, so it'll probably dissolve or something," the Klingon, Sigon stated, assuming. "What is going on here?"

The Gorn, Deloss looked around. "Yeah, the three of us were just discussing our plans for escape when this portal opened up. Coincidence or a plot thing? We simply must know."

"It doesn't matter," the Ferasan, Kronen stated. "Our ships are still on the other side. We must open this portal larger to let them through."

Elektra stood up and gritted her teeth. These men, her allies, who she had orders to eliminate, had truly become her enemy now. Only, their crews still remained as of yet to be in her line of sight. Crews that would easily realize something was up if their Captains did not respond. *Get them first and then complete the mission.*

"I will help you, Captains," Elektra said, quite deviously, an Orion now becoming wise to the Klingon and Fek'Ihri taste for blood. "We will work together."

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