

## For the Dominion!

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## For the Dominion!

by [Hawku](#)

### Summary

"Why, we're the foremost melodically auditory masters of our generation." - Unofficial Literary Challenge 47: In the early 25th century, Captain Menchez of the I.K.S. *Kragoth* teams up with Jem'Hadar First Kurok'Tekan of the Dominion Vanguard heavy raider *Lyngon-5328* to track down an isolated Hur'q colony.

### Notes

Author's notes: This was written in August 2018 as part of the Star Trek Online forums Unofficial Literary Challenge #47.

Unofficial Literary Challenge #47: Prompt #2: With the release of VIL, do a story where you are assisting the Dominion in a mission, or are a member of the Dominion. Doesn't have to be a Jem'Hadar, could be a Vorta POV.

#### ***Unofficial Literary Challenge #47***

"For the Dominion!"

The *Negh'Tev*-class I.K.S. *Kragoth* dropped warp and joined the Dominion vanguard heavy raider *Lyngon-5328* at an asteroid belt in the Torad sector of the Gamma Quadrant.

"*It is agreeable to see you, Captain,*" came the hail from *Lyngon-5328* by its Jem'Hadar Honored First, Kurok'Tekan.

Captain Menchez stood from his seat at the Bridge of the *Kragoth*. "You're thinking of Vulcans! Klingons just start shouting obscenities and falsified claims."

"*My apologies, Oh Eternally Angry One,*" said the Vorta, Feylou, who suddenly walked into frame. "*He's new here. Almost like a newborn son to me, considering he still has Dominion birthing chamber goop all over him.*"

The *Kragoth's* half-Human half-green-alien first officer, RaeLuna, raised an eyebrow. "Didn't we just deliver you to peace-talks with Klingon diplomats?"

"*That was my predecessor, Feylou-6. Your precious Dahar Master Gaurantan broke his neck during a discussion about what snackables to have at the table.*"

Menchez nodded. "As any Dahar Master in charge of diplomacy would. Also, our gag addiction is much like your ketrecel white addiction, except we go mad within seconds."

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Beaming down to a low-gravity cave, Menchez, RaeLuna, and security/operations officer Ulkegh met with Feylou, Kurok'Tekan and Second Wui'Xiau.

"Since it was we who detected the Hur'q here, it us who will lead this mission," declared Menchez.

Kurok'Tekan readied his polaron rifle. "The only reason you were ever allowed in Dominion territory is because your scent repels the Karemma."

"petaQ! How dare you take that tone with me!" countered the Captain. "Then again, we are proud of our odorous effect on an entire species. Their Prime Minister completely lost his lunch last week."

Suddenly, one of the nearby walls opened up, revealing a large group of Hur'q on a level below, celebrating. The Hur'q that opened the wall stopped himself in shock.

"Whoa! Is there a humanoid convention or have the cows gone missing?" the Hur'q quipped. "Seriously, though, my name is Craven."

Kurok'Tekan dropped his aim. "Hold on. You can talk?"

"Oh, please. Talk? Why we're the foremost melodically auditory masters of our generation— meaning, we can siiiinnnnngg!" And then, after a moment, he added, "But, to clarify, we're a group of Hur'q who circumvented the madness from our dependency on our fungus. Evolution, perhaps? I don't know. I'm just a crystals systems analyst with barely any weekends off. It's crazy at the office some days. My co-worker Jane knows all about it."

Feylou turned to Kurok'Tekan. "Why are you chatting with this Xindi-wannabe? Our mission here is to exterminate him!"

"Yeah, we haven't had contact with the outside galaxy in eons. How are things? Do they still use laser disc?" Craven asked.

Menchez waved those questions away. "Your people have succumbed to the madness previously aforementioned and are running amuck, consuming the cosmos. They specifically attacked my homeworld centuries ago."

"Ha! Oh yeah, that sounds like us," Craven chuckled. "Seriously, though, we do not side with them at all. Our society is one of simple tailors and barbershop quartets— but the bug versions, of course. We refuse to associate with those foam-mouthed vermin."

Kurok'Tekan felt Feylou's eyes burrowing into his face, but diligently ignored it. "Then you will assist the Dominion and the Alliance in opening communications with the enemy."

"Have you lost your mind!?" Feylou snapped at his Jem'Hadar subordinate.

The Hur'q flailed his bug arms. "Yeah, we couldn't even if we wanted to. No one remembers the old tongue. There was that one guy, but he was squashed by a giant Spock clone. Came out of nowhere."

"Some progenitor you turned out to be," Feylou continued with Kurok'Tekan before turning to Menchez. "Then you, Klingon, will complete your mission or I will have the entire Dominion fleet descend upon you like a plague of bug-like aliens of some kind."

Menchez quickly and swiftly snapped his neck, allowing the now-dead Vorta to fall to the floor. Everyone watched in shock before Wui'Xiau pulled up his weapon at the Captain. Kurok'Tekan just chuckled, prompting his Second to man-down.

"Hahaha! You know they'll just make another one, don't you?" the First reminded Menchez. "Also, they always expect the Klingons to do the head thing. Like, a hundred of you have done it since the Dominion War."

The old Captain nodded. "We are compelled to murder Vorta. Perhaps it is their prey-like distinction. By the way, don't ever put us in a room with Kelpien people. We will eat their faces off without even killing them first."

"The Jem'Hadar are not bred to use our mouths to consume, as we only require the White, but we have had Kelpien before and it is absolutely delicious," agreed Kurok'Tekan.

Craven held up his bug arm. "Hold on. We haven't had official outsiders other than some giant clone and you guys in centuries, but we were able to replace our madness-driving hunger with one thing: a major Kelpien import. Would you care to join us?"

"Would I?? That's probably what I've been smelling since we've come down here!" the old Klingon perked, excitedly.

Kurok'Tekan nodded. "We have drawn blood, so now we will feast."

"Now you're getting us!" Menchez slapped the Jem'Hadar on his back agreeably as the entire group followed Craven into the festivities below. "You know, you Jem'Hadar are alright."

*"Klingons and Dominion working together,"* mused Kurok'Tekan. *"Stranger things have never happened, nor will again, nor should have to begin with."*