

Aimless Abandon

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by [Hawku](#)

Summary

"I told you before: We can't both accept missions simultaneously." - Trek BBS 5, January/February 2022 Challenge: In the late 24th century, Commander Seifer of the U.S.S. Phoenix-X and Captain Aeris of the U.S.S. Zephyra compete for an ancient artifact under the Temple of Akadar.

Notes

Author's notes: This was written as part of the Trek BBS January/February 2022 Challenge and takes place in the late 24th century.

January/February 2022 Challenge: I'd like to suggest that with Valentines Day coming up next month, it might be fun to do a "fluff" fic challenge. In fanfic, "fluff" refers to fic without angst; any pleasant, feel-good story. Fluff may lack plot; however, unlike a PWP the focus is not sex, but displays of affection between two or more characters, whether their relationship is romantic or not. My guidelines would be: any ship you like. I write a rare pair so I have a tender spot for rare pairs but I also love Jean-Luc/Beverly and Hugh/Paul. Could be from Alpha or Beta canon. Any word count you like— just get the story told. Let's write some tooth-rotting fluff fic!

Trek BBS: January/February 2022 Challenge

"Fluff February: Aimless Abandon"

The *Prometheus*-class U.S.S. *Phoenix-X* listed aimlessly in orbit of Valt Minor, in cahoots with the *Sovereign*-class U.S.S. *Zephyra*, as the cassette-based answering machine on the *Phoenix-X* clicked on a message of gratitude from below.

"Hello, hi hi! Just wanted to say, we appreciate you investigating ancient artifacts beneath our Temple of Akadar in exchange for delivering said-artifacts," came the thoughtful after-the-beep call by the side-face-spotted Valtese official. *"We hope to boost tourism to a world many have deemed reluctant to visit due to the unfortunate word of 'Minor' in our name. Well, hopefully things are going better on your end."*

Down, in the depths of the recently uncovered underground passageways, far below the large temple, sporadic, fallen Starfleet officers littered an eons-old tunnel all the way up to a blocking stone structure. The structure was articulated with ancient Kriosian carvings and shapes jutting out, and Captain Aeris of the *Zephyra* and Commander Night Seifer of the *Phoenix-X* were all that were left of their teams.

"Oh, the sacrifices we endured to get this far," Seifer drifted as he faced the stone monolith. "The lives that were effected."

Aeris glanced back at all the officers lying on the ground, behind them. They were breathing, peacefully. "You know they're still alive, right? That you and I activated a harmless pitfall that shot out alpha-wave spores at everyone else and put them to sleep?"

"Yeah, I know," the Trill shrugged. "I just wanted our situation to sound more dramatic. Have to spice up the adventure for maximum enjoyment."

The Captain nodded. "Very well. We shall not forget those wayward souls." She smirked. "Kind of fun my ship was in the vicinity when the Valtese sent this out."

"And so was mine," the man countered. "I told you before, we can't both accept missions simultaneously."

The human woman began feeling around the structure for an access button. "And I told you, I accepted it first." Suddenly, she felt a depression and pushed it. The stone structure began shifting its protrusions and carvings around to alter its display.

"Wait a second," Seifer halted. "These new shapes are a retelling of the ancient brothers Valt and Krios. It's depicting their conflict."

Aeris observed as well. "Strange that someone built this thing and buried it so deep underground just after that incident." She scanned with her tricorder to still-no-results.

"They fell in love with the same woman, Garuth, and it drove them and their empire apart," Seifer recalled and read at the same time.

The brown-haired Captain added, "Even to the point Krios kidnapped her, like an empathic metamorphic Helen of Troy." And then, "That's not how to win a woman over, by the way."

"Oh? There's a better way?" the Commander arched an eyebrow before noticing an oval shape emanating with stone etched-beams over the Valt figure, and then four corresponding oval button-protrusions below the entire fresco. "Wait. I think Valt tried something to win her before she was kidnapped?"

Aeris shook her head in repulsed awe. "Of course. Men."

"This obelisk is protecting a stone of something he used. We have to choose the right one, or the next pitfall could knock us out for days." Then he read the symbols on each oval, "Baryon, tetryon, zanthi and methogen."

The Captain looked at him. "Why am I not surprised you studied Kriosian script before we got here?" Then she shook it off. "By the way, why is this artifact hunting thing so important to you?"

"I like the chase," Seifer turned, caught off-guard before he stared off through the structure. "A remnant behavioural trait, perhaps, from when my symbiont imbalance led it to seek out an unrestrained lifestyle in the past. Thanks to you, my clone host was able to even things out."

Aeris dipped her head slightly in understanding. "Very true, and now with this approach you can have a chase the right way." She sighed before shifting focus. "Well, for me, I thought this find might be a nice footnote in the *History of Aeris*. Something other than captaining a ship with forty-seven medical ERs. But with you in the way, that jeopardizes said note."

"Yeah, but we can share credit, right?" Seifer deadpanned to a non-responsive Aeris. Then he realized her bias. "Oh, you've got to be kidding me."

Suddenly, the Captain snapped her fingers. "Baryon and tetryon! The first two are subatomic, and methogenic particles are way too charged to handle safely."

"That leaves zanthi. But isn't that a virus that causes Betazoids to project emotions? In more cases than necessary, that of love?" Seifer queried.

Aeris then realized, "A love-pull, encased in a stone by Valt as his scheme to drive Garuth to him." She pressed it and caused the structure to reform and separate, revealing a larger chamber before them with a pedestal and red oval stone sitting upon it. "A symbol and physical manifestation of his own failed love-obsession."

"When it wasn't enough, he had it hidden down here to forget her," Seifer surmised as he took in the situation. Then he resigned his hands to behind his back as a gesture of liberation. "You know what? It's yours."

The Captain took a few steps forward before stopping herself. She paused, thinking about the pitfalls of her own obsession. She turned to Seifer to prompt him. "No. It's both of ours."

They both entered the chamber and approached the pedestal with the oval on it. Seifer scanned it with his tricorder.

"Wait. What the hell? This is just glass?" He then noticed a piece of paper taped to the edge of the pedestal. "And there's a note?"

Aeris picked it up and read it. "*Love is as malleable as we can discover it. The real stone belongs to me. Signed Garuth.*" They both then shared a moment of shock. "Damn. She was quite the vixen. She demanded more than both Krios and Valt."

"There's a lesson here, and it's that the hunt does not necessarily have the prize you're looking for," Seifer realized before turning to her. "Clean up the bodies and go for a Kriosian raktajino?"

The other officer put the note back. "I'd like that."