

Returning to consciousness was also a return to pain and disorientation, but slowly, Sabe was able to at least sit up. She was on a metal slab, and it looked more like she was in some kind of display cage with the wide open port replacing one of the walls. She looked over herself, and found she was just in her flight suit, black with a blue stripe running up either side. Her boots thudded onto the deck as she swung her feet down.

"Where the kriff am I?" Sabe muttered to herself as she stood up. She felt a bit wobbly, light headed from the effort, but she managed to stay upright as she approached the opening in her cell, but an invisible forcefield pushed her back from crossing the threshold.

"Ah, karking hell...guess this is what you get when you have to dead stick it in an electrical storm..." Sabe grumbled, just as she heard the sound of a door opening. A red headed woman stepped in with a pair of burly men following her. Their uniforms were all some kind of leather material, though the woman's had a low cut collar and red shoulder markings, the males' uniforms had yellow but were secured all the way up to the neck. The uniform shirts were sleeveless, and all three wore daggers at their sides, as well as some kind of remote looking device opposite of that. Their uniforms also bore unusual insignia, a sword plunging into a planet.

As the woman approached, Sabe saw that the bridge of her nose had an unusual set of ridges on it, and she wore some kind of elaborate chain earring on her right ear. The woman smiled, appearing welcoming but something about it also said there was not very much actual joy behind it, something predatory about it.

"Well, you're awake. I'm glad to see that you seem to be in good shape. I wasn't sure how we'd find you after your ship was disabled." The woman said in a tone that carried an air of seduction in it.

"Some rescue, why am I in this cell?" Sabe demanded.

"We didn't know who you were, dearie. You were in a fighter and armed to the teeth, plus wearing body armor. I couldn't just let you be woken up and endanger my ship." The woman replied.

"Captain. I'm not nearly on good enough terms with you to be exchanging terms of affection, rescuer-slash-jailer." Sabe said, sternly and derisively.

"Oh where are my manners? I'm Admiral Leeta, commander of the Terran flagship Enterprise."

"Never heard of Terran. What sector am I in?" Sabe asked.

"We're currently in orbit of Bajor. We found your ship in the Badlands, but it's not like the Badlands are hard to miss...Captain." Leeta replied, and it almost sounded like she said Sabe's rank sarcastically.

"I see." Sabe replied, looking around, "So. Are you going to let me out?"

"I'm not sure. You don't seem like you're too appreciative of being my guest." Leeta chided.

"While I'm glad you rescued me from that electrical storm, you're holding me as a prisoner. So, that's kind of putting a damper on things." Sabe said, sitting down.

Leeta chuckled and then nodded to one of the men standing there, leering at Sabe. The left one stepped over to the door and pressed a key, and the forcefield disengaged. Sabe stood up and stepped over to her hostess.

"We'll have quarters made available for you, but my Chief Engineer would like you to explain the technologies behind your ship and equipment. So, if you could, I'd like you to meet with him..." Leeta trailed off.

"Alright, fine. No time like the present, not like it's anything special." Sabe replied, "Let's go."

"Oh, now that's so helpful of you. I was expecting a stronger fight on that. Ensign, please take our guest to shuttlebay two."

Sabe fell into step alongside one of the burly men as he took her through the ship's corridors. It was a strange mix of comfort and utility, the walls were brushed steel, but the floors were a blood red short thread carpet. The emblem on their uniforms was present on every door, and the crew all wore uniforms like Leeta and her men, the women wearing shirts with low cut collars and the men alternating between sleeves and sleeveless uniforms. The only main thing that was different was that some had red shoulders, others had gold, and a few had turquoise, but there were no other variations.

They approached a turbolift and her escort nodded to step inside. Sabe did so, and waited for her escort to set the destination, which he did not by pushing buttons, but by speaking the deck out loud. She was trying to catalogue details, because as both a pilot and commando, her first duty as a prisoner was to plan for escape while gathering intelligence. If this was some unseen threat to her comrades in arms in the Naga Sadow Warhost, she needed to have something to report.

Exiting the turbolift, they headed to a large set of doors, which opened into a hangar that held her T-70 X-Wing...well, it was Warhost property, but it was assigned to her. On a table next to it, her weapons and armor were strewn out, while a blue skinned man held a scanner over them. Her assigned astromech, an R2 unit in black and blue, sat inactive at the end of the table.

“Commander, this is the pilot. She said she would help you.” The escort finally said, his voice low in tone. The blue skinned man turned to face her, he was also of a species that Sabe did not recognize. On top of his head was a close crop of white hair and a pair of antennae. His right eye was also missing, covered with a mass of skin in some kind of terrible cauterization.

“Ah, excellent. I had started my analysis already, but perhaps you can speed things along. I think I’ve determined your weapons to be some kind of plasma sort, though not anything I’ve seen before. Perhaps you can give me some further explanation?” The blue skinned man asked with a smile.

“...they’re blasters. I mean, c’mon, nothing special there. What, are you using slugthrowers?” Sabe asked, stepping over to the starboard wing of her X-Wing and leaning against the lower laser cannon. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw that the fighter was largely intact, save for some scoring from the electrical storm.

“Hardly, my dear. But they’re primitive compared to phasers, although somehow, not as far off the mark. Very hardy though.” The engineer replied.

“Right, well...” Sabe looked around again, to determine if anyone else was in the room, but it was just her, the engineer, and the escort. She pushed off of the X-Wing and approached the engineer, looking at the table once more.

“Let me see your scanner, since you’re not going to let me touch my weapons. You need to know what you’re looking at here before I can even try to explain it.” Sabe said. The engineer hesitated before extending his hand with the scanning device in it. And that was her opening.

Grabbing him by the wrist, she punched him once in the face and then swung him around to pin the arm behind his back and put him between her and the escort, who drew his remote device from his belt. Sabe pulled the dagger from her captive’s belt, and threw it at the escort, the blade burrowing into his shoulder and causing him to reel back. The pilot then pulled her captive over to the table and snatched up the first weapon her hand hit, her A280 CFE Pistol. They had no idea what they were dealing with and had not even removed the powerpack. She brought the pistol to bear quickly and fired a pair of crimson bolts into the escort, killing him. She then kicked the engineer away from him and shot him twice in the back.

Immediately, Sabe scrambled up the ladder into her fighter’s cockpit and begin powering the ship up. The generator whined to life and the displays all lit up, running through the pre-flight bootup sequence. Sabe then went over to the astromech, and toggled the droid back to life. The droid warbled and hooted.

“You know I don’t speak Binary. Just get slotted and get us ready to blast out of here. Hurry.” Sabe ordered. The droid hooted and beeped but wheeled over to the bottom of the X-Wing,

where it was pulled up into the astromech slot. Sabe quickly began pulling on her flight gear, when she heard a chime.

“Bridge to Shuttlebay Two. Toval, please respond.” Leeta’s voice said over an unseen intercom. Sabe immediately rushed over to the door, looking for an access panel. Finding it, she flipped it open, finding a computer screen, a myriad of crystal microchips in slots, a sack of blue liquid hooked into a slot, and a circular handle. Taking a wild guess, Sabe grabbed the handle and twisted it right. The computer screen blinked to life, flashing red.

SHUTTLE BAY TWO - EMERGENCY LOCK ENGAGED

“Shuttlebay Two...respond.” Leeta said, her voice simultaneously sounding sweet and lilting but also very menacing.

Sabe returned to her equipment, tucking her WESTAR-35 in its holster, and then stowed her A280 CFE in the cockpit storage before finally hopping into the seat and closing the cockpit. As the canopy sealed, the ladder retracted up as well.

“Are we clear to launch?” Sabe asked. The droid beeped and hooted, and Sabe glanced at the translation readout, which confirmed that the ship was ready to go.

Activated the X-Wing’s repulsors, lifting off of the landing struts, and then began to lift the ship enough up to get some space to open the S-Foils. The droid hooted a warning, which Sabe figured meant that the enemy was still getting in. She activated the shields and then toggled over the rear facing blaster cannon.

“Get us up enough to open the S-Foils. I’ll deal with them. Transfer flight controls to you, leave weapons on me until we’re clear.” Sabe said, looking to the targeting display. She used the joystick to aim the cannon, as a group of burly men with rifles started to charge in, and started tapping the trigger. Crimson bolts spat out and started blasting apart the rear of the shuttle bay, sending the men flying in all directions.

The droid hooted and warbled again, and Sabe looked up. The ship was high enough now, so she hit the switch to open the S-Foils, the wings splitting and taking the distinctive X-shape that the fighter was known for. She went to the primary laser cannons, keeping them set to single-fire, and unleashed a torrent of laser fire from them, tearing into the door in front of them before it finally blew apart.

“Full throttle, now!” Sabe ordered, and she was pushed into her seat as the fighter was ripped out into space. The rear blaster was retracted, and Sabe was given back full control of the ship. She banked around, and the ship she saw they had fled from was about as big as an Imperial Star Destroyer, but had two large blue nacelles at the end, that flowed into an oval shaped hull

by way of pylons, which in turn was connected to a saucer above the hull. It was very sleek, and the white hull was adorned with gold trim. Passing by one of the nacelles, Sabe saw markings

ISS ENTERPRISE - NCC-1701-F
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"Get us out of here, we'll take our chances elsewhere!" Sabe ordered, and the droid beeped in affirmative. Orange beams of energy started streaking from the Enterprise, sending Sabe into a series of evasive maneuvers to avoid getting shot down.

"Well now, Captain, this is hardly a surprise. But I must congratulate you on your attempts. Your ship's shields are so laughably pathetic, we're already starting to lock onto you to beam you off." Leeta taunted over the comm.

"Come take me then. Admiral." Sabe sneered in reply. The droid warbled, and Sabe looked to see that the droid had no idea where they were to even begin plotting a course.

"Best guess, then! Come on!" Sabe barked at the droid.

"You really have no idea where you're at, do you? You're nowhere near home. Why run? Why not join us?" Leeta asked.

"Kriff it. Taking a wild guess, let's hope it's away from them." Sabe aimed for open space and engaged the hyperdrive, stars streaking back into a solid blue field. Suddenly, the field turned bright orange and the X-Wing started to shudder.

"Back us out, back us out." Sabe said, but they were still going. Sabe tried to disengage the hyperdrive, but it was unresponsive.

"...dying in hyperspace. Not the way I'd have picked to go out..." Sabe said to herself, before the X-Wing was violently ripped from hyperspace. The cockpit was full of alarms and the engines shut down.

"Did we get away?" Sabe asked, looking around.

"Unidentified X-Wing, this is Tarthos Control. Do you require assistance?" A voice asked over the comms.

"Tarthos Control, this is Warhost X-Wing Blaze Actual. Declaring an emergency, engine failure, requesting assistance." Sabe replied, smiling under her helmet.

"Blaze Actual, a tugboat is on it's way now. Hold fast." The control operator said. Sabe slumped back in her seat.

“Understood, Control. Good to have some friendlies again. Blaze Actual out.” Sabe replied. The astromech warbled something, and she turned to look over what was said.

“No. I don’t think they’re following us. I think next time, we don’t take shortcuts.” Sabe said.