

Ramifications

120

by Kyle Eggleston

Several Months Ago

Ketish stood over the lifeless body of Major Jack O'Brien. O'Brien was dead, Ketish had killed him for not responding quickly enough to his questions. Or, in this particular case, not answering him at all. He had patience, but not for people who didn't answer his questions. Any answer would have allowed Jack to live a little longer, but he had to learn the consequences.

A female Dubor knelt next to O'Brien as she checked his vitals. She was a doctor of sorts, mostly by name only; but she knew what she was doing. "He's definitely dead Ketish." She reported.

"Revive him." Ketish said. He walked out of the interrogation room to allow the woman to do her job. They could leave O'Brien dead for up to a half hour before they reached the point of no return. But if they kept reviving him within minutes of death, they could revive him indefinitely. Ketish planned on doing exactly that.

Rolling in a resuscitation cart, the female Dubor got to work on reviving O'Brien. "You stupid humans." She said as she worked. "I don't know you well, but you seem just as bad and useless as cattle to me." Reaching for two electrodes, she attached them to either side of O'Brien's head and to his chest. Pressing a button on the cart, she shocked his system. O'Brien's body lurched up into the air half a foot off the floor.

O'Brien coughed as he tried to gain his breath. Looking up at the ceiling, he saw a light pen shoved into his face. Someone was checking his eyes out. Pushing the light out of his eyes, he rolled over onto his side. "Get away from me." He said. "What happened?" Jack grabbed his chest, he felt on fire.

The woman removed the electrodes from Jack's head and chest. "You died." She said simply. "I brought you back to life. Next time I would suggest you answer his questions, or this will all happen again." She stood up and wheeled the cart out of the room leaving Jack alone.

O'Brien laid there on the floor staring up at the ceiling. *So, that's what it feels like to die*, he thought. Jack had a feeling he was going to die again. He wasn't about to tell this man

anything that would compromise Earth's defenses. Whatever he wanted to know, he would have to travel to Earth and find out for himself. As he laid there, Jack wondered how Norev was doing. When he had arrived at the Dubor home world, the attack was over. The Shukan warship was dead in space. He imagined the crew had been taken hostage just like he was.

Ketish stood out in the hallway waiting to go back in and interrogate the human more.

A woman approached Ketish and stood by his side. "You asked to see me Ketish?" The woman asked.

Ketish didn't look from the door. "Grilka good you came. I want you to keep close to this human when I'm done with him. Make him believe whatever you want him to believe, but stay by his side."

Grilka nodded. She didn't understand why Ketish ordered this, but she would comply. "Yes my lord." She said. Walking away, Grilka wondered what Ketish had in store for the human. She was sure to find out. She had never met a human before, Grilka wondered what they even looked like. Were they cattle? Were they sentient? No, that was ridiculous, according to Dubor beliefs only Dubor were sentient all other aliens were cattle or form of cattle.

Ketish looked to a guard standing in front of the interrogation room door. "Open it up." He said. The guard did as ordered. Ketish walked inside.

O'Brien had moved from the floor into a chair against the wall. The pain in his chest was subsiding, thankfully. The lights seemed to be brighter than he remembered before he, what blacked out? Died? Whatever had happened to him, the lights were not much brighter.

As Ketish entered the room, he looked at Jack sitting on the chair. "I see you have recovered, good. Our drugs have some effect on humans after all. The scientists will be pleased to know that." Ketish carried with him a bundled up package. Walking over to a small table, he unwrapped the package and unrolled the soft velvet contents. Several knives gleamed in the light of the room, other torture devices were in the bundle as well. Each more sharper than the last.

O'Brien tried not to flinch at what he saw. He did not like where this was headed. Different means of torture was never a reliable way of gathering information. At least humans had given up the practice centuries ago. Jack didn't think he could persuade this man from hurting him, or trying to hurt him at least.

"My name is Ketish." Ketish said to O'Brien. "I do not expect you to remember my name after our sessions, but I thought it important for you to know who is causing you harm in all of this." He smiled, his very toothy grin was unsettling. All of Ketish's teeth were sharp. O'Brien didn't know if this was normal for Dubor or just unique to Ketish. It didn't matter.

O'Brien stared at the instruments on the table again. He wondered which of the torture tools Ketish would use on him first and how progressively worse they would get. Jack wanted to kick the instruments off of the tray, but felt that would do no good. Ketish would just pick them up and place them on the tray again.

Jack remembered something he had been taught in military academy. If you're ever held prisoner, the only information required of you is name, rank, and serial number. That's it. That's all you have to say. It might anger your captor but they wouldn't be able to get any information from you. Jack had also undergone severe mental training to avoid getting caught up in the emotions of torture. Of course training could only go so far, he was in it for real now.

Picking up a dart shaped object, Ketish poured some kind of liquid on the tip. Jack assumed it was some kind of poison. Jack wasn't fond of the idea of being poisoned.

"From my understanding, our metabolism is quite similar." Ketish said. "Things that harm us will most likely harm you. Tell me, do you bleed?"

"Name, O'Brien, Jack. Rank, Major of the United Earth Force Alliance, Serial Number UEFA dash one five four dash six three seven two three." Jack said. *Just doing it by the book* he thought. Jack sat straight up in the chair as far against the wall as he could.

Ketish threw the dart, it made contact with Jack's cheek. As the liquid dissolved into Jack's skin, he couldn't feel anything. It was some sort of numbing agent. Before long, Jack felt numb from his neck down to his feet. He wondered what the use of having him be numb could help Ketish's cause. Everyone knew if you wanted to torture someone, they have to actually *feel* pain. If you're numb, you can't feel a damn thing. If he could scratch his head, he would have.

Picking up a knife, Ketish cut Jack on the cheek. That Jack could feel. It stung for a moment before the pain subsided allowing Jack to feel some relief. Blood trickled down his face and onto his uniform.

"You *do* bleed." Ketish said. "This is good news. For me." He grinned that toothy grin again. "For you, not so much. Shall we continue?"

Jack repeated his name, rank, and serial number. He could barely speak due to the numbing effect of the drug that had been administered to him. He slurred his words as though he was drunk. Being drunk was much more fun than this fresh hell.

"We've been through that, Jack." Ketish said. "Mind if I call you Jack? Hmmm?" He paused selecting another torture device. "What were you doing in range of my home world? I know what that Shuka warship was here for. At least they had honorable intentions. But you, what were *you* doing here?"

Jack felt it difficult to hold his head up straight. In fact his head was flopping around like a dead fish. Seeing this, Ketish retrieved a head strap and strapped Jack's head to the wall for support. Jack was grateful for the support, his head was feeling heavy at the moment. Any relief was greeted with gratefulness. It was a short lived gratefulness as Jack remembered where he was and who he was with.

"Major, what were you doing here?" Ketish asked again. He was starting to grow impatient at the lack of response. He wanted answers to his questions. Answers that would get him what he wanted or in this case needed. Ketish wanted to know if there were more humans on the way to his home world. He could not allow that to happen.

Jack did his best to stare Ketish down. He wanted to show the alien that he didn't scare him. Whatever Ketish did to Jack, Jack wanted him to know that he didn't beat him. "You can frack off." Jack said with a smirk. His goal was to piss Ketish off as much as possible. Jack wanted to see just how far he could send Ketish to the brink before he went completely bonkers.

"How do you humans say it? You are being a hole in the ass!" Ketish said with a smug look on his face.

Jack laughed out loud. "No, the phrase you're looking for is asshole." He continued to laugh. "Your translation orb must be on the fritz in order to get that wrong. Oh well, maybe the next insult you come across you'll do better at."

Ketish regained his momentum. He had gotten off topic, something he hadn't planned on. "Back to the question at hand." Ketish said. He picked up a knife and placed it over Jack's stomach. "Why were you here?" He asked again. "If you answer incorrectly, I will slice you from side to side." He smiled as he spoke. Ketish really hoped to see what the insides of a human looked like.

Jack hated that Ketish wouldn't give this question up. He figured a partial truth might get him out of hot water. "I saw a warship leave my station and went to investigate, that's all." He said. Jack wasn't about to tell Ketish that his actual goal was to join the warship in an attack on the Dubor home world. But circumstances didn't allow for it. The warship had been severely damaged by the time he had arrived.

Ketish wasn't buying it. There was more to the story than Jack had let on. He wanted to know the rest of it. Oh well, a lie was a lie. Taking the knife, he did exactly as he said he would. Slicing Jack's stomach open, his intestines began to flop out onto the floor. Jack couldn't fall down to the floor with them due to the restraints, he just sat there in horror as he watched it all happen. It didn't take long for Jack to faint from the loss of well his internal organs and blood.

Ketish frowned. "Oh nurse!" He yelled out into the open doorway. "He's lost consciousness. Revive him."

A half hour passed, Ketish walked the halls waiting impatiently for his interrogation to continue. He would end up killing Major O'Brien another thirty times before he was running out of ideas on how to cause the man pain. Each attempt brought him no closer to the truth of what he wanted.

Grilka could hear the screams coming from down the corridor. She winced each and every time it happened. She wanted so badly to help the human, ease his pain somehow. But Grilka didn't quite know how to go about doing that. After the forty-fifth death, she had enough. Grilka was determined to help Jack out any way possible.

So she waited. She waited for Ketish to finish another torture session. Catching him in the corridor, she smiled and played with her hair. "You are so strong." She said to Ketish. "The way you're treating your prisoner without reservation. I admire that in a man." She twirled her hair in a playful manner.

Ketish looked at Grilka, there was something unique about her. He couldn't place it, but there she was openly flirting with him. Ketish liked that in a woman, someone who was assertive, someone who would take charge. Yes, she would do nicely.

"Ketish." Grilka said. "What would it take for you to let the human be placed in a cell for say thirty days?" She asked. "Enough time for him to recover so you can torture him all over again. What could I do as a woman to convince you to allow this..." Her voice trailed off as she ran a finger up and down Ketish's chest. She licked her finger as she did so.

Ketish was beside himself with agony. He wanted her. Oh how he wanted her. "Meet me in my quarters. Twenty-one hundred tonight." Ketish said. "We can discuss your plan then." He licked her nose.

"Twenty-one hundred." Grilka repeated as she twirled her hair some more. "I'll be there."

The next morning, Ketish woke up in his quarters. Grilka laid next to him in bed. Their night had been quite eventful and full of pleasure. It was a night Ketish wouldn't forget for as long as he lived.

Opening her eyes, Grilka looked to Ketish. He was a different person in the morning. She couldn't believe she slept with him. *Whatever ya got to do.* She thought. *Whatever you've got to do.* She rolled over on her side and ran her fingers through Ketish's hair.

"You will escort the human off the planet to the holding cells in orbit." Ketish said. "From there you will keep an eye on him." His orders were clear. "Now, get out of my sight."

Grilka gathered her clothes and proceeded to get dressed. Being tossed aside was not something she had in mind when staging this escape for the human. Ketish's words echoed throughout her mind. Do anything for the human, keep him close. Oh she was going to keep him close alright, close enough to be far away enough from Ketish and his torture devices. Six months of dying over and over again had to be taxing on a human. She knew it would be on a Dubor.

Leaving Ketish's quarters, Grilka made her way to where they were keeping the human. She would free him from that cell only to put him in another cell. As she reached the prison cell, she ordered the guard to open it.

The guard refused. "Sorry ma'am." He said. "The Mind Frag isn't complete yet."

Mind Frag? They were performing a Mind Frag on the poor creature? "What?" She asked point blank. "What do you mean a Mind Frag, how many memories are you taking from him?!" She demanded.

The guard shrugged. "Just his time with Ketish. The rest of his memories will remain intact. He shouldn't be damaged too badly." As the procedure concluded, the guard handed Jack over into Grilka's custody. They boarded a small shuttle and headed for the prison cells above Dubor where Jack would be safe. In the dark, but safe. Grilka smiled, her plan was working.

It would take over thirty days for Grilka to finally open Jack's cell and befriend him. She had a mission to complete after all.

Late October 2246

Captain Jack O'Brien stood in the engine room aboard the U.S.S. Franklin. Madison Park was standing by his side. The engine core was running well and sounded like a purring kitten just the way it was meant to.

Madison was proud of her work. She had gotten the ship back up and running like she had promised. A little late, it had taken a little longer than three weeks to fix everything, but it had been done correctly.

"It's good to have you back sir." Madison said.

Jack smiled back at the dock worker. "I'm not back officially. I was ordered by General Tague to perform an inspection. Any time to get to spend with my old crew, is time well spent. What else have you got to show me?" Jack asked.

Madison nodded. "This way sir." She escorted them to a transport tube.

The tube deposited them near Med Bay 3. It, along with the other two Med Bays, had been completely destroyed during the attack by the Dubor. Madison had to do a full reconstruction on all three Med Bays to get them even remotely back up and running. She of course didn't do all of this work by herself, Madison had help. Four crews working around the clock twenty-eight hours a day.

Patting a trauma bed, Madison gestured to the controls. "Hop on, we can do a quick scan of your vitals. Make sure you're running at peak performance." She smiled. Madison had a soft spot in her heart for doctors and what they could do. Any chance to run their equipment was a blessing in disguise.

Removing his duty jacket, Jack hopped on the trauma bed and laid down. He could tell Madison was excited to see the equipment in action. She had taken several biology classes during her time at the academy. She had been waiting to test this bed out ever since she installed it.

Picking up a data pad off the wall, Madison activated it. Soon readings were pouring into the device from Jack's medical scan. She looked thoughtfully over the readout and data pouring through. Everything was up to par for the captain. She smiled at how accurate it all was.

"You're in tip top shape..." Her voice trailed off as she noticed something. "Um, sir?" Madison asked. "When did you have surgery? Your chest was cracked open and then sutured back together. A little bit off, but it was reconnected. Any idea what happened there?"

Jack sighed. "Must have been when I was in that Dubor prison months ago. They found different ways to kill me and bring me back to life. I'm sure that's just left overs from their handy work." He frowned at the memory that had surfaced with his Mind Walk with Norev. Jack attempted to change the subject. "So, how's the station holding up?"

Madison didn't hear the question. She was too busy focusing on the readouts. Activating her comm unit, she called for the doctor. Something wasn't right about the readings she was getting, something wasn't right at all. Her limited knowledge of human anatomy only took her so far, she needed an actual doctor to confirm her suspicions.

A few minutes later, Doctor Matt Allen turned the corner and entered Med Bay Three. "This better be good Madison, I'm in the middle of calibrating the surgical unit over in Med Bay Two. We're on a tight timeline." He stopped talking when he saw Jack laying on the trauma bed. Rushing to his side, he checked Jack's vitals. "What's wrong?"

Madison shook her head. "Nothing's wrong perse." She said. "But when I ran a scan, I did find these...abnormal readings? I guess you could call them." She handed Matt the data pad she had been working from.

Accepting the data pad, Matt reviewed the information on it. He stopped when he reached the cardiac system. In fact he did a double take. “Uh sir?” He said to Jack.

Jack looked over to the doctor. “Yeah Matt, what’s wrong with me?”

Matt wasn’t sure how to say it, so he just blurted it out. “When did you have a heart transplant? I mean an *alien* heart transplant?” He continued to read the telemetry from the data pad in confusion.

Jack was confused. “I haven’t. What do you mean an *alien* heart transplant?” He asked. “It’s the same heart I’ve always had.” Sitting up, he put on his duty jacket. This exam was over. He didn’t want to learn anything else the doctor might come up with.

“It’s a Dubor heart.” Matt said. “Someone took out your heart and replaced with with a Dubor heart. That’s what’s wrong.” He was amazed at how well done the sutures were, if you didn’t know what you were looking for you never would have realized his chest had been cracked open.

Jack smiled. “I am part Dubor.” He said. “Couldn’t that just be my normal heart?”

Matt shook his head. “No, comparing your readings to that of over a year ago? The hearts don’t match up. It’s definitely been replaced.” Matt frowned, the numbers didn’t lie. He wished he could tell the captain something else was going on, but that just wasn’t possible at this juncture. Nor would it ever be possible.

“Where’s my heart then?” Jack asked. “I want to know where my fracking heart is!”

Matt and Madison exchanged glances. He had to of known where his heart was, didn’t he? You don’t spend time in an alien prison where they perform surgical operations on you and not expect your heart to be left behind. Or do you.

Madison spoke up. “Well the Dubor have it, obviously.” She blurted out a little more blunt then intended. She watched as realization crossed Jack’s face. It was a realization that was both uncomfortable and unimaginable. To say he was in a state of shock would be an understatement.

“Those bastards have my heart.” Jack said. Speaking it out loud made it feel more real than it already was. “Those fracking aliens have my fracking heart.” Swearing seemed to help him digest what was happening. Slamming his fist down on the trauma bed, he swore even more. “When I see Ketish again, I’m going to kill him.” He promised.

Matt shook his head. “They’ll just revive him.” He countered. “They have the technology to revive people, aliens obviously. If they can revive you, what makes you think they can’t revive one of their own people?”

“They have to have his head.” Jack said. “I plan on decapitating him. Let them reanimate that!” He stormed out of the Med Bay.

Walking down a corridor, Jack forgot about the rest of the inspection. He wanted to get off this damned ship and back on the Fresno. Entering the docking bay for the Atlantic Fighters, Jack boarded his fighter and prepped it for launch. As he pressed the launch button, nothing happened.

“Docking clamps engaged.” The computer alerted him. “Unable to launch.”

Jack sighed. “Disengage docking clamps.” He said. “Get me out of here!”

“Access denied.” The computer responded. “Please contact the commanding officer for clearance to launch”

O’Brien sighed. Tague, the computer meant he had to contact Tague. She was the last person he wanted to talk to that day. But if he wanted to get back to his own ship, he would have to speak with her. Jack grunted as he hit his fist against the console.

“Thrusters unable to engage.” The computer said. “Please contact the commanding officer for clearance to launch.”

O’Brien shook his head. Pressing an amber flashing button on his flight console, he opened a channel. “Captain O’Brien to General Tague, please come in general.” He squinted his eyes preparing himself to see the queen herself.

Tague appeared on the small monitor before Jack. She appeared to be in C&C and very busy at the moment. Seeing the captain on her screen was not one of the things she had planned for the day.

“What can I do for you captain? I am in the middle of twenty things and they’re all annoying. You’ve become number twenty-one.” Eve asked.

Jack got right to the point. “I’d like to leave this ship and return to the Fresno. But my fighter’s controls seem to be locked. You have the authority to unlock them. Please do so.”

Tague frowned. She didn’t remember locking Jack’s fighter down. It was a nice surprise to be honest, making him ask something from her. A favor as it were. But she had nothing to do with it. Activating a control her frown grew. “I’m sorry captain.” She said. “I don’t have authority to allow you to leave. The docking clamps are frozen in place. I’ll have to call maintenance to give you a hand. Sorry for the delay.” She closed the channel.

O’Brien couldn’t tell if she was genuinely concerned about his well being or if it was just another plot she had running around in that mouse trap of a brain she had. Whatever the case, he wanted to get out of that ship asap.

Jack tried to open the canopy but failed to do so. The computer told him he needed authorization from the station commander. Big surprise there. He was stuck inside the cockpit of a fighter and no place to go. He hoped the Franklin didn't need to go on active duty anytime soon, he wasn't about to be stuck in a fighter for the remainder of its journey.

Tague called over to the Franklin. "Madison, Captain O'Brien is having some difficulties leaving the ship. Please give him a hand. Tague out."

Madison acknowledged the call even though Tague had closed the channel. One could never be too careful around the commanding officer who you served under. Setting down a data pad, she left the Med Bay allowing Doctor Allen to drool over the new facility.

Coming upon the launch bay, Madison saw Captain O'Brien twiddling his thumbs in the cockpit of an Atlantic Fighter. Approaching the fighter, they made eye contact. He was clearly frustrated about what was going on. He wanted to be out of there ASAP. She would try and make that happen.

Tapping her comm unit, Madison contacted the captain. "Having some launch problems sir?" She asked.

O'Brien nodded. He couldn't recall the last time he had been in such a pickle. Maybe during his academy days, but that was so many years ago. Almost a lifetime to be on the more correct side of things. He patiently waited for Madison to grab her repair kit and try and shimmy her way into the circuits that controlled the canopy. Madison knew the captain wanted to leave the ship, but she wasn't about to chance another malfunction happening.

"So, about your heart." Madison said trying to pass the time. She picked up a sonic wrench and began fiddling with circuits.

O'Brien frowned. "What of it?"

"Can you tell it beats differently than your old...erm...normal heart?" Madison asked. She was deep in the circuitry now. Unplugging circuits and replacing them with newer ones, repairing ones that didn't look to be in too bad a shape. After every attempt she tried to release the canopy without success.

O'Brien continued to frown. "No Madison, I can't tell the difference between beats. If I could have, I would have known something was amiss long before this afternoon. How's it coming down there?"

Madison swore under her breath low enough that the comm unit didn't pick it up.

From the awkward silence, O'Brien could tell it wasn't going very smoothly. It seemed to be a running thread today. He was only meant to be there for an inspection nothing more. If Tague was behind him being unable to leave, it wouldn't surprise him, and he wouldn't put

it past her. It wasn't a surprise that Jack didn't favor the general. He wouldn't trust her with his life and that was saying a lot. The thing he feared the most was that someday he might actually be forced to trust her with his life. Jack was not looking forward to that day.

An hour later, Madison still hadn't made much progress on the fighter. Grabbing a plasma torch, she proceeded to cut the captain out of the cockpit. Once she used the plasma torch it didn't take long to free the captain. Removing the canopy via a crane, Madison smiled. She wheeled a ladder over so O'Brien could exit the fighter.

Once back on the deck, O'Brien looked at Madison. He was not amused. "You had to ruin a perfectly good fighter in order to get me out of it." He said.

She nodded. "Yes sir."

Jack's demeanor changed as he smiled. "Thank you Madison, I owe you one." Looking around at the other fighters, he questioned if they were space worthy. He had briefly looked over the repair schedule. The fighters were the last thing on the list to be fixed. Yeah, he wouldn't be using another fighter to get off the ship. It seemed he would be stuck there for a bit longer.

"I'll be on the bridge." Jack said. "There seems no better place for me to be right now."

Madison nodded. "Aye sir. The transport tube is that way sir." She pointed at the far end of the launch bay.

Of course. Jack thought. *Why wouldn't the transport tube be at the far end of the bay? It was the day for it.* He began walking.

The bridge of the Franklin was deserted. Jack sat in the command chair and just looked around. He was currently focused on the teleportation device. It was tempting to simply teleport over to the Fresno, but knowing the consequences he wasn't about to step foot in that murder machine. Not again. Not since he had learned the truth behind it all.

As he sat there, an incoming transmission came over the comm unit. Jack pressed a button on the command chair. The main viewer crackled to life as a woman appeared on the screen. It was Grilka.

"Dorf." Grilka said.

"Grilka." O'Brien smiled. "Long time no see. How have you been?"

Grilka shrugged her shoulders. "It's not the same without you here Jack." She admitted. "I want you to come home, now." Deep down she knew it wasn't a reality, what she wanted. But it didn't stop her from wanting it. The nights were lonely without him. She missed being able to just pick up her comm unit and call him at anytime of the night. But that wasn't possible with his current command. Priority One channels were off limits and the secondary

channels just didn't work as well. Grilka had gotten more static then she had the entire time she worked for Ketish. At least on the Dubor home world she could make a call and be assured it would go through without any problems.

O'Brien frowned. It seemed to be the only thing he could do these days. "I'm sorry my love, I cannot go where I please. I have to go where *they* order me to go."

Grilka huffed and puffed for a moment. "Wherever *they* order you to go Jack?" She said. "You know that's just a line you give to grieving women to help things feel better. Well it doesn't feel good Jack!" She was getting angry.

Jack's frown turned into a smile for a moment. "I have a weeks worth of leave coming up." He said. "I plan on coming to Crimson Gamma and spending the time with you." Jack knew there was the possibility of the war taking center seat over his plans, but that was a chance he was willing to take. It was a gamble for sure.

The communique was interrupted by the computer's voice. "Vessel dropping out of FTL." It said with its usual cold tone.

Jack closed the channel and focused the main viewing screen on the approaching ship. It wasn't anything he had ever seen before. He waited for Crimson Gamma to open a channel, it was their sky after all. When the hail wasn't answered, Jack decided to give it a go.

"U.S.S. Franklin contacting unidentified vessel. State your purpose here or be fired upon." He readied the ships main battery just in case.

"Franklin," A man's voice said over the comm unit. It was audio only. "I am not familiar with your vessel or what it is doing over my home world. But I assure you, I am not dangerous. I am just trying to get home."

O'Brien nodded. "I understand. Are you Shukan?" He asked.

He could hear the man chuckle. "Of course I am Shukan. What else would I be? My name is Nokev."

O'Brien froze. *The Nokev?* He thought. That was impossible. Nokev would have been dead over two hundred years ago. He had to be an impostor. Nothing more. "That's difficult to accept sir." O'Brien said. "You're supposed to be dead."

The man claiming to be Nokev chuckled again. "Trust me, I am very much alive. Allow me to dock and we can discuss everything that has happened." The comm unit went dead.

O'Brien allowed the ship to dock with the Franklin. Whoever this man was, he better have some good explanation.

The End