



BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS

BY RYAN A. KEETON

BLACK WOLF

BASED ON THE SCI-FI ORIGINAL SERIES
BATTLESTAR GALACTICA

CREATED BY RON MOORE AND DAVID EICK

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA
CREATED BY GLEN LARSON

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Friend

Admiral Jonathan Turner: Commanding Officer of the Prometheus Battlestar Group

General John Connors: Commander, Copernicus Homeworld Defense

Commander Tajalle: Commanding Officer, Battlestar Eternal

Dr. Kevin Grazier: Governor, Copernicus Colony

Colonel Karla Horvath: Executive Officer, Battlestar Prometheus

Lt. Colonel Stewart Kelly: Commanding Officer, 7th Marine Expeditionary Regiment

Major Jason "Slider" Allen: C.A.G. Prometheus Air Wing

Major David Briedis: Chief Engineer of the Prometheus

Major Stacie Percival: Executive Officer, Battlestar Ares

Captain Allain Halloran: Prometheus Operations Officer

Lieutenant Brad "Tiny" Allen: Squadron Commander, 32nd Viper Squadron

Lieutenant Rose "Tiger" Hohensee: Squadron Commander, 101st Viper squadron

Master Chief Petty Officer Theresa Madrid: Chief of the Boat (C.O.B.), Battlestar Prometheus

Ensign Ashley "Splashdown" Klave: Pilot, Raptor Support Squadron

Ensign Melody "Hygiena" Moody: Pilot, 32nd Viper Squadron

Foe

Jezebel (D'Anna): Cylon Battle Group Commander, victor of the Battle of Virgon

Eve (Six): Cylon Infiltrator

Gabriel (Leoben): Cylon Battle Group Commander

Lucifer (Cavil): Cylon Fleet Commander, victor of the Battle of Leonis

Seth (Doral): Cylon Tracker

Adam (Simon): Cylon Scientist

Lillith (Sharon): Cylon Basestar Commander

Tyranus Bane(Doral): Hero of the Alliance Campaign

PROLOGUE

CALL TO ARMS

COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS RALLY POINT DELTA

Admiral Turner stared at Commander Ryan, dumbfounded by the information he had just imparted to him. “*Galactica* and *Pegasus*? They survived?”

“Apparently so.” Ryan replied, the exhaustion he was feeling beginning to show in his face. “According to what Alpha learned while interfaced with the Cylon hyper-net, The *Pegasus* survived the attack on the colonies. After that she began hit and run attacks against the Cylon fleet. Eventually, they ran into *Galactica* and a civilian fleet they had been escorting away from the Colonies. Shortly after that the two ships combined forces and destroyed a Cylon fleet that had been pursuing the *Galactica* since they had departed. Then both ships and the fleet they were escorting disappeared.”

“Bill Adama... *ran*?” Turner asked incredulously.

“From what Alpha was able to gather, he thought that he was the only remaining Battlestar in the fleet.” Ryan said.

Turner shook his head. “Bill Adama was many things but never a coward. Are you sure your information was correct?”

“As much as I can be, considering the source.”

“So that means that there are two other Battlestars out there right now. Two more we can add to our numbers.” Colonel Horvath spoke up.

“And let’s not forget Admiral Cain. Never met anyone more eager for a fight than her. She’ll be a combat multiplier by herself.” Ryan said.

Turner nodded. “All of this is academic at this point. We won’t be able to even *think* about mounting a search for *Pegasus* or *Galactica* until after we have secured the Lobo Negro shipyards.”

The assembled officers nodded in agreement as Turner faced toward the operations station. “Mister Halloran, what’s our status?”

“The *Celestial* and the *Eternal* jumped in two minutes ago and they are standing by for orders.” Halloran replied.

“Very well, tell them to prepare for combat jump and to stand by for further instructions.”

“Aye sir.”

Turner faced back to Ryan, Horvath, Connors and Maddie. “Commander, I’m leaving the civilian defense fleet with you. You’ll be in charge until General Connors and I return.”

“You want me to come with you?” Connors asked.

Turner nodded. “If you’re willing, General. We’re going to need a large boarding force for the station and I’d like you to command it.”

Connors thought for a moment and then nodded his assent. “Count me in.”

“Thank you.” Turner said facing back to Ryan. “Take the *Ares* back to Copernicus and maintain a defensive posture until we return.”

“Yes sir.” Ryan said. “If I don’t hear from you in forty eight hours I’ll send a Raptor recon team.”

Connors chuckled. “Commander, if you don’t hear from us in forty eight hours, all your Raptor team is going to find is debris.”

“Okay, get going Commander.” Turner ordered.

“Yes sir. Good hunting.” Ryan replied as he saluted.

“General, I want you to assemble your strike teams and spread them out among the Gunstars.” Turner said.

“I was just thinking the same thing. If you don’t mind, I’ll transfer my flag to the *Sentinel*.” Connors said.

“That works. I’ll have a Raptor waiting in the starboard hangar to transport you over.”

“Sounds good Admiral.” Connors said extending his hand. “Good hunting.”

Turner took his hand and shook it firmly. “You too General.”

Both Connors and Ryan turned and departed without further ado as Turner faced his X.O.

“You ready for this?” he asked.

Horvath smiled in return. "Sir, I was born ready."

"Let's get after it then." Turner said firmly. "Mister Halloran, sound action stations and alert the fleet to stand by for combat jump."

"Aye sir." Halloran replied as the alert klaxon began to sound.

"Action stations! Action stations! Set condition one throughout the ship and standby for combat jump! I say again: Action stations! Action stations..."

Turner and Horvath took their position at the command situation table and looked out at the stations arrayed in front of them. "X.O., let's go around the horn."

"Yes sir." Horvath replied as she activated her earpiece. "Attention all stations: stand by to report combat status."

Turner watched with satisfaction as his crew responded quickly and efficiently to Horvath's commands.

"Engineering?"

"Engineering go." Major Briedis replied.

"Helm?"

"Helm go." Maddie replied crisply.

"Gun batteries?"

"All gun batteries go." Captain Greene replied.

"Medical?"

"Medical is a go." Doctor Kaplan replied.

"Flight operations?"

"Flight is a go." Ensign Moody replied from her temporary station in the C.I.C.

"CAG?"

"All Vipers in the tube and standing by; All Raptors and Scimitars on the deck and ready to rock." Slider said, his typical cockiness coloring his voice.

"Marines?"

“All stations secured and fast response teams are standing by.” Lt. Colonel Kelly said with a note of pride in his voice.

“Operations?”

“Operations go.” Halloran responded flatly.

“FTL?”

“FTL is spun up and ready. Jump coordinates verified and set.”

Horvath smiled. “Sir, the boards are green. We’re ready to fight.”

Turner allowed himself the smallest hint of a smile as the pride he felt in his crew washed over him like a warm ocean wave. “Transmit the jump coordinates to the fleet and tell them to stand by to jump.”

“Aye sir, transmitting now.” Halloran replied.

“Mister Moody,” Turner said, “have you been made aware of your responsibilities?”

“Yes sir.” Horvath replied. “I am to feed the relevant information and commands to the CAG and assist in coordinating fighter screen.”

“Sounds like you have it down.”

“Yes sir. It’s just...” her voice trailed off.

“It’s a lot different than being in the cockpit.” Turner finished for her. “Just stay frosty Hygiena. This will give you a better appreciation of the total picture when you get back in the cockpit.”

Moody smiled. “Yes sir.”

“Sir, General Connors is aboard the *Sentinel* and the Ares has jumped away.” Halloran reported.

“Very well,” Turner said, “let’s go kick some Cylon ass.”

CHAPTER 1

ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH

Central Command Nexus
Basestar 114
Leonis System

“They *what?*”

Lucifer struggled to contain his anger, which was growing exponentially, as Gabriel repeated his previous statement.

“They managed to access the hyper-net during the last confrontation.” Gabriel patiently repeated. “They downloaded a significant amount of information before we caught them.”

“How the hell did they do it?” asked Jezebel. “There is no way that a fifty year old Battlestar had the computer capacity to even access our secure network much less get that amount of information from it.”

“It wasn’t a human computer that did it. The cognitive trace signature we found was Cylon, generation two design.” Eve spoke up.

Lucifer’s eyes narrowed as his rage threatened to overwhelm him. “You’re telling me that we have generation two Cylons working for these humans?”

“That can’t be. All of the generation twos were accounted for after the war and none of them have left the colony since.” Adam said firmly. “Is it possible that the Colonials have had some of the gen twos in cold storage since the war?”

“No,” Eve replied. “One of the first things that Caprica Six did when she infiltrated the Colonial Defense mainframe was to check for any reference to Cylons left behind. She found nothing. Apparently the humans destroyed or decommissioned every Cylon that was left behind.”

“Don’t get me started on Caprica Six.” Seth snarled with disgust. “That bitch is the reason that we’re being left behind here to guard these... *dead* worlds.”

Lucifer waved his comments aside. “We have a mission to accomplish first. The discussion about Caprica and Boomer’s *relocation plan* will have to wait. Now tell me about Lobo Negro.”

“We’re relatively sure we know where it is.” Lilith said as she activated the massive main viewscreen in the center of the nexus. Immediately the image of a large red and gold nebula appeared amongst a field of stars.

“The Veil of Athena, very pretty,” Jezebel said drily.

“Don’t mock the work of God.” Eve snarled.

“Children, don’t make me put you in the corner.” Lucifer smirked. “Eight, please continue.”

Eve and Jezebel continued to glare daggers at each other for a long moment before finally turning back to Lilith.

“This is the location of the Lobo Negro shipyard.” Lilith declared.

“In a nebula? What the frak were they thinking?” Jezebel asked.

“They were thinking that the electro-magnetic fields inside the nebula would make them damn near impossible to detect and they were right. We still don’t have an exact location on this shipyard.” Lilith explained.

“So we’re looking for a needle in a haystack?” Adam asked.

“That’s a big frakking haystack.” Seth quipped.

“Okay enough,” Lucifer snapped, turning his attention back to Lilith. “So we know it’s general location. How do we go about finding it?”

“We don’t.” Gabriel said with a smile.

“We don’t?” both Eve and Jez asked at the same time.

Adam arched an eyebrow. “I realize that a sense of humor wasn’t something that I was programmed with, but I *do* hope that you’re making a joke.”

Lilith shook her head. “No.”

Lucifer chuckled. “I’m not following you either and while I might enjoy playing the guessing game you seem to be alluding to, we don’t have the time. The fleet is moving out tomorrow and they’re only leaving us with ten Basestars with which to guard this entire sector of space. It’s imperative that we don’t allow the few humans remaining behind to have access to a fully functional and mobile shipyard lest they promote themselves from fly in our ointment to pains in our ass.”

“Actually, that’s exactly what we’re planning: let the humans find the shipyards and then destroy them all in one fell swoop.” Lilith said.

Jezebel, always one for fighting, nodded in approval. “I must say, I’m pleasantly surprised. Well done, little sister.”

“Thank you.” Lilith blushed.

“Don’t go patting yourselves on the back just yet. You still haven’t explained just how you were going to find them.” Lucifer spoke up.

“We have someone who can help us; someone who is intimately familiar with the command crew of *Prometheus*.” Gabriel said with a smirk.

“I thought your agent aboard the Area was eliminated.” Adam said.

“He was,” Eve spoke up. “However, we have someone here who has recently returned from our campaign in the Alliance. Someone who spent the better part of a year on the *Prometheus* working with Turner and his crew.”

“And who is this person?” Lucifer asked.

Eve gestured and a Five walked in the room. His hair was immaculate and his clothes were of similar style to Seth, the other Five in the room.

Eve smiled. “Allow me to introduce the hero of the Alliance campaign; the Cylon who brought down the Terran Alliance- Tyranus Bane.”



COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER
BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS
VEIL OF ATHENA

The *Prometheus* erupted into space in a blaze of white light, followed shortly by the Battlestars *Eternal* and *Celestial*. A moment after that, smaller flashes heralded the arrival of the six Gunstars of the fleet.

“Jump complete. All ships reporting green.” Colonel Horvath reported.

“Very well,” Admiral Turner replied as he faced the operations station. “Mister Halloran, report all contacts.”

Halloran studied the dradis for a long moment. “My only contacts are the fleet sir.”

“Very well. Ensign Moody, copy to all ships: launch all Vipers and inform them to take up a standard screening formation.”

“Aye sir.” Moody replied as she activated her comm set. “Attention on *Prometheus*, *Eternal* and *Celestial*: Launch all Vipers and have them assume a forward screening formation. All squadron commanders to report ready status to *Prometheus* CAG when complete. Acknowledge.”

Turner nodded, approving of the way Moody was slipping into her temporary role as flight coordinator. “Colonel Horvath, contact General Connors aboard the *Sentinel* and ask him to have the Gunstars fall into escort formation along the flanks of the main body.”

“Aye sir.” Horvath replied briskly.

“Sir, the CAG reports that all fighters are in screening position and awaiting orders.” Moody reported from her post.

“The General sends his compliments, sir and he is moving his ships into position as requested.” Horvath said as she hung up her handset.

“Good. Launch the Raptors and let’s go find us a shipyard.”



“Frak, *frak*, *FRAK!*” Splashdown growled as she smacked her Dradis console.

“Take it easy over there, Splash,” said the calm and steady voice of Archangel over the wireless. “I didn’t get you out of hack on the Ares just to listen to you cuss at the machinery”

“Sorry sir. It’s just that this gods damned Dradis keeps going out of calibration on me.” Splashdown replied.

“Did you reset the high gain?” Archangel asked.

“Yes sir. It keeps showing static and then blanking out with an error code.” Splash said as she attempted to adjust the resolution on her screen. She knew, however, that the Dradis console wasn’t the only thing bugging her.

She was flying alone for the first time since she had earned her wings. All Raptor pilots had been pressed into the cockpit due to the enormity of the search area and since the fleet was short on Raptor jocks at the moment that mean that all the backseaters had been moved up front.

“Okay, what’s the error code?” Archangel asked.

“Two-one-seven, sir.”

Archangel chuckled. “Ah, I see. Go into your start up menu and rest your E.M. filter exposure levels to forty-five. That should fix the problem.”

Splashdown did as instructed and a crystal clear Dradis image appeared on her screen. “Thanks sir.”

“That’s my job, Ensign.”

“Archangel, *Prometheus*- Stand by for actual.” The voice of Melody Moody suddenly cut in.

Splashdown smiled as she listened to her friends’ voice but felt sad because she wasn’t along on the mission. All her life Hygiena, as she was known to her fellow pilots, had wanted to fly Vipers. When she hadn’t been accepted to flight school she had settled for being a cook on a Battlestar. However, because of the combat losses that *Prometheus* had suffered on her 18 month long trek to Earth, the Admiral had decided to accept some of the lower ranks into flight and officer training. Hygiena had worked hard and earned her wings. She had lived her dream of flying Vipers, only to have it taken away because of some bullshit regulation about her weight.

It didn’t seem fair, but then again, life rarely was. She intended to speak to the CAG about it when the mission was done, providing that they survived. Maybe a good word from her could help. After all, it couldn’t hurt.

“Archangel, this is *Prometheus* Actual- deploy your birds in the pre-designated search patterns and check in every quarter hour. If you make contact with the enemy, turn around and high-tail it back to the Barge. Understood?”

“Understood, sir.” Archangels’ deep and gentle voice replied.

“Good hunting. Actual, out.”

“Okay Raptor riders, you heard the man. Report to your designated search areas, take a peek and get back. And *no heroics* people! You get me?”

Everyone acknowledged as Splashdown moved her engine from standby to active and pushed the throttle forward. “Raptor two-four-eight acknowledges.”

“All right,” Archangel said, “let’s go.”



COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER GUNSTAR SENTINEL

General Connors watched the Dradis screen intently and studied the deployment of the main body of the fleet as it moved into position with the *Prometheus* in the lead and the *Celestial* and the *Eternal* flanking her on either side and trailing behind somewhat.

“It’s a good deployment,” he said mostly to himself.

“Yes sir.” Commander Alexander quietly agreed from beside him. “What are your orders?”

“Have Colonel Hall take the *Vigilant*, the *Saber* and the *Tomahawk* and deploy them in picket formation along the port side of the main body. We’ll take the Sentinel, the Katana and the Titan along the starboard.” Connors commanded.

“Yes sir.” Alexander replied as he turned to his X.O. “Captain Reighney, contact Colonel Hall and issue his deployment orders.”

“Yes sir.” Reighney replied.

“Make sure to remind Colonel Hall to have the Saber and the Tomahawk ready to deploy should the Raptors find the station.” Connors added.

Reighney nodded as she continued issuing the orders.

“Now we wait.” Alexander said as he folded his arms across his chest.

“Indeed.” Connors replied as he stroked his chin. “I don’t think we’re going to have to wait long though.”

“Sir?” Alexander arched an eyebrow.

Connors shook his head. “The Cylons aren’t stupid, Commander. They have long range Dradis arrays scattered all over hell and gone. Now they aren’t so good at picking up one or two small ships but when a fleet this size jumps in somewhere, it makes a pretty big dent on the E.M. bands. As soon they realize that we’re here they’ll be coming in force.”

“Well sir, I suppose that’s why the Admiral brought damn near the entire fleet.” Alexander replied.

“Sir, Colonel Hall reports that his ships are moving into position. He’s requesting permission to launch his Vipers to screen the flanks.” Captain Reighney reported.

Connors shook his head. “No. Tell him to keep his birds in the nest.”

“Aye sir.”

“Keep the Vipers grounded sir? Why?” Alexander asked.

“If the Cylons jump in, we’ll have plenty of time to launch. Besides, if they find the station I want to be ready to go at a moment’s notice.”

Alexander nodded, appreciating the General’s knowledge of naval tactics. “And who says you ground pounders don’t know how to fight in space?”

Connors chuckled. “I don’t, I just fake it well.”



CHAPTER 2

HELL'S BELLS

RAPTOR TWO- FOUR- EIGHT
SEARCH AREA ALPHA NINE
VEIL OF ATHENA

Splashdown adjusted the polarization of her helmet visor as her Raptor plowed through the bright gasses of the nebula known as the Veil of Athena.

As a child she had read about the nebula in school but the information on it had been limited at best. Because of the Cylon War, the Colonial government had decommissioned the old Colonial Space Exploration Ministry and folded it's duties into the newly formed Exploration Branch of the Colonial Fleet.

However, having just gone through a devastating war in which most of the major cities in the Twelve Colonies had suffered horrendous damage, the Colonial government wasn't all that fired up to explore space again, especially since the very same creatures who had wrought such devastation were out there somewhere, and bumping into them might just renew hostilities.

She had always hoped that she would be able to explore space one day, which is one of the reasons she had joined the Colonial Defense Forces. She had served two years on the Battlestar *Columbia* before volunteering to transfer to the *Prometheus*.

In truth, it was the fact that the *Prometheus* was going on a deep space exploration mission that had prompted the request to transfer and she had left a very promising career behind on the *Columbia* to do so.

She had been a Senior Specialist on her deck team and was up for promotion to Petty Officer when the word came down about the *Prometheus* and her mission. The only problem was that she would have to give up her promotion to Petty Officer because all of the Team Leader slots had already been filled.

She had wrestled with it for almost a week before making the decision just before the deadline. Her mother hadn't been pleased about it, but then again her mother had higher hopes for her daughter.

Erin Klave was a major in the Colonial Fleet medical branch and served as Chief Nurse aboard the *Solaria*. She had always wanted her daughter to follow in her footsteps and go to the medical academy on Picon, but Splashdown has balked.

Always the rebel, she had found her own way through basic training at the Fleet Training depot on Tauron, to advanced avionics repair school on Leonis and finally a billet on a Battlestar.

Now, two years later, she was an Ensign and a pilot. Her mom would have been proud, had she survived the attack on the colonies. The thought brought on a momentary wave of sadness that was broken when her proximity alarm began to beep loudly.

Looking out the front glass she scanned the space in front of her for the perceived threat but saw only the hot blowing gasses of the nebula as they swept by her canopy.

“Oh great, now my sensors are screwing- *HOLY FRAK!*”

Yanking back hard on the stick, Splashdown pulled her Raptor up and narrowly avoided hitting the massive bulk ahead of her. Fighting the controls she skimmed along the surface of the object until she was able to stabilize her flight path. Only then did she realize what she was looking at.

Blinking her eyes hard she looked again to make sure she wasn't seeing things as she rolled her Raptor over to get a good look at the lettering that was scrawled across the familiar shape.

NOVA

As she did it, her radio crackled to life. “Attention Colonial Raptor, this is Viper One-Niner-Niner of the Battlestar *Nova*. Identify yourself.”

Smiling, she activated her own comm system. “Viper One-Niner-Niner this is Raptor Two-Four-Eight of the Battlestar *Prometheus*. My callsign is Splashdown.”

The line was silent for a long moment and Splashdown could imagine the confused looks on the faces of the crew inside the *Nova*'s C.I.C. Finally, the comm crackled to life again and a female voice came across the wireless.

“*Prometheus* Raptor Two-Four-Eight this is *Nova* Actual. You are ordered to follow your escort Vipers to the starboard flight deck and then report to C.I.C. for debriefing.”

“Raptor Two-Four Eight, wilco.” Splashdown replied as she slid the Raptor into the slot between the leading Vipers.



**COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER
BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS**

“Raptor Six-Three-Two reporting in, sir: no joy.” Ensign Moody reported as an icon representing the Raptor appeared on the Dradis screen.

“Very well, have them land and refuel.” Colonel Horvath replied.

“Understood.”

“That makes seventeen sectors reporting no joy.” Horvath said quietly as she marked another area of the search grid.

“We knew this wasn’t going to be quick or easy.” Turner said as he signed a report and handed it back to a yeoman.

“Yes sir but our position here leaves us very vulnerable. If the Cylons find us here—”

“I’m fairly confident that they already know that we’re here.” Turner interrupted.

Horvath looked aghast. “Then why are we staying here if the Cylons could jump in on top of us at a moment’s notice?”

“Because they won’t, not until we find the station.”

“I’m not following you.”

“The Cylons have to stop us from getting our hands on the station because if we have a fully functioning shipyard, we suddenly become a major threat to them. However, they haven’t been able to find the station or else they would have destroyed it already.”

“We’re already a major threat to them though.”

“Agreed, which is why I think they will wait for us to find the station and then attack.”

Horvath’s eyes lit up as understanding dawned on her. “We do the dirty work of finding the station for them and then they swoop in and destroy us both.”

“Two birds with one stone.” Turner nodded.

“So what do we do when they *do* show up?”

Turner smiled. “I’ll tell you when I think of it.”

Horvath began to chuckle but stopped as a beeping from the Dradis console above them caught their attention.

“New contact bearing one-seven-two karem one-oh-five!” Halloran announced.

“War book says Cylon Raider.” Maddie confirmed from her station.

“Direct the Slider to intercept.” Turner commanded.

“Slider, *Prometheus*- Cylon Raider bearing down on the fleet. Move to intercept.” Moody said across the wireless.

“*Prometheus*, Slider- outbound to contact. Time to intercept is one minute.” Sliders distorted voice replied from the speakers.

“Raider is powering up its jump drive.” Halloran said.

“If her get’s away—” Horvath began.

“*Prometheus*, Slider- he just jumped away! He’s gone.”

“Damn it,” Turner growled. “I was hoping it would take them longer.”

“It’s a good bet that the Cylons know we’re here.” Slider chimed in over the wireless.

“Well sir,” Horvath sighed, “I guess it’s time to think of that plan.”

COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER BATTLESTAR NOVA INSIDE THE VEIL OF ATHENA

Splashdown moved briskly down the corridors of the Battlestar *Nova* in front and behind by a squad of marines that had greeted her as soon as she landed. As she looked around she noticed the subtle differences between this ship and the one she had called home for so long.

Many of the interior surfaces looked unfinished, as if the final decorative touches had been left undone. This gave the ship a more severe and unrefined look, far more than the elegant yet militaristic look of the *Prometheus*.

As she approached the C.I.C. she noticed that the sliding double doors that lead to the command center were made of the same thick glass that had originally adorned the *Prometheus* C.I.C.

Commander Turner had ordered them replaced with steel doors after the ship had fallen to the Alliance and the thick glass had never been seen again.

As she marched into the C.I.C. she was met by a severe looking woman in a Marine's uniform with gold major's rank on the collar. Coming to attention she saluted. "Ensign Ashley Klave, Battlestar *Prometheus*, sir."

The major looked her over slowly and then returned the salute. "Major Meia Langley, commander of the 54th Marine Battalion and acting C.O. of the *Nova*."

Langley gestured and the Marines did an about face and marched away.

"Sorry about the precaution, Ensign. Needless to say, we've been a bit on edge since the attacks." Langley apologized.

"Understandable, sir," Splashdown replied. "However, it's important that I make contact with Admiral Turner ASAP."

Langley shook her head in amazement. "I still can't believe that the *Prometheus* survived the attack. Last I heard she was on deep space exploration. I thought for sure the Cylons would have hunted you down."

"We were a long way from home when the attacks happened," Splashdown said with a sad expression. "It took us almost nine months to get home."

Langley nodded. "Well we are on skeleton crew right now so you'll forgive me if I get back to work here. The lieutenant here will take down the jump coordinates of your ship."

"Sir?" Splashdown arched her eyebrow.

"We're going to take the *Nova* out to meet your ship."

"Fleet, sir."

Now it was Langley's turn to be surprised. "Fleet? You have a fleet with you?"

"Yes sir, three Battlestars and six Gunstars." Splashdown replied.

Langley smiled. "Now I really want to meet your Admiral Turner," she said as he turned to face the operation officer. "Lieutenant Heath, sound action stations and begin jump prep."

"Action stations, aye sir." Heath replied.

"Now, if you'll give me those jump coordinates we'll get underway."



Central Command Nexus
Basestar 114
Leonis System

“We’ve found them.” Lilith announced as she marched into the command nexus. She waved her hand over a crystal and immediately the Veil of Athena appeared with red crosshairs over a section of it. “Three Battlestars and six Gunstars.”

“Sounds like they brought their entire fleet,” Gabriel said.

“Of course they did,” said Tyranus Bane as he strolled into the nexus. “I told you that Turner didn’t screw around.”

“Yes, yes you’ve been singing his praises since you arrived,” Jezebel spoke up, the taint of jealousy coloring her voice.

“And maybe you should listen,” Bane shot back.

“Enough of this,” Lucifer said. “Jezebel, prepare your ships for combat jump.”

“How many ships are you taking?” Bane asked.

“Five.” Jezebel replied.

“Five? You’re kidding me right?” Bane asked incredulously.

“Five Basestars will be more than sufficient to handle your mighty Admiral.” Jezebel sneered.

Bane frowned. “You’re an idiot, Jez.”

Jezebel laughed. “That’s the best that the great hero of the Alliance campaign can offer? Hah! We’ll see who the idiot is when I come back with Turner’s head on a pike!”

Banes watched her leave and shook his head. “That girl’s going to come to a bad end.”

Gabriel rolled his eyes. “We’ve been saying that for years.”

“She has an annoying habit of surviving,” Lucifer added. “She’s never even downloaded before.”

Bane smiled. “There’s a first time for everything...”

CHAPTER 3

GOD OF THE HUNT

COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS VEIL OF ATEHNA

Alarm klaxons blared and crewmen scrambled to get to their stations, their eyes bleary with sleep, as Admiral Turner made his way to the C.I.C. of the Prometheus. He himself looked half asleep as he ran his hands through disheveled hair and finished by buttoning his tunic.

“Sitrep!” he barked as he took his station at the situation table.

“Five Cylon Basestars just jumped into Dradis range, C.B.D.R. CAP is outbound to intercept.” Colonel Horvath reported, never taking her eyes off of the status reports that scrolled down the side of the Dradis screen.

“Mister Halloran, direct the *Eternal* and the *Celestial* to take covering positions alongside us and have General Connors begin moving the Gunstars into the nebula for cover,” Turner commanded.

“Aye sir,” Halloran replied quickly as he set to his work.

“All stations report condition one set sir.” Colonel Horvath said as she finally took her eyes away from the screen.

“Very well, X.O.” Turner said as he faced to his battle staff. “Mister Green, get me a long range firing solution on those Basestars. Mister Moody, direct the CAG to set up a skirmish line at thirty four hundred and to stay out of the line of fire.”

“Aye sir.” both officers quickly replied.

“Cylons are launching Raiders!” Halloran suddenly announced. “Time to intercept is one minute.”

“Sir, Slider reports that the skirmish line is set.” Ensign Moody said.

“Tell him to hold the line until further notice,” the Admiral replied as he turned to Colonel Horvath. “We hold them here until the Gunstars get into the nebula, then we fall back. The E.M. field inside the Veil will make targeting impossible from the outside.”

“Then what?” Horvath asked, her voice calm as a still pond.

“Then we find the station and get ready to kick some Cylon ass.”

VIPER NINER ONE FOUR SKIRMISH LINE

“All right you frak monkeys, listen up!” Slider said over the open channel. “We’re outnumbered three to one here so no heroics! Stick to the book and don’t leave your wingman. The goal is to keep them stalemated here long enough for the Gunstars to fall back, then we high tail it back to the barn ourselves. Any questions?”

“Yes sir.” a male voice replied.

Slider looked to find that it Lieutenant Giovanni, a recent transfer from the *Eternal* and a well known smartass. “What is it Snips?” he asked using his callsign.

“What do we do if they break through?” Snips asked.

“Squadron commanders should have designated their chase planes. If you haven’t been told to be one by now then you stay in the bubble and hold the line. No scalp hunting today.”

“But that’s the only reason I wanted to play.” Snips replied with mock indignation. “That’s it! I’m taking my ball and going home!”

This even got Slider to chuckle though he didn’t have long because his proximity alarm began to beep. “Ok guys, ten seconds to weapons range. Good hunting! All Vipers: weapons free!”

The skirmish line lit up like rain of fire as hot tracer rounds streaked across the void of space seeking their targets amongst the mass of Cylon Raiders screaming towards them. Many of the enemy fighters saw what was coming and were able to dodge but at least half were caught by the hail of fire coming from the Viper skirmish line and came apart under the withering barrage. Some even crashed into each other as they tried to dodge the incoming rounds.

“Ok, something isn’t right here.” Slider mumbled as he arched his eyebrow in curiosity. “Tiger, Slider- Am I frakking nuts or are the Cylons looking a little sluggish out there?”

“CAG, Tiger-” the soft but firm voice of Lt. Rose ‘Tiger’ Hohensee responded, “the Cylons are looking *way* sluggish out there and yes, you *are* frakking nuts.”

“Mama always said never look a gift horse in the mouth, sir.” said Lt. Bradley ‘Tiny’ Allen. “I say we blast them all back to the scrap heap!”

“I never argue with Mama,” Slider replied. “All Vipers- close with and destroy the enemy but don’t get sloppy! I don’t want any of you floating home!”

“YAHOO!” he heard a voice shout as the Vipers broke ranks and tore after the Cylons. Smiling, he firewalled his own throttle and joined the hunt.

COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS

“Could it be a trap?” Horvath asked as she watched the Cylons slowly disappear from the Dradis screen one by one.

“If it is, it’s the dumbest one I’ve ever seen.” Turner replied trying to hide his own surprise.

“Should we recall the Gunstars?”

Turner shook his head. “No, they are already in the nebula. Besides, the Cylons won’t be caught flat footed for long.”

“Sir, the Raiders are running! They’re frakking running!” Ensign Moody announced excitedly from her station. “Slider is requesting instructions.”

“Recall the fighters.” Colonel Horvath said.

“Belay that.” Turner interrupted. “All Vipers- pursue and destroy. Mister Halloran, direct the *Eternal* and the *Celestial* to form up and join in the attack on the lead Basestar.”

“Aye sir.”

“We’re going to attack?” Horvath asked quietly.

“I sense an opportunity here, Colonel. Lets bloody their nose and see what they think about it.”

Horvath smiled. “My pleasure, sir. Helm: bring us about and make for the lead Basestar at three quarter speed.”

“Guns, lock forward and target the center axis of the lead ship.” Turner commanded.

In space, the *Prometheus*, *Eternal* and *Celestial* all turned as one, as if they were all synchronized to the same helm control. Slowly the massive war ships swung around and aimed themselves at the enemy formation as their mighty engines flared to life and drove them forward.

“Twenty five hundred, the main guns have a firing solution sir.” Captain Greene reported from the gunnery station.

“*Eternal* and *Celestial* report the same.” Halloran added.

Turner nodded. “Then by all means: *open fire!*”

Space came to life as the massive main guns of the three Battlestars flared to life and spat death and destruction toward the fleeing Cylon ships. Several rounds went wide and impacted the other enemy vessels causing massive damage but most found their mark on the lead Basestar and began to shred the ship to pieces.

Suddenly though, the other Cylon ships burst to life and began returning fire, albeit sluggishly. Their rounds were nowhere near as effective as the Colonials, but they did their damage nonetheless as they slammed into the oncoming Battlestars and ripped armor and hull plating from the Colonial war ships.

One lucky shot made its way into the port side landing bay of the *Celestial*, detonating right above the cells that stored the Viper fuel were located.

The explosion was horrific as fire shot from both ends of the flight pod before it was ripped apart from the inside out. Shrapnel and chunks of debris flew in all directions and the truncated stumps of the support struts that had held the flight pod on glowed a golden red and sprayed sparks across space.

“Oh my gods!” someone gasped as the image of the damage came across the central viewscreen of the *Prometheus* C.I.C.

“Have Slider pull the fighter screen back to cover the *Celestial*!” Colonel Horvath snapped.

“Sir, the *Celestial* is listing to port and she’s in a lateral counter-clockwise spin.” Maddie reported.

“Get me *Celestial* Actual.” Turner commanded.

A moment later, static burst through the speakers in the C.I.C. followed by a frightened male voice. “*Prometheus* this is *Celestial*.”

“Who is this?” Turner asked patiently.

“Lieutenant Addison, sir, junior helm officer.” The voice replied.

“Where are Commander Tyler and Colonel Haskell?” the Admiral asked.

“They’re- they’re dead sir. It’s just me and a few crewmen for now. The doors are sealed shut.”

“Okay son,” Turner replied. “Report your situation to me.”

“Well sir, the helm is locked open right now and Sergeant Naiya says our main batteries are out but we’ve sealed the breaches on the portside.” Addison replied. “Sir, are we going to die?”

“I’m sure you will someday, Lieutenant, but not today.” Turner replied. “Alright, I’m going to put my engineering officer on. He’s going to talk you through damage control okay?”

“Yes sir.” Addison replied. “I’m standing by.”

“One last thing, Lieutenant,” Turner added, “Until you are properly relieved *you* are in command now. That means you are *Celestial Actual*. Understood?”

“Yes sir.” Addison replied firmly as confidence seeped into his voice.

“Very well, *Celestial Actual*. Here is my C.E.O.” Turner said as he nodded to Major Briedis.

Briedis took up the call and Turner hung up his handset as Halloran turned to face him.

“Sir, the lead Basestar is breaking up and the other four have jumped away. It’s over!”

“I wouldn’t say that just yet.” Horvath mumbled as a new icon appeared on the Dradis screen.

Turner looked to see a massive ship approaching from the nebula and cursed under his breath. “They must have went in while we were fighting the other base ships.”

He was about to curse his foolishness when a familiar voice broke through the speakers.

“*Prometheus* this is Splashdown aboard the Battlestar *Nova- Nova Actual* is requesting permission to join the fleet!”

Turners’ eyes went wide with surprise... and then he laughed.



Bane stood against the wall of the resurrection chamber, his arms folded over his chest and a patient smile on his face as Jezebel's head broke from the goo her new body was encased in and gasped for breath.

"It seems that your plan was less than the stunning success you had hoped for." Gabriel quipped as Adam helped Jezebel lean forward in the tub.

"No shit," Jezebel coughed in response. "I suppose you're here to gloat?"

"Not at all, sister." Bane replied smoothly.

"He's here because I asked him to be here." Lucifer said as he entered the room with Even and Lilith following closely behind. "We need to go over what happened out there."

"What happened out there?" Jezebel asked as she stood in the tub and reached for the robe that Adam offered her. "What happened was a frakking disaster! As soon as we jumped in our systems went haywire! The Centurions started walking into walls, the Raiders were confused, the hybrid started babbling incoherently—"

"The hybrids *always* babble incoherently," Lucifer interrupted. "What we want to know is *why* did this happen?"

"Do the Colonials have some kind of new weapons system?" Adam asked eagerly.

"I- I don't know," Jezebel replied as she shook off the cloudy feeling in her head. "We *did* register a strange sort of radiation when we jumped in."

"What kind of radiation?" Gabriel asked.

Jezebel arched an eyebrow. "Are you frakking serious? Do you think I would have called it *strange* if I had known what it was?"

Adam shrugged. "She has a point."

Gabriel made to argue but was forestalled as Lucifer raised his right hand to restrain him. "We need to know what happened. Adam- I want you to get the rest of your brothers to work on finding out what went wrong."

"By your command," Adam replied as he stood.

"Lilith, what is the status of your ship?" Lucifer asked as he turned to face her.

"Shot to hell," she replied. "It'll take the hybrid at least two weeks to re-grow the damaged sections."

Lucifer nodded. “Okay, take your ship and fall back to the Colony. Speak to John and see if he can assist you with repairs.”

Lilith nodded and exited, Gabriel and Eve following closely behind the chamber so that only Lucifer, Jezebel and Bane remained.

“Give me another ship! Let me go after them!” Jezebel practically growled.

“In time, little sister, in time. The main fleet is departing today to search for *Galactica* and *Pegasus*. I want us to be there when they leave.” Lucifer replied.

“Why?” Bane and Jezebel asked at the same time.

“One of the Eights in the fleet, the one they used to call Boomer, has been nosing around Leonis and asking some questions about our operation down there,” Lucifer said with a smile. “It seems that our success with the survivors on that world is partially what inspired her and Caprica Six to this great endeavor that they’re about to depart on.”

“I thought that project was supposed to be secret?” Bane asked.

“It is,” Jezebel replied flatly. “Which is why I am surprised that *you* know anything about it.”

“I told him about it,” Lucifer said. “After all, he’s going to be playing a vital role in setting up our new Empire.”

Jezebel looked surprised. “So you’re staying *with* us?”

Bane nodded. “Caprica Six and her group tend to babble on and on about this one true God a little too much for my taste.”

“You don’t believe in God?” Jezebel asked.

“Sister, I’ve traveled across the stars now and seen a great many things but I have yet to see one shred of quantifiable evidence to even *suggest* that there is a living supernatural spirit controlling everything. Besides,” Bane tossed a wink at her as he turned toward the door, “I prefer to remain in control of my own destiny. This *One True God* notion is just the leftovers from the dreams of a little girl rebelling against her parents.”

Both Jez and Lucifer watched as Bane strolled from the room.

“*That’s* why I like him- we see eye to eye.” Lucifer admired.

CHAPTER 4

LOBO NEGRO

COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER
BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS
LOBO NEGRO

It had been a two day trip since the end of the Battle of the Veil, as everyone was coming to call it, but finally the *Prometheus*, with the *Nova* at her side and the rest of the fleet trailing behind them, burst through the mists of the Veil of Athena to enter the calm center of the nebula where the massive shipyard awaited them.

“Holy frak, that thing is *huge!*” the voice of Tiny burst out through the speakers in C.I.C.

“Yeah, that’s what *she* said!” another pilot quipped.

“Alright, knock that crap off you two.” Slider interjected. “Do a pre-approach sweep and then get your butts back to the Barge.”

Turner nodded approvingly as he listened from his position next to General Connors.

“Sounds like he runs a pretty tight operation,” the General remarked.

“Don’t let that fool you,” Horvath chuckled, “Slider can be a loose cannon at times too.”

“But he only lets it go so far before he jerks a knot into his pilots and gets them flying straight again.” Turner added as he smiled at his X.O. “Not everyone can be as unwavering as you were, Colonel.”

“Very true sir,” Horvath replied.

“Admiral,” Maddie called out, “the *Lobo Negro* control tower is contacting us. They want to know if we’d like to dock.”

Turner nodded. “Tell them that if they have an empty berth we’d be happy to pull in.”

“Very good sir,” Maddie replied.

“Sir, Major Langley reports that the *Celestial* has been secured in the dry dock.” Horvath reported.

“Good. Tell her to have her techs determine if she’s salvageable. If she is then let’s get her up and running as quick as we can. If not, we strip her down and leave her here.”

“Yes sir.” the X.O. replied.

“Langley is a good kid. She’ll take good care of you.” General Connors said.

“You never said that you knew her.” Turner replied.

“She was one of my best at the CSOC academy. When she graduated, I wrangled her position on the Presidential Protection Detail. She wasn’t fond of it though and asked for re-assignment after she participated in the abduction of some nosy reporter at the home of Gaius Baltar.”

“Can’t say as I blame her. I’ve never been a fan of politics myself.”

“On that we agree, sir.” Connors said with a firm nod. “It’s one of the reasons I was sent out to Copernicus.”

Turner chuckled. “I never made it past Colonel because I had a tendency to be right when I explained just how *less than intelligent* some of the Admiralty was. It wasn’t until Admiral Cain took up my cause that I was finally promoted to Commander.”

“And now you’re the only Admiral left in the Colonies.”

“No,” Turner shook his head, “if the *Pegasus* survived the attacks it’s because of Admiral Cain.”

“Sounds like you respect her quite a bit.”

“I do.” Turner said. “And if she’s still alive and we can find her, then our chances of winning this war go up exponentially.”

“Sir, control tower calling in.” Maddie announced.

“Push it up here.” The Admiral replied.

A moment later, a female voice broke through the static of the speakers. “Battlestar *Prometheus* this is control tower one. Stand by for docking instructions.”

“Tower this is *Prometheus* Actual standing by.”

“The Admiral has the conn.” Horvath announced respectfully.

“I have the conn.”

“*Prometheus* Actual this is Tower one- you are cleared for docking. Bring your course bearing to zero-eight-two karem zero-three-three. Execute a half power main engine burn until you reach three hundred clicks and then reduce to one tenth. Your MECO mark is two hundred and your BTM is one hundred. Acknowledge please.”

“*Prometheus* acknowledges.” Turner replied.

“Very well, *Prometheus*. Land your birds at this time and secure for docking. Welcome to *Lobo Negro*.”

Turner smiled and turned to face the Maddie. “Hold on Chief, it’s been a while.”

Maddie smiled in return. “Ready when you are, sir.”

“Very well, come right to zero-eight-two karem zero-three-three.”

“Aye sir, coming right to zero-eight-two karem zero-three-three,” Maddie replied.

“Cut thrust to half power.”

“Thrust to half, aye.” Colonel Horvath replied.

“Sir, all birds are on the deck.” Ensign Moody announced.

“Very well.” Turner said, his eyes never leaving the dradis console.

“*Prometheus*, control tower one-” the speakers suddenly blared to life, “you are aligned with the docking platform at this time and on my mark your range will be five hundred clicks-mark.”

“Copy that, control tower.” Horvath replied.

“Turn program complete, steady on course.” Turner commanded.

The crew complied and everyone held their breath as the *Prometheus* made her ponderous way towards the first friendly docking she would make since before the war.

“Five hundred clicks.” Horvath announced quietly.

“Thank you X.O. Helm- Stand by for Brake Thrust Maneuver.” Turner commanded.

“BTM ready at your command, sir.” Maddie replied.

“Four hundred.”

Turner reached down and activated a touch switch on his board that activated the IMC. “All hands- Stand by for braking maneuver.”

Around the ship crewmen and officers alike made sure to sit down or at least hold onto something, this being necessary since Battlestars didn't exactly shed inertia without making it known first.

“Three hundred”

“Reduce engines to one tenth and press to MECO.”

The rumbling in the deck plates eased off a bit as the mighty ships thrust cut back. Horvath noticed and looked almost uncomfortable. Turner raised an eyebrow and she smiled sheepishly. “Haven't heard her so *this* quiet in quite a while.”

Turner winked. “The giant sleeps, nothing more.”

“Two forty.” Halloran announced.

“Power up braking thrusters.” Horvath commanded.

“Forward thrusters standing by.” Maddie replied

Turner continued to watch as Horvath counted down the seconds. “Main Engine Cut Off in five... four... three... two... one.”

“Main engine cutoff, all back full.” Turner quietly commanded.

Beneath his feet the ship began to shake as she shed her speed and inertia and fought against her own forward motion. He watched as the crew on the C.I.C. began to hold on as the ship threatened to buck them from their chairs.

“Zero mark in ten seconds.” Halloran announced as he held tight to his station with a white knuckle grip.

Turner nodded and watched as the ships forward speed dwindled quickly down to zero. “All stop, thrusters at station keeping.”

The rumbling in the decks subsided and suddenly the ship was deathly quiet except for the hum of the electronics. Everyone watched and waited for a long moment, the tension thick enough to cut with a knife.

Suddenly the speakers blared to life again causing several people to jump. “*Prometheus*, this is tower one- We show you at zero bubble and are ready for hard dock.”

A great sigh of relief went out of Turner and sporadic clapping erupted from around the C.I.C.

“Tower one this is *Prometheus Actual*- We are at stable one and the ship is secure. You may moor when ready.”

Now genuine cheering went up from around the ship and Turner smiled.

“You know, with all the combat maneuvers we go through you wouldn’t think that one of the hardest jobs on this tub would be parking this big bitch.” He said with a smirk.

Horvath’s eyes went wide with surprise for a moment and then she laughed and shook his offered hand. “Nice sir, very nice.”

“Thought you might like that. I’m going to the portside docking port. Prepare post dock reports and have them waiting when I get back from my meeting on the station. Until then, you have the con.”

“Aye sir, I have the con.” Horvath replied as she snapped a salute.

Turner returned it and made his way from the C.I.C. as his crewmen and women patted each other on the back in congratulations, and while he couldn’t quite put his finger on it, he couldn’t help but to have this inexplicable feeling...

Like he was finally home.

Cylon Resurrection Ship 2 Caprica System

Cavil and Lucifer clasped hand firmly as the other Cylons, Centurion and humanoid, looked on. “Best of luck in your endeavor, brother,” Lucifer said solemnly.

“And you as well,” Cavil replied. “The Colonies are yours now.”

“By the time you come back we’ll have them cleaned up and ready for repopulation.”

“Yes, your work on Leonis is coming along well.” Cavil observed.

“Just think, by the time you get back we’ll have laid the foundation for our new Empire. Humans and Cylons living together under our benevolent leadership, and Leonis will be its new capital.” Lilith said proudly.

“Providing that you can quell the lingering resistance on that planet.” Doral interjected.

“I think we can manage two thousand humans scattered across a small continent.” Gabriel replied confidently.

“Yes but what about the humans trying to help them?” D’Anna Biers asked smugly.

“The humans following Admiral Turner will, very shortly, be of no concern to us,” Tyranus Bane spoke up.

“You sound so confident in yourself. How can you be sure that your plan will work? Are you an oracle now that can see into the future?” D’Anna chided.

“No sister, I am simply following military logic.” Bane replied with a patronizing smile. “Find the best ground first, occupy it with overwhelming military force and then make the enemy come to you.”

D’Anna made to reply but was forestalled by Cavil holding up a hand. “I hate to break this party up before it gets interesting but we have important work to do.”

“Agreed,” Lucifer replied, “best of luck to you.”

“And to you. Keep the home fires burning for us.”

As Cavil watched Lucifer and his entourage as they made their way to the heavy raider that awaited them, both Doral and D’Anna slid up next to him.

“Are you sure that leaving him in charge of the Colony is the right thing to do?” Doral asked.

“Yeah, I thought he was the defective black sheep of your line?” D’Anna added.

“Yes but even black sheep have their uses. Lucifer is methodical and relentless, even if he has grand dreams of empire building.” Cavil said.

“Humans and Cylons living together,” Doral snorted derisively. “What a joke.”

“The only value humans hold for us is as tools for us to learn how to procreate. After we have gained that knowledge we will complete our extermination of them, like we would any other common disease.” Cavil declared.

“Well from what you have told us, Lucifer is good at exterminating vermin.” D’Anna smirked.

“That he is, which is why I firmly believe that when and *if* we return to these god forsaken mud balls, all of humanity will finally be dead.”

EPILOGUE

NO WAY OUT

COMMAND AND OPERATIONS CENTER LOBO NEGRO SPACE STATION

“When were these taken?” Turner asked as he stared at the recon photos now displayed on the main viewscreen.

“An hour ago, sir,” Major Langley replied from her position next to General Connors.

“This isn’t good,” Commander Tajalle said from beside Turner. “They’re deploying in blockade pattern.”

“What are they hoping to do? Keep us bottled up here in the nebula?” Commander Alexander asked.

Turner shook his head. “No, look how far away from the nebula they’re keeping. They’re out there because something about the nebula screws with their wiring.”

Major Langley nodded. “Makes sense.”

“So are they going to wait us out?” Colonel Horvath asked.

“No. They’ll wait until they’re ready and then they’ll start sending in ordnance to flush us out,” Connors spoke up.

Turner nodded knowing that the general was right. “They have us between a rock and a hard place people. We need to get out of here and soon. Major, what’s the status of the *Celestial*?”

“She’s secure in her berth and all non-essential personnel have been redeployed to the station.”

“Good,” Turner said coming to a decision. “Post to all commands: Be prepared to depart in twelve hours.”

“Yes sir.” Langley replied.

“Admiral, what’s the plan to get us out of here?” Tajalle asked.

Turner looked her in the eye. “We fight our way out.”

*CONCLUSION NEXT
EPISODE...*