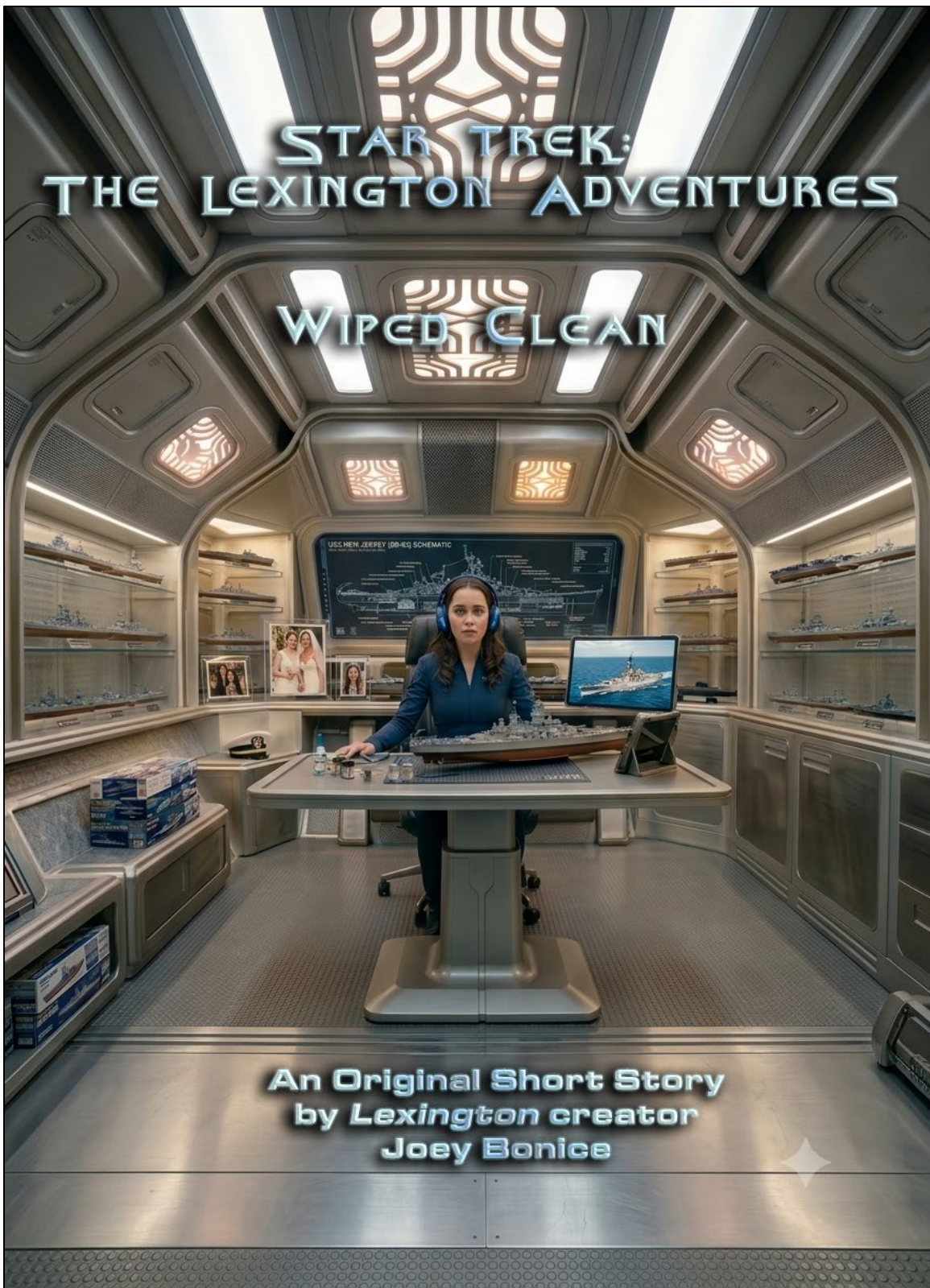


STAR TREK: THE LEXINGTON ADVENTURES

WIPE CLEAN



An Original Short Story
by Lexington creator
Joey Bonice

“Wiped Clean”

**Story by
Joey Bonice**

**Star Trek: The *Lexington* Adventures based on Star Trek[®] created
by
Gene Roddenberry**

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They say that Hell has no fury like a woman scorned... but what did they say about the woman who is trying to build a model of a battleship that's been out of service for over 300 years?

Sopheia Bennington-Fox, chief engineer for the starship *Lexington*, was sitting behind her desk in her quarters, working on a 1:350 scale model of the US battleship *New Jersey*. For anyone looking in, it would seem odd that an engineer would be an avid model maker when one could replicate one easily. Sopheia had picked up the hobby as a little girl as it was an escape from the pressures of life. The various models of US battleships and carriers around her quarters attested to her dedication to a nearly lost art. Sopheia found the entire modelling process... relaxing. She enjoyed doing the research on the ship she was building and then use her own hands to make it come to life in front of her.

She'd had gone as far with her models that for the captain's birthday, she had built and gifted him a very detailed model of the *Lexington* as an aircraft carrier in the latter half of World War 2. He had been very impressed by her craftsmanship and she had seen it on display in his office just off the bridge so he could see it every day. Just that little act made her proud. That was when she decided to build a big scale model of the old *New Jersey*.

When she worked on models, she would dress in a simple blue jumpsuit so any paint or glue wouldn't ruin any outfit she was wearing under it. She let her brown wavy hair hang loose but was held out of her eyes by her favorite pair of blue headphones resting on her ears that was playing her favorite genre of music. The headphones allowed her to concentrate on the task at hand and close out the rest of the world. Her head was nodding in time to the beat of the music and she was sometimes singing along. If Kimberly Bautista hadn't introduced her to the world of headphones, she'd been blasting her music out loud and getting a lot less done on her model. For some reason, the headphones allowed Sopheia to focus all her energy on the task at hand so she didn't care if headphones were outmoded or old fashioned in the 23rd Century. The way she figured, if it worked, then it wasn't stupid, outmoded, or old fashioned.

While she was working on her *New Jersey* model, she was pretty much on automatic, aside from looking at the engineering schematics on the PADD in front of her to make sure it looked accurate before she glued the part onto the model. The ship she was building was how it looked in her last stint in service during the 1980's so there was a lot of small details that she had to get right. It may not look it but a battleship was a rather complex piece of machinery and the model was no less different.

That was why she was enjoying working on it.

She was hard at work on the *New Jersey's* forward superstructure only to be interrupted by the sound of the intercom whistle. It was loud enough that Sopheia winced before reaching for the volume control on the headphones. She didn't realize she had the volume up so high. She then paused the music.

"Bennington-Fox here."

“Commander,” came the evening shift communications officer, “there’s a message from Earth for you.”

Sopheia had been expecting this call. She put down the tweezers she was using to position one of the parts making up the navigation bridge and made sure there was no glue or paint on her jumpsuit. She then tossed her hair back, though the headphones were doing a good job in keeping almost all her hair back out of her eyes. She adjusted her bustline and unzipped the jumpsuit just enough so she would show just enough to tease.

“Understood. Patch it through here.”

On the screen disappeared the *New Jersey*’s schematics and appeared her spouse. Christina Bennington-Fox was sitting in their living room in Hawaii, dressed in a simple dark shirt. Her brown hair came halfway down her back and was carefully styled over her shoulders. Christina had a wide grin on her face, as she did most times when she called her wife. Sopheia guessed that if Christina hadn’t married her, she would have made it an actress.

The sight of Christina took Sopheia’s breath away the moment she appeared on the screen. *No wonder I fell in love with her*, Sopheia thought. *She is beautiful! Whatever she sees in me, I’ll never know but I do know I love her!*

“Hi, honey,” came her sweet voice in Sopheia’s ears. *Oh, and that sultry voice... man! I’ll do... Sopheia, stop it! Man, you really do need to take some leave and visit her!*

“Hey, beautiful!” she said, realizing her tone was becoming suggestive. “Do you miss me?”

“Every day!” Christina looked at Sopheia closely and Sopheia swore her heart had skipped a beat. “God, do I miss you.”

“So do I, babe. So do I.” Sopheia shivered slightly. “My Goddess, just seeing you... *I really need to take some leave soon.*”

“I’ve got you wrapped around my finger just after a few seconds of conversation?” chuckled Christina. “Good to know I’ve not lost my touch after 10 years of marriage!”

Sopheia knew she could not be explicit or else she would be describing what she’d be doing to Christina right now. “Babe, if Eleonor wasn’t around or you were wearing some sort of earphones so she could not hear me, I’d let you know exactly what is on my mind!”

Christina smiled. “Eleonor is upstairs so she can’t hear you but with those earphones you’re wearing... now there’s a sexy thought!”

“What you mean, Chrissy?”

“Well, with those things cupping your ears, I could be as explicit as I wanted and there’s nothing you can do about it but just listen to what I tell you.”

Internally, Sopheia groaned with lust and excitement. *I would do so much more than that with just her voice in my ears! Oh how I would love to try that but with our kid around, we can’t. I can’t believe how much I am needing Chrissy!*

“Don’t you even dare! My mind’s already in a...” she searched for some polite words to describe the very dirty thoughts and feelings she was having about her wife. She finally found it. “...*dangerous* position as it is.”

“You’ve always been such a little tease, Sophie. But you’d never show that outside the bedroom. That’s one of the things I love about you.”

“What’s that?”

“Your self-control. But when we get some privacy...”

Sopheia could feel herself losing control. “Stop it or else I’m going to do something you and I will regret. And I won’t care who sees me do it!”

Christina smiled and that made Sopheia slightly shiver once again. “Sounds to me like we need to have a private chat after I put the little one to bed tonight.”

“Chrissy... *please stop* or I’m not going to held accountable for what I’ll do next!”

Christina kept smiling and another little shiver. “Okay. I’ll be a good girl and wait. I know you can’t.”

“Goddess knows I’m barely managing to contain myself as it is!” Sopheia pleaded. “Can you get the little one before I make a complete ass of myself?”

“I would say something about your ass but I promised to be a good girl.”

Sopheia was about to say something but her spouse cut her off. “Hold on. Let me go get her.” Christina got up and walked off screen for what seemed like an eternity before she came back with their adopted 8-year-old Hawaiian daughter. The wait gave Sopheia time to cool down and mentally change from another girl’s lover to being a mother.

“There’s my little girl,” Sopheia said as Christina sat, then the little girl sat in Christina’s lap with a little help from Christina.

“Hi, Mom!” said the child, beaming from ear to ear at seeing her missing parent.

Sopheia could not help but smile. Seeing Eleonor always made her day, no matter how bad Sopheia’s day had been. “And how’s my little princess on her birthday?”

The smile dropped just a little bit. “Fine but I wish you were here, Mom. It’s just us two here to celebrate my birthday!”

That hurt, Sopheia thought. *I know Eleonor doesn’t mean it but it still hurts a little, knowing full well that I can’t be there for her birthday.* “I know, sweetheart. Goddess knows I want to be there but I’m out here on the frontier and can’t get away. You know how Starfleet life is.”

“I know but it doesn’t mean I have to like it,” Eleonor pouted. “And it’s not completely fair to Momma that you’re gone so long.”

Where did that come from? Sopheia thought. *She’s only 8 and she’s already acting like a teenager! Goddess help the two of us when Eleonor does get to that point!*

Sopheia decided to switch tracks. “Hey, now I would not be much of a mother if I didn’t get my daughter something for her birthday. Did you get my present?”

Eleonor's smile returned, all sins forgiven in an instant. "I got the pony all right, Mom! How did you know I wanted a pony?"

Sopheia smiled. "A mother knows these things, sweetheart. Have you played with him yet?"

"Momma took him back to the stable as I've got a party soon. In fact, I've got friends coming over soon, Mom. Can I let you go so I can get ready for them? I promise to call you back and let you know all about it!"

"I know you will, sweetheart," Sopheia said, wondering where their daughter got that optimism from. "You have a wonderful birthday, Eleonor! I love you!"

"Love you too, Mom! Bye!" With that, the little girl darted off screen, ostensibly to get ready for her friends. Christina looked after her daughter for a moment then turned back to her lover.

"Where did all that come from?" Sopheia asked. "That seemed almost..."

"...grown-up?" Christina finished. "She's getting more and more like that every day. I've no idea where she gets it from."

"Had to be from her biological parents. We adopted her, remember?"

Christina looked a little wistful. "Not that it matters one bit. She's my daughter and that is that as far as I'm concerned. And I remember you being over the moon when you learned you were to become a mother."

"So you were, Chrissy. And I still feel that way every time I see her. I love being a mother."

Christina looked at the staircase where their daughter had run up. "I do too." She turned back to Sopheia. "But Eleonor wasn't kidding about the party. I'm throwing her a party with all her friends so it's going to be a zoo around here soon with a ton of kids and their parents here."

"Wish I was there to help you, Chrissy. But then, you were always good at throwing a party."

"I wish you were here too but for a completely different reason." Christina winked and Sopheia caught her meaning immediately. "I hope you get that leave soon. I don't know how much longer I can wait for you."

"Me too," stated Sopheia. "But I'll put together a... *spicy* video later for you to watch later when you are alone."

Chrissy slightly shivered and that told Sopheia what her wife was thinking of at that moment. "Make it *extra* spicy and you've got a deal, lover." She blew Sopheia a passionate kiss. "I love you so much."

Sopheia came close to the camera so her face filled the screen and gave a sultry kiss. "I love you too, babe. See you later."

Christina nodded and the screen returned with the battleship schematics. The music that had been on pause was back, allowing Sopheia to lean back for a moment and enjoy the thoughts of the two of them together. That sent another shiver down her body. Sopheia shook her head, trying to clear it of all the dirty thoughts there before she could return to her model. *Those thoughts can wait until later when I make that video for Chrissy,* thought Sopheia. *And I can only imagine what her response will be when she sees what I do for her!*

With one more firm shake of her head, Sophea adjusted her headphones and returned to building her model. Within minutes, she was almost back on automatic but now she was working on the 16-inch turrets. In fact, working on the turrets allowed her to think on things.

There was one such nagging memory that was one she wished she could forget from several months ago...

Sophea was strapped tightly into a simple chair. She could not see very much, thanks to the tinted glasses that were covering her eyes, but even as dark as they were, she could see she was in a dimly lit room with a sole light beating down on her. Even with the noise proof and oversized headphones on her ears, she could barely hear several sets of breathing and some very hushed muttering but she could not hear exactly what they were saying, nor could she make out the language. She could also feel something on her temples and forehead. She didn't have to see to know she was hooked up to something and it wasn't going to be a pleasant experience.

Her uniform had been stripped when she was captured a couple of days ago and had been replaced by a tight-fitting jumpsuit that would not allow for any feeling. No breeze, no wind, nothing. She couldn't even feel her own sweat and she knew she had to be sweating a lot. *Looks like they want total sensory deprivation,* she analyzed. *What for, I can guess. They want information and they think they can pull it out of me. Good luck! I'm as stubborn as they come!*

What they did not block was her sense of smell. She could smell her own stink and with every breath, she made a promise that she would make the acquaintance of a real water shower if she ever got out of here. Without looking, Sophea knew her hair was dirty, stringy, and wild, tangling with the various equipment and wires that had been attached to her head.

Sophea had no sense of time; she was tired from not being able to sleep and she was weakened from not eating. *Hell Week at Starfleet Academy has nothing on these people,* she thought. That was a walk in the park compared to what she was about to go through. She'd heard the stories about the Klingon mind sifter and read the case studies on the poor people who'd endured these horrible sessions. Her class commander, Captain Spock, was rumored to have once undergone a mind sifter. When she had asked him about it, he had politely deflected her interest.

If it was indeed a mind sifter Sophea was connected to, it looked like she was about to find out about the stories' validity first hand.

"What was your mission, human?"

She jumped a little, despite her restraints holding her to the chair. It had been so quiet and she'd been concentrating on listening for any little clues that the loud gruff voice caught her by surprise. They knew as well as she did why she was there. Klingons had jumped an unarmed freighter convoy and the *Lexington* had answered the convoy's distress call. The *Lexington* had beamed an away team aboard one of the more heavily damaged ships only to find some Klingons were still aboard. During the ensuing firefight, Sophea had tried to get the crippled ship's

engines back on line when she'd peeked out a little more than she should have from her cover and had gotten stunned as the price for her lack of caution.

When she woke up, she found herself in this chair and hooked up to whatever it was they had connected her to. So far, it had been only questions but these Klingons had made sure she was in total isolation. As if the tactic of sensory deprivation alone would break her. *They must sorely disappointed, she thought, that this tactic didn't work. I kind of enjoy being alone!*

"As I keep saying," she said testily, "we were on a rescue mission because you attacked innocent people!"

An evil, gruff laugh. "There is no such thing as innocent people!"

I will never understand Klingons, Sophea thought. Especially these Klingons. What do they want with me that they'd go through all this trouble? But what do they want with me? I'm only an engineer for Goddess' sake! What have I got to do with anything outside of making sure a starship is supposed to run the way it was designed?

Even with her hearing mostly blocked, she could swear she had heard enough to know that she was to be a part of their plans. An unwilling part but a part of their plans nonetheless.

She suddenly felt some humming coming from inside her head. Sophea knew it was a sign that the moment they were waiting for had arrived. She braced herself mentally for the next thing...

Fire flowed through her temples and straight to her brain. She could feel her body convulse against her restraints in response. While the engineer in her knew it was a low-level electromagnetic current going through her; the rest of her knew this wasn't *anything* like the captor resistance training simulations she'd had at the Academy. Sophea had to bite her lip to keep from screaming.

The current stopped and she could feel her body sag against the restraints. Her earlier defiance was quickly turning to fear. After all, did anyone willingly *want* to be electrocuted?

"That was our mind sifter at its lowest level, human," said the bodyless Klingon voice. "So tell me what was the *Lexington's* mission before you came to the rescue or the pain you felt will be like child's play."

Childbirth has got nothing on this thing! she painfully ruminated. *It was all I can do not to cry out.* She could not help but tense up at the thought of going through *that* again. Sophea was feeling the unadulterated fear of someone who thought they were going to lose their mind. Permanently.

"I keep telling you!" she said, trying and failing to keep the fear out of her voice. "Goddess help me, we were on a rescue mission and... AAARRRRGGGGG!"

The pain was definitely worse than before so it meant the mind sifter's setting had been upped. Now she could not hold back her screams anymore. Sophea could feel her mind being ripped from her as her body felt it was on fire. She could feel her body convulsing against the restraints. She could barely feel the sweat on her forehead; she hoped it would dislodge the electrodes there but she remained

stubbornly in place. The Klingons had thought of that as their electrodes used suction at the contact point to maintain their hold.

The fire stopped once again and all that was holding her up was the restraints. The pain had been too much for her to bear. Her tears were mixing with her sweat.

“Tell me about your mission or we will go to the next level!”

If I had the information, I would have gladly tell them if they would stop the machine!

“Please, no more!” she panted hoarsely.

The volume in her ears increased and she felt as if the voice would split her head open. “Then tell me what I want to know!”

“I can’t tell you what I...!”

In the middle of her statement, the pain came again, even more intensely than before and she screamed even louder. Her mind was becoming fuzzy, disjointed...

Back in the safety of her quarters, Sophea suddenly stopped working on her model and her eyes suddenly had an intense look of concentration. She tried to take her headphones off but she only got as far as putting her hands on the earphones. Her hands and arms were no longer under her control. Her hands seemed frozen on the earphones when a disembodied voice she vaguely remembered popped in her mind.

You are a loyal Klingon agent, said the Klingon voice. You will do what I say when I call for you.

“Like hell I will,” Sophea shouted. Her body remained frozen in place but her anger was rising. “I’m no one’s agent! I am a Goddess damned *Starfleet officer!*”

You are a loyal Klingon agent, repeated Sophea’s voice! It was now like two other people in Sophea’s brain. You will do what they say when they call for you.

“No, I will *not!* I am not your fudging agent so you can get... the hell... out of my head!”

Even though music was in her headphones, Sophea barely noticed it with those maddening voices talking in her head. In her mind’s eye, she was back in that damned room having the hell electrically shocked out of her...

Mercifully, the machine powered down and Sophea was instinctively grateful for the respite. Her mind felt on the verge of being empty. But there was still a tickling... it felt like something was telling her something subliminally. Now it made sense on what they had told her that it didn’t matter if she was unwilling or not! She tried to summon the strength to resist but no matter what she did and in her weakened state, it was inadequate against the force of the machine.

“Do you like our new toy?” the Klingon taunted the engineer who was shivering with the aftershocks from the voltage that had been applied. “I’m told it now has a... what’s the word you have for it?”

Blow it out your fudging ass, she thought, mad as hell but weak as a kitten.

“Oh yes! ‘Brainwashing’ I think you used to call it. You are being brainwashed, human!”

At that moment, she could not verbalize the amount of hate she had for the Klingons who were torturing, then brainwashing her. She wished she could see her captors so she could have spit in their eye but in her state, she doubted she could do anything more but dribble.

Now, odd images and high-pitched sounds were flooding her already battered senses. The dreaded mind sifter was getting ready to implant images and sounds directly into her brain! Nothing she had read on the mind sifter could have prepared the engineer for this.

If Sophea hadn’t been terrified before, she was now.

“You are going to be given your instructions. You will never tell anyone what happened here.”

Dear God, she thought, able to think clearly for a moment, please let them stop! I can’t go on like this! I’d rather be dead than brainwashed!

“Start the programming,” she barely heard.

There was a pause and in that instant, images and messages with subliminal messages filled her eyes and ears, yet she did not know she was also hearing inaudible subliminal Klingonese language lessons. Sophea could not put her hands to her ears to stop the noise nor could she shut her eyes from the images she was seeing. She was rapidly getting disoriented.

Sophea knew she was on the verge of sensory overload.

Her voice was so raw that she didn’t think she could scream but with the amount of sheer information pouring into her poor overloaded brain, she could not help but scream a whole lot more and a whole lot louder.

Sophea found she could not fight the programming anymore. She finally unwilling let herself cave into the overwhelming torrent of images and noise flooding her brain.

A single tear fell from her eye and onto her jumpsuit.

Music had always been a release for Sophea, even when she was a little girl. But this time, the music wasn’t releasing anything. The thought of her being programmed made her angry; angry because they were able to violate her mind, her soul. To violate who she was just to make her do their bidding, as if she were some kind of living toy or slave. Sophea got angrier as she recalled her nightmarish memories but her body was refusing to cooperate with her soul. Her body was sitting upright, arms on the armrest, and staring into the distance, as if she was still strapped to that chair and connected to the hellish mind sifter.

There was nothing but emptiness. Who she was and who she may be, she could not remember. All she knew was what the machine told her she was. Her body, though, was another story. She was panting and sweating like she had been running flat out during a full marathon. Her expression was blank and the fire in her eyes was gone.

“Let’s see what you remember of your programming,” said the Klingon.

Sopheia did not notice the gruffness in the voice anymore; the machine had taken care of her noticing anything without it telling her. “What are your instructions?”

Without missing a beat but in an emotionless voice that would turn a Vulcan green with envy, she said, “To infiltrate...”

“In Klingonese, Earther!” roared the Klingon.

Sopheia started again in a language in which she never took a class, “To infiltrate and destroy the enemies of the Empire! I will carry out my instructions or die trying! Success, my lord!”

“Success!” the Klingon roared in kind. You could hear the smile in the voice.

Why was it that I was tortured? she thought. Am I really Sopheia Bennington-Fox or am I just some actor who thinks I am her? Or is this just another function of that damned mind sifter to make me think I’m fine when really, I’m still back in that room, having my brain scrambled?

That maddening voice answered her. *You are ours to do with as we command. You are an agent of the Klingon Empire!*

“NO!” she screamed. “I am Sopheia Bennington-Fox! I am a Goddess damned a Starfleet officer! I have a wife and daughter!

For now, you are who they say we are, said her own voice again. *But you will do their bidding when they call for you, Agent.*

“Take that agent shit and blow it up your Goddess damned ass, you bitch!” bellowed Sopheia. “You’re nothing but a bad nightmare! I am Sopheia Bennington-Fox, Goddess damn it! You can’t take that from me!”

There was no reply. Sopheia felt like crying and losing herself in a slight depression that suddenly threatened to take over. She took a deep breath but held back the tears, determined not to let the programming win.

The sifter was active again but by this point, Sopheia was completely numb and her mind was a virtual blank. All she could think of was destroying the enemies of the Klingon Empire (*How? I was born in Hawaii on Earth!*) and obeying all the instructions the Klingons had implanted in her mind (*I’m my own person! I’m not a machine! I am a loyal officer of Starfleet!*)

“One final instruction,” said the Klingon. “If you tell anyone, you will die. You will never tell anyone what happened here. Repeat it!”

NO! I’m an agent of the Klingon... NO! I’m an officer in Starfleet and I am... to serve the Klingon Empire??? That CAN’T be right! I am... I am... who am I?

“Answer me!”

With no expression on what she was thinking, Sopheia answered dreamily, “I will not tell anyone what happened here.”

As clear as a bell, she thought, *I am an operative for the Klingon Empire. I am to seek out our enemies and bring about their destruction.*

Her head sunk in defeat as a single tear fell down her cheek.

Just thinking of her surrendering her mind to someone else brought back all the rage she felt ever since her rescue. Sophea silently screamed in anger and for a moment, she felt... *free*. Ever since she had been rescued, she had felt there was someone else in her mind, even though the best psychotricorders insisted there wasn't. When she tried to mention it, she would have a mini-seizure. That voice, that other personality, the Sophea who was a Klingon sleeper agent waiting for activation... she was there, lying in wait. Waiting for the code word so she could take over and subdue Sophea, the loyal Starfleet officer, wife, and mother.

Sophea again rubbed her eyes and felt something wet. She'd been crying but they had to have been tears of anger at being, for a lack of a better term, mind raped. She'd been so angry that she didn't feel that other person who now shared her mind but hid in the shadows, waiting to pounce.

So there is a crack in their programming! she thought. *Pure rage pushes that other Sophea away, even if it's for a little bit! If only I could tell someone without having a mini-seizure.*

Finally, Sophea started to wake up. She attempted to look around but with everything that had happened to her, she felt lucky that she could see at all. She saw a humanoid figure but they were extremely blurry, like the times she would get so drunk that she would pass out. The voice was so quiet and distorted that Sophea thought for a minute that she was still hooked up to the mind sifter.

"You're going to be all right, Lieutenant Commander," said the voice with an Australian accent. She could make out that it was a woman talking. The Klingon voice had been male and that would be a voice she'd never forget.

It swiftly occurred to her that her crewmates on *Lexington* had come to rescue her. *No!!!* she screamed in her mind. *I'm not all right! For the love of God, don't trust me! You don't know what they did to me!*

Her lips refused to comply with her mind's order, an indication that the programming was working as the Klingons had intended.

"She's dehydrated and malnourished but she looks okay..." she heard. She wanted to shout at them but in her current state, that was just not possible. *No, I'm not normal! Nothing will be normal again, thanks to those assholes! If only I could tell them to lock me up and throw away the key...!*

Her thoughts trailed off as she mercifully passed out once again.

Sophea finally sat back in her chair, wiping the tears off her face and onto her pants. With a small sigh, she adjusted the headphones gingerly on her ears, finally realizing she'd had them on for what seemed like hours. Just that act caused her mind to blank for a moment, like her mind was a computer and it froze for that instant. She didn't realize that the memories, the fighting, and the shouting she had done were now buried deep in the depths of her mind, out of reach.

After blanking for that moment, all she could remember was that she took a short break from model building after she had talked to her wife and now it was time to get back to work before she made a video for her wife and go to bed.

She pushed the button on the player and started to work on her model again. The music started instantly with her head starting to bob to the beat and humming along. It was like nothing had happened to her at all.

She was completely enamored with the music that she worked on the superstructure once again. She sighed to relax herself, roll her head, and close her eyes for a moment. She had no idea why she was so tense or sore. But after working on the model some more, she felt at peace and in command of herself.

Just as she really got rocking and was really progressing on the model, she heard the intercom go again off. Sighing, she pushed the pause button and held an earphone a little closer to her ear.

“Bennington-Fox here. Who is it?”

A familiar voice answered nearly instantly.

“This is Alex McKnight,” came the response. “I’m looking for Sophea Bennington-Fox.” You could hear the laugh in his voice. “Heard she might be in her quarters.”

“You’ve got some bad timing, Captain,” she said *sotto voce*. She did a quick inspection of her outfit to make sure there was no glue, paint, or plastic pieces on her jumpsuit before she switched the PADD’s viewer to reveal the smiling starship commander.

Just at that moment, the other voice piped up. *Here is your enemy. You will terminate him... when the time is right. When I give you the code word, you will destroy him and everything he holds dear.*

As you wish, my lord, she mentally replied in Klingonese, not even realizing what she was thinking as she returned the captain’s smile. *Qapla’!*