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The Adventures of Augment Gothic

“We also have to work, though, sort of the dark side, if you will. We've got to spend time in the shadows in the intelligence world. A lot of what needs to be done here will have to be done quietly, without any discussion, using sources and methods that are available to our intelligence agencies... That's the world these folks operate in, and so it's going to be vital for us to use any means at our disposal, basically, to achieve our objective.” - Dick Cheney

“People sleep peaceably in their beds at night only because rough men stand ready to do violence on their behalf.” – George Orwell (a lot of debate says this was something he never said or wrote, and is probably more a creative product of the first person who ever used it, but hey, it’s part of the cultural zeitgeist now)

Chapter 10 –

Augment Gothic 5

Resort. Planet Risa.

When night came, I found myself outside another Risian hotel, one that was not too far from the resort I was currently staying in. I had closely surveyed the area earlier, during the light of day, carefully observing the surroundings, the people both staying there and working there, and the building’s layout, playing the part of another human on Risa. I had found nothing out of the ordinary, but spy girl was certain that this was the right hotel so here we were trying to break into it like a couple of ol’ timey burglars.

I kept my eyes constantly scanning for anything out of the ordinary while this took place. Which was easy for me as one of the benefits of my genetic enhancements involved an increased visual acuity and memory. A single glance was all it took, no tricorder or advanced sensor equipment was necessary, but the world seldom stayed the same for long. So, I was able to easily tell that there was no special security here, such as armed guards on a rotating patrol or advanced security sensors. From the outside, this appeared to be just another nice hotel, on a planet already practically littered with them. But I knew that it really wasn't. If Natalie worked for who I was almost certain she worked for, that organization just didn’t make mistakes like that.

A whispered expletive, one which somehow defied the universal translator's ability to translate, made me quickly turn around to face Natalie. Immediately, I noticed that she was now sporting a rather pronounced frown on her pretty face. The woman then shook her head and straightened up.

"This is going to take longer than I thought," she muttered while looking around slowly, likely deciding which was the best alternate point of entry. "This is not a normal lock. It's actually a pretty complex bit of technology."

The lock itself was a dead giveaway that this was no ordinary Risian hotel, even if in every other way it looked to be perfectly normal. No one on Risa ever closed or locked a door unless they wanted privacy, certainly never using a complex lock like this, their building design reflecting that philosophy. Typically, a door was only closed because the Risian's alien partner requested it, because everything the natives had was freely given. Telling people as such was even part of their standard cultural greeting!

It had, again, been a pretty fascinating experience overall to find room doors wide open in my hotel with the sounds of wild sex taking place inside, the moans of pleasure and clapping of flesh on flesh making it patently obvious what was taking place. As I had found out during my study of their culture, in a book written by a two-hundred-year-old Vulcan sociologist of all people, an open door like that was essentially an invitation to watch, at a minimum, and possibly even participate if the people in the room invited you in. Being as shameless as I was, I had, of course, stopped outside and looked in on several rooms. Modern humans didn't often do this I'd learned.

I must have looked attractive enough to many because the Risians and their alien partners often invited me in to watch more closely or join the fucking taking place with big welcoming smiles on their face. The experience was so surreal I said 'fuck it', and had taken a seat to watch a couple of beautiful blonde Risian women, and one Risian man, render a human woman near catatonic with pleasure, the man ramming his cock into the woman, while the Risian women feasted on her breasts and lips. Good for her, I thought, chuckling internally.

I was really getting a kick out of this fascinating planet and culture. There was just a whole lot of good vibes here, a spirit of uninhibited freedom of choice with little in the way of taboo. This was the really interesting stuff that could never appear in a network television show. Admittedly, I was very tempted to join in, but if there was going to be an orgy my dick would be the only one in the room. Call me prudish if you will, but I knew what I liked.

Anyways, a lock this advanced was not normal on Risa and was almost certainly an add-on by a non-native. It suggested that the people staying at or running this hotel had something valuable enough or important enough to protect, even going so far as to violate norms in such an obvious way on this incredibly peaceful planet.

"I could break down the door, but someone would likely notice that," I offered. "Is the lock connected to any kind of alarm or central monitoring system?" I asked.

She scanned the lock once again with a tricorder. "No, the lock is advanced, but it's only stopping this door from opening. I can't risk a phaser, if that's what you're suggesting," she answered, sounding annoyed. "The energy discharge would almost certainly be picked up."

"That's not what I meant," I snarked back. "You Starfleet folks see an advanced locking device and your first thought is 'How do I hack this device, because I'm so smart and can't resist a challenge?' Hold on, let me mess around with my tricorder' beep, beep, boop, boop.'" At the end there I started mimicking tapping on a tricorder with a seriously over-the-top look of concentration on my face. I'd seen shit like this happen on the show, *a lot*. Coming up with some stupidly complex solution when there was a much simpler answer readily available.

I received quite a dirty look in response. "If you have a better idea, I'd love to hear it," she gritted out angrily.

"As a matter of fact, I do," I said, with a smirk, before my hand shot forward with the speed of a bullet and poked the lock with my index and middle finger, the lock itself separating from the door like I had just shot it with a pneumatic bolt gun. The door, now without a lock to keep it closed, lazily opened a few inches. Five times normal human strength was nothing to joke about.

Natalie's mouth dropped a tiny bit in shock, before she recovered her calm.

"That lock might have been high tech, but that doesn't mean it or the door it's set in, is all that sturdy. Oftentimes the simplest solution is the best solution."

I'm glad that worked because I'd have been really fucking embarrassed otherwise; I had actually seen that in a movie once and the villain in that movie hadn't used his fingers.

"If you were trying to impress me, you've certainly succeeded," the agent said once we were inside. Whether she was impressed by my physical strength, or my outside the box thinking, or both, was a mystery to me, but hey, I'd take it.

I suppose my plan had always been to impress the ladies while on this planet, having come to Risa to get laid and have a good time. And why not? If you were suddenly made the pinnacle of the human form, going from a solid 6 to an impossible 15 all of a sudden, you'd do it too. Of course, 'impressing women,' on Risa, was a bit like fishing with dynamite, not really needed and probably overkill. This was a pleasure planet filled with a species that would make love at the drop of a hat. Finding willing bed partners was as easy as expressing even the slightest interest, but I still felt the desire to show off around pretty women. That was just part of my personality and probably some hardcoded instinct in my DNA that I had no desire to fight anyways. In this case, while I wasn't trying to impress a woman enough to convince them to sleep with me, I was likely being tested, which meant I needed to make a good showing of my skills and abilities. My life and freedom might actually depend on it.

"Glad to hear it," I replied, and I was actually.

Natalie put her now unneeded futuristic lockpick back in her bag, and then pulled out a Type-2 Federation/Starfleet hand phaser which she passed to me. Weapons were, of course, entirely illegal on Risa for anyone to possess. Even Starfleet officers vacationing here were not allowed to possess weapons on the planet when not required to in the course of their official duties. You could have weapons on your ship, of course, but they had to stay there when visiting the planet.

"It's already set on stun," she explained to me, now sounding condescending. Or was it patronizing? "So, don't fiddle with the settings; just point it in the direction of the bad guys and press the activator."

Should I be insulted at her dumbing things down for me? It really didn't make much sense. My Class-1 weapons' license was a matter of public record and part of my identity profile. Was she

trying to stay in character by pretending to act like she hadn't done her homework on me? Like recruiting me had just been a matter of happenstance? Or was she gauging my reaction, trying to see how I'd react to something that could be considered insulting or condescending? Maybe trying to see if I would take her direction?

Sigh...dealing with spies was exhausting. Overthinking things, trying to sniff out deception and double/triple/quadruple meanings, hidden motives and agendas in every word or gesture or look, was annoying as fuck.

If this was a Hollywood movie from my time, I'd be handed the weapon and in response to her condescending words I'd expertly remove a clip and then loudly reinsert it, or rack a slide, or partially field strip it, or do something equally dramatic and showy to show my masterful competency with guns...or how much of a badass I was...or my machismo, etc.

Unfortunately, that just wasn't an option with a Type-2 phaser's simple design. Sure, I could dramatically turn it on, maybe even remove the power cell unnecessarily when there already was a power readout, but that hardly seemed the same. Like most things that were designed to be used by people with varying levels of knowledge, the designers had attempted (and largely succeeded in my opinion) to make it pretty intuitive in its usage. Even a novice who had never fired a phaser in their life likely wouldn't find it that hard to figure out with just a tiny bit of thought, even in the chaos of actual combat. Their marksmanship would likely be shit, but how good a shot did you need to be at close range? I had plenty of issues with the design of this weapon, finding it ridiculous for many good and practical reasons, but admittedly it was a very intuitive and simple to use design.

"I have a class-1 weapon's license, Natalie, with a perfect marksmanship score. I could probably vaporize a terran house fly at 30 feet, mid-flight, narrow beam," I responded with no emotion in my voice.

"Follow me," Natalie instructed as she moved on stealthily, ignoring my words.

I kept my gaze sharp as we entered the hotel through a service entrance and headed directly for a turbolift that would take us to one of the upper levels. We moved as slowly and as carefully as we could, in the hopes of minimizing the sound of our footsteps. The thick purple carpet helped a lot with that.

Before long we arrived at a turbolift. I watched as Natalie placed something on the control-pad and then flinched when a beep noise echoed in the area we were in.

After a minute of complete silence, we breathed a joint sigh of relief. No one had heard the turbolift being called, or if they had they didn't care that was someone was using it so late at night.

When the doors opened Natalie and I moved quickly inside the lift. When the doors fully closed, she pulled out her tricorder and studied it for several long moments.

"Are you scanning for lifeforms?" I asked.

Natalie frowned at her device in concern before looking at me to answer.

"There's nothing," she told me. "I can't detect anyone."

That didn't mean the hotel was empty, by any means, as there were a myriad number of ways to hide life signs in the shows. So, it stood to reason that criminals who wished to hide could easily find a way to shield their life signs using technology. However, they would only do that if they thought someone was going to actively scan for them.

"They know they're being watched, don't they?" I asked.

She nodded, and put the tricorder away. Then she changed the settings on her phaser. Even if I hadn't been looking, I knew the sounds a type-2 phaser made. She had just set it to kill, though not vaporize, as that was stupidly energy intensive and overkill 99.99% of the time. That action alone, beyond anything else she'd said and done so far, convinced me that it was highly unlikely she was a Starfleet Intelligence agent. I'd pretty much ruled it out already, but this act alone sealed the deal for me. The odds of her being a Section 31 agent went way, way up with that action alone.

"The good news is that they won't know how many of us there are," the agent told me.

"Whatever they're doing to shield from scans is hiding our life signs as well."

That was something at least.

"Be ready," she said, a cold game face coming up, as if a switch had been flipped, making her appear far more dangerous and deadly. Those were the cold, dead eyes of an experienced killer. I'd seen eyes like those many times before in Iraq and Afghanistan, in the faces of special forces operators prior to going out on dangerous missions or in clearing villages and the danger level was super high. In that moment, I just knew that this woman was no stranger to combat and killing.

Natalie pressed the button for the third floor and we both moved to stand at either end of the door, out of view of the parting doors, and for a seemingly long moment we met each other's gaze. The lift soon reached the requested floor. Another ding sounded and I raised my weapon into a ready position as the doors began to open.

When the doors opened, I saw at least four humanoid shaped beings in the dim light. They had obviously noticed the open lift as a mere heartbeat later a bright fluorescent green beam of energy shot out and hit the rear of the lift, gouging a deep, half melted divot in the metal's surface. That weapon was definitely not set on stun, so in the next moment, without even looking, my thumb adjusted the setting on my own phaser to kill. I was taking no chances with people trying to kill me. If they were trying to kill me, I would respond in kind.

Spy lady and I responded by opening fire, she shooting high, while I shot low. Through a combination of surprise and our combined fire we quickly dropped the beings.

"Spread out," the agent ordered quietly. "We need to clear this whole floor."

Since her tricorder was purposely blocked, I did it the old-fashioned way, stopping her from leaving the lift. My Augment senses were not something that could be so easily blocked, so after twenty seconds of intensely looking, listening, and even smelling the air, I concluded that there was no one else here.

With another attack not forthcoming, I approached the bodies on the ground and knelt next to them, taking the time to surreptitiously loot the corpses of the humanoids we'd just killed, while Natalie did whatever the fuck she was doing. Their bodies provided a nice haul; finding several dozen strips of latinum, even a few bars, a few alien tricorders, *I think*, and their unusual weapons, including a couple of blades. Since I wasn't a ridiculous hippy wearing a unisuit, I had plenty of space in my pockets for my victory loot. It'd be fun to learn all about the tech I'd picked up, comparing it to the technology I'd already studied in depth. Each race did things a little differently, sometimes better, sometimes worse, and I wanted to learn every trick I could. Anything that wasn't really useful enough to keep on hand could be taken apart for spare parts or sold later on.

When I finally returned to Natalie's side, I found that she was intensely scanning one of the computer consoles with her tricorder. After a few moments of interpreting her scans, she knelt beside it, and took a panel off the machine so that she could rummage around inside it.

"What are you doing?" I inquired.

There had only been four guards on this level, but there could be dozens more on the others. If there was an automated alarm or any one of these fools set one off, we could easily be overwhelmed, so we had no time to mess about. That might have been a bit hypocritical on my part since I had spent a little less than a minute or so looting bodies, but hey, waste not, want not! And, besides, my looting hadn't slowed Natalie down from whatever the fuck her mission was.

"Just stand guard and watch my back," she ordered smoothly and coldly, not taking her eyes off her current task for even a moment. The shy, novice, Starfleet Intelligence agent persona *was long fucking gone*, only to be replaced by a cold, ruthless professional, hyper focused on the mission.

I would have talked to her more, but suddenly I was ducking to avoid a bright green disruptor bolt. I rolled into the room like a freaking acrobat and returned precision fire. This action killed an alien who looked like a bald human, only he had totally green skin and was very muscular. I'd seen an alien just like this in an episode of *Enterprise*, ironically, one of the episodes in the arc which introduced Augments into the Star Trek universe for the first time. This was an Orion male.

Then *eight* more such people suddenly appeared by transporter and I fired off three precision shots of ruby red energy at center mass, the instant the materialization was complete, in quick succession, dropping three targets. These were sentient beings that would likely never get up again. The other five immediately scrambled for cover, obviously unused to combat fire this fast and precise, or perhaps not expecting this level of ruthlessness from a human or maybe a Starfleet officer. A proper and moral and holier than thou Starfleet officer probably would have waited for them to fire first, thus ensuring that they were proper combatants, even though the chances that they were random innocent civilians was laughably low.

All my memories from various firefights in the various shows told me that I was definitely doing things a bit better than was normal. With my incredible hand/eye coordination and fast reflexes, I was shooting back much faster and more precisely than a baseline human ever could. While I was stuck using this ridiculous weapon that only fired a continuous beam of bright red energy, my target identification was first rate, with not a wasted iota of movement when moving from one target to another. In fact, I kind of wished I had a second phaser. Being ambidextrous was part of the Augment package I'd received.

"Whatever you're doing, do it fast!" I yelled to the agent over the sound of more disruptor fire.

In military parlance, what I was doing was laying down 'covering fire', which is when you are firing at the enemy to allow your own troops to do something. In this case, I was preventing these last five Orions from stopping Natalie's work, whatever the fuck that was. My marksmanship had essentially pinned these Orions down, reducing their numbers as the opportunity presented itself, and prevented them advancing on us, but I had to remain mostly in one position to ensure Natalie remained defended.

As one of the Orions popped up to take a clear shot at me, I shot him right in the head, his dead body limply falling back amongst his compatriots. That wasn't something you saw in the show! Thankfully, the remaining four Orions were rather shocked at their friend's sudden demise and stayed crouched behind a couple of pillars, taking pot shots at me by sticking their hands around the corner and firing wildly.

This was fun!! In fact, I found myself rather tempted to jump in their midst and go hand-to-hand. I rather distractingly also found myself wondering if I was strong enough to punch a hole in someone's chest with pure strength alone, like in a monster movie. If I got right up in their faces, my speed would likely mean they shot each other trying to get to me. However, I successfully resisted the urge to do that, as it would mean leaving spy girl alone and right now she couldn't protect herself while working.

"Buy me some more time!" the spy ordered.

Apparently, there were even more of the bad guys in the hotel, and this was proven when someone started shooting at me from the *other* direction. This meant that if I stepped out into the corridor, I'd very likely be cut down by the sheer amount of weapons' fire out there, now coming from multiple directions. Even an Augment like me wouldn't survive.

However, since I had superior reflexes, I was able to keep the enemy at bay, at least for a short time, eliminating targets of opportunity. In fact, I was able to duck my head into the corridor for a split second, make note of where everyone was, and then shoot one of them so fast that by the time the bad guys had pulled the triggers of their energy weapons I was already back inside the safety of the room.

"Natalie!" I shouted. "I can't do this forever!"

At some point they'd gather their courage and either charge as a group or one of them would just get lucky and hit me. No matter how badass you were, a lucky shot could take you out.

If anyone in this galaxy had any brains in their fucking skulls, they'd have grenades for situations just like this. Thinking that made me realize that some sort of stun grenade would come in handy in my future adventures and I should go about designing such a thing, and ideally one that required no exotic materials and thus could be easily replicated.

But why even stop at stun grenades? My time had *many* types of grenades for different situations, like deadly high explosive and fragmentation anti-personnel grenades, incendiary grenades, flash grenades for clearing rooms, smoke grenades for cover, chemical grenades to release aerosolized compounds, both lethal and non-lethal... The uses were many. I could even improve them with the technology available in this time. Several grenades from video games had an ability to "stick" to targets or to even self-propel and home in on selected targets. It probably wouldn't even be that hard with modern design computer and replication. I was getting excited!

"Just a few more seconds," sexy agent babe called out. "Keep covering me!"

I sighed in exasperation and went about shooting some more people; this was certainly getting me some real combat experience in the 24th century. When I had a second of rest while they were shooting, I stole a glance behind me and saw spy lady taking *something* out of the console. Which she put inside her padded and shielded bag.

Then there was no time for more looking at her as now there were *even more* lime green people heading our way and they were all firing like mad, obviously aware that we'd taken something pretty damn important. I knew right then and there that I if I didn't *do something*, quick, then we would both die, so I fired upon a couple Orions rushing our position with the phaser in my left, but grabbed Natalie's phaser with my right and blasted a nearby window away.

Next, I grabbed the agent and jumped out the now 'open' window while carrying her fireman style. Naturally, she screamed the whole way down, she even kept screaming when we landed in a swimming pool. From that height we hit the bottom of the pool pretty quickly, but my bending knees absorbed the impact for the both of us. Better her than me, as I was far more durable.

Landing in the pool was no stroke of luck, though. Before setting foot in this place, I'd carefully scouted the building and its perimeter taking note of all its important features and locking them in my now perfect memory. The idea of jumping out a high window, plummeting three floors down into a pool to make a daring escape from a pitched battle, well, it had occurred to me even

then, but I, of course, dismissed that as being too silly to even contemplate! This universe was really dramatic.

"Are you all right?" I asked, the phasers in each of my hands pointing unerringly at the window we'd just jumped out of, my hands steady, each thumb ready to depress the fire/activation button. If one of these green fuckers stuck their heads out, I was going to shoot them right in their green fucking faces. Luckily, at this time of night, there was no one in the immediate vicinity or in the pool, though I could hear people having fun semi-nearby.

She let out a wet sounding cough before replying, obviously having swallowed a bit of water when we'd been temporarily submerged.

"I'm all right, Gothic, let's go. They're not going to take a shot at us through the window," she assured me tiredly, as we swam to the side and hoisted ourselves out, our waterlogged clothes dripping onto the ground.

She was right, no one was shooting at us now, they hadn't even taken a look out the window I'd just broken, and that made sense, since the people inside the hotel obviously didn't want the people of Risa to know that they were here. Blasting us with energy weapons, right out in the open, would have ruined their cover and brought far more 'official' attention, once I realized that they likely had no idea who we actually were. A two-person team breaking into their hotel, ruthlessly killing many of their men, and stealing their technology, didn't exactly sound like typical Federation/Starfleet behavior. We could be rival criminals or thieves for all they knew.

Once out of the pool I quickly started to strip, taking off my shirt, shoes and shorts, throwing them into a nearby recycling can, leaving me in nothing but skintight soaking wet boxer briefs which could easily be mistaken for swimwear.

"What are you doing?!" Natalie asked quietly, looking surprised.

"Trying to look like we didn't just break into a hotel, kill a bunch of Orions, and steal their technology," I answered, putting my arm around her, looking her dead in the eye and putting a fake smile on my face and laughing a fake laugh, before giving her a loving kiss. "So why don't you get with the program and start looking like a couple of people having a great time vacationing on Risa who went for a midnight swim. And less like a ruthless intelligence operative who just jumped out of building, into a pool, with all her clothes on."

It took only a moment of thought before she obviously saw the merit in my plan and quickly divested herself of her shirt, pants, and shoes, leaving her in some rather lacy and wetly transparent black underwear that could pass for a racy swimsuit if you didn't look that closely.

"Let's head back to our room, honey, I'm suddenly feeling very horny!" I said semi-loudly. Even the little bag she was carrying could easily double as something to hold our things while we took a swim. I quickly stashed the two phasers back in the bag.

Natalie responded with a giggle of all things, pulling herself into my side, her hand groping my ass. She might not have come up with this impromptu bit of social camouflage but it hadn't taken her long to get into the spirit of the thing. She was even nibbling on my ear now!

It was best we left the area as quickly and non-suspiciously as possible, though. Just because they wouldn't shoot at us in public didn't mean that they wouldn't come after us with knives or something silent like that.

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Hotel. Risa.

Once we were back at the hotel Natalie had brought us to before this little misadventure started, the one not full of people who wanted to kill us, we headed for Natalie's room. Understandably, I had some questions.

"So, did you achieve your objective?" I asked, both of us still in our wet underwear.

I understood that certain things were 'need to know', but I'd been under the distinct impression that we'd gone to that hotel in order to get data, not an item, and we certainly weren't supposed to get into a pitched life and death battle with a few dozen aliens. Natalie had taken something from the Orions.

"Was anything you told me true?" I asked. "Do you actually work for Starfleet Intelligence? Were the Orions even planning anything or did we just steal some bit of tech that rightfully belongs to them?"

Again, she didn't answer, just looking at me intently.

"You know if I were a cynical man, I would say you enjoy keeping things from me," I said next, getting rather pissed off. After I had just risked my life, FOR FREE, you'd think I deserved some answers.

The agent spent a moment looking out the window before replying to me.

"Well, it's standard procedure," she told me, her tone now different. This was the voice she'd used on the mission, not the one she'd spoken to me in before. It was somehow colder, smoother, more focused. "What you don't know you can't tell the enemy."

That was a fair point.

"Plus, you don't trust me with the information," I said.

She shook her head which made her red hair wave about just a little.

"Not particularly," she confirmed, not a hint of shame on her face.

That was okay, I didn't trust her either, however that didn't stop me from kissing her back when she suddenly lunged forward and began to kiss me, her tongue wrestling with mine, her right hand reaching into my underwear and gently stroking my cock to aching hardness. What *did* stop me, though, was the sudden pain I felt when something jabbed me in the neck.

"Hopefully you're not immune to sedatives," the agent calmly said as she quickly backed away from me by at least six feet, obviously not wanting to be within my reach if I had any life left in me. The room began to spin, yet I could still make out that her middle finger was sporting some kind of micro-hypospray device. The crazy shit these spies come up with. "I gave you enough sedatives to knock out three huge Klingons in less than two seconds. It's amazing you're still even standing. Augments are a scary bunch, aren't they? No wonder they're interested in you."

While my heart and head screamed its unrelenting defiance to the universe, wanting to reach out and snap this bitch's little neck, I didn't remain standing for much longer, unfortunately. The last thing I saw was the very nice and rather plush carpet rushing up towards me, though it did make for a soft landing before there was only darkness.

The Risian hospitality industry was really first rate.

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Unknown Location.

While still groggy, my body obviously continuing to burn the sedative out of my system, I still had the presence of mind to remain utterly still upon regaining consciousness, my breathing and heartrate kept the same through sheer force of will. With any luck I'd be able to gather some much-needed information before my captors realized that I was now awake and aware. With anyone else, anyone *normal* that is, the computer would likely be able to tell them the exact moment a captive should awaken after being drugged. Medical technology was that advanced in this time. With my Augment physiology and capabilities still largely an unknown, my hope was that they wouldn't really know when I *should* regain consciousness, thus giving me valuable time to think, gather intel, and plan my escape. Of course, that plan went right out the window nearly instantly.

"I am impressed. For someone with no formal training for a situation like this, you show amazing instincts. Good effort, truly! Unfortunately, with the number of sensors trained on you right now, even your amazing control over your body can not hide your regaining consciousness, even though it is a full 1 hour and 22 minutes sooner than projected," a somewhat familiar voice said.

Well, if the jig was up, there was no point in pretending anymore. Upon opening my eyes and sitting up quickly, I found myself in a painfully *plain* room, a room with drab grey walls and no other distinguishing features. I was even lying on a grey biobed. There were no other medical things around so I assumed that this wasn't a hospital, and I also assumed the man, a human, sitting on a chair at the end of the bed watching me silently was *not* a doctor. He looked really

familiar though. I took in everything, straining my senses to the max, even cataloging all the scents in the room. The man just patiently waited, looking as placid as a still mountain lake.

"Hello," the man said genially, like I hadn't just been drugged, taken captive, and was now waking up in a prison, as far as I could tell. It was just so normal, so *pleasant*. "My name is Sloan. I'm a member of a secret intelligence organization known only as Section 31, and we'd like to *recruit* you."

That's why he looked so familiar, but why hadn't I recognized him *instantly*?? Was this more shenanigans from my Godly patron? This was the very same man who had, in the Deep Space Nine series, worked with and sometimes against, Doctor Julian Bashir. In fact, he was the only confirmed Section 31 agent we ever saw outside of a dream in the entire DS9 series. This man had the same blue eyes, light brown hair in a rather boring haircut, the same average craggy face. This whole situation was just so fucking familiar, right down to the man sitting in a chair, hands steepled in front of his mouth. The shows were spot on this time, he was even wearing the same semi-ridiculous full body black leather outfit which made him look like some kind of villain from a comic book. Somehow, he made it work though.

"Errr, okay," I replied. Sue me, I had just been sedated with enough drugs to knock out multiple Klingons.

I'd already suspected that Natalie was a Section 31 agent and that this whole thing had been one giant setup. This confirmed it, though I didn't feel particularly smug about figuring her out at the moment. She had managed to get the drop on super human me. I'll say it again, being a super Augment didn't make me freaking invincible like superman.

"All right. I...I am-" Was all that came out of my mouth.

My body didn't seem to be quite as awake as my mind was. I had tried to say something a bit more complex, only it hadn't come out correctly.

"You passed our interview," Sloan continued, giving me time to recover, graciously ignoring my post-sedation nonsense speech. "You should be proud of yourself, not everyone does so well when we throw them into such a dangerous situation, like we did you."

After a few more moments I found was now able to talk.

"Before you say another word," I told this spy. "You're going to tell me exactly what happened here, where I am, what exactly it was that Natalie salvaged from that console, and exactly what 'Section 31' is."

To my surprise he answered right away, with practically no prevarication as far as I could tell. His heart rate was as regular as a metronome to my ears. The man had a poker face a professional gambler would envy.

"First, most of what my agent told you was true," Sloan answered. "The Orion Syndicate was going to tap into and take control of the weather control system on this planet. Second, you are still on Risa. Third, that device that you helped recover was an important piece of technology that would have allowed them to take complete control of the weather control system and thus everything here on Risa. Now it's ours, and since they can't replace it, at least not on short notice, their plan is ruined and countermeasures are already being developed to prevent something like it from working again. Not that it ever had a chance of being successful. We had several agents in place ready to do what was required of them to protect a Federation world. It's a rather ingenious piece of technology actually; we'll find a use for it I'm sure. Finally, Section 31 is an officially-nonexistent and autonomous clandestine intelligence organization dedicated to the defense of the Federation. We were created out of the original Starfleet Charter, Article 14, Section 31, which allows for extraordinary measures to be taken in times of extreme threat. In overly simplified terms, Section 31 deals with the threats to the Federation that others do not even realize exist and that jeopardize the Federation's very survival," Sloan explained, a touch of passion in his voice for just a tiny moment.

Well, that was pretty much the recruiting speech that Sloan had given Bashir. I'll give him points for being consistent. I already knew that Section 31 was *the* secret organization, always hidden in the shadows, with a bloody dagger in their hands, secretly keeping this grand experiment from falling apart from threats within and without. While Bashir railed at the idea of a virtually autonomous organization with practically no accountability or oversight, I had not grown up in this time.

Yes, it wasn't ideal and Section 31 probably had numerous instances in their secret history where folks had gone rouge with unchecked power, but I recognized how utterly necessary they were to the Federation's continued survival, especially when this hippy attitude persisted that everyone would get along and eventually all planets would join one day, once they wised up and recognized the rightness and glory of the United Federation of Planets. They were also desperately needed to combat and directly counter ruthless organizations their peer nations had, like the Romulans' Tal Shiar and the Cardassians' Obsidian Order and so on. Starfleet just didn't have the ability or the heart to fight those kinds of monsters, to fight *that* kind of enemy you needed *monsters* of your own.

Assuming, again, that that was all true, then I was still on Risa. Which meant that if I broke out, I likely wouldn't find myself trapped onboard a starship in orbit with practically zero chance of successful escape. Even now, I couldn't detect the hum of a ship's plasma distribution network or active engines, which suggested Sloan was telling the truth, but that could be explained. Not that I wanted to break out, though. Even if I somehow managed it, which I sincerely doubted, I knew that Section 31 wouldn't simply let me go. They had to have teams of operatives already in place if they were comfortable enough to use the situation with the Orions as part of a recruitment test for me. A test that I could have easily failed. In fact, I heard multiple excited heartbeats and the hum of active energy weapons just outside the door to this room. If I made a single hostile move, I had no doubt that Sloan would be immediately beamed out and the bad men with guns would come running in, ready to do violence.

"Let me guess," I said. "If I say 'no' then I won't leave here alive."

Despite being a so called 'super human', I wasn't that dangerous in the grand scheme of things. There were plenty of easy ways to kill me. For example, I could easily be beamed into space, or killed by transporter 'accident', or shot by a sniper from a great distance, or they could just blow me up with a bomb, etc. The list went on and on. Being an Augment would not help me survive stuff like that, though there were steps that I could take to help mitigate those risks. I already had plans in mind for my advanced personal armor to protect me from forced beaming and being shot. My personal shield should stop several energy bolts and might even help with the bomb too. Sigh...it might stop the destructive direct energy, from a weapon, but what about the pressure damage from an explosive? Fuck, I'd have to run some simulations to check on that. Again, being an Augment meant I was fucking smart, like crazy smart, but I wasn't all knowing.

"Of course not," Sloan replied pleasantly, that genial smile on his face never dropping. "Letting you go poses no risk to us. You have no evidence that anything actually happened on this planet and we've already cleaned up the Syndicate presence in that hotel. Even the latinum and equipment you, *liberated*, from those men you killed in the hotel, which you're welcome to keep by the way, doesn't prove anything. And even if you did have evidence and reported all this, no one would believe you. Augments simply aren't trusted."

That did make sense. Nice of him, I suppose, to let me keep my loot too.

"Besides," he went on to say. "There's always a chance that you could change your mind later. I don't think it would take all that long really. Life on Earth must be very dull for someone like you."

Again, he made a lot of sense.

"Why me? Is it just because I'm an Augment?" I asked plainly. I had my suspicions, but wanted to hear how he'd answer.

"I'm glad you asked," he answered. "Just as you have suspected, you have been under surveillance since the moment you showed up on the *Enterprise*. You did not know we specifically existed, but you knew you were being carefully monitored, we could tell. You had no illusions; you knew that you were being watched to determine if you were a threat. That was rather refreshing to find in a human born on Earth, even if in another dimension, someone who intrinsically recognized a nation state needs to protect itself. In fact, you have gone out of your way to be as transparent as possible, like going to Picard and asking for his permission to use those holodeck training programs, or securing the correct licenses to own weapons and pilot a starship."

"I would have thought those things would make you wary of me, rather than interested in me," I questioned, not bothering to deny his words.

"As I said, it was more refreshing than worrying. Your ambition and drive to improve yourself and learn about this time have surpassed our expectations. Our most optimistic projections suggested it would be 5-10 years before you settled in this time and learned all the technology and skills you would need to be useful to us. Our organization has some regrettable experience

working with Augments of your level of...modification, but your focused drive and ambition, coupled with an unexpected control of your base impulses and emotions moved up this recruitment test years earlier than expected. Beyond your obvious physical and mental genetic enhancements, you have a certain moral flexibility we liked, a more pragmatic view of this galaxy and a willingness and ability to see the cracks in the façade, as it were.”

Now that was interesting. “My arrogance and megalomania were more in the normal range, you mean, rather than super enhanced to insane levels, like the rest of me?” I joked, before settling into thoughtful silence.

“You realize that it’s an open and unsettled question of law whether I am even a Federation citizen at all, human or not?” I asked, looking at him pointedly. “I’m not even sure I want to keep my citizenship long-term or even live on a Federation world. In fact, it appeals to me more and more to find some unaffiliated world somewhere and set up shop.”

This was a calculated risk. Sharing my feelings and future plans so candidly, even as vague as they were right now, might be dangerous to me. They’d know my loyalties weren’t absolute to the Federation nor that I even intended to build a life on a Federation world. That being said, my time in the Army had time and time again taught me the value of preparing my superiors for bad or unwelcome or unexpected news. Better to get the story out their first, on my terms, when I could control the narrative, rather than let them discover it on their own and come up with all kinds of insane worst-case scenarios.

I continued to share my thoughts in the best possible light.

“I believe in the Federation. I see its necessity and the good it does in a chaotic and uncaring galaxy. But unlike so many I’ve encountered on the *Enterprise* and on Earth, my outsider perspective lets me be a lot more objective about it, to see its many, many flaws. If you’re looking for someone to join the Cult of the Federation, as it were, I’m not your guy,” I warned, carefully watching his reaction. The man must have had extensive training in keeping his micro expressions to a minimum because I couldn’t see any. I wouldn’t be surprised if all Section 31 agents even had training to resist telepathy.

“That is not a problem for us. We do not require our agents to drink the Federation ‘Kool-Aid’, as you put it once. The Federation is an imperfect nation, but the alternatives could be much, much worse for humanity and the many other races who are members. It has no divine right to exist in a hard, uncaring galaxy. We at Section 31 fight for its right to exist each and every day against threats that would chill even your blood,” Sloan responded, pausing for a moment, like he was reaching into his memory. “I and many of my colleagues quite liked how you put it once, ‘Freedom is not free, it is paid for with the blood of patriots.’ We are merely asking you to fight for a new nation, even one you’re not sure you want to be a part of, like you did in your nation’s military, to be a patriot once more. But set all those high minded ideals aside for a moment, if you thirst for adventure, excitement, and wish to be paid or rewarded for your unique skills and hard work, we can provide that too.”

Well, fuck me. I had always suspected/knew I was being watched, both on the *Enterprise* and on Earth, but to hear so many of my own words being parroted back to me put things in perspective. Section 31 didn't fuck around and their psychographic profile was unnervingly accurate. No matter how good, though, it *couldn't* take into account my future knowledge and how that was affecting my decision making and plans for the future. Thank God I had my own ship for privacy now. And thank God the sustained efforts I'd made to conceal certain things, like the design work I'd done to create new weapons and armor, *seemed* to have remained unknown to them.

Sloan continued to wait in silence for a couple of minutes, content to give me time to digest his words, before speaking again.

"I strongly suspect that you'd outright reject an offer to join our organization as a full-time agent," Sloan said, getting a confirmatory nod from me. "So, the job I'm offering you is that of a freelance agent, or a contractor, whichever you prefer. We will offer you missions from time-to-time, ones that you're uniquely well suited for, and you'd be free to accept or decline, with no consequence to you. You'd go on missions for Section 31 only when you choose to, completely optional, and of course we'll find ways to compensate you appropriately for successful missions. As you've learned, we don't use or view money in the same way they did in your time, though we are capable of paying you in Federation credits or gold pressed latinum if you'd prefer. We could even provide compensation in alternative forms. Someone like you might benefit even more from certain technologies we have and can give you, technology that normal citizens don't normally have access to."

That did sound awfully appealing, and he was absolutely right, I didn't want to work full time for Section 31, or anyone for that matter. I would be my own boss and go on adventures of my choosing in this galaxy. If I didn't want to do something against my personal code or was way too dangerous/risky a mission, then I wouldn't. Section 31's psychographic profile on me was pretty damn accurate so far so I doubted they'd try to offer me any missions that I'd absolutely refuse on principle.

"And, of course, if the mission allows for it, you'd be free to use your own ship," Sloan explained further. "We'll provide certain needed resources to assist you on your missions and I'll ensure that you are partnered with an experienced agent who will train you in the beginning. Section 31 can also use its influence to get you free travel rights throughout the Federation and surrounding space, licenses for your ship that will allow you to have much more technology and advanced weaponry than a civilian would normally be allowed. You purchased two replicators for your ship recently, we can give you access to restricted replicator patterns civilians normally can't their hands on, as well as any training programs you'd like to try and the use of a private holodeck to access those programs."

I had to admit, the guys running Section 31 were very clever. They knew exactly what to offer to entice me, including structuring my recruitment deal to allow maximum freedom of choice. It was actually pretty generous overall.

"Okay, I'm in," I said after a suitable amount of time spent in thought, "but if I see Natalie again, I am going to shoot her. And while I would probably look damn good in this all-black leather look you're rocking, I'm not sure it's my style."

Sloan didn't visibly react to my joking. He just moved on to the next topic. I couldn't tell if his profile of me was so good that it anticipated me being angry with Natalie and making snarky jokes, or if Sloan just had an amazing poker face.

"We're happy you agreed to work with our organization. Either myself, or one of our agents will be in touch when we have a mission that fits your skill set and abilities," the spy told me.

And that was it. No goodbye or anything. One second he was there, the next, a transporter beam grabbed him and he was gone. I was left wondering what to do next, only I didn't have to think about it for long as a transporter beam caught me too and I found myself being transported somewhere else.

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Cafe. Risa.

The day after accepting the offer to become a free-lance operative for Section 31 I found myself sitting at a table outside a little street side café, along with Commander Riker of all people, who was taking his shore leave on this planet along with most of the *Enterprise* crew. Apparently, while the *Enterprise* had not had to fight the Borg, they'd still managed to get themselves into some kind of serious trouble. The Captain had ordered the *Enterprise* to come to Risa for some much needed R&R for the crew once the crisis was resolved.

Will Riker was a decent man, with a strict sense of duty, a love of adventure and a good sense of humor. He was also a mean poker player and ladies' man, so I imagined he could have a lot of fun on this planet with its many first-class gambling establishments and over-the-top hedonism. Unlike many other Starfleet officers, I felt like he had the right attitude when it came to this unique planet and culture.

"There's Deanna now," he said, gesturing in a direction out of my view, a large smile on his face. A look of surprise followed a moment later. "Oh, it looks like she's picked up a new friend on the way."

I turned and looked over my shoulder to see two women who were walking towards us while carrying bags, chatting and laughing as they walked. When they looked at me, *in particular*, they giggled. Oh Lord...had Deanna been talking about me?? I know she was good friends with Beverly, who may have shared details on our sexual relationship. It could be Lwaxana too. Knowing her, she probably hadn't held back *any* details on our time together either, daughter or not. In fact, she probably crowed to all who would listen how she had banged an Augment and encouraged Deanna to give me a try too. *The woman was a shameless sex panther.*

The woman with Deanna looked very familiar to me, in fact after a few moments of thought, I was pretty sure that this was Jadzia Dax, the character from the show Deep Space Nine. The memory of what she looked like was made in my previous life, so it wasn't the perfect eidetic memory of my current genetically engineered brain, but I was almost sure it was her. The shows I had watched, from what felt like a lifetime ago, had been played by actors and actresses that didn't have the benefit of actual 24th century medical care to look years, if not decades, younger than they should by my 20th/21st century expectations.

"You know her?" Riker asked.

Despite the aviator style sunglasses, I was wearing, a design I'd copied and replicated from a junk mail catalog from a local department store that had been in my apartment when I had been 'dimensionally translocated,' the commander had been able to see me react to Jadzia Dax's presence. I must have smiled and hadn't even realized it. Or the man was just that good at reading people. That was a valuable skill for a command officer.

"No," I lied. "But I hope to!" I said, with hopefully just the right amount of lascivious smile to sell the lie that I was merely reacting to the presence of a beautiful woman that I found attractive, rather than someone I already inexplicably recognized and knew about. And she really was very attractive, looking younger and fitter than even her actress counterpart. Those blue eyes sparkling with humor and sexy playfulness, the luxurious reddish brown long hair, that full figure, and the exotic spots that ran from forehead to the ground denoting she was of the Trill race. She was also looking mighty fine in a skintight one-piece bathing suit.

Riker smirked and I knew he'd accepted my falsehood. The easiest lies were the ones we already wanted to believe, after all.

"This is Will," Deanna Troi offered in introduction, when the ladies had made it to our table. "He's the one with the beard. And this is Gothic, a 'mother-fucker,' to use a term from his time, and an Augment from the 21st Century, just not *our* 21st Century," Deanna snarked, a mischievous smile playing on her face, like she was daring me to contradict her.

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'*What the fuck?!?*' I thought as my brain had frozen and practically needed a hard reboot. Had she just gone there? Was I gaping like a fish?? Thank goodness I hadn't been drinking anything at that moment, because I would have sprayed them all with my drink in a classic spit take. To be fair, she wasn't *wrong*... The gales of laughter from both Deanna and Riker brought me out of my reverie, though Dax just looked a combination of amused and confused, glancing between me and the other two Starfleet officers, trying to figure out the joke.

I stood up and offered my hand to shake, which she took a moment later.

“Hello, ignore these laughing fools, I’m Gothic, a mother-fucker and Augment, dimensionally displaced in both time and space,” I schmoozed, a bright smile on my face. “Just to clarify, though, I’m a mother-fucker only in the sense that I banged Deanna’s mom like a drum, *tribal rhythm*, not in the sense that I’m an asshole or jerk in personality or temperament. Took her mom downtown to pound town, really cleaned out her Sacred Chalice of Rixx, you understand, right? Deanna was just a little salty about it at the time, though I think she’s gotten over it.”

Deanna Guffawed loudly at my amorous play on the words her mother often repeated when worked up. From the roguish look and sparkle in her eye, I had a feeling she’d be sending a subspace message later to tell her mother about my little joke about her oh so important Chalice.

Totally worth it.

“Jadzia Dax, call me Jadzia,” she introduced herself.

Understandably, my reference to being displaced in both time and space, made the Trill science officer *very* curious about me. She was a Starfleet geek and I didn’t doubt that she’d have a thousand questions for me. Thankfully she held her tongue until there was a more opportune time and she got to me know me a little better.

Deanna sat down at the table next to Riker and ordered a round of tropical drinks for all of us. Then she told us all about the gift shop she’d just been to, and she followed that up by showing us the presents she had brought for various people back on the ship. This took a very long time. There were some things that transcended time and dimension.

"So, Gothic, what have you been up to since you left the *Enterprise*?" Riker asked once the Betazoid woman let someone else talk. If she wasn't so damn hot...

Wisely, I decided not to mention Section 31.

"Well, I got a job at the University of San Francisco," I informed the group. "They have me sorting books from the 20th century. Which is easy as I used to work in a library before I ended up in stasis and found myself in this new time and dimension. My boss was rather impressed, and boy did she work me over," I joked, wondering what Annika was up to. "In my downtime I also took and completed several Starfleet Academy learning programs I had access to in order to acclimate to this time and gain some valuable skills. Then a starship was delivered to me and I decided to visit Risa on its maiden voyage. I've been here for a week. You can call me Captain Gothic now," I joked, sending an over-the-top wink at Deanna and Dax. Deanna just rolled her eyes good naturedly.

Riker looked impressed. "I’m familiar with the Academy learning programs. They’re just as rigorous as the live Academy classes would have been, oftentimes more comprehensive since it includes everything with none of the limits of a scheduled class with a finite class period, and you can take them to doctorate level in virtually every subject, far beyond even a normal Starfleet officer would need to. That’s an admirable use of your time, Gothic."

“Thank you, I like to keep busy,” I answered.

“Which ones did you complete and what level did you stop at?” Dax asked, looking curious.

“Well, of course I completed the general education courses that every person raised in the Federation takes. The advanced courses I chose through the Academy learning programs, though, were computer architecture and programming, weapons and tactics, starship operations, starship engineering, and piloting,” I listed. “And I completed the full courses.”

“*Completed the full courses??*” Riker asked, incredulously. “Almost every one of those subjects has a doctoral level of training. You’ve been off the *Enterprise* what, nine or ten months now? Even one of those could take years to complete normally!”

“I’m an Augment, hate the game, not the player, baby!” I joked. Deanna and Dax got a good laugh out of that. “But seriously, since I was made an Augment this stuff has just come easy for me and I no longer wanted to look like an ignorant human from Earth’s quote unquote barbaric past. And it was vital to my long-term goal of captaining my own ship, which I have now.”

I glanced between all three, closely observing their expressions at this second instance I’d mentioned my new ship. Under anything approaching normal circumstances, I suspected that *someone* would ask about the vessel by this point; not many people in the Federation owned their own personal ship, unless they ran a cargo freighter, but *oddly*, they didn’t. Again, it was almost as if the craft had a powerful spell on it that made most people simply ignore its existence, or more specifically not ask questions about it or its origins, even when I mentioned it verbally and drew attention to it. Before I thought maybe it was just the official records that were being ignored, but even drawing attention to it in this personal setting, multiple times even, it didn’t even raise an eyebrow. Instead, the follow up question was about my work in the library, rather than the advanced training that would allow me to operate an advanced starship. It was like their thoughts were being subtly directed to a safer topic.

"Are all the books you catalogue at the library the same as in your dimension?" Jadzia asked. "I would have thought that there would be some differences."

"Not as many as you’d think," I answered, "some pretty significant. For example, I've found some books written by famous authors from my world that simply don't exist in my universe. Or other authors who never wrote their masterpiece work, or a work wasn’t as popular in this dimension as it was in mine so there were no follow-ups. Sometimes the famous authors from my time never became an author in this dimension or died earlier in life for some reason. Many of them were killed in the various wars in this dimension that never happened in mine, or were never born at all because a parent or grandparent was killed early in life. Interestingly, a lot of the classics are the same. Stephen King seems to be a prolific writer in any reality."

Apparently, that was pretty funny, though I had no idea why.

"The history books are the hardest part," I explained. "It's hard to catalogue books on historical events that *never* happened in my world. I keep getting the dates mixed up so mostly I focus on the early to mid-20th century works and let my boss handle the end of the century stuff."

The timelines didn't really diverge *significantly* until the early 1940s, so I was able to handle everything before then easily enough.

"Do you have any dinner plans?" Riker then inquired. "Deanna and I were planning to visit an amazing restaurant we dined at the first time we came to Risa. You two are very welcome to join us."

It became clear to me then that the Starfleet geeks had decided I'd get along well with Jadzia Dax and were setting us up to a degree. Deanna was behind it, I had no doubt, and without even saying anything she'd somehow managed to get Riker to help her. Not that I really minded. Dax was extremely sexy, fun, and very open minded as I knew from the show. Her symbiote gave her the memories and experiences of like 7-8 different lifetimes, which could only result in a very interesting person.

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Restaurant. Risa.

The restaurant turned out to be a transparent dome-shaped building that sat on top of a medium-sized mountain that you could either take a transporter to reach or use the modern equivalent of a sky lift to take the scenic route up the mountainside. The views from inside the restaurant were *spectacular*, so, unsurprisingly, it was a very popular venue for tourists and tables were difficult to book at the best of times. Riker being the first officer of the Federation's flagship had no trouble getting us in, although I suspected part of it was his ability to charm women, along with his rank and fame, that had gotten us a table. The celebrity rock stars of the 24th century Federation were not like they were back in my time.

I suspected this because the maître D, who was interestingly enough a human female, led us to our table and paid Riker and I what I thought was an undue amount of flirty attention throughout the meal. I'd almost become inured to such a thing while being on Risa, but for the fact that she was a human woman; now that was throwing me off. They were usually, on average, a bit more circumspect in their flirty behavior I'd found.

She had my attention as well, but not entirely because she was a sexy piece. More because of what she was wearing, which was something that I could only call a liquid metal cocktail dress that was short and flowed wonderfully around every curve and plane of her body, as though it was going to run off like dripping water. The closest analog from my time was as if the woman was wearing a dress made of body paint, whose color changed depending on the lighting. It was skintight everywhere, like everything was emphasized, from the shape and size of her nipples, to the dimples above her ass, to the cleft of her pussy. She looked nude, but wasn't. It fit for Risa.

"So, I take it you approve?" Jadzia asked me, a smile on her face, not at all bothered by my close observation of the woman's spectacular body.

She seemed to find my staring at the maître D to be very amusing.

"I was just trying to figure out what that dress is made out of," I answered. "It's like a sexy, tin foil, chrome, liquid metal...something. I feel like it's a philosophical question, is she nude or is she dressed?"

That was also apparently very amusing for everyone at the table. I spent a while trying to wrap my head around how a liquid could be wrapped around someone's body like foil/latex/body paint that the meal arrived before I eventually gave up. Maybe I should look into the potential tactical uses of such a material?

The meal itself was an experience that I would not soon forget. All the courses were perfectly cooked, the flavors blended and contrasted with each other perfectly. And the company was sublime. I flirted outrageously with Jadzia, and secondarily with Deanna, taking every opportunity to lightly touch Jadzia's hand and shoulders and back. From the way she reciprocated my touch, played with her hair, and thrust out her chest to emphasize her bountiful breasts, my attraction was not one sided.

With Jadzia I spoke about how fascinated I was with the Risian people and culture, and how a two-hundred-year-old Vulcan sociologist had written the definitive work on the subject. We got a kick out of that.

The topics ranged from a comparison of pre-Federation Earth sexual mores and taboos to the modern day, how the Federation had basically forced an age of consent when it came to Risian and alien sexual relations, to the significance of doors purposely left open in my hotel and how people would be encouraged to feel free to watch live sex acts or even invited to join in. It was fascinating to get her thoughts and opinions on the subject considering she had the memories of so many lifetimes going back to the beginning of the Federation and a great deal of experience with the Risian culture and people from those many lifetimes.

With Deanna, I played with her empathic abilities, trolling her in retaliation for her 'mother-fucker' joke earlier. At random times I shot bursts of intense lust and desire straight at her, by bringing up my eidetic memories of encounters with various women, including her mother, though thankfully Deanna could only sense the emotions, not the people I'd actually made them with. Timing the bursts to correspond with bites of food led Riker to believe Deanna *thoroughly* enjoyed her meal, like *orgasmically* so. Her clenching thighs each time I sent a pulse of lust directly at her was delicious. Jadzia seemed to catch on by the end of the meal, sending me a wink and a sly grin right at Deanna. The food was good, but it wasn't *that* good.

At one point I'd even caught Deanna's foot trying to give me a kick under the table after the 10th or so burst of lust and desire, once she'd realized I was doing it on purpose. Oh, the dirty look I'd gotten! Without even looking I'd caught her foot, pulled it into my lap, and gently pulled off her shoe to begin giving her a sensual foot massage, paying close attention to the ball and arch.

Thankfully the white tablecloth hid what I was doing from the rest of the table. She could have pulled back at any point, but she let me go to town on her foot, even switching to the other after 10 minutes. Part of my combat training had involved memorizing the nerve clusters and pressure points of various humanoid races. That had been for the purpose of causing debilitating injury or pain, but with a tweak in purpose and intensity, I found it could easily be used for pleasure instead.

We ended up finishing the meal with some kind of extremely delicate chocolate puff dessert from some alien world I'd never heard of, one that Deanna had recommended. It wasn't like Earth chocolate, I found out, it was more like ice cream in taste, only with the texture of a rich cake. It was odd, but very nice.

A string quartet had been playing background music the entire time we had been eating. Of course, it was classical music, the only thing strange about it was that the musicians weren't human. They played amazingly well, but were obviously catering to the many humans in the restaurant.

Once the dessert was finished the maître D announced, to my *horror*, that guests could now take to the dance floor if they so wished. I was dragged onto the dance floor by Jadzia Dax and found that being an Augment had made it quite easy to learn how to dance very quickly. I'd been in this universe for over a year now and dancing had never come up. Of course, advanced martial arts had many footwork aspects that were strikingly similar, so I think I acquitted myself well, once I memorized the specific moves involved. The fact that it let me pull her close to my hard, muscular body, while showcasing my skills, made it even better. She even beat me to the punch when her hands started wandering on me. What an aggressive woman! Turnabout was fair play, so my hands wandered and I placed soft kisses to her neck, right on her pulse point.

Being an Augment really rocked sometimes!

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Hotel. Risa.

"I know men tend to fall asleep after sex," I joked, but actually feeling quite embarrassed, as Jadzia and I ate a lovely breakfast on the patio of her hotel, "but I've never *passed out during* sex!"

Fainting upon orgasm was not something I'd ever expected to happen, especially not now that I was an Augment. Thankfully, Jadzia didn't seem to mind that I'd passed out. If anything, she found it rather amusing, maybe even endearing, which was quite often her reaction to things that I found confusing. I'd take endearing any day, I suppose.

"Jamaharon with Arandis was the cause of death for Curzon Dax," she explained with a fond smile. "And you didn't faint the first three times; that's an amazing feat for someone who has never experienced it before. Arandis and I were very impressed with you."

Arandis, who had joined Jadzia and I in bed at her request (*and my glee*), could apparently *fuck* men to death. Not a bad way to go, though, not at all, and I'd survived it while also pleasuring the Trill woman with a good bit of success I thought. Apparently, a normal human male would still be asleep after a night like mine and would never have made it that long in the first place. If they had they'd almost certainly need the attention of a doctor...or a morgue, as Curzon had found out.

Despite her complimentary words, I was a bit in shock at this turn of events. I had fucked a good number of women in this dimension and every time I was the only fighter left standing at the end, still raring to go even after my bed partners had passed out from pleasure or fatigue. Even Guinan, a sexual monster in her own right, and Lwaxana, a sexual predator if there ever was one, had tapped out after a certain point, and that was when I was still new to this body!

Jamaharon had never been explained in the shows, but as I had learned, it was more than mere sex, in fact there was nothing like it on Earth in my time. At least as far as I knew, I hadn't exactly been a sexual connoisseur in my old life or aware of such things beyond the norm. I did know there were tantric sex rites that I had never partaken in back in my old life, for instance. Maybe there were similarities?

According to Dax, it took many years of study, practice, and natural talent for a Risian woman (the men were incapable of it for some reason) to perfect performing the sexual rite and Arandis was a high-level practitioner/priestess essentially. It wasn't purely about pleasure either, it was a sacred ritual for the locals and an important part of their culture. Whether there was some kind of true mysticism involved involving calling on higher powers, some kind of telepathic or empathic feedback loop, or some synching of bioenergy or biorhythms, I had no freaking idea. What I did know was that it had been *intense as hell*, even beyond the obvious of banging two very sexual women at the same time.

"So how long are you on Risa?" I asked Jadzia.

I was in no rush to get back to Earth, so if she was going to be here for a while I'd stick around too.

"Not long," she replied. "Actually, I'm leaving this afternoon to report to the *Enterprise*."

Well, that was disappointing.

"I've been transferred to the *Enterprise* in a crew replacement, that's how I met Riker and Troi," she explained. "I doubt I'll see Risa or even Trill again over the next six months while I settle onboard the ship."

Transferred to the *Enterprise*?? It appears that this was yet another one of those differences between the shows I'd watched and the reality of this dimension, or I had caused it somehow with one my actions or changes, since I don't remember ever hearing about how she'd been stationed on the *Enterprise* at some point. I'm almost certain of that, otherwise she'd have already met Chief O'Brien on the *Enterprise* when he'd been that ship's transporter chief.

Despite this news I was not thinking of leaving. I'd only been here a week and already so many interesting things had happened. I suspected that if I stayed even for a few more days I'd either end up with my own harem or I'd single handedly drive off an invasion of horny Klingon women.

"Well, I guess I'll have to find someone else to Jamaharon with," I said, with a sad smile, always knowing how this would end.

Really, I was spoilt for choice, all I had to do was put out a Horga'hn, hit the beach and then let the ladies just come to me to practice their sacred sexual rites, though it was unlikely I'd find another high-level practitioner like Arandis without specifically looking for one. Since I had banged two beautiful women last night, simultaneously, I was curious to see if I could handle three this time.

If I died during it, well, I'd consider this a life well lived, I thought, chuckling internally at how silly I was being.

"I haven't left yet," replied Jadzia with a wicked smile on her face, while standing and undoing her robe, revealing how naked she was under it. Those spots really went all the way down to the floor. "There's still plenty of time to see if I can perform true Jamaharon without any help."

With a wicked smile on my face, I picked her up by that cracking ass and carried her to the bedroom, her squeals of laughter were music to my ears.

XXXXX

Amandari Resort. Risa.

Looking out the window of the hovercar that was bringing me back to my hotel, the driver flying at a pretty low altitude to give me the best views possible, I smiled at the beautiful sights of Risa. It really was such a beautiful planet; the shows really didn't do it justice. Of course, the smile currently on my face was only partly because of the view, no matter how spectacular it was. I had just gotten done banging Jadzia Dax of Deep Space Nine to within an inch of her life. It seemed that without Arandis around to work her sex magic mojo on me, my Augment physiology was more than enough to wear her out and have her call it quits.

Take that you witchy, sexy woman!

I felt like patting myself on the proverbial back, and you would too when you realized that she had the collective memories of seven fucking lifetimes to draw upon, from both a male and female perspective. That was a whole lot of sexual experience to overcome and I had acquitted myself well. I had a feeling that if our paths crossed again in the future that I'd be invited back into her bed for a repeat performance. I was just fine with that.

"We're approaching your hotel, sir," the beautiful Risian woman informed me before we quickly descended to a landing pad safely set away from anybody else. Seriously, I was starting to

wonder if the Risians did some genetic engineering on the sly because I had not yet met a Risian woman that wasn't smoking hot.

"Thank you for taking the scenic route. Your world is almost as beautiful as its women, but only *almost*," I flirted, giving the woman a wink and a smile.

She giggled, before blowing me a kiss. Once we touched down, I touched my hand to the display panel for the hovercar's onboard computer to recognize my DNA identity profile and gave her a nice tip. A trip like this didn't actually cost anything normally, it would just be deducted from the transportation vouchers all Federation citizens were given as a matter of course, a certain amount per month, but an extra tip was an option.

Getting out of the car, I let the warm sea breeze tickle my skin, taking a deep breath and practically tasting the scent of tropical flowers and sweet fruits on the wind. After leaving Jadzia's hotel room, I hadn't even bothered putting on a shirt so I was currently just in my shorts and flip flops. Not a single person gave me a look of recrimination, in fact, it could be argued I was almost overdressed given how little everyone typically wore. Plus, it was a joy for me and rather liberating. I had always been average looking, now, though, I had nothing to be ashamed of.

Walking back into the hotel I went up in the turbolift to my floor. It was mid-afternoon and I was starving, so my plan was to hit the replicator hard in my room and then hit the beach, maybe ordering some finger foods and tropical drinks from the roving serving staff. Several days on planet and I'd still not had a chance to order the famous Risian mai-tai, which was an orange-colored drink garnished with two fruits. That had appeared on an episode of Star Trek: Enterprise and I was dying to try it for myself. Maybe I'd even run into that young serving girl again, the one who had given me such a delightful blowjob when I had been trying to throw Natalie off her game.

As soon as the turbolift doors opened, though, I was greeted with a veritable cacophony of moans and grunts and the wet clapping of flesh on flesh in exertion and pleasure. Of course, it really wasn't *that* loud, my Augment hearing was so sensitive, though, that even quiet sounds could seem quite loud to me.

My hotel 'neighbors' were feeling quite frisky today it seemed, because several doors were open. Passing one after the other, I shamelessly looked in, finding first a mixed orgy, then a single man and woman, then an orgy with humanoids and non-humanoids that I hurried past with an internal cry of 'NOPE!' echoing in my head. There was only one open door left before I reached my room, the one directly next to my suite actually, containing two women. Tempting, but I was hungry and had been having a lot of sex lately.

Putting my hand on the door panel to recognize me, the door split open to admit me, before I stopped and listened to some intriguing dirty talk coming from next door.

"Lick your mistress' cunt, you Starfleet slut! You Starfleet officers are all the same, sluts who can't eat pussy worth a damn, if you ever want to come tonight, slave, you better work harder!"

Well now, what do we have here? From the sound of things, we had another high-ranking Starfleet officer who wanted to switch off her mind for a little while, to give up her authority temporarily and to instead give her submission to a dominant. Beverly Crusher on the *Enterprise* had been the exact same way, wanting to set aside the demanding role of Chief Medical Officer on the flagship and just be an unthinking slut for her man for a little while.

Stepping out of my doorway to let the doors close, I stepped out into the hallway and walked to the nearest door. Stepping in a bit and leaning against the open doorframe, I crossed my arms over my chest and looked in to find two beautiful and naked women.

A beautiful black haired Risian woman was sitting against the mirrored headboard to a large bed, her legs splayed wide, as another nude woman was between her legs, eating the dom Risian's cunt like her life depended on it. The sounds were indecent and wonderful as the dom ground the Starfleet woman's face between her thighs with an almost wicked glee. I'd almost feel bad for the sub if I couldn't tell she was getting off on it.

I couldn't tell what species the nude Starfleet woman was, but she looked human enough from here, with white skin and reddish-brown hair loose and reaching the top of her shoulders. The Risian dom saw me straightaway and gave me a large smile and wink in greeting, inviting me into the room, which I accepted.

The angle I was viewing this was delightful as the Starfleet woman was on her knees, head buried between her dom's thighs, her large and tight ass facing the doorway and me. A beautiful, wet pussy shown through those muscular thighs, practically calling to me, but being invited in was not exactly an invitation to fuck.

"*Slut*, we have a visitor, a handsome human man. He is tall and strong; his muscles look so delicious and his cock looks so big in his tight swimsuit. You are making him hard! He's looking right up your slutty cunt right now; he can see everything! Spread your legs a little more so he can see how wet your slutty pussy is."

Her sub moaned in an interesting mix of shame, excitement, and humiliated pleasure, but she obeyed her dom and spread her thighs a little wider for me. I was getting into this. Every Risian man or woman had their likes and dislikes, just like anyone else, but they were also sexual chameleons to a great extent, willing to give whatever would make their partner happy. This Risian woman might not even be naturally dominant, but they'd play the part for their partner.

"Do you want him to touch you, slut? Of course, you do, you're a *slut* who is shamelessly showing her slutty wet pussy to a man she can't even see because you're eating *my* pussy," the dom teased her sub, a moan coming from the sub who obviously liked being talked to this way.

"Would you like to touch her, stranger? To feel her body, to squeeze her big tits, to lick that delicious wet pussy?"

"I would be honored to," I replied honestly.

“Then do it, use this slut how you want. Take pleasure from her.”

With that permission, I pulled my shorts off, and crawled onto the bed and in between her spread thighs.

“He has a huge cock, whore! Perhaps he is too much man for your slutty pussy, perhaps your mistress deserves it more than you do,” she mocked. Her sub made cute sounds of distress and was shaking her head a little, but it was locked firmly between the thighs of her dom mistress.

I ran my hands over her sweaty back, feeling the muscles underneath, massaging her with my strong fingers. I reached down and under her to grasp the tits that I couldn't see before. They were a good handful and felt delightful in my hands, so I tweaked the nipples to her delight. I got down low after a minute of playing with her tits and licked her from clit to ass before upping my game and making her squeal in pleasure. An Augment's tongue was a weapon of pleasure and I had had a lot of experience since arriving in this dimension wrecking women with it. This Starfleet cunt, whom I still hadn't seen the face of, was obviously unused to such skill as she came three times over the course of 15 minutes, the sub's dom holding her firmly face down in her cunt, refusing to let her up to see me. The dom probably instinctively recognized that my remaining faceless in her sub's eyes would increase the humiliating and demeaning pleasure of it all. The dom looked impressed at my performance, giving me a smile that signaled she wouldn't mind a bit of the same.

My face was very wet with the sub's juices when I stopped, before I stood on my knees and positioned my cock, rubbing the large head up and down her slit, coating it with her juices, but never pushing in more than a few centimeters.

“Slut, this man gave you so much pleasure, shouldn't you return the favor? Do you think your slutty cunt could handle such a beast of a cock? Should he fuck your little slutty cunt?”

I continued rubbing and teasing my cock against her entrance while the dom continued dirty talking her sub.

“Do you want me fuck you, slut? I want to fuck you, to wreck your wet pussy with my cock, so you better give me a sign that you want it, that you consent to me fucking you, or I'm going to fuck your mistress instead,” I warned in a deep voice, while continuing to grind and hot dog my cock in her cunt lips.

She wiggled her ass side to side in obvious invitation, but I needed more.

“I need more than that, slut, show me you want me or you're not getting this cock.”

This time the slut bent her ass down and tried to get the angle just right, pushing back at the same time so that I could penetrate her, but I wouldn't let her. She finally grew frustrated and reached back, between her open legs and softly gripped my cock before putting it right at her entrance. If that wasn't an invitation and consent, I didn't know what was, so I pushed in hard and fast. This slut was so wet from my earlier ministrations that she took it all easily.

The one thing I had forgotten in my excitement was that I was quite a bit bigger in the dong department than I had been in my old life and no matter how excited you were, 10 inches of thick cock was going to be a bit shocking.

In half a second flat I was balls deep inside her wet furnace and she practically howled with pleasure, her head, for the first time, shooting up and out from between the thighs of her dom and I finally saw the face of the woman I had tongue fucked to multiple orgasms and was now balls deep inside of.

Time stopped.

The universe, or my patron, was seriously fucking with me *because I was balls deep in Katherine mother fucking Janeway*, future captain of the Federation starship *Voyager*.

This version, like everyone else I'd once seen in a Star Trek show, was younger looking and even hotter.

The mind of an Augment was a biological super computer, so imagine my mind getting a blue screen of death for several long seconds. What were the fucking chances??? The Federation spanned over a hundred member worlds. Starfleet was a huge organization with a huge number of officers and ships and installations spread across the entire alpha quadrant. The chances of me encountering an officer I knew was infinitesimal. Yet, here I was.

Wasn't she engaged to a dude named Mark in the shows? Were they not dating yet? Were they on a break? Were they in a 'what happens on Risa stays on Risa' relationship? Or were they open? All these thoughts and many more played in my head once my brain had rebooted, my treacherous cock running on autopilot because it hadn't stopped fucking Janeway for more than a second or two.

Fuck it. If we're going to do this, let's do it right, I thought, getting very excited now. I was fucking another canon Star Trek girl!

The pleasure caught up to me soon after, because I was pounding that ass like it owed me money, varying my depth and angle and strength, locking into memory every twitch and reaction to gauge what was working and what was not.

Several minutes went by like this, before I threaded my fingers in Janeway's reddish brown locks and pulled her against my chest, my cock continuing to pound into her cunt, while my left hand went between her thighs to play with her clit, while my right hand went around her slim throat and squeezed, applying just enough pressure to her carotid to induce a mild asphyxia that made the pleasure even more intense.

"Are you ready to come, slut? You better not come until I tell you."

"Yes! Please, sir, please let me come! I'll do anything, just please let me come around your big cock. Please, please, please!"

“Good answer, now get ready to come, slut... Come now!” I ordered, her cunt squeezing me deliciously while I filled her cunt with a large volume of my cum.

A minute later, I unceremoniously let her go, letting her fall to the bed on her stomach, almost insensate. Her Risian dom was still with it as she had been playing with her own cunt throughout fucking Janeway. She maneuvered herself on hands and knees, presenting her cunt to me, while spreading Janeway’s ass cheeks and diving in to lap up what I had left behind in her cunt. Her shaking hips told me what she wanted and I was happy to give it to her, my manhood ready for more.

With that, the night truly started, and hours of incredible debauchery followed.

Risa really was an amazing planet.

Author’s Note:

Damn, that Janeway scene was hard to write! I put it off for weeks while I decided whether or not to include it, worried that it might be too unbelievable. I put it up for vote and my Patrons voted overwhelmingly, 16 to 5, to include it. So, if you liked it, you can thank the Patrons of this story, if not, well, become a Patron and vote the other way! :-)

If you want to support my writing and get exclusive pre-release access to the next two fully complete chapters of the story, chapters already written and proofed, consider becoming a Patron of this work. :-) You also get access to the pictures, information sources, music, and videos that inspired me during the writing process. A picture is worth a thousand words, so check out what was in my mind’s eye while writing. You will also be given the chance to vote on upcoming events in the story and shape how this story will develop.

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