

Saturday
September 11th, 2028
16:02 hours (PST)

“The Anurian fleet is converging on the lead Vorhsoth ship, other ships are breaking off and heading into orbit,” Pascal announced, going over the sensor logs.

“Let's give'em all the help we can. Can we reroute power to our phase array?” Lt. Commander Ford asked.

“Garr can do,” he turned to his panel. “That all power. 13%.”

“That'll have to be enough. Pascal, open fire on the flanking ships. Let's keep them off the Anurians,” he said.

“Aye, sir. Opening fire.”

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The blue ranger and the Phantom Ranger stepped through the dimensional rift, ending up back in the promenade area. Despite not actually having on a watch, the Phantom Ranger stared down at his wrist.

“3... 2... 1... “ he paused, looking back and was confused. “I could have sworn that I timed that just right. Man, talk about a major let down...” he was interrupted as there was an explosion from within the rift. The rift itself destabilized and several of them simply dissipated. “Ah, there it is,” he turned to Nathaniel. “You okay, son?”

Nathaniel nodded. “I'm fine. I need to get to the lab and work on this serum. I estimate it will take approximately 9 minutes to reproduce, and another 10 to programmed into the replication system. From there I could pump the gas through the filtration system and change the Vorhsoth back to normal,” he said.

“Good. I'll have Dr. Rheas meet you in the lab to assist. As soon as you have it, let it rip,” he said.

“Understood,” the blue ranger said, running off.

The mind of the Phantom Ranger was *unusual* to say the least. By being merged together, Patrick Harris and Nik Martin's minds were jumbled into one. Their thoughts intertwined, making it difficult to focus on any one thing. But, in that moments, even through all the clutter both Nik and Patrick agreed; something was very wrong with Ensign Carson.

"Phantom Ranger to Dr. Rheas," he called out into the communicator on his wrist.

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Dr. Rheas grabbed her communicator out of her pocket.

"Dr. Rheas here, sir."

"Head to the lab and assist Ensign Carson. He has a serum that will change the Vorhsoth back into Xybrians."

"Aye, sir. In route," she put her communicator away. "I didn't know the Vorhsoth were Xybrian," she said.

"Me neither. But at least we have a plan now. Get down there, I'll be right behind you," Asia said.

Dr. Rheas nodded, rushing out the room. Asia reached for her morpher.

"Lt. James to Serenity," she said.

There was no response.

"Lt. Asia James to Lt. Commander Serenity. Please come in," she repeated.

Still... no response.

"Baby? Its mom. Come in," Asia said with a tremble in her voice and a tear in her eye.

When there was no response, she just knew. She didn't know *how* she knew, but she did. Serenity was gone.

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"Alright, the dome is up," Commander Tate stood up, still clinging to his injured shoulder. "How do you know about this area and what the hell is Time Force?" he paused. "You mean like Time Force rangers?"

Gabbi, who was doing her best to secure the room, stopped and turned to him. "I am not a ranger, just an agent. We are scattered throughout time, lending a hand when need be," she said.

"You mean more like changing the past to shape the future for your own benefit," he scoffed.

"Sky, you do amazing work here and it has been an honor to work with you, to experience this moment in history. This is the initial beginnings of Time Force. The Interplanetary Treaty will be signed by countless new worlds. This day ushers in a peace that lasts for generations, but if you think the job of a Time Force agent is to manipulate history for the betterment of some bureaucrat or further some agenda, you couldn't be more mistaken. Time Force is a galaxy wide peacekeeping force. Not just in space, but through time itself. Through the infinite possibilities of this reality and countless others," Gabbi explained.

"You can make it sound grand if you want, but you are working undercover for a different agency. For all I know you could have been undermining SPD this entire time," he brought up.

"You certainly have a right to feel that way, but one way or another my assignment here is complete. My superiors will assign me to my next task, and I will be out of your hair, sir. But for what it's worth, it has been my honor to serve with you," she said.

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Ella walked into the lab where Dr. Rheas and Nathaniel were working.

"How's it going, chief?" she asked, removing her helmet and placing it under her arm. She stuck her hand out for their usual handshake, but he was far too focused to even notice it.

"He's been like this since I got here. I came to help, but he said I'd just slow him down," Dr. Rheas said.

"What's he working on?"

"Some sort of gas that will revert the Vorhsoth back to Xybrians," she said.

"The Vorhsoth are Xybrians?"

"Most of them, apparently. The Anurians are in orbit now taking out most of the fleet. Every able bodied officer is fending off the Vorhsoth. We're just trying to buy him some time."

Ella turned to her brother. "Nate. You okay?" she asked with a concerned tone in her voice.

He turned to her slightly, allowing her to see his eyes were completely black, but then went back to his work. "I can see it all. Everything. All of it. It's not linear, it never has been," he said.

"What isn't linear?"

"Nothing is. It's all happening at once. One... continuous... moment. It's everywhere and nowhere. Its eternal, but still in its infancy," he continued.

"What is?"

"Everything," he said flatly.

"You sound a little more techno babbly than usual, bro. Are you alright?" Ella asked.

He completed his work, rushing over to the replication system. He placed the vial inside.

"Computer. Input new sequence for replication," he said.

"Scanning..." it announced. A light moved back and forth across the vial. *"Sequence accepted."*

"How long would it take for you to replicate this sequence, convert it to gaseous form and administer it to the entire dome?" he asked.

"Approximately 79 minutes."

"Divert power for every system and reroute it to the replication process."

"System rerouted."

"How long will it take now?"

"29 minutes," the computer answered.

Nathaniel took his morpher, removing a small panel from the back, reached in and pulled out a small wire. The moment he did, he powered down, but he didn't let that slow him down. He pulled a panel off the top of the replicator, pulling out a thin wire and connected it to his morpher.

"Divert power from my morpher and reroute to the replication process," he said.

"System rerouted."

“How long until completion?”

“1 minute, 23 seconds.”

“As soon as it is, filter through the entire dome. What is the estimated time for the dome to reach critical exposure?”

“Approximately 8 minutes.”

Nathaniel reached for his communicator, but remembered it was connected to the machine. So, he reached out, grabbing Ella's.

“Ensign Carson to Serenity. Come in,” he said.

There was no response. He didn't expect there to be, but he had to try.

“Ensign Carson to Lt. Commander Martin,”

“Go ahead, ensign.”

“The gas will be filling the dome in about 30 seconds. It will take close to 10 minutes to do, but it will neutralise the Vorhsoth. You'll want to have teams in place to deal with the Xybrians once they revert back. Some will be seriously injured, if not worse,” he explained.

“Understood, chief. Good work.”

“Any word from Serenity?” Nathaniel asked.

There was a slight pause. Within it, even though it lasted a moment, Nathaniel went over every worse case scenario he could imagine.

“She took a shuttle into the rift. She altered the coordinates so the Anurian fleet could take a shortcut to Earth.”

“That's brilliant... but to do that you'd have to emit a pulse so powerful it would rip the shuttle in...” he stopped himself. He knew where it was going, and somehow saying it outloud would make it official. “Sir, request permission to take a shuttle into the rift to rescue her,” he requested.

“The rifts are being closed, they're almost all but gone now. Besides, word from the Omega Ship is they found debris from her shuttle. It's gone. She's... gone,”

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Commander Tate stood in what remained of the promenade, his arm resting in a sling. Behind him was the D-Squad, all of them in ranger uniform and their helmets under their arms.

They stood across from an Anurian shuttle as Kull stepped off, accompanied by two members of the Elite guard.

As the respective leaders of their groups, Kull and Commander Tate walked toward one another.

“This armada has been defeated. The Xybrians who were converted to Vorhsoth are being treated. Some will make a full recovery, but most will not. Your service today turned the tide in this war, and stands as a testament to what our people can do when we work together,” he explained, extending his hand to him.

Kull was a few inches shy of eight feet tall, and in battle armor, probably stood closer to eight and a half feet.

“Humans warriors. Kull warrior. Warriors unite,” he said, obliging his hand.

“We have medical staff on hand for any of your people need medical attention, and for any ships in need of repair I can have our engineers take a...” he was interrupted.

“No. Kull do. Kull is warrior,” he turned back slightly, motioning for his guards. They stepped forward. “This Yoar and Stenix. Yoar and Stenix elite guard. Yoar and Stenix warriors. Your warriors now,” he said.

Both Anurian guards bowed slightly, then gave the traditional SPD salute.

“You... you want them to join SPD?” Commander Tate asked.

“Stenix and Yoar warriors. SPD warriors. United,” he said firmly.

Both Yoar and Stenix approached Commander Tate, turning to stand behind him.

“I accept.”

Kull nodded. “Good. Please Kull. Now, Kull speak to Xybrian officer,” he stated.

Commander Tate was sure it was meant to come off as more of a request, nonetheless he turned back, motioning for Pascal to step forward. Pascal approached cautiously.

“Sir?”

Kull put his hand on Pascal's shoulder, letting out a laugh. “Kull wrong about Pascal. Pascal no meat. Pascal warrior. Pascal strong,” he said.

“Thank you, sir.”

“Kull wrong about Xybria. No meat. Xbyrian warriors. Pascal brave,” he said.

“I am honored, sir.”

Kull motioned for Garr, who stepped over as well.

“Kull see Garr?”

“Kull wrong. Kull abnegate Garr. Kull take back. Garr is strong. Garr is warrior. Garr is son,” he said, extending his forearm outward.

Garr responded by placing his forearm against Kull's, making an X shape.

“Garr accept.”

“Garr come home?” he turned away slightly. “Forn been worried sick,” he mentioned.

“Garr *is* home.”

Kull nodded. “Kull understand. Garr be brave, but no die.”

“Garr do best.”

Without another word, Kull turned around, boarding his ship. Within moments the loading bay door closed, and the shuttle took off.

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Patrick Harris stood off to the side, simply watching. It was nice to see SPD and the Anurians finally coming to not only an understanding, but a mutual respect. While he played a small part as the Phantom Ranger, he didn't feel as though he earned a place in the celebration.

“Being humble, I see,” a voice said.

He turned his head as Alyssa Enrile walked towards him shyly. Behind her was another being. Patrick didn't recognize it, but it wore a long burgundy robe and a hood.

"Thank you, but I'm not hero," he said.

"My children think differently," she extended her hand to him. "I'm Alyssa Enrile. I'm Estella and Nathaniels mom."

He obliged her, and while he couldn't quite put his finger on it, it felt as though the sensation of holding her hand was familiar to him.

"It's a pleasure, ma'am."

She motioned to the being behind her. "This is Keeper. He's... not from around here. His race are the guardians of the energems, and he can remove your connection to the gem."

"What? I was told that wasn't possible," he said.

Keeper stepped forward. "My staff can relieve you of your connection. The gem would no longer be bonded to you. You will begin to age normally, and will do so until your final days. If you are willing," he offered.

He looked at Alyssa, who nodded to show her support. Patrick turned to Keeper, nodding.

"Yes."

Keeper's staff materialized out of thin air, and Keeper presented it to him.

"Simply touch the top of my staff," he said.

Patrick reached out, grabbing the top of the staff. A jolt of energy shot through him, but it quickly passed.

"Is that it?"

Keeper nodded. "Yes. You are free."

"What will you do now?" Alyssa asked.

"I... I don't know," Patrick sighed.

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Asia was on the bridge of the Astro Omega Ship, going over sensor data. She was trying to find something, *anything* that would give a clue as to what happened to Serenity.

Everything she saw said the same thing; all the data pointed to one conclusion...

... Serenity was gone.

The doors to the lift hissed open and Lt. Commander Martin walked over to her.

"Anything?" he asked.

"There is no way anyone could have survived an explosion like that. Her atoms would have..." she stopped herself. "My little girl is gone," she cried.

Nik wrapped his arms around her. "No, she isn't. She hasn't even been born yet. *We* have to have her, and our little girl will lead the most amazing life. We'll make sure of it. I promise."

"But one day, in the future, she'll come back in time to this moment and it will all happen again," she cried.

"No, it won't. The timeline has been changed. The war is over. There will be no need for her to ever come back here. Our daughter will grow up and she'll be able to decide her own destiny. And we'll be there to see it all," Nik said.

"It doesn't stop me from missing her now."

"I know. And it shouldn't," he paused. "Commander Tate has made me the commanding officer of D-Squad. I told him I could never replace Serenity, but I would do my best to lead in a way that would honor her," he said.

"You'll do amazing."

"Future or not. Daughter or not. I was Serenity's right hand, and I will never pretend to be otherwise. But now I have to lead this team and I need a first officer," he mentioned.

"Anyone in mind?"

"If you're up for the job..." he allowed his sentence to trail off.

"Me? I... I can't replace you anymore than you can replace her," she said.

"I would never ask. I was her right hand, but you? You will be my left hand," Nik said, extending his hand to her.

Asia stared down at his hand, choosing to ignore it. She instead placed her hand on the side of his face, leaning up and kissing him slightly.

"I'm probably going to need to take maternity leave soon," she brought up.

"I imagine you will."

"And we're going to need someone to move my seat from the right to the left up here. And while we're at it, can I get some better padding for that chair? It hurts my butt."

"I'm sure we can work something out."

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Pascal sat in his quarters on the Astro Omega Ship, unsure of what his next move would be. He finally had a place where he felt as though he belonged, and had even mended the bridge between he and Kull. They were, at the very least, mutually respectful to one another. He was excited to see what would be next, but was deeply saddened that they lost Serenity in the process.

"*Garr to Pascal,*" a voice said over the communications system.

"Pascal here."

"*Pascal get call from Xybria.*"

"Can you route it to my quarters?"

There was no response, but in seconds the screen on his desk blinked on, and he was greeted by an Xybrian female.

"*Warm greetings, Pascal.*"

"Warm greetings, Tala. I am pleased to see you are unharmed."

"*And I, you. I am contacting you because you are needed.*"

"I am happy to ease your burden. What do you need?"

"Many of our people will never recover from what happened, and those that do will still struggle. There is a dire need to perpetuate our people. Our houses have been selected for The Joining," she said.

He paused. "The Joining shouldn't take place for another three years," he pointed out.

"I understand, but these are desperate times. To continue our race, we must perpetuate."

He sighed. "I will be on the next shuttle home. We will be joined... in marriage," Pascal said.

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Ella walked into the lab slowly, where Nathaniel was going over calculations in several different screens at once.

She didn't need any special abilities to know that her brother was hurting. He missed Serenity, they all did, but there was an argument to be made that she was closer to him than anyone.

"We're going to have a memorial for Re-Re in the promenade at 1500 hours," she paused. "That's 3 o'clock," she said cheerfully.

"Memorials are for dead people. Serenity is fine," he shot back coldly.

"Nate, her shuttle was destroyed. We found debris. There is no way..." he interrupted her.

"Serenity is fine," he repeated.

"Come on..."

"I won't go to a memorial for Serenity. We will celebrate when she's back with us. It's going to be great, you'll see... she'll be here," he insisted.

"I know what she meant to you, but..." he cut her short.

"Meant? MEANT?" I'm ashamed of you, Estella. How dare you! Serenity would never give up on us. I don't care what the sensors say. Serenity is fine!" he snapped.

"I have as much faith as the next person, but the facts are..."

"Would you give up on me? Or would you be out there looking for me?!" he scoffed at her.

Ella found herself dealing with a serious case of *deja vu*, and sadly, she was a hypocrite. She tore into him for giving up on their father, but now there she was doing the same thing. *For me to be the older one, I sure am childish sometimes*, she thought to herself.

"Serenity was a ranger," she paused. "She *is* a ranger. She is the best of us all. If there is a way she could have survived, she found it," she walked over to him, resting her head on his shoulder. "And we're going to find her," she assured him.

"Before you run off and do something foolish, a word?" Commander Tate asked as he stepped in the room.

"Sir," they said, standing at attention, but he immediately motioned for them to stand down. He reached in his pocket, pulling out a small box.

"Chief, doc says you were exhibiting some *unusual* behavior. Something about your eyes being blackened. Are you alright?"

"Yes, sir. The serum seemed to kickstart something in me. I remember everything I am exposed to, and in the moment it all came flooding in. I'm fine now," he said.

"Dr. Mitchell is withdrawing her resignation. Report to her for a full workup. I need to know my officers are alright."

"I will be, sir."

"Before Serenity saved us all, she came by my office and left this. Its DNA coded to you. Well, your DNA will unlock your specific portion. She also returned my father's dog tags to me. She knew she wasn't going to make it back. So before you do anything, I thought you'd want to see it," he set it down on the counter, then turned and walked away.

They both stared down at it, confused.

"What do you think it is?"

"Let's find out," he walked over to it, pressing his thumb against it. The box scanned his print, and a holographic image of Serenity appeared in front of them.

"I hate goodbyes, but regardless of what I'm about to do works or not, the war will end and I will be gone. Nate, thank you for seeing the best in me, for allowing me to be myself. I wasn't always the easiest to get along with, and I wasn't the overly touchy feely type, but know that I love you. I always did, I think. You had it rough with your pops not being around, and it probably

made it harder for you to see him as a child and grow up with him the way you did. To have a father, but not a father figure had to be rough, but you dealt with it. The other day I told you my birthday, and I don't know how accurate that is now that things are different, but I'm sure Asia and Nik would have no problem letting you be in my life. And on the day I'm old enough to understand what's happening, give me this message cube. There is a message to my younger self that may help. And, if it's not too weird for you, you can try to be with her. We're weird, remember? If you can, it'll take some convincing, but if not, I understand. Just know that I'm not sad it's over, I'm happy that it happened. I love you, Nathaniel. Courage, dear heart."

The hologram disappeared, leaving Nathaniel with tears in his eyes.