

The ominous wedge shape of the persecutor closed in on the enterprise as a fisherman reels in his prey. On her bridge Admiral Rale was speaking into a comlink; "Colonel, set your weapons for stun, Lord Koloth has given orders that we are to take prisoners." The unit crackled for a moment, before the staccato response "Yes sir!" filtered through.

In the docking bay lines of stormtroopers stood at attention, awaiting the arrival of the target vessel. The massive dura-armor doors at the bottom of the bay began to retract. At an unheard command from the officer the stormtroopers began to file into assault shuttles and converted TIE bombers.

Kira Nerys checked the weapon again. She had been stuck at the far end of the cells for what seemed like an eternity. She heard the sound of boots on the metal grating. She took cover behind one of the doorways.

A tall dark haired man turned the corner. He was wearing a leather jacket underneath a heavy black cloak. She squeezed the trigger of the pistol. Blue rings flew through the air towards him. They hit his outstretched hand.

Nothing happened.

Koloth chuckled to himself. Reaching out though the force he pulled the pistol from her hand and caught it in his outstretched palm. He pulled her arms above her head and held her mid-air with the force. Turning the pistol he pointed it at her chest. "There is no escape." He said, pulling the trigger.

"I need warp power now mister la forge!" screamed Picard.

"It's no use, their tractor beam is causing a phase variance in the nacelles, if we try to go to warp they'll explode captain. I'm gonna have to shut down the core before feedback gets it." Came the response. The ship shook. A console exploded at the back of the bridge, burning the sensor officer.

On the screen ahead was the menacing sight of the massive docking bay of the persecutor. "Mister Data, can you locate the source of the tractor beam?" The android turned to look at the captain. "I believe so captain, however it is within the vessel's shields."

"Prepare to fire quantum torpedoes." Said Riker.

Admiral Rale watched the struggling ship dispassionately. The enhanced image showing the ship moving inexorably closer to its doom. "Fire ion cannons" he ordered. Red beams shot from the barrels of the weapons. They danced across the ship, overloading every system onboard.

Oblivious to the hastening disability of the enterprise, Picard leaned forwards in the captain's seat. "Fire!" he ordered. The red lightning-like wave crawled across the ship, ready to engulf the torpedo launcher. A blue torpedo exited the barrel in the moment before the device was disabled.

It shot into the persecutor's docking bay, whose shields were now lowered. It impacted few metres from the tractor beam. Everything exposed in the docking bay was incinerated in a moment. Behind their force field the stormtroopers had time to turn for a moment before the field collapsed. They were jerked from their feet and flung into the void.

The Admiral turned pale. In his mind came, unbidden, an image of Kane Koloth using his arcane powers to kill him as punishment, as Darth Vader was rumoured to do. His was the first ship to experience serious damage in this campaign. "Damage Report" he shouted.

"Primary docking and tractor beams are out. Atmosphere loss now contained, our fighter complement are gone, we're still getting damage reports sir." Came the quick response.

He turned to the lieutenant who operated the hyper-drive. "Is it possible to tractor a ship of that type through hyperspace?" The young man looked at him quizzically.

"Yes Sir, Hyper-drives adjust faster-than-light "hypermatter" particles to allow a jump to light-speed without changing the complex mass and energy of the ship. If we get them in close enough we can pull them with us." He said, part of it seemed memorised.

"How close?"

"Approximately ten meters will be enough to allow the affixation to procreate onto their vessel sir."

The Persecutor moved closer to the stricken enemy, Using its remaining tractor beams to embrace the other craft. Turning on the spot it manoeuvred its prow to aim at the centre of the galaxy. Pulling the disabled federation starship closer, it began to fire it's faster than light drive. With a flicker of pseudomotion the titanic vessel and it's captive were gone. A moment later, with another flicker the smaller Delphus vanished.

On the bridge of the enterprise, picard watched as the officers attempted to bring some systems back online. Most of the integrated circuits had been damaged beyond repair, however some chips survived intact. Commander Worf had proposed that they attempt to get the weapons operational, but Riker had more vision, and insisted they attempt to use the replicator in the captain's ready room.

They had successfully replicated three hand phasers, and were attempting to make a functioning phaser rifle. Meanwhile, Data, who was miraculously undamaged, had begun work using freshly replicated parts on repairing the sensors and veivscreen. He replaced one missing board, and the screen came to life.

The display cycled through a test phase, starfleet-xp briefly flashing

though the cycle. Picard turned to the screen. He had expected to see the huge shape of the other ship still there, but there was one very striking problem. "The stars" he said. His jaw dropped, he stood facing the screen with the demeanour of a lobotomised puppy.

"Data, are the sensors functioning?" asked Riker.

"In a moment Commander."

Data replaced another board and several panels on the bridge lit up. The android stood up and tapped the keys of the panels in a rapid sequence. "The Quantum Phase variance of the ship indicates that we have been transferred to a subspace domain of some description, our velocity appears to be grater than nine point nine recurring to the four hundredth decimal sir."

A scant few hours later, at the gateway system the Persecutor dropped out of hyperspace. The huge vessel adjusted itself to slowly coast into a stable orbit of the planet below. Now the enterprise was truly dwarfed by the massive form of the Imperial Wrath, heading directly towards the sovereign class starship.