

SFS *Admiral P'rh?x* was drifting towards a Federation border station, keeping her engines quiet until the last possible moment to avoid detection. The ship was carrying data on the military strength of the Launai (who were not *technically* enemies at the moment) that was very much not being given away to anyone who asked.

Captain O'Neil was, as she usually was in this part of the operation, quite tense on the bridge. She sat forward in her chair to pay close attention to the sensors on her ship, alert for the possibility that they were being intercepted. They were almost there, almost safe, and they'd made it past all the known patrols and sensor grids, but things could go wrong at any time.

[bip]

"Scan, what was that?"

"Active laser sweep, ma'am?"

*Fuck*

The captain's tail became very still as she waited to see how things were going to get worse.

"Priority! Multiple hostile vessels, stern hemisphere, launching fighters!"

The main bridge display shifted to tactical information. *That's how it's getting worse.*

O'Neil looked at the map. They were pretty close to their goal, but charging straight ahead would not be very stealthy. There didn't seem to be any other options, though ... unless. *Got it!*

"Can we fire off to the side, nudge some of those rocks," she pointed at a spot on the map, "in their way, and course correct while they're distracted? Maybe try and make it look like a mining operation screwup?"

The hologram of the weapons officer replied. "Yep, and I can do a few extra ones to give us a boost if we can mess with inertial dampening."

"Do it."

Soon after, the torpedo explosions registered and the ship hummed slightly as it shifted course away from the enemy squadron that had stumbled onto them. It seemed to have worked, too, as their ship wasn't being chased further and was still on course for their rendezvous.

Then, a small Launai vessel that had been hiding in the middle of their new course, *just* outside the line where the politicians would've been unhappy about its presence, did another scan, having guessed what maneuver the *Admiral P'rh?x* was going for.

*On, no! A thwarting! We were just about there!*

"Incoming fire!"

The fire didn't do any damage, but it did draw the attention of all the other vessels, who were quickly converging on the spy craft's position. That was about to be a big problem.

Captain O'Neil took a deep breath. "Engines on furr, ram through, it's that or we're dead."

The ship lurched forward, the reduced inertial dampening making the acceleration quite noticeable.

*THUNK.*

"Shields are still good."

*Just a bit more, come on!*

[BOOM]

The bridge lit up red with damage sensors.

"We can't take another hit, Captain! Shields are down!"

[BOOM]

Everything went dark.

And then there was light.

"Emergency simulation completed. Welcome back to Asimov Station."

[[ Feedback requests: pacing and if the action sequence is good. Also, the next scene is the Captain complaining about this BS right after they got back from a sensitive spy mission

General note: lack of explanation makes it hard to track context, especially on the cold open ]]