

Summary:

Harper's life after the second Season Finale. An Alternate Universe ending which results in devastating consequences. After several major changes Harper must choose between the life he knew and one that now waits for him.

Categories: [Andromeda](#) Characters: Dylan Hunt, Ensemble, Hunt/Harper, Hunt/Rommie, Rommie, Seamus Zelazny Harper

Genres: Het, Slash

Warnings: Angst, Brain-Insane, Character Death, H/C, Language, Violence, WIP

Challenges: None

Series: None

Chapters: 2 Completed: Yes Word count: 3756 Read: 246 Published: 12/15/2010 Updated: 12/15/2010

Story Notes:

ABANDONED!

Author's Note: Based on three Challenges.

I ONLY WANTED YOU TO LOVE ME CHALLENGE

This one is another one liner challenge. The story revolves around one character saying this to the other. by Peja

Second Challenge....Turning Point:

Our characters all have a turning point that brings them to some change in the series...I.E: Blair asked the nurse he wastutoring to let him know if anyone displayed the symptoms of heightened senses...which brought him to Jim....or Blair chose not to let Alex and Jim meet at the beginning, which caused Jim to throw him out and get him tossed into the fountain. if they'd made a different choice they would have gone in a different direction along the time line....Your mission, should you decide to accept it, is to have your character make that different choice and see if it leads him/her round to the same ending point.. By Peja

58b Have your characters relive the Titanic or a ship wreck. They could be on a holodeck or dreaming or sick and having delusions or daydreaming while watching a film or acting in a play or telling a story to a child or group, you tell us. They can be alone or with other members of the fandom. This can be original or fanfic. By owrai_wa_no_baka

Spoilers: A whole bunch of Episodes right up to the second season end.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by lopaka tanu

2. [Chapter 2](#) by lopaka tanu

Chapter 1 by lopaka tanu

Part 1 You act like you were just born tonight face down in the memory of feelin all right.

Harper watched as Dylan loaded the triple nova bomb on Betsy on to the Eureka Maroo. Mind twitching as he watched the man play with the large weapon he suddenly had a bad feeling about this. Like if he let Dylan go on this mission, he would not come back.

"So, uh boss, you aren't really gonna fly this in to the dimensional hole are you?" He asked as

the side of his mouth twitched in anxiety.

Dylan looked down from his handling of the bomb and stared his engineer directly in the eyes. "Yes, as a matter of fact I am. Do you have a problem with that Harper?"

"I might."

"Well get over it, Mr. Harper. We have a mission to do, and a Common Wealth to save. Now if you will hand me those braces I can finish securing the weapon to the Maroo." Dylan looked back to the Nova Bomb and held out his hand expectantly.

Harper sighed as he complied. Instead of removing his hand immediately he stroked Dylan's open palm lovingly. "Please, don't go. We can find another way."

"There is no other way." He turned to the smaller man and gave a weary smile. "I am sorry but there is no other choice. I don't trust any of the others to do it and not come back. It's just too great a risk."

"Well, I can't lose you too. There has been too many lost as it is Dylan. Besides, what will the Commonwealth be if you aren't here? Do you think the others can keep your dream alive with out you here?"

"I have faith that they can, that is all I need." Dylan turned back to the bomb and started to secure the braces in place. "Besides I plan on coming back." He added silently.

"Who are you trien to kid boss? You don't believe that any more than I do. Please, at least let me come with?" Coming up between Dylan and the bomb, Harper wrapped his arms around the High Guard Captain's waist. "I can be a very stimulating travel companion. Give me a can of Sparky cola and I am yours for life." He nuzzled the larger man's chest as arms came down around his shoulders. "Trust in the Harper, for the Harper is good in all things."

"What do you think you are doing?" Amused, Dylan couldn't help smiling down on the man in his arms.

"I am a Earth based creature. We like to be fed regularly, kept in the sun, and stroked." He looked up waggling his eyebrows. "Come on, pet me. You know ya wanna. Harpers are friendly, lovable, loyal, and we even taste good or so I'm told."

Dylan bent his head forward. "I'm sure you are." Slowly he kissed the younger man in to oblivion.

Harper, taking this as a sign to continue jumped on Dylan and wrapped his legs around the taller man.

"Harper, we don't have time for this."

"Sure we do boss. Just a quickie before we go."

"Before I go."

"What ever, just take me you big handsome lug of a man. Just in case you misunderstood that. It was part sarcasm, part order." He smiled in to Dylan's lips as they met again.

As they broke apart Dylan tightened his grip on the wily engineer. "Since when did you outrank me?"

"Since you started to get in my pants. Hey watch that hand, I don't know where it's been."

"So about five minutes ago you became a higher ranking officer, and I know where it's been and we both know where it's going." Dylan stroked Harper through the front of his pants.

"These. Off. Now." Harper said as he tugged on the larger man's clothes.

"What ever you say Mr. Harper." Dylan quickly undid his pants and pulled them down to his ankles as Harper stripped completely. "Where is the lube?"

Harper pulled a little tube from his tool belt. "Never come unprepared, pun intended."

"Protection?"

"None, no time."

"Right." Dylan shook his head and slicked up his member. Soon he was nailing Harper to the side of the Maroo.

Harper's head was screaming from the stimulation so much so he nearly missed Beka and Tyr entering the docking bay. Beka smirked as Tyr raised an eyebrow. Harper waved them off towards the Maroo as Dylan started to grunt his orgasm. He threw back his head, squeezing his eyes shut as his own orgasm hit while he called Dylan's name.

Dylan rested his head against Harper's, forehead to forehead. "That was incredible, Mr. Harper."

"Yeah well I aim to please." He spoke breathlessly. "I have wanted you to do that since I first seen you. The only thing I could think of was some Greek God, and what you looked like under that uniform. I am happy to say you look better in real life than in my imagination."

Dylan snorted. "So do you." He stiffened suddenly. "Time to get back to work Mr. Harper."

"Nah, you're done, Dylan."

Dylan looked up at Harper's face but soon was seeing stars as the brace hit his head. "I'm sorry, but I can't risk losing you too."

"Harper, if you are through playing Mataharie, we can use you in the engineering section so we can lift off."

"Ha ha, Beka. Just give me a minute." With a sigh he kissed the larger man one more time before dragging him across the docking bay to be placed in the cargo lock. He quickly dressed and ran to board the Maroo with the others. Once inside he walked on to the bridge to his station and glared at Beka and Tyr. "You know, he is probably never going to speak to me, much less forgive me for doing this to him."

"Well look on the bright side boy, we may not live for much longer so you won't have to worry about that." Tyr gave his patented smirk.

"Gee, thanks, that really helps, not. Where did you learn to be sensitive, Nietzschen summer camp?"

"Knock it off you two, we have a bomb to deliver, express to these dimension jumping bastards." Beka activated the Maroo's drives and drifted out of the Andromeda's cargo hold. "Five minutes to target. Every one hang on, this is going to be a bumpy ride."

"Beka leave the dramatic stuff to the professionals, just fly the ship."

"Fine bite my head off why don't you."

Harper snorted. "Don't tempt me."

Beka set the ship on auto and turned in her chair to face Harper. "I'm sorry, it was the only way. We both know that. He will forgive us eventually."

"Yeah, may be you, but me he will never forgive. I might as well die out here for all he will care when he wakes."

"Look Harper, I'm sorry..." An alarm went off behind her. "We are approaching the event horizon. Arming Nova Bomb. Thirty seconds until drop point."

"Steady at the wheel Beka. We don't want to jostle her any more than necessary." Harper checked the readings on the engines. "Drives at seventy percent and holding."

"Ten seconds, Tyr are you in place."

"Weapon's guidance is locked."

"Five, four, three, two, release."

"Nova Bomb away."

"Direct hit, Beka get us out of here now." Harper's fearful voice called out.

"I can't the engines are shutting down. Those damn aliens are in the drive compartment."

"I'm on it." Running as fast as his legs could carry him, Harper blazed through the ship. As he entered the engine compartment he noticed several grates smoking. "Beka the main engine control panels are fried, I am rerouting through life support." He looked around at the dead bodies of the aliens. "Oh and don't worry about our alien friends they have gone extra crispy. I have rerouted the controls now get us the hell out of here."

"Harper get out of there, the gases are building, the entire compartment is going to blow." Beka cried out as the ship rocked with the first blast wave.

"No time, just get us home." Harper started to cough as he was thrown over the side of the railing on to the drive fuel tanks when the compartment was bathed in a chemical blast. He screamed as the dead alien bodies fell on top of him and their acidic blood coated him.

"Harper! Harper!" Beka's voice resounded through out the engine room just before the bulkheads shut and sealed off the room. Before any one knew it the ship was bathed in white light and thrown about like a rag doll. This was the last memory Harper had as he passed out from the pain in his lower abdomen and head.

Dylan stumbled on to the bridge clutching his sore head as the ship's alarms were going off. The sounds of Trance cheering as she destroyed the last of the unknown enemy ships rang out. Rommie's avatar walked up in front of him and stood at ready posture. "Report."

"Delivery of the Nova Bomb was successful. The Maroo is on a return trajectory as we speak." She appeared concerned at the way he was clutching his head. "What happened, I thought you were supposed to be flying the Maroo."

"I was, then Harper pulled a fast one on me and I got knocked out. Where are Beka and Tyr?"

"Scans indicate they were on the Maroo when she left dock along with..."

"Harper. I should have known. When they get back I want to speak with them. No wait a minute, get them on the communications I want to yell at them now." He stumbled over to his post still holding his sore spot.

"Communications open. I'm not receiving any signals from the Maroo." Her holo image appeared and turned to the stunned Trance and Dylan. "The Maroo is on auto pilot Dylan. She still isn't answering our communications." Her image flickered. "Dylan, I'm not detecting any atmosphere in the command area. The entire deck has been exposed to space."

"Any life signs?"

"Scanning." The holo image look startled as she spoke again. "One partial human life sign in the engineering section"

"Clarify, partial."

"I can't Dylan. What ever is going on the life signs are fading fast. I am tractoring the Maroo in to my cargo bay. My drones will meet you there."

"Trance, Rommie, you're with me." Dylan fled the deck before either could respond to his orders. So consumed with his worry over the partial lifesign that he forgot about the other two missing members of his crew. Once inside the Maroo he found the engineering section sealed off by emergency blast doors. By the time he had them open Trance and Rommie had arrived to help.

"Dylan I think we should be very careful about what is on the other side of these doors. We don't know if it is one of our crew or something else. Just in case I recommend Rommie go first." Trance looked at him pleadingly.

"Very well, Rommie take point. Be careful with what ever you find. Move out." Cautiously they entered the burned out room. The charred remains of several aliens were scattered across the decks. "Looks like a massacre. What do you think Rommie?"

"I think they tried to stop them." She kicked the charcoal of what was one of the aliens. "And evidently they failed."

Moaning over to their left alerted them to the presence of their fallen crewmember.

"Rommie. Trance. Get down there, I am heading to the bridge."

"Understood."

Dylan abruptly turned and headed for the bridge. He could not face Harper at the moment. On the bridge he stopped dead in his tracks.

"Dylan, something is wrong with Harper. He has serious injuries from the explosion, and he has been exposed to the alien's blood. We have no information on them so we do not know what kind of effects this will have. What do you wish me to do about it?" A pregnant pause. "Dylan? Dylan are you all right?"

He gulped and bit back his grief. "No, no Rommie I am not. When you get Harper to the med deck, I want you to send a few drones here to... Clean up and repair the ship."

"Why, what did you find?"

"Just... just get it done... please!"

"Of course, Captain."

[Back to index](#)

Chapter 2 by lopaka tanu

Part 2 So, who does your past belong to today? Baby, you don't say nothin when you are feelin this way.

The scene aboard the Maru bridge was one of complete devastation. A hull breach had caused the implosion of the cabin and its contents, including the crew. Dylan fell to his knees as he stared at the red stained walls. He knew the scanners would reveal that they were both Human and Nietzschean DNA traces among the blood. Surprising there was very little except near the fire control, slip-seat, and the huge hole in the hull. There was nothing left of most of the consoles because they had exploded in the sudden vacuum of space. The hand of one of the aliens with a death grip on a handle and a foot caught in the deck plates were the only signs of anyone being here when the breach occurred.

He couldn't breathe, that's all there was to it, he couldn't breathe. Dylan started to hyperventilate as he looked on the scene from a nightmare. This was worse than the Magog invasion of his ship. He actually lost people this time, and there were no rescue missions this time to get them back. Spacing, a punishment fit only for treason, and mutiny.

Dylan felt a cold hand touch his heart as he tried to clear the black spots from his eyes. Everything he did was surreal up to this point. The loss of the Commonwealth, no problem, just rebuild, not like an idea can ever truly die. Lose his crew, he never saw the bodies, so they could still be out there. He never had proof come and smack him in the face like this. This was real, he had lost his crew, he had the evidence.

"Rommie," he gulped air.

"Yes, Dylan?"

"I think, I need help."

Concern suddenly filled her voice. "What's wrong?"

"I think I am having a heart attack." Sudden tightening in his chest caused him to cry out and he fell back against the bulkhead.

"Dylan! Dylan! DYLAN!"

"Hurry Rommie." His whispered voice was the last thing he heard before the darkness engulfed him.

Harper was in pain, well that was a general statement. He was freaken burning alive. Screaming he tried to remove his skin from his body, anything just to get the liquid fire from his veins. Suddenly a strong set of arms was pinning him back to what felt like a bed of nails.

He struggled against the stone arms of the demon holding him to the torture device. Harper was surrounded by screaming people as the golden devil with the familiar face held him in place. The hell rocked as another part of the over head stones fell on people and their own personal

demons. Sparks rained down on many as the screams rose higher and started to form patterns. He could distinguish between the moans, clicks, and grunts to know they were speaking to one another.

Harper stared at them as they moved from bed to bed in the bright flashing rooms. 'Funny, hell looked allot like a med deck. What was going on?' He watched as several more people were brought in limping and crying out. Then the world rocked again.

Too much. There was too much going on for him to focus. With a grunt he tried to sit up again, but the golden devil pushed him back down. He slapped it's hand away with surprising strength and speed. She made him angry, her mere presence alone was driving him all kinds of new bonkers. When she tried to inject him with a drug he tossed her across the room and rolled off the side of the bed.

Pain was immediate and every where as he stood on weak knees. A hand on his shoulders made him turn and come face to face with a Nietzschean. The arrogant sneer was wiped off his face by the back of Harper's hand as the spiked mutant was sent flying across the room. He released a high pitched cry to locate his people. Several of the beings around him held their ears as he screeched again.

An answering cry rang through out the deck as several of his people suddenly appeared through the walls and deck platings. Their black suits stood out against the grays and reds of the alien ship. No sooner did they reveal themselves then they came under fire.

Harper tried to stop the aliens from shooting his people, but they turned their weapons on him. Harper called out for help but his people did not reply. What was left of them were retreating back through the decks in their tesseract. He tried to follow but several pairs of arms grabbed him from behind and forced him back on the biobed. He screamed his outrage in a base voice so deep it vibrated the room like a large cat's. A light sting and he was drifting out of his body in to the blackness of space.

Panic filled his being as he fought against the unconsciousness. In desperation he tried to cloak his being but barely managed to shimmer his outer skin before he was embraced the void.

Rommie stared in shock at the now unconscious figure of Harper, or what was supposed to be Harper. She could not believe he had done all that damage by himself. He had sent a Nietzschean Alpha through a bulkhead head first. They were still cleaning that guy out of her systems. Trance had faired better, but not by much. She had been sent flying across the meddeck and landing on a Common Wealth Ambassador. Neither of which was awake yet.

Still another thing was his calling out to the shifting aliens, and how they responded in kind. What was that about? Dylan was not going to like this, if he ever woke up. Now was definitely not the time for him to have a massive coronary. She shook her head in wonder at the thought of a man his age having a heart attack.

Then again he had been put through so much stress lately, why not. He was only human after all. Dylan was her captain, her heart, mind, and soul. There was no one above him in her eyes or thoughts. Silently she swore that no one would ever be again.

Doctors and Healers from the other ships of the New Common Wealth Fleet were moving from person to person. Acting as both an observer and nurse, she helped in every way she could. Setting a fracture here, bandaging a head wound there. Quite simply there were not enough people for all those injured.

This substandard medical treatment would never have been accepted in the old days of the Common Wealth. Sighing, she curse Harper for making her too human like once again. What had the little man been thinking? Sure he did an excellent job, and it had saved her existence more than once, but that was not the point. He was down right perverted when it came to her systems.

She stopped the line of thinking when the person she was supposed to be helping started to cry out from pain. 'Stop this,' she told herself. 'It is not his fault. Because of him, Dylan is still alive. At least you still have him. Though he may never return your feelings, he will always be your captain.' She gave a sad smile as she finished bandaging the ambassador.

Another battle group of the alien ships had appeared on the port side taking pot shots at her. Her eyes flashed in anger as she interfaced with the AI core. With a dark smile, she fired a continuous barrage of weapons fire not relenting even when the ships were dead in space. 'Never stopping until they were all dead.' An unknown emotion over road her Neural pathways. All she knew was they must all die, no mercy!

To allow them to survive was allowing them a chance to come back and take that which was hers alone. They were mindless beasts, creatures that must be destroyed at all costs. No one would stop her, if she had to search the ends of the Universe, she would kill the last of them.

All too soon for her taste the battle was over, and she was alone in space, again. She felt helpless, needing to lash out at those that had hurt her people. All those countless billions dead because the Nietzscheans thought the Common Wealth had grown fat and lazy. For Dylan she had held it all in, for her crew and the promise of peace. When they had learned of the other High Guard ships, it had started to resurface. All through that ordeal she had barely been able to control the rage at the human hybrids.

The saboteur had been the final straw. If the Dragons wanted a war, then by god they were going to get one. She would see all fifteen of their home worlds in flames and may the Vedran Empress help any one who tried to stop her.

Shakily, Rommie disengaged the link between her and the AI core. This was bad, very bad. Dylan had to stop her! She was going to kill all those people... Why stop herself? There was nothing that said she had to. Her captain was on the brink of death, her crew scattered or dead, what was the point?

Rommie's face went blank as she activated a calm channel to the her sister ships. "All high guard ships, this is the Andromeda Ascendant. Prepare for code Black Omega transmission." She narrowed her eyes as the symbols for the remainder of the fleet of AIs appeared on the screen to show their attention. "Implement plan Furies, authorization Andromeda Vedra Tau Ceti." The symbols blinked in acknowledgement. "Andromeda Ascendant out!" Now all she had to do was sit back and wait. They would be here soon, and then the real fun would start.

[Back to index](#)

All publicly recognizable characters and settings are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. No money is being made from this work. No copyright infringement is intended.

This story archived at <http://www.squidge.org/mufa-mpreg/viewstory.php?sid=33>