

**STEALING
FROM
PIRATES**

Also by Stefon Mears

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STEALING FROM PIRATES

Stefon Mears

Thousand Faces Publishing

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For Melissa, as always

*Many thanks to my newsletter readers,
who stuck with Dare through the whole
story.*

Chapter 1

Three more laser blasts hit the corner of the mining shop. Dara “Dare” Ross tucked her five-foot-two frame into an even tighter crouch and wished she had the money for a laser pistol. One solar battery each and even here on Io those pirates could keep her pinned down all day.

Or at least until they closed in for the kill, long after she ran out of ammo.

Worse, that ozone smell meant their shots would get absorbed by black and gray solar paneling on the building exteriors here in New Pretoria’s pioneer district. The shopkeepers might not like the reduction in their business during a street shootout, but they wouldn’t mind if a few safety-setting laser blasts added to their batteries.

Meanwhile if Dare missed with her hard beam pistol, she’d put divots in the buildings that would have the locals screaming for restitution.

“Come on, you blonde Basque bastard,” she muttered. No sense in spending the focus on another signal to her second, Zorion Ugarte. He’d get here. The only question was whether or not she could hold off the pirates until he did.

Dare’s grip on the pistol tightened enough to leave lines in her hands for hours. She had only one spare magazine in the many pockets of her black pants, and none at all in her turquoise shirt or brown suede jacket. Not exactly the absorptive armor the DUCKs used.

But then, no one hired a trader captain who ran around in

powered armor either.

She took a quick count of her resources. No more than forty shots total, since she had to shoot to kill. And she knew she had to. That was one of her lessons from the Navy. “Leave a pirate alive and they’ll kill you slowly later.”

Forty shots. Plenty if she could be smart. Not enough if they rushed her. Of course, rushing her would risk the prize, which was no doubt why they were still willing to pin her down and pick their shots. For now.

Their silent shots. Not one of those lasers made a whisper of sound over the day’s slight breeze, which meant that all of them had their auds disabled. Not good. Every laser was supposed to have an aud to make sure friend and foe and noncombatant alike knew there was a shootout going on. Usually a high-pitched whine, mimicking the hard beam weapons.

Even carrying a silent laser pistol was illegal everywhere. They were the weapons of assassins.

Why would pirates take the added risk? Anyone watching from one of the buildings would report silent laser fire, even if they wouldn’t normally get involved.

Damn it. How long could Zor need to get back here? She’d sent for him after the first shot.

Dare dropped to the yellow dirt, tucked her long nut-brown hair back behind her ear and stretched around the corner enough to see a pirate in a generic white zip-up spacer suit try to cut across the wide street for the feed shop on the other side of the mining store.

Spacer suits were out of fashion, though tough enough to stop the slugthrowers that most upstanding civilians could get their hands on.

But Dare was ex-Navy. The green shot of her hard beam pistol punched a fist-sized hole through his chest.

Two dozen lasers opened up on her. Dare lost at least one lock of hair ducking back behind the corner.

“That’s five of you,” she yelled. “How many more do you want

to throw away? ‘Cause the Ross shooting gallery is open all day!’

She could have run. This was what passed for an alley in New Pretoria, which just meant a dirt patch between two buildings that needed back entrances so stock replenishment didn't have to interfere with the customers up front.

Three buildings in this alley's case, because it dead-ended at a bar. Dare could have blasted a hole in any one of the three doors, sprinted past an angry proprietor and headed for clearer streets.

But that was impossible without abandoning the haul. Twelve small, pale blue crates of Quickmesh, a mixture of two metals only found deep in the volcanic grounds of Io that combined to form a key ingredient for many of the modern prefabs. Light while separated in the crates. Heavy and stable once set, yet re-collapsible.

A haul she'd almost emptied her pockets to pay for. And a haul that would be worth a hundred times that amount out on Tau Epsilon, where import laws frowned on circumventing the tariffs, but the authorities would turn a blind eye for the right buyer.

Dare had spent the year since she mustered out establishing a reputation that would interest the “right buyers” on a dozen worlds.

But the chances were that those pirates couldn't say the same thing. This had to be too much effort for too little reward for them. They'd never bother going all the way to Ceti for the payday — if they could even get it — and the Quickmesh wouldn't sell for enough locally to be worth spilling their own lives.

Which meant something worse was going on. Something that required silent lasers.

Which meant Dare was going to kick Zor's ass if he didn't get here soon.

Two dozen more shots came in a burst, and more kept coming, scorching the yellow dirt as often as hitting the buildings. Filling the air with a smell like burning coal and ozone.

The pirates were coming.

Dare pulled back from the spray of laser fire and started shoving crates of Quickmesh against the side of the mining goods store,

stacking six of the two foot cubes three high. She gripped the barrel of her pistol sideways in her mouth while she worked.

She could hear their pounding boots now. A wave of them, getting close.

Clenching the pistol tight in her teeth Dare scabbled up the crates and crouched down, peeking over the edge with her pistol ready.

She started firing as soon as the first pirate cleared the corner. She took down three more of them before they pulled back out of her line of fire. She could almost hear them making plans, but couldn't pick out the words. Or the language. Sounded like pidgin Afrikaans.

Damn it, Zor.

"We just want the Quickmesh, Ross," called one that sounded like a leader. Rough voice. Cracked with age. "Back away to the bar and take off. Keep your pistol ready if you like. We won't take a shot."

Back behind her, she heard the creak and thump of a door opening.

They weren't even willing to risk *one* of those crates to shoot at her where she hid? If she'd known that, she'd have pushed a couple into the street as cover.

"Sure, I'll leave," she said, leveling her pistol for the next target. "Poke your head around the corner and watch me go."

Finally Dare heard the sound she'd been waiting for. That low hum with a hint of rumble. Faint right now, but getting louder even as she noticed it. Hope washed down her spine. The sound of home.

Zor. About damn time.

"You hear that?" Dare didn't try to keep the grin out of her voice. "That is the sound of death coming for you bastards. I suggest you not be here when it arrives."

But the sweet sound of her approaching ship was not all Dare heard. She could hear the clacking crunch of inbound DUCKs. An acronym for Defensive Units Countering sKelms, DUCKs formed the heavy end of the starport patrol here on Io. Powered armor with enough firepower to shoot down a small ship.

Say, a ship the size of hers.

And while all pirates were skelms — whether they were hunting from their ships or somewhere else in the starport — Dare might count as a skelm for participating in an unsanctioned fatal shootout.

The pirates fanned out in the street, holstering pistols while three of them set up a tripod for a heavy laser.

They brought a heavy laser?

A flash of blue light and a low groan resounded through the air, like sixteen tons of tortured metal. Every pirate she could see collapsed to the ground.

Stunned? Zor used the stun cannon on pirates?

But before Dare could even mutter an obscenity she found herself in the welcome shadow of her ship, the *Narrow Margin*. Fifty yards long through the body and fifty yards across including the wings. The body consisted of three great gray spheres connected by ten-yard-wide tubes, with the front sphere narrowing to a cone at the bridge. The wings were shaped like wide, curved chopping blades with the engines woven in underneath.

Zor always complained that the ship was a freakish mess that got its name because it was only spaceworthy by a narrow margin. But to Dare it looked like a gray swan with the wings folded mid-flap. Beautiful as the day she and Fabunni finished assembling it from salvage in the Navy shipyard.

Her wrist comm pinged, and Zor's deep voice crackled. "Are you ready for pickup or do you want to play on the cargo boxes some more?"

"The DUCKs are coming, you idiot!"

She could hear those clacking crunches coming closer. Several. Sounded like at least a squad.

"So is that a yes or a no?"

"Get me out of here or so help me—"

"All right, all right."

Under the center sphere the cargo rays glowed red, and Dare felt herself lifted up swiftly, followed by the crates. And just in time because she could now see the DUCKs arriving on the scene. Like ten

foot tall humanoids as white as the feathers of their namesake, except for the black barrels of the triple-guns mounted under each arm and the black-transparent face shields.

Dare couldn't help smiling as she waved goodbye to the DUCKS.

After all, she'd named her ship the *Narrow Margin* for a reason.

Chapter 2

The internal comm light flashed red, but Zor was too busy talking to the New Pretoria Port Authority to answer. He was alone on the small bridge, tucked into his co-pilot station in the right side of the nose, with overrides lighting up panels on his work board to show that he had control of piloting, communications, sensors and armament.

The core of the ship at his command. But that internal comm light warned him that he wouldn't have so much power for long. He didn't need to answer to know that part of the message.

Instead he imagined the flashing light kept the time with his hands while he fired off three small adjustments to the *Narrow Margin's* level and eased the atmo engines to speed at a rate that shouldn't look like he was rushing.

"...and so," he continued his tale to the Port Authority, "I had no choice but to pick up my captain and our cargo in town which I'm allowed to do under Port Code section ... thirty-four-A, I think..."

Zor kept his words as measured and even as his acceleration tried to look. No sign of bogeys on the sensors, but he didn't trust this cobbled-together monstrosity in the friction of a planetary atmosphere. What he did trust were the clear gray-yellow skies he could see ahead of him.

"...and now that I have her we're continuing with the flight plan I logged."

The internal comm pinged with urgency now. Probably Hurit or Fab warning him that Dare was on the warpath. Again. Not that

Hurit would ever use the word “warpath.”

Zor tried to imagine the beautiful doctor — who was prouder of her Algonquin heritage than any of the other three nationalities she admitted to when pressed — using the word “warpath.” Didn’t work.

And between that mental image and the dance of Zor’s fingers across the controls as he prepped the space engines and signaled Ilse that she might need to stay in the low turret, he completely missed what Port Authority said in response.

“Roger,” he said anyway. “Proceeding along flight plan alpha.”

“Negative! You will return to port immediately for customs verification of your cargo.”

Zor sighed into the comm and pushed his acceleration just a little, heading up along an escape trajectory.

“I’ve already told you. Those pirates have been identified as flying under the Drakkan banner.” A bluff, but likely in this neck of space, so close to the edges of both great stellar factions. Zor sipped from his cup of actual terran coffee before setting it back in the cup holder attached to his seat’s left armrest. “If I take the time for customs, they’ll have our flight plan before we reach space and hit us just outside your jurisdiction. I’ll check in on Earth before we offload.”

“Negative! Port Code is quite clear. Direct your course to return route beta immediately or I will signal space defenses to detain and impound your ship. Re-sending route information now.”

The bridge door spun open behind Zor with a whirl and click. He could hear Dare’s angry boots clanging on the prefab alloy floor.

Zor held up a forestalling finger over his left shoulder and eased a bit more speed into the atmos.

“I told you the plan before we lifted off” — Zor spoke to the comm, ignoring the angry captain behind him — “and we’re getting sunspot ... interference ... comms...”

Zor cut the comm and pushed the atmos ahead full. He looked over his shoulder at Dare, who had one fist raised and ready.

Dare stood a good foot shorter than he did and had a face that was on the adorable side of cute when she wasn’t snarling like that. But

she was wiry strong, and Zor knew from experience just how well she could punch.

She was also wearing a turquoise shirt.

“Nice top, Captain,” he said. “How did the date go?”

She punched the seat cushion just beside his head, hard enough to rock the chair. She grabbed his coffee cup and drained it, then dropped into her pilot’s chair — the captain’s chair, really, because no one else ever got to sit there — and took back pilot controls.

“Why are all the handsome men either stupid, bad kissers, or both?” Dare said.

She didn’t need to look at Zor for him to know she currently had him in the stupid category. She wouldn’t know about the kissing part.

“I’m sorry, did I or did I not just pull your ass off of the firing line?”

“Stun cannons? On pirates? And you were buying coffee and didn’t bring me a cup?” Dare double-checked everything Zor had done in the last five minutes while she complained. “You know those bastards are going to hit us again in two hours, right?”

“They might,” said Zor, who was busy mocking up the right kind of interference from the comm mod that Fab built so it would be ready when Port Authority hailed them again. “But in the meantime, I got us a pound of beans to roast for the long haul. And at least the Port Authority can’t say we’re killing to keep secrets, much less murdering people in the streets of New Pretoria. I mean you *do* want to come back here sometime, right?”

“I’d just as soon skip the whole star system if we could afford to.”

Zor knew Dare had been born on Earth, but not why she never wanted to go back. Not even so her second-in-command could actually visit the birthplace of their species. To say nothing of the original homelands of his people.

“You have our flight plan listing Earth as our next stop.” She made the statement an accusation. “Why?”

“Figured those guys were Drakkan. Didn’t want to advertise that we were heading for Tau Epsilon.”

That actually got him a smile from Dare.

“Knew there was a reason I didn’t hit you,” she said.

“Not all handsome men are stupid,” said Zor. He turned on the half-jammer and hailed Port Authority rather than wait for them to call him.

“You must be a bad kisser then.” Dare wasn’t even looking at him. She was staring at something in the distance, just at the edge of visibility. Something like looked like the flare of engines. “I’ll have to warn Hurit.”

Before Zor could raise Port Authority, the ship’s comm whistled a hailing signal.

“Attention, *Narrow Margin*, this is Captain Neville of the Kwa-rekk Federation Patrol Ship *Jove Three*. You will power down all weapons and prepare to be boarded.”

Chapter 3

A human? Commanding a *Federation* ship? Dare stared across the pilot's station to the co-pilot's seat and into Zor's blue eyes for a long moment. He looked just as surprised as she felt.

Her stomach started knotting up. This Captain Neville of the *Jove Three* sounded awfully sure of his rights.

"Did you get the latest maps when you were buying coffee?"

Zor nodded.

"Good, bring up the territory lines and find out just where the hell we are."

Dare gritted her teeth and brought up sensor overlays. The half-cone of sky she could see through the bridge canopy pulsed with everything the *Narrow Margin's* sensors could tell her about local ships in the air. Two light freighters and a pleasure craft inbound. Two passenger liners outbound.

And there, just around the horizon, a corvette class ship shaped like a spiral tube. Federation design. Plus a claw-shaped fighter flying support.

Or was that two? Hard to be sure. Too much interference from the planet's shadow.

If Dare got out of this in one piece, she promised herself a long hot shower. Maybe a bath. Didn't Hurit have a bathtub down in the med bay?

"*Narrow Margin*, do you copy? Be advised that failure to comply

will result in full legal use of force.”

Dare pushed out a deep breath and tried to sound casual.

“We read you, *Jove Three*, but there’s a small matter of jurisdiction.” She reached over and started nudging Zor for speed in bringing up the right maps. “This star system has always been regarded as neutral space and outside Federation control.”

While Dare ran the quick check on the *Jove Three’s* transponder and confirmed that it was a Federation ship, Zor finally found the right map and overlaid it onto the canopy. No formal changes. This star system and the four nearest along the galactic axis were still part of the neutral zone between the Kwa-rekk Federation and the Ik-cho-ka Empire.

Zor actually sighed like he was relieved. As though this changed the situation. Dare knew better and the knowledge hunched into her shoulders. It was no coincidence that a Federation ship happened to be in her sky the day pirates were willing to die for a load of QuickMesh. A Federation ship with a human captain, no less.

“We are responding to a call for aid from the Io Port Authority,” said Captain Neville. “Trying to circumvent legal customs inspection is a major crime in the Federation. We don’t care for smugglers.”

One minute to space, and maybe two minutes more until they were clear enough to use the T-drive.

Risky, at best.

“I say again. We are not in Federation space, and we are not smugglers. In this system we’re allowed to check through customs at either end of a trip. Io may want us to pay their customs agents rather than Earth’s but they have no legal right to—”

The sensor clanged out. Incoming. Something small and fast on an intercept trajectory. Dare slapped the impact warning, buzzing an alert all through the ship. Next to her Zor strapped himself in.

Dare grabbed her seat strap with one hand and punched for a spin with the other.

Zor glared at her as they both heard the *Narrow Margin’s* frame groan about trying to pull a space maneuver in a planetary

atmosphere. The internal comm light flashed red, but Dare ignored it. She didn't need to hear Fab bitch about her flying.

The speeding bogey shot past. A chunk. They were actually firing chunks of meteor in the atmosphere. Dare hoped they at least angled it right to send it back into orbit when it missed her.

"Just a warning shot," said Captain Neville. "A reminder that the Federation does not argue bureaucracy with smugglers. But if you make me fire again we'll be performing that customs check on your wreckage."

Zor activated the shields and signaled Ilse to be ready down in the low turret. The shields were more use against energy weapons than chunks, but better than nothing between their hull and that much smashing force.

And they were seriously outgunned if it came to a fight.

But Dare had another idea.

"Mayday, mayday," she broadcast on the emergency frequency. "This is Captain Ross of the *Narrow Margin* under illegal attack from the Kwa-rekk Federation in neutral territory. Say again. Under illegal attack from the Kwa-rekk Federation. Need aid immediately."

"Have you completely lost your mind?" said Zor. "You just guaranteed that nobody is going to come within shooting range. *Maybe* an Imperial ship, but that would just be trading a nova for a black hole."

"Exactly," said Dare, watching every ship her sensors could detect alter course to get as far from them as possible. Every ship except the four — four! — Federation ships. It seemed that the *Jove Three* had three fighters flying in support, and they were closing as fast as their atmos could cover the distance.

The yellow target lock warning started flashing on her right. Either the corvette or the fighters had their weapons trained on the *Narrow Margin*. Maybe all four of them.

And that was what she was waiting for.

"Dump the log," Dare yelled.

And with a whoop of excitement she gripped the emergency

release tight and forced the space engines to fire.

Sensors showed chunks flying past and missiles exploding where the *Narrow Margin* had been only moments ago. But right now the ship was shaking hard enough to come apart at the seams and burning an orange flare a mile wide in the sky behind it. Quite possibly damaging those Federation ships, if any of them got close enough.

And rocketing Dare and her crew out of the atmosphere and into blessed space already moving at half of maximum speed and accelerating. No way those Federation ships could catch her now. And those little patrol boats the locals flew around Jupiter had no shot at slowing her down. Not with this much speed already going for her when she cleared the thermosphere.

The shaking levelled off as the *Narrow Margin* found itself surrounded by space once more, though the tugs of competing local gravity still shuddered through a slight vibration that she knew Zor would complain about later.

But they were clear and free. No more hassle from nosy locals or interfering Federation military.

“Why the log dump?” said Zor, adjusting the sensors for space readings and sending the all-clear to the rest of the crew.

“Did you do it?”

“Of course. Anyone listening on the emergency channel got our logs since ... take off...”

Zor grinned at her with those great big teeth. Dare grinned back.

“All the news agencies. Anyone wanting to take a shot at the Federation. Anyone bitching about the Port Authority.”

“They might say we look guilty.”

“Nah. I heard the story you had going when I got to the bridge, and I kept it consistent. We won’t look like heroes, but we should look like innocent spacers caught between pirates and bureaucrats.”

“Speaking of pirates,” said Zor. He looked pale as death when Dare looked over at him. She glanced at the sensor readout, still overlaying the canopy.

STEALING FROM PIRATES

Two dozen bogeys, all sending the *Drakkan Death's Head* transponder code.

Pirates. And Dare was flying right at them.

Chapter 4

Two dozen pirate ships. A dozen snub fighters, a few transports, a hauler, a few light freighters, plus a corvette running the show. None of them would be the latest and greatest in ship design, but neither was the *Narrow Margin*, no matter what Dare and Fab liked to say about it.

Zor knew better. He grew up on ships like those. He knew they always packed more punch than they looked like they should. And they held together at least as well as the *Narrow Margin* could hope to.

And a few of them probably had tricks under their hulls.

Zor started sweeping with the sensors, looking for any signs of mines or tracker dummies. Anything that might hook onto the hull and cause problems later. Space looked pretty clear, which meant the pirates would either try to steer the *Narrow Margin* toward a pinch point...

Or they hadn't had time to set up.

Zor felt the hair stand up on the back of his neck.

"Just what exactly are we carrying?"

Dare looked up from barking orders through the comm to Ilse and Fab, and heating up the main guns as she did.

"QuickMesh. Just like I told you."

"Did you check the crates?"

"Yeah, I..."

Dare closed her eyes, that slow way that meant she did something stupid. Something she would probably try to blame him for, if

she could figure out how.

“You left the room after checking the crates, didn’t you?”

The crescent-moon shaped snub fighters started to sweep forward in a wide arc, coming in low while the main force came in high. Zor could get a solid reading on them now. Terran design, Martin-Wong Manufacturing. Maybe ten years behind the tech line.

A small blessing.

“I was only out of the room for a second. Wouldn’t have been a problem if *someone* hadn’t been off shopping.”

Zor focused the shields to the port side while Dare swept the *Narrow Margin* hard to starboard. They were too close to Io to use the T-drive yet, to say nothing of the great giant itself, Jupiter.

“You mean if *someone* hadn’t been off getting the latest maps you asked for?”

The three closest snub fighters opened fire. Yellow laser beams cut past them high and low. Range-finding shots.

Ilse fired back from the turret. Her range-finding shot cut into the wing of the lead snub fighter. Got it spinning, breaking their attack formation. Forcing the wingmen to scramble to recover.

“Are you going to help Ilse,” said Dare, “or do you plan to let her have all the fun?”

Zor had to reach across to her station and throw the gunnery-split switch, allowing either station to control the main turret — a hard beam cannon that was mounted just below the bridge. Dare didn’t even give him a chagrined smile for not having thrown that switch herself.

He couldn’t blame her for overlooking that though. Dare’s hands danced over the controls like a musician on her instrument, flinging the *Narrow Margin* through a series of spins and jukes that all but guaranteed that the pirates with older tech would never get a clear shot.

Zor might not always agree with Dare’s style of running a ship, but if there were a better pilot out here on the rim, Zor had never met her. Or him. Or them. Whatever.

More shots were coming in now, and despite Dare's bag of tricks, some of them were splashing off of the shields. Just too many ships to stay clear of every firing line. Avoiding the targeting systems of the bigger ships just meant taking a shot here and there from the snub fighters.

But Ilse down below had been gunning for Dare since they were in the service together and was more than good enough to compensate for her pilot's wild flying. For every laser beam that splashed on the *Narrow Margin's* shields, Ilse was burning holes in two or three snub fighters. Most of those were out of the fight now, and more than one floated dead in space.

But that still left the larger ships, and they had better shields. Zor was smashing them as often as he could and as hard as he could, but he couldn't punch past their shields.

At least, not if he wasn't willing to weaken the *Narrow Margin's* shields in the process.

Dare was a good pilot, but no one was good enough to make Zor risk the shields.

She had the ship coming back around the moon's shadow, which was nowhere near the trajectory they needed for the T-drive to take them to Tau Epsilon. But then, the *Narrow Margin* had no prayer of winning this fight either. Any one of those larger ships was likely to prove at least their match in firepower and shields, and the hauler had been upgraded. That meant that the hauler and the corvette could cut them to ribbons if they got a shot through.

Worse, another corvette was coming up on the sensors now. A spiral corvette with four claw-shaped fighters flying support.

Four?

Zor swore under his breath at his ship's atmospheric sensors. The transponder confirmed it. The *Jove Three* was back, with support.

And it was hailing them.

"I hate it when your parents call in the middle of a good time," said Dare.

Zor opened the communication channel, and started heating up the forward shields.

“No mayday this time?” mocked Captain Neville.

“Kind of busy,” said Dare, cutting speed to dive at Io’s terraformed atmosphere and shaking a lock from the hauler. “But if you want to send a recording of your insults, I promise we’ll listen to them later.”

“Assuming you have a later,” said Captain Neville. “Of course, I’d be happy to take care of your little pirate problem. All you have to do is acknowledge our legal authority here and submit to our customs inspection.”

A hard beam shot from the pirate corvette slammed into the *Narrow Margin’s* port side, back in the third sphere of the main body. The main cargo hold. Shields held, but a good third of the circuits overloaded to withstand it, from what Zor estimated.

“Well,” said Dare slowly jabbing her right finger in the air at Zor and moving her left hand faster over the pilot controls to compensate, “I think we can—”

Wait. She wasn’t pointing at Zor. She was pointing at Fab’s half-jammer, the fake interference that mimicked actual loss of communication.

Zor flipped the switch.

“Took you long enough.” Dare spun the ship and pulled out of her dive, heading for the Federation ships.

Federation ships that were now moving to intercept the pirates. And opening fire.

“I was letting you lead them on.” Zor flipped off the forward shields, shunting more power aft. “Had to look believable.”

“Sure,” she said, drawing out the word.

Dare angled the ship along a line that would take them clear to trigger the T-drive in no more than twenty seconds. Only one problem.

“There’s no way I can take us toward Tau Epsilon at this angle.”

“Nope,” she answered, watching the pirates turning to run with the Federation in pursuit. “But I can get us the hell out of here.

“At least, I can as soon as you get me the destination I’m waiting for.”

“You want me digging through star charts—”

“Now, Zor.”

“Fine.” Zor spun around and punched coordinates into the T-drive. “Go.”

Dare engaged the T-drive and watched space spin and melt around them as the *Narrow Margin* slid along the cusp of space toward their destination.

But Dare was going to kill him when she realized where they were headed.