

Transgressables

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1255) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1255>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Star Trek: Phoenix-X
Character:	Ensemble Cast - PNX
Additional Tags:	Kidnapping
Language:	English
Series:	Part 15 of Legends of the Phoenix
Stats:	Published: 2023-12-29 Completed: 2024-01-13 Words: 3,628 Chapters: 3/3

Transgressables

by [Hawku](#)

Summary

"Expect a standard-class flogging, later." - Episode 92: In the early 25th century, Mirror Universe Klingons capture a Traveler while the Mirror Phoenix-X contends with Fluidic Space aliens.

Notes

Author's notes: This takes place in the early 25th century. For this Episode, I picked a series I would pull an alien species from (DS9 for this third one) and used a random number generator to choose an episode. The generator pulled "The Emperor's New Cloak," so I wrote something on the Mirror Universe from that episode. This first part was written in December 2023.

Transgressables, Part I

Star Trek: Phoenix-X

"Transgressables, Part I"

The *Norway*-class U.S.S. *Fusion* trekked blissfully and cordially through space until coming to an elegant stop.

Commander Red of the Mirror Universe's Klingon-Cardassian Alliance, in the same full Klingon armor as the rest of the crew, sat diligently in the command chair, peering out into unknown space. "Excellent stopping, Bugh. You did this ex-pilot proud."

"Thank you, Commander," Bugh acknowledged. "But flying this Starfleet vessel gives me the creeps, even though we've been doing it for years."

Ronin jilted from the tactical station. "Even worse, we renamed it back to its original name, rather than how we preferringly had it, the A.K.S. *Yarrgh*."

"The best part was that you were meant to shout it," Red reminisced. "And, oh, the battles we've won against the re-asserting Terran Empire. Holding our own as a fledging Alliance for the past seventeen years has given me much Klingon-based joy."

Doctor Terek was standing nearby and turned to him. "Sir, you know how detrimental joy is, physically, to people of the Mirror Universe. It also causes aneurysms."

"I know, I know. Like the sensitivity to bright lights, it is yet another pointless idiosyncrasy of ours," the Commander acquiesced. "Sometimes, I wonder if I should have claimed Regent when I came in with this stolen vessel. I could be lounging with servants fanning and hand-feeding me gagh right now!"

Kortos, from Operations, turned. "It is better to be on the battlefield, anyway. Good for our aging hearts."

"Right! This is good. We have travelled back to the Prime Universe with a skeleton crew, under stealth, to accept our new guest for a greater purpose," Red declared. "Sorry, I didn't explain our mission to you guys earlier but, you know, Alliance pompousness and all that."

Bugh calmed him. "All good, Commander. We actually appreciate the vanity of it all. Keeps us Mirror-sane, if you will. More of that!"

"Very well. Expect a standard-class flogging, later," Red offered to an agreeable helmsmen.

Suddenly, the band-shifting Traveler known as Wayfar shifted into existence upon the thought-welcoming Bridge of the *Fusion*.

"Well, hello, everyone! How's about we get this party started?" he opened, enthusiastically, with added pointy-party hat and party blower in-mouth. But, upon realizing the ship was full of Mirror Universe Klingons, he vacated said blowhole in surprise-recoil.

Red held up his palm. "Allow me to explain. You see, we lured you here under the guise of celebratoriness, in order to requisition your services to that of outfitting the Klingon-Cardassian Alliance with interphase cloaking devices."

"That is so rude, bro," Wayfar accused. "Do you know how often I've been recruited to rebuild, reshape and reregister starships after the fact that I retired from that ten years ago?? Plus, how did you even know about me?"

Targon took him in. "Six years ago, you helped a Commander James T. Seifer reassemble the exploded remains of the *Prometheus*-class I.S.S. *Phoenix-X* after his failed twenty-four attempts. Such an impossible feat is well-known within our much-celebrated mirror circles."

"Ohh, yes. James was a troubled Trill who was a Prime Universe host joined with the Mirror Gotens-symbiont," Wayfar recalled. "My main objective was to simultaneously up my medical capabilities and help him get better by switching him to the Mirror Seifer-symbiont. The trade-off being that he demanded I use my starship abilities to bring the Mirror *Phoenix-X* back in, this time, as a success. So, a win-win from a goal-based standpoint."

Red stood up, excited. "Exactly. Now we are demanding the same post-retirement assistance, but ten-fold, in the form of Alliance fleet-wide applications!"

"No can do, Klingy-boo," Wayfar halted. "Post-retirement starship modification is a one-time one-off that just happened to benefit that one Mirror *Phoenix-X*, four years later." And then, recalling, he snapped his fingers in delay. "Plus, one more re-starshiping, three years after that, for the Prime *Phoenix-X*."

The Klingon Commander walked around to approach the Traveler. "Perhaps you're under the impression that this is a request? For you see, we Alliance warriors have had to become somewhat technologically progressive compared to our Prime Universe counterparts due to the consistent oppression by the Terrans. This has enabled the development of trans-dimensional outputs to our Cardassian anti-shapeshifting emitters which, assumingly, seriously hampers the powers of a Traveler from existential-plane-jumping. Like, a No Wesley's club."

"You *what!*?" Wayfar regurgitated. He then clenched-tried phase-banding out of there but, upon partial-transparency, was returned opaque and whole for all. "How did you do that!?"

Red reconditioned himself. "We're technology-focused now! Which is why we want the inter-phase cloak, rather than that generic Ferengi-installed invisibility screen Regent Worf went for despite some Alliance factions already having it four years earlier."

"The fact you want that *Pegasus*-obscurity makes the ask even more repulsive!" Wayfar retracted. "I may not be the perfect Traveler, outcasted by many of my kind for the mistakes I've made in the past and future, but I wholeheartedly refuse and believe I can get myself out of this and send all of you back to your Universe."

Commander Red suddenly perked, confused. "Wait. Mistakes?"

"Here we goooo!" Instead, Wayfar clenched even harder and force-phased himself and everyone on the ship to an even higher regard, exploding the anti-Traveler emitters throughout the ship and sending everyone and himself into a band-shift, out of the Prime Universe, until the U.S.S. *Fusion* was left abandoned and adrift.

Now, in the Mirror Universe, Commander Red's entire skeleton crew, plus Wayfar, were phase-shifted onto the Bridge and lower decks of the *Vorcha*-class A.K.S. *B'Cnah*.

"What is the meaning of this!?" came the outrage from Captain Menchez, as he stood off his command chair to the presence of Red and the others. "We didn't escape the confines of the Terrans to be interrupted so abashedly!"

Wayfar sat up, trying to shake the disarray from his head. He then pulled up his palms to examine the state of himself. "Meaning? I believe I've run that completely out of me, as well as purposeful intrusions. As in, I no longer have my abilities??"

Meanwhile, out in the vastness of deep, vast, Mirror-space, the *Prometheus*-class I.S.S. *Phoenix-X* trekked upon itself a galactic unit and so on. Commander James Seifer sat in the command chair, observing a cluster of giant green tentacles in space displayed on the view screen.

"Should we shoot it? I mean, it's not like we're an exploratory vessel or anything?" queried Seifer.

Kayl turned from Operations. "Well, we'd better initiate some differing purpose. There's no way we were brought out of time before our deaths, by some anomalous omnipotent half-breed, only to live for the same old, same old."

"You know what? Let's dust off the old scanner. I'm into it," perked the Commander before a minor alert klaxon went off.

RaeLuna tapped at her tactical console. "We're picking up the same energy spike, several sectors away, that the Traveler Wayfar gave off almost six years ago when he helped us."

"Were you just always looking for those like some kind of constant positronic signature scan some Prime Universe *Enterprises* used to do?" Seifer squinted.

The woman deadpanned him. "We are allowed to have hobbies."

"If the Traveler reading *is* from Wayfar, he may be in trouble, and we owe him for putting this ship back together," Kugo added. "You know how obsessed with action-based debts we hardcore ruffians are."

Seifer focused. "We're at the height of Terran dominance in this Quadrant, so knowing things is a luxury displaced by our complacency. No. We stay here with the wiggly things!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Transgressables, Part II

Star Trek: Phoenix-X

"Transgressables, Part II"

The Terran *Prometheus*-class I.S.S. *Phoenix-X* drifted treacherously close to the splurge of a large green tentacle species in space. Mirror Seifer and his Mirror crew sat diligently upon their Mirror Bridge.

"Look at them. So wiggly! I love it," he observed. "Does anyone have a craving for tube grubs now? Seems like a fortunate consequence from just being here."

RaeLuna nodded. "Such a consumable would not be out of the question had I not eaten mealworms earlier today."

"First of all, ew. And second, sensors are indicating that these lifeforms contain something akin to neurotransmitters within each slimy, disgusting tentacle," Kayl observed of the data.

Seifer paused. "Hold on. Are you saying we've inadvertently sought out, what would appear to us as, new life and, given time to develop expansive social and economical structures, new civilizations?"

"I would not put it passed us for unwittingly falling into what we would consider an exploratory goody two-shoesy trope," offered Dain from the helm.

Suddenly, the communications broke open and the haunting voice of the tentacle aliens transmitted through. *"Greetings. We are the Sleri. Prepare to be assimilated— into nothingness. Your biological and technological distinctiveness will be totally destroyed, along with anything else you have."*

"Hey! I'm Commander Seifer of the Terran Empire's subjugated yet privileged alien faction. Did you steal and modify that intro from somewhere?" Seifer queried.

One of the Sleri tentacles held up a halting-tentacle in space. *"Yes. We are from Fluidic Space and we've been around. Enough so, that we have become highly xenophobic and violent to most people. Are you free to engage in combat-to-the-death?"*

"Actually, we are not," Kugo interjected. "We have a friend who needs saving right now?"

Seifer threw up his hands. "Damn that protocol that allows my Bridge crew to defy me openly during inter-spacial communications!"

"It was implemented because they wanted more celestial drama, per Terran Empire quota regulations," RaeLuna reminded.

The Commander nodded. "That's true. But those very characteristics of our re-dominating Empire is what gives me pause now. I'd like to offer something called 'diplomacy' to you Sleri-kind."

"This is just your Prime Universe host and new Mirror-symbiont talking," continued the Vulcan Chief Engineer. "It's theatre and interpersonal dramaturgy that matters most for us reflectoids."

Another Sleri reverberation echoed throughout the ship. *"Look, we do not want to get in the way if you have other business to attend to. Our grievances can easily be withheld to someone more indulging."*

"So, our lack of hostility makes us unworthy of your menace?" postulated Seifer. "Is everyone against a non-threatening, non-dramatic Terran ship? That we're not even worth the time if we don't fit the stereotype?"

The Sleri sighed. *"If we are being honest, every species in this universe is terrible and the same. It's a somewhat repetitious and incessant tone forced down our hypothetical throats. We have come here to confront your Mirror Jem'Hadar, who have been breeding artificial versions of our kind for their own benefit."*

"We're not even your business??" regurgitated the Commander, standing up in defiance. "But I'm coming at you in a conciliatory disposition! That makes us matter more so for being layered and relatable!"

The Sleri countered, *"Relevance is subjective. We simply do not wish to engage with you anymore."*

"Well, what if *I* wish to engage with you? Fire the phaser cannons!" ordered Seifer before the Mirror *Phoenix-X* positioned in space and blasted a consecutive series of phaser bursts at the Sleri.

The tentacles energized themselves in defense and blocked several hits but were overwhelmed when the *Phoenix-X* threw out a quantum torpedo that tore through and exploded half of the Sleri-bunch in space. The other half came engulfed in energized, destructive plasma.

"Damn," Seifer retracted as he sat back down in self-defeat. "That was a major Terran regression on my part, if there ever was one."

The remaining tentacles re-energized and began healing themselves. *"Ha! In fact, it was we who manipulated you into combat using a completely new and unused concept we like to call 'reverse psychology'. The purpose being is that we learn and adapt from these encounters, which will ultimately serve when confronting our true enemies."*

"Reverse psychology? That's brilliant! Finally, a tactic for our arsenal that those Prime Universians could never comprehend," Seifer realized. "But, more importantly, I've learned it's harder to change from who you are overnight. To wit, behavioural development is a long-term transformation riddled with successes and diminishing returns."

Kugo perked. "Sooo, about that Wayfar?"

"Very well. Helm! To the other thing!" Mirror Seifer declared before the Mirror *Phoenix-X* turned in space and jumped to mirror warp.

Meanwhile, Mirror Red's skeleton crew were now reintegrated upon the Klingon-Cardassian Alliance *Vor'cha*-class A.K.S. *B'Chnah*.

"There isn't any chance that joking about a mutiny would preclude the expectation of a mutiny, would it?" Red inquired.

Menchez perked. "Do you honestly feel like going through all that trouble? I mean, I'm up for it, if you want to do the whole one-of-us-kills-the-other? The bloodlust itself would be honorable and satisfying."

"No," Red sighed, realizing the complexity and energy involved. "I'd really much rather sit. I had replicated blood oatmeal this morning for breakfast."

The older Klingon acquiesced. "I'm honestly not trying to deter you. I really am on board for a classic secret or full-force insurrection that pits us against each other in a heat of done-to-death violence." He gaged his unresponsive first officer for a moment. "Well, the option remains if you change your mind. Sometimes we have setbacks, but it's moving on that waits for us with the most patience. In the meantime, we continue to interrogate the Traveler known as Wayfar."

"Understood, Captain. But surely the large tentacles wrapped around our ship right now is far more immediate anyway?" Red questioned, gesturing to the viewscreen at its partial coverage by a Sleri arm.

Menchez nodded. "I was just relishing in the conflict of it all for a little while. We Klingons find battle so therapeutic, we will sometimes stop in the midst of it just to appreciate our good fortune."

"Huh. Never thought of it that way. This is actually preferable to a malfunctioning Traveler now that I'm sitting with it," Red realized, seconds before the I.S.S. *Phoenix-X* dropped warp within the small section of the screen that was still able to show space.

The Terran ship moved in closer to see that the Alliance craft was locked in peril. Commander Seifer hailed. "*Klingon ship. Your position is clearly compromised by the presence of a second Sleri conglomeration, so we will be taking advantage of said-redundancy and fetching our Wayfar back.*"

"Why? What do you know of these things?" Menchez eyed, suspiciously. "Your goatees betray you. Are we in any real danger or what?"

Seifer waved it off, unconvincingly. "*Oh, you're totally in danger. Sooo much danger. In fact, I'm Gabriel Lorca-jealous.*"

"Liar!!" the Klingon Captain regurgitated. "He was an Elon Musk-loving hack and real envy comes at a deeper cost. You are so plainly a stereotypical Terran-type. Helm, wiggle the slimy long thingies off us. Tactical, target the *Phoenix-X* and prepare to fire!"

TO BE CONCLUDED

Transgressables, Part III

Star Trek: Phoenix-X

"Transgressables, Part III"

The Terran *Prometheus*-class I.S.S. *Phoenix-X* and the Klingon-Cardassian Alliance *Vor'cha*-class A.K.S. *B'Chnah* impulse and weaved around a conglomerate of articulating green space tentacles while lancing phasers and disrupters at each other.

"Weigh anchor! Hoist the mizzen!" Mirror Seifer commanded amongst the chaos of the Mirror Bridge.

While RaeLuna fired and Dain piloted, his crew looked at him weird. "Sir, those aren't even things we do."

"Ugh. I know. This is just me wishing myself out of Terran re-oppression," he conceded. "They're very redundant, mind you."

Suddenly, the passing *B'Chnah* seared disrupter beams through a portion of the *Phoenix-X*'s weakening shields and blew into the Terran ship's starboard hull, sending them spinning off-axis until they were caught by a tentacle.

"We got them!" declared the Mirror Menchez from the Captain's seat. "That'll learn those uptights not to tell us to keep our opera down."

Ronin shrugged. "And it's not even like we have it that loud. They're just trying to douse our vibe, sir. Well, the Catullans understood us."

"If neither the Terrans nor this Fluidic space tentacle species are up to conditional danger, then we will manufacture peril ourselves," Red reassured, re-entering the Bridge. "We're going to interact with their interdimensional tear and phase-cloak ourselves into a one-ship technological marvel of achievement!"

Menchez perked. "Commander, am I to understand you have rekindled your drive for Mirror Klingoning?"

"After this fanciful, scholarly feat, we actually will have impetus for celebratoriness," Red bolstered. "Kortos, prepare the machinations! You know, the shooting-gravitons-out-of-our-deflector thing. That mostly unused light under our forward disruptor?"

The other Klingon snapped. "Oh, that!"

Meanwhile, a tortured and clothing-torn, exhausted Wayfar just barely band-transported himself onto the tentacle-arrested *Phoenix-X*, where a shocked crew were in the midst of reconciling their jeopardy.

"Ah! Don't you knock? Oh, right. Mirror Universe," Mirror Seifer pacified. "Also, we're here to save you, despite any hesitation on my part."

Wayfar nodded. "Because I usurped your success, six years ago, by reassembling this ship and curing your sickness, despite we agreeing on those very terms?"

"Indeed. What I hadn't counted on were my regressive feelings of emascularity and resulting self-doubts," the Commander admitted. "Our subconscious governs our everyday actions, you know."

The Traveler nodded. "Asking for help is not a weakness, but a strength. Get yourselves one of those half-Betazoid counsellors. They will do wonders for inter-ship episodic drama and help against the pressures of Terran and/or Alliance marginalization— especially after torture."

"Oh, no," Kugo fretted. "Did they get information out of you that we would have done, happily, had we the opportunity?"

Wayfar sighed. "It's weird how everyone loves torture here. But, yes, they did attain my knowledge for enabling interphase cloaking, this time through the Fluidic tentacle species. Conceding, even partially, was involuntary but did give me relief enough to rekindle my space-time abilities to get back to this copycat, wannabe-original, fakie-fake fake ship."

"*Phoenix-X, your unresponsive Mirror-compatriots appear to be finagling with the dimensional rift that we are currently spewing ourselves out through,*" came the hail from the gripping space-tentacles. "*Succeeding in their goals will destabilize our link to it.*"

Seifer perked. "Hey! You know us from your friends? That means you're a shared consciousness!"

"*We're still connected to each other through Fluidic space, but we must also tell you that we are also genetically-bred subordinates of the Undine, who some call Species 8472, and that means we do not have the ability to re-seal a tear we lose connection to,*" the voice explained. "*Translation, we're going to be in sooooo much trouble when our parents get back from the store.*"

"Then you've completed confrontation preparations for the Mirror Jem'Hadar," the Commander surmised.

The Sleri replied, "*Alas, the qualification period has resulted in a greater existential contention of converging realms.*"

"We will assist as a gesture of alliance," Seifer realized as the tentacles released the *Phoenix-X*. "That's how the Klingons got together with the Cardassians and it is how the Terrans will escape their perpetual self-defeating inclinations. We'll become gods in terms of ethical conduct and, as alien outsiders, bring peace and goodwill toward all men!"

Kugo tapped her chin in shared inspiration. "And the women too."

"Done!" At that, the *Phoenix-X* redoubled its efforts and re-engaged the predisposed *B'Cnah* as it was in mid-graviton fire upon the interdimensional growth point of the Fluidic space tentacles.

However, the surge of destabilizing systems from *Phoenix-X* attacks fed an overload along the *B'Cnah's* beam and tore into the rift, more, opening it wider and spewing a slow consistent spread of Fluidic space out into the Mirror Universe.

"*Thank you for the assistance, Phoenix-X,*" came the on-screen hail from Red aboard the *B'Cnah* as it phased out into its desired interphase cloak. "*Doubt holds us for a time, but our low points are never as long as our lifespans, so we may as well fill that void with persistence.*"

Seifer nodded. "I guess? So, you're going to destroy the Terrans now?"

"*It's technology-through-combat that we've come addicted to. We have no need for the Terrans anymore,*" Menchez admitted. Then, before cutting out, he added, "*We Mirror Klingons are a complicated bunch.*"

Prime Wayfar gestured, regaining some of his strength. "It's weird how everyone here calls themselves that. Anyway, I wish there was something I could do about this mess, but the Laws of Physics of Fluidic space confound me. At least, here, I invert all my attempts. Do I need to lubricate them for Species 8472? It's confusing." He then transport-banded himself back to the Prime Universe.

"We messed up," Seifer admitted to the tentacles as he turned to the viewscreen that was showing the slow splurging green mucus of Fluidic space.

As it fed out, the various space tentacles fed out with it, growing and stuck to the fluid like living flora. "*The Klingon was correct about persistence. We will also consider this our temporary low point and push on. Resilience comes from authenticity.*"

"In the meantime, let us track down your imitations by those Mirror Jem'Hadar for you. It's the least we could offer, considering you're all over the place right now. We'll come back with mops too," Seifer suggested to a then-drooping tentacle. "Is that a nod? I'll take that as a nod."

The Fluidic space mishmash then added, "*You have successfully liberated yourselves of Mirror Universe convention and trope. The honor is ours.*"

"Huh. It kind of feels good. Is this the mindset those Prime Universians always have? A sense of justification for their own existence? Fascinating," James Seifer realized. "Also, I have an odd craving for prune juice."

The I.S.S. *Phoenix-X* then turned in Mirror space and jumped to warp, now on a strange but altruistic chase for conscience and integrity.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!