

Celestial Dynamics

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Celestial Dynamics

by [Hawku](#)

Summary

"Your over-entitlement needs a Kirk-boot to the Kruge." - Episode 93: In the early 25th century, the U.S.S. Phoenix-X must stop Na'Kuhl agent Sayjan of the U.S.S. Atlantis-R from disrupting the space-time continuum from three different time periods.

Celestial Dynamics, Part I

Star Trek: Phoenix-X

"Celestial Dynamics, Part I"

Out in the incomprehensible breadth of empty, interstellar space, in the year 2400, the *Prometheus*-class U.S.S. *Phoenix-X* lingered indifferently and offhandedly within the confines of duty and workplace amicability. Commander Night Seifer took to the center command chair and his usual viewscreen of the stars.

"Space, the final frontier," the Trill squinted. "Our continuing mission, to point at stuff in awe and wonder. To boldly sit back and gossip about Lieutenant Commander Veker and his unapologetic idiosyncrasies."

Armond started from tactical. "Can you believe how he's always into exploration and wanting to go where no man has gone before?"

"Comrades. As a Klingon serving on a Federation vessel, I'd like to offer a non-aggressive diversion to the activity on our sub-standard 4:3 ratio viewscreen," Red suggested from the helm whilst gesturing to the Vorgon *Xyfius*-class, V.S.V. *Yolanda* dropping out into normal space, right in front of them.

Commander Seifer was momentarily taken aback. "Ahh! I mean, finally, an encounter of sorts."

"Sorry to just encounter you," came the onscreen call of a non-binary Vorgon named Ueun. *"But we are from the future. Your future Starfleet and ours joined forces in a Temporal Cold War battle in the 29th century and we chased off a tangential Na'Kuhl who went mad from it and began time-travelling in chaos."*

The Commander recollected. "Ohh, yeah. Also, not you guys again? Why are temporal escapades a mechanism for everything now? Where is the originality? Is trying a thing that's too hard?"

"Yes, and it's probably at the bottom of every temporal architect-writer's paper bin. The point is, our time-dilating instruments have tracked this man's next incursion to this point in history, but we are unable to narrow the incoming location."

Seifer arched a brow. "Sayjan. He will forever be the bane of my existence, occasionally, when we have to deal with him. Unfortunately, this time, I must concede predetermined defeat based on past failure. We can barely make it to our overly inflated Frontier, Federation and First Contact Days." Then, changing his demeanour, he added, "Next year, though. The *Enterprise-F* is decommissioning early for fireworks' sakes, despite being in the best condition of its life."

"Comparatively, Starbase 55 says the *Phoenix-X* won't be decommissioned for a few more centuries because our letter is so high," offered Biggs from operations.

Ueun snapped, involuntarily. *"Your ship goes on way too long! But your native timelining, as well as your penchant for buffering ridiculousness is the perfect match for a time-crazed maniac, bent on temporal anarchy."*

"Some Captains do call us the Jack Pack of the fleet," Seifer pondered. "I once horse-whispered the U.S.S. *Crazy Horse* out of an Erik Pressman dedication plaque. Talk about a wild-eyed Badmiral with Riker-controlling intensity."

The other Captain nodded. *"He is a legend to cloak-enthusiasts in the future— but the really dumb ones. In the meantime, I will come aboard for strategic operations. Do starships of your time employ officers specifically for this, like Deep Space 9 did?"*

"Yeah, no one has been able to replicate the pure synthesis of that crew makeup and their impeccable drama. Just look at how overdone Section 31 is now," Seifer suggested. "Anyway, I'll have our Ferengi bartender welcome you. He's very original."

Later, Seifer, Ueun and several staff met in the Conference room as the Ferengi BOB was entering, seemingly late.

"There you are! We submitted our food orders over an hour ago," the Commander complained. "And where is your apron and poofy chef's hat? You know we have *Voyager*-level standards to uphold."

BOB blinked, confused. "Sir? You're aware that I left the ship long ago in search of the person who engineered the Beguiler Operators into a non-Ferengi twenty-six letter alphabet?"

"Ohhh, right. That was last week?" Kayl snapped her fingers.

The Ferengi double-taked. "It was eight years ago!"

"The point is, you're always leaving at different times, for various mysterious reasons. Which is the perfect first taste into the madness that Sayjan will douse upon this mashed-up crew of misfits!" Seifer declared in excitement. "But, seriously, do not venerate him."

BOB nodded. "Agreed. In fact, I've come back because my El Aurian information broker has given me troubling intelligence concerning that very same time traveller."

"Seriously, can people just stop making temporal mechanics their go-to?" Elly criticized. "Is a fresh encounter with a helpless alien species, where we are clearly the superiors, too much to ask?"

The Ferengi continued. "It's not and, to your point, he's going to disrupt the fabric of space-time in the vulnerable Tilonian system."

"Ohh! Perfect. But didn't we destroy those people's sun years ago out of a fit of incompetency?" Ensign Dan inquired.

Seifer snapped. "What!? That was the Tiloniam system and it was Dominion collateral damage. You're relieved!" As he watched the Ensign exit, the Doctor began to exposit.

"Ah, the young-but-now-old, never-promoted Ensign has a point," Lox admitted. "Long ago, the Tilonians were a splintered people, half of whom attempted to colonize another system as a solution. After we couldn't stop the Tiloniam star from its unnatural expulsion, the evacuated colony went back to their original home and reverted to their old in-fighting shenanigan ways."

Kugo added, "Five years after that, we failed to stop a different kind of incursion into that original home system and, once again, fractured what little progress they made. It was a Thursday. I had plomeek pudding."

"Ugh. I sprained my commanding arm from over-pointing that day," the Commander recalled while tapping his finger on the table. "We must not waver anew. Help the Tilonians by preventing another existential relapse or, at the very least, we send them a supportive text with three accompanying 'thumbs up' emojis."

"Ever since the Synth ban was lifted, people have been going hard with those," Hachi observed.

Seifer nodded. "Technology is finally merging with everyday life and it's important we're not afraid of it. The future is going to be amazing!"

Later, the *Phoenix-X* and the *Yolanda* dropped out of transwarp into the Tilonian system where the Tilonian starship *Ruoven* was confronting the 29th century *Paladin*-class, U.S.S. *Atlantis-R* and a small, faint temporal anomaly in space.

"Do you honestly believe you stand a chance against them?" Commander Seifer questioned to a perplexed Tilonian Captain Ihruv.

He blinked. *"Well, of course not. Be we have to do something to protect our spiny lobe-fish. His presence before the Sacred Disorder is fueling conspiracy theories, and you know how gaslighting is an art now."* Then, noticing, *"Wait. The Phoenix-X? Ohhhh, no you don't. Shoo! Get on. Git! Skedaddle!"*

"You might not realize this, but the universal translator is having a field day with your expletives," Seifer observed. "Also, please do not fret. Our intentions are to help and stop Sayjan at all costs. For realises this time."

BOB stepped forward. "How did the Na'Kuhl acquire that Starfleet temporal starship again? Tell me said Captain got double court marshalled?"

"It was your rogue Section 31 Agent Rave who went to the 29th century and modified the temporal-fitted *Atlantis-R* to answer to just one crewmember through a neural link," Ueun explained. "He wanted to boost his future-version agency through streamlined combat. After he was defeated, Sayjan took over, but not before the ship was infused with a temporal surge."

Seifer examined the viewscreen. "That's what's driving him mad, isn't it? Like a giant tardigrade on a darkened *Crossfield*-class starship with a non-stop adrenalin-pumping crew."

"Except, we talk normal speed," suggested Science officer Veker. "And, if we can sever that link, Sayjan would lose control of his time-jumping. A modified antichroniton pulse may be the brilliant solution we were destined."

Kayl threw up her hands. "Yeah, but now you've gone and jinxed it with self-awareness. Outing your knowledge devalues it thrice over!"

"It doesn't matter what you know," came the sudden viewscreen call from Sayjan aboard the *Atlantis-R*. *"Knowledge leads to order, and order leads to rules. Rules about time travel. Time travel should be for everyone!"*

Seifer squinted. "Yeah, but what if you're really bad at it? Even those guys?"

"Especially those guys! The Na'Kuhl advocate a strong and supportive, all-inclusive non-linear learning environment where welcoming and friendship are interchangeable and twirly."

The Commander calmed. "That's actually very sweet. I'm not sure why everyone has it out for you guys?"

"And, to get there, we will slaughter the children of your ancestors, and then those ancestors themselves, tenfold! Hahaha! Rasmussen!"

Then, realizing, "Ohhh, yeah. There it is. You see, the inclusiveness part was good, but the murdering-to-get-there is where it diverges. Also, apt choice for a swear word."

"Ugh!" BOB clutched his head in pain, to the Commander's notice.

Seifer stepped over. "BOB, are you alright? You look like a Vidiian with Terrellian plague on Boranis III. So, pretty rough."

"—Commander, the *Atlantis-R* is engaging a highly charged temporal beam into the space in front of it," Tong reported from tactical. "It's a what's-what cocktail of time travel particulars!"

Sayjan squeed, externally. *"This, I'm super-proud of. I've blended a scientifically astute concoction of chronometrically energized chronitons, boosted by a choronometric surge to enact a space-time revulsion upon the Tilonian's precious Sacred Disorder anomaly."*

"You already have control over time travel. How does an anomalous aggravation further your temporal freedoming?" Seifer queried. "Clearly, your over-entitlement needs a Kirk-boot to the Kruge."

While struggling, BOB stepped forward to keep his balance. "Commander, there's something I found during my search for the creator of the Beguiler Operators. Where I thought we were all genetically bred, alphabetically, it turns out we were also all chock-full of cybernetic implants."

"This could not be a worse time," Seifer deadpanned.

BOB shook his head. "That's just the thing. Our creator died years ago, so I had the El Aurian, Keppler, activate my implants to learn more about them. My first lesson? I can now sense Sayjan's chronitons pulling at me like Benjamin Sisko time-pulling his son in the most episodically dramatic way."

"Oh, that was a tear-jerker of a mission report," Seifer realized. "Veker, engage the antichroniton pulse I imagine you've been prepping during all this chaotic banter. It's why I doubled my senior staff."

The Kelpien tapped, frantically. "It's not working? Some kind of viral-firewall is interfering with the commands and aggravating ship main systems? Like a cascading Iconian subroutine hopped up on Badgeys!"

"Phoenix-X, I'll take responsibility for that," came the fourth split in the main viewscreen from the grey-haired Admiral Theseus, long-range daisy-chaining from Starbase 55. *"You see, I could not risk that you hadn't checked your text messages ordering you to not engage with Sayjan so he could complete his task."*

Seifer did a triple-take as the *Phoenix-X* began shaking. "What??"

"—Ah! We have, like, forty-seven unread messages. Most of which are angry emojis," Tong noticed from his console. "And some are vegetable ones?"

Theseus continued. *"Ignore those! Also, don't let the red-faced smilies delude you. You've been an excellent protégé, Commander Seifer, assisting me with fleet operational placements."* He paused in simple reverie. *"Rerouting all those Inquiry-class starships to the Zheng-He last year was brilliant. But, alas, like the Admiralty, there are differing levels of being that must be properly satiated. I am one of those beings."*

"Dammit. That's on us not preparing for your annual betrayal." Seifer pinched the bridge of his nose. "Ueun, is there anything your 27th century starship can do?"

The Vorgon shook their head while checking their wrist-PADD. "Against a 29th century Federation vessel? We don't have regulated antichronitons, but we are attempting an inverse tachyon pulse." Then, "Admittedly, an inventive Starfleet crew from two centuries earlier was calculated to be more of an advantage over us pink fish-looking fishy-fish guys. Yeah, we know."

"Hmm. Yes, yes. That actually is sound logic," Seifer agreed before tapping his commbadge. "Bridge to Engineering. Deploy the Amp/Mayhem Anti-viral Package." He turned to the others to explain. "We've had a few Virus Holographic crew members before and we reverse-engineered the random holographic grooming stuff from their bathrooms. You know, combs, toothbrushes and so on."

Gewdeque replied from Engineering. *"Releasing nasal spray subroutines, now!"*

"So minty. Command lockdown is breathing freely now. Engaging pent-up pulse," Veker announced to an agreeable Seifer before the *Phoenix-X* joined the *Yolanda* in a deflector-beam push into the highly energized *Atlantis-R* and its own feed into the anomaly.

But it wasn't enough and both the *Atlantis-R* and BOB slowly lit up in a flash and then disappeared from the temporal plane. Theseus, on screen, in his office, checked his long-range sensors to confirm. *"Infecting the Phoenix-X was the only way to ensure those pulses timed with the end of his chroniton cocktail feed, so as to not explode him for future-use."*

"We have soooo much evidence of your treasonous tampering and a hazy clue as to your motives," Seifer countered before Kugo checked status and shook her head, grimly.

Theseus smirked. *"You have no evidence, and don't bother inquiring on my intentions or looking for the Atlantis. You could say, such things are... out of time?"*

"They time travelled. We get it. That's the thing they do," Seifer deadpanned as the screen cut back to a two-way split between the Tilonian officer and the now-brighter anomaly.

Captain Ihruv clasped his hands. *"Ooh! The Sacred Disorder is now shinier. We could use that to our political advantage. I'll say we aligned the solar system's celestial gravitational mental health. We're a psychiatric-based society if you hadn't noticed."* His communique cut out and the *Ruoven* turned back toward Tilonus IV.

"So, BOB is gone," Seifer realized before putting two-and-two together. "He's back in the past, helping us with our first Sayjan encounter and creating this anomaly, isn't he? Ugh. Predictable time stuff."

Back in the deep past, the Ferengi named BOB flashed in aboard the *Prometheus*-class U.S.S. *Phoenix-X*, into one of its corridors. There, he found rogue officer RaeLuna and Klingon exchange officer Targon about to kiss.

"RaeLuna. What's today's date? The date!" BOB demanded.

Exchanging hesitating looks, RaeLuna replied, "Stardate 56845. It's the year 2379. What's wrong? Are you moving back and forth through time?" Then, explaining, "It's the base question everyone asks when they're time travelling. Don't be surprised. Actually, you get to replicate an honorary Picard-inspired time robe. Ohhh. So comfy! I'm jealous."

Celestial Dynamics, Part II

Star Trek: Phoenix-X

"Celestial Dynamics, Part II"

Out in the comprehensible non-air of cold, hard empty space, in the year 2379, the *Prometheus*-class U.S.S. *Phoenix-X* trekked deep-seatedly into the theatre of being well-into things. The senior staff collected into the Conference room to meet the future Ferengi named BOB.

"So, do they have flying cars in the future?" Commander Seifer pondered before chuckling to himself. "Wait. They have that now and in the past. Silly me."

Captain Cell, the not-known-to-most-of-the-fleet Changeling and strict ship boss, sat inexorably at the head of the table. "We can't risk altering the timeline with knowledge of what's to come in twenty-one years. Unless, of course, there is a time-traveling maniac on the loose?"

"Yeah. That!" BOB snapped his fingers. "His name is Sayjan and he is a Na'Kuhl agent from the 29th century, poisoned with time-madness from a neural link to a broken Federation starship modified for time travel, hell-bent on changing the state of time travel rules for all."

The non-officer, beige and brown-colored combat android Trunks turned to all. "Are rules an important thing to humanoid society?"

"They're what hold everyone from killing each other," the other non-officer, light green-skinned half-human, half-alien RaeLuna replied. "People will turn savage and unwaveringly cannibalistic within seconds of any structural lapse."

Seifer tapped his chin. "Seems like both an overstatement and accurate at the same time." Then he shook out of it. "Anyway, whatever it was about your cybernetic implants that caused you jump with him, we should temper this threat with our current threats. Also, where is our BOB? Would be great to see him plotz in the way Ferengi do."

"In his quarters, taking the Surprise Ferengi Bar Exam," Kugo reminded. "Grand Nagus Rom springs it on all his offshore bartenders every couple of years for both a cash grab and a realignment to his new ethical values."

The Ferengi groaned. "Ohhhh, yeah. Every few years I lock myself in there and work, feverishly, for days through several ship attacks. A lot of the questions are about how we differ from Quark. As if we've all met that guy before! I mean, we all have. But to just assume?"

BLAM! Suddenly, the ship shook from an intense energy attack and everyone ran out onto the Bridge to see the viewscreen display an energized human, floating in space in contest with the *Phoenix-X*.

"Damn. It's a floaty space person," Captain Cell furrowed. "Ever since the Q's denied the Omnis their copycat Continuum, they've been trying to grow it back through fighting. It increases their powers."

Amp, the virus hologram, nodded from his Helm position. "They're like that perpetual escalating motion machine we once built but were told to slowly destroy."

"Starfleet vessel, my name is Kuru," came the vocal patterns transformed through subspace. *"I didn't ask to be an Omni, but the taste of what could have been a great Continuum drives all of us to no end."*

Captain Cell revved up his own Omni power, flowing energies from his arms. "Not all of us, Kuru. Non-consent participation doesn't mean conformity." He turned to Seifer, momentarily. "If I can convince him to let go of godhood, he might be one less victim of circumstance. You guys track the Na'Kuhl. I should be done by then."

"I forgot how outrageously action-packed and super-powered this era of the *Phoenix-X* was," BOB blinked as Captain Cell ran off into the turbolift and soon appeared on the viewscreen, in cold space, trading energized punches and kicks with Kuru.

Seifer nodded, familiarly. "Ohhh, yeah. This is normal, and he's been shapeshifting a lot of swordplay Sulu lately, so he'll be fine." The Commander then turned to Amp and RaeLuna. "Give them some room and start long-range sensor sweeps. BOB and I will cold call any other ships for their own readings of temporal anomalies."

"A thing that every starship encounters almost weekly? Good luck with that," she conceded, getting to work.

While everyone was busy, BOB stood next to Commander Seifer at the command chair. "It's been two years since my new symbiont and I'm still adjusting. Am I a more balanced officer in the future? Can you divulge without spoilers?" Seifer inquired.

"You're a capable Commander with trademark slack, social commentary and a crippling self-doubt that facilitates unhealthy crew culture," BOB observed.

Seifer shook his head. "We're dysfunctional by nature, so wouldn't the consequences of that be just as inherent?"

"Your crew is your family and, if they're not, you have to force it," offered Vice Admiral Janeway from the viewscreen. *"If they resist, you lock them in their alcove and deny them Borg computer chips for a week."*

The Commander was taken aback. "Aah! Janeway? Aren't you supposed to be lost in the Delta Quadrant for all time and forever?"

"We came back, last year, through methods of scandalous time-tampering by yours-future-truly. I was just taking Voyager over to the Portelo system to be museum-prepped when your non-commissioned, no-no alien Tactical officer hailed me," the re-bunned Starfleet officer

explained. *"Seriously, does classified information mean nothing to you?"*

Seifer shrugged. "We consider all rules as malleable. Anyway, the reason we're reaching out is because we're attempting to track any signs of temporal shenanigans in order to prevent what some analogists call the 'proverbial forest fire'."

"On Voyager, we were too preoccupied with making deals with the Borg, annulling symbiogenesis' and skipping entire years of hells to discern well-written analogies. So much so, that our bio-neural gel packs now skip entire spatial events for their own self-reliefs."

The Commander and BOB dropped their shoulders out of hope. "Ah, that's smart of those strangely intelligent packs," Seifer admitted. "Well, thanks anyway. Let me know if you guys ever get Chakotay a first name."

"Sir, we're getting a response from the half-saucered *Enterprise-E*," RaeLuna reported while switching the viewscreen to that of Commander Worf.

The Klingon eyed them. *"It is agreeable to see you. Except for the fact we just flew passed some Intrepid-class vessel and they appeared to be somewhat frantic. If you are seeking our utility as an extended, long-range sensor ping, you must know that many of those ship components are in the debris of the Schimitar now."*

"Why does your voice sound mechanically altered? Is it because you left Deep Space 9 to be an ambassador and then suddenly appeared on the *Enterprise*? Now that I've future-learned of my cybernetisim, I, past me, find that very offensive," BOB established. "If my creator hadn't died several years from now, I'm sure he'd be rolling around in the grassy spot where he planned to dig his own grave."

Worf arched a brow. *"Why not ask him in the present, to be certain of said undulation? As for my voice, it is a self-torture mechanism from these Klingon lozenges I like. It helps me cope with unexpected Enterprise appearances."*

"Oh, fine. Go ahead," Seifer offered to an instantaneously realizing and hopeful BOB before the Ferengi ran off to the Ready Room. In the meantime, the Commander wondered, "By the way, there's something about this time-travelling Sayjan guy I don't understand. If his mid-erupting timeship is making him mad, why would he care about temporal legislation?"

The other Commander took it in. *"From basically no information on my part, I would gather your criminal's external causes has ebbed into internal ones in order to achieve the former. Captain Picard was once challenged by his own root source from a three-point anti-time anomaly. It was so backwards, Deanna was almost mine."*

"Wait a minute. This is the same thing! Sayjan is multi-pinning the timeline, but on purpose," Seifer realized. "Mr. Worf, you're a smart man—in any time. Even more so than that overrated android Data."

Worf reactively bared his teeth. *"That overrated android just sacrificed his life for us!"* The screen was then cut out in anger.

"What's up with that face? You piss off a Klingon or something?" came the hail of Ensign Beckett Mariner from the U.S.S. *Cerritos*. *"Just wanted to let you know we detected those boring-ass anomalous readings you were looking for, in the Tilonian system."*

Seifer blinked. "Okay, but where's your Captain?"

"Pfft! Who cares? Probably in Sickbay getting the stick up her ass removed? Point is, me being transferred here sucks and calling random ships is the best therapy. By the way, we're going to go ahead and keep our distance while you stupidly do time-travel stuff. Lower decks, out!"

Meanwhile, BOB was sitting behind the Captain's desk in the Ready Room, reaching out to the future-dead creator of the Beguiler Operators. After a moment, a shadowy figure blinked on screen with his lights slowly undimming enough to reveal himself.

"Doctor Gast?" the Ferengi double-taked. "You're the Master Beguiler??"

The grey-haired old human chuckled. *"Surprised to see me, I see. After the Phoenix-X had me arrested and tried for managing a planet full of extinct animals, five years ago, I launched a clone to take on my Elba II asylum sentence so that I could continue my many, many genetic projects elsewhere."*

"What about my pseudo-father/creator complex? That can't possibly be unfairly put on you??"

Gast sat up. *"Sure, it can! Those are my favourite unconscious biases toward unintended paternal authorities. Also, you should know I cyberneticised the Operators because I was new to alphabetical gene therapy. We had to mechanize genetic dispositions using Spock's historic calculations for timewarp."*

"Ugh! That is the most hack thing ever to cause anyone temporal displacement. Now I'm glad you're dead in the future," BOB recoiled before he shut down communications and Captain Cell stepped into the room. "He's not actually dead in the future, is he?"

Cell shrugged. "Unlikely. But my experience with disappointing patrimonialism is to let them be their own separate thing. The same way I convinced Kuru to give up his own patrilineally imposed dreams of Omni-isms so that the *Phoenix-X* could move on to the Tilonian system."

"Of course!" BOB perked. "Sayjan is creating the Sacred Disorder as we speak. Classic predestination paradox with a side of grandfather. By the way, is free will a thing in either of those? Never mind. Better not to know."

The *Phoenix-X* next dropped transwarp into normal space, in the Tilonian system, to find the near-erupting, cracked and near-unrecognizable *Paladin*-class, U.S.S. *Atlantis-R* firing its chronometric cocktail into an empty space in front of them.

"Hey! What in the Kirk brothers is going on here?" came the hail from Admiral Theseus in a Conference room with several Tilonian officials on Tilonus IV. "I am trying to smooth things over after their sister star system was destroyed five years ago and now this??"

BOB nudged Commander Seifer. "Yeah, I would not trust that guy to not-betray us in the future. By the way, surplus'd those negatives for emphasis."

"Phoenix-X! So, you're trying to stop me, yet again!" came another screen-split hail from Sayjan on the *Atlantis-R*. "Or is this your first time? Damn, time travel messing with chronological perceptions. This is why I hate temporal mechanics."

Kugo entered the Bridge with plomeek pudding. "But you're a time traveler?"

"Yeah, but you never really get into it until you generate cinematically alternate divergent timelines where you're played by younger, more athletic versions who look nothing like you."

Seifer strained his arm in a contentious point. "Cease your canon-breaking! You no longer have the antichroniton/inverse tachyon pulse mix for your vicious time cocktail."

"I'm sure you'll remember those things," BOB hoped of Commander Seifer.

Sayjan cringed. "The *Atlantis* doesn't even have the same power output as before. None of it is necessary in order to complete the multi-point space-time infusion that will give me all the power I need."

"It's just like what robot-voiced Worf said. His cause is internal. He's doing this for himself. Sayjan's going to turn himself Omni??" Seifer realized before turning to BOB. "Guessing I didn't retain that in 2400."

BOB side-tracked. "Yeah, you're a clone by then, so your memory is shoddy at best."

"Wait. Am I not Captain? What happened to me?" Cell blinked.

The Ferengi turned. "Sooo many legal issues. Like, start lawyering up now. But let's get back to this. If we can buffer ridiculousness by un-Omni-dreaming that Na'Kuhl, then maybe we stand a chance at reversing the time pincushion."

"Sayjan, hear me out," Cell began in agreement. "Logic dictates that too much power leads to dumb power managers. We're talking reckless Thasian caretakers, destructive Nacene banjo men and the finger-reproductive Q. All just awful at using their abilities to the point of being easily pitied upon by Starfleet crews."

Seifer snapped his fingers. "Oh! The Greek gods were real, and they used giant hands to hold starships and play blackjack."

"That is all very compelling and historical, but you're forgetting one thing," Sayjan admitted. "I'm governed by time madness! Logic means nothing to those removed and neural interfaces on mid-destructing future ships will not them go. The high road has always been the answer, so becoming an Omni is the only way."

BOB gestured. "High-riding only works with integrity. You know you can just leave your ship, right? There's an interlink range on your neural connection?" Then, to explain his expertise, "Ferengi are all about banned thought maker technology and mind-blocking Betazoids."

"You think the *Atlantis* will give me the willpower to do that!? You do you, Strangely High-lettered Starship. Meanwhile, once this vessel jumps to the future, it will explode there and complete the Omni nest, with me inside to absorb the resulting power."

They watched as the cracks all around the malformed *Atlantis-R* moved to encompass the spot where the expulsing cocktail gathered while the ship revved its temporal engines. BOB looked at his hands and began to likewise energize in time-travel wackiness.

"Well, it was nice visiting a more orchestral and aesthetically aligned era," BOB qualmed, hopelessly, as he felt his implants revving. "Remember: Do not trust AI in the form of *Texas*-class starships, *Protostar* living constructs or Ganmadan mechanical tentacles."

Seifer turned to RaeLuna. "Get a lock on Sayjan and beam him over here. The sever may disrupt the time-jump and save our Ferengi surplus."

"No! My nefarious plans??" came the sudden cry from Sayjan as he was beamed onto the Bridge of the *Phoenix-X* seconds before BOB and the *Atlantis-R* disappeared in a flash to jump into the far future. "Plans that did not include foreknowledge of what year the final jump was to."

Cell squinted, critically. "Then those are terrible plans."

"Yeah. Being governed by a disorganized starship was not fun, from a strategic standpoint," Sayjan admitted. "Perhaps seeking any level omnipotence is a get-rich-quick scheme best left to fools with lessons still left to learn. So, thank you for releasing me. Also, I can tell my body is still charged with some of the *Atlantis*' temporal energy?"

Seifer dismissed, "A quick slow-paced lubrication in our NX-01 style decon chambers will fix that."

"Ew. Just scaling down my schemes for time freedom should be enough, now that I've regained sanity." Then he snapped his fingers. "I know! I'll go to the 21st century and save the Xindi-Avians from extinction, thus unifying them against the Federation!"

As the crew watched him time-jump his self out there, Cell and Seifer were left to look at each other in bewilderment. "I'm sure someone will stop him," the Commander shrugged. "In the meantime, let's dissipate this anomaly with science so as to keep space clean and tidy for guests and whatnot. The lesson being: When failure begets you in any time, try, try again."

"You will do no such learning!" came the viewscreen yell from Admiral Theseus, still there and still on the planet. "The Tilonians are calling that anomaly the Sacred Disorder and will not allow us to touch it for reverence's sakes. Considering the eggshells we're on since their sister

system's death, we simply must comply."

Cell furrowed his brow. "Then we're going to visit non-canon species and have adventures and so on. Don't call us. We know something is off about you," he said while disabling communications. "Commander, let's go to Trunkola where the tree species live. I'm going to cherish the time I have on this ship."

"Agreed, and we'll increase our crew numbers to adhere and be ready for what that Na'Kuhl has planted for us," Seifer high-fived before the *Phoenix-X* turned in space and jumped to transwarp. Time would have one more chance.

Celestial Dynamics, Part III

Star Trek: Phoenix-X

"Celestial Dynamics, Part III"

Out in the incognizable fortitude of boundless, vacuous space, in the year 2404, the *Prometheus*-class U.S.S. *Phoenix-X* languished and flourished amongst the galactic endurance. Commander Night Seifer took a seat at the Bridge.

"Ahhh, yes," he sunk in, more comfortable than ever. "This is the most well-fitting chair ever made, thanks to the Charles Tucker III Cathedra Conventions established in the mid 22nd century."

But, suddenly, the time-travelling Ferengi BOB flashed in, right upon the Bridge to everyone's surprise. "Phew. Landed here again, rather than cold, hard space."

"Ahh!" came the jump-scare reaction from Lieutenant Briggs. "Oh, it's likely the subspace articulation from our transwarp that ties your cybernetic implants to the *Phoenix-X*. We did a whole seven-course study about why you were always here and how to get rid of you."

Elly nodded. "We realized you would only leave when the engines were turned off for at least five minutes. Haven't turned them back on in a month since you vacated for hunting archeologist-adventurers on Risa."

"Ohhh, yeah, that was always my fallback," BOB recalled in touching reverie. "Anyhow, I'm here now. But, past-me. Which means, so is that mid-explosive U.S.S. *Atlantis-R*. We have to get to the Tilonian system and stop it from forming an Omni nest."

Seifer stood. "I knew it was only a matter of time before Sayjan would rear his questionable head. Luckily, I've been preparing. Tong, recall the old crew from their imposter-ship assignments. Gewdeque, prepare the tri-focal array system. It's a multitude of brains and ship power that will stop this wild-eyed spatial madness from endowing omnipotence and Tilonian system destruction once and for all."

"Also, I won't die, right? We probably should have checked that," BOB realized to an awkward senior staff silence. "Anyone?"

Later, the *Phoenix-X* picked up its old crew and dropped out of transwarp into the Tilonian system. The old senior staff and current senior staff collected in the Briefing room.

"Ahh, just like old times," Ensign Dan appreciated.

After Seifer entered, he snapped, "You're relieved!" before turning to the rest. "Oh, that felt good. And, thank you all for joining us on this dire mission of nonsensical space-time rules. As you know, we have all been joint-projecting a nullifying anti-cocktail to Sayjan's super-powered chronometric consortium for the past four years, either remotely or in-house."

"You know, you-calling us is a huge disrespect to your actual, present-day crew who are perfectly capable of handling everyday maniacal time-men. Right?" Armond raised, whilst everyone struggled for arm room in too-close-quarters to everyone else. "Also, I could have sworn this table was larger?"

Seifer nodded. "Indeed. We decompiled much of this floor-pushing flat-top as parts for our tri-focal array level-up. Also, after our two last, years-passed, failed attempts at stopping that Na'Kuhl wild man, plus several, unrelated and maddening Starfleet-wide near-calamities, I refuse to take any more chances."

"Commander, the issue of saving the Tilonian system is not the only reason we have come here today," Kugo began. "For, you see, we have learned that Starfleet has already positioned Epsilon Fleet, with repeller beams, around the Sacred Disorder and its embedded *Atlantis-R*, on orders to study and prevent it from exploding."

Seifer perked. "Then the Omni nest has started and they're waiting patiently for us to do our part. Nice!"

"*Not exactly,*" came the sudden viewscreen hail from Admiral Theseus. "*While I commend your old crew for alerting you to hypothetical irate circumstances, you must know it is not cause for alarm. There is no sign of Sayjan and we want to use this as an opportunity to joint-protect the phenomenon in accordance with the Tilonian government. You know how it symbolizes mental issues for them, which we can all agree are things we can fix with band-aid solutions.*"

The Commander was taken aback. "No? Also, what's your play here? You've betrayed us so many times in the past and now we're to believe you want this anomaly to be the thing that mends relations?"

"*Hey, what you believe and what is can correlate once in a while. That and I also want to promote you to Captain,*" Theseus said, seriously. "*A long, over-due aggrandizement deserving of performative hard work in transwarp research and your various anti-trope circumlocutions. Hopefully, you won't die like you did last time we tried Captaining you. Am I right? Ha!*"

Seifer shook his head. "You listen here, Theseus. If you think I'm going to sit idly by while badmiral's are badmiraling to the maximum badness, then—"

"Computer! Initiate Delayed Captain Protocol: Sisko-Burnham," Theseus called out before he joyfully disconnected and a high-speed pip shot itself out of a wall and hit Seifer in the uniform collar.

The impact sent Seifer to the floor in pain, "Ugh!!" He then found he now had four pips on his collar. He stood up and tried removing it, but it was fused to the fabric. "Damn! After all the odd missions, secrecies and powered-people conferences, he's finally come out to us as trying to co-opt that Omni nest for Omni powers."

"I can take him, Captain," Tong said, clenching his fist and powering up his own energies. "Oh, and your old crew's data confirms there is no Sayjan anymore. This is all Theseus."

Kayl perked. "Which means you don't need us anymore. In fact, your continual, sporadic recall of us over the years is unilaterally selfish and unhealthy. It's like you don't care about anyone but yourself!"

"Am I late?" RaeLuna asked, entering the room to find two irate crews. "Ah, duped again."

Veker stood, looking at a PADD. "Also, Captain, our initial scans are complete and it's well enough to surmise the Admiral knows about our inverse tachyon/antichroniton reverse-cocktail since he has modified the chronometric bed, that is the Sacred Disorder, from what we had previously projected."

"Listen, everyone. I invoke the virtue that is problem-solving-Starfleet, of which that has saved me from self-destruction over and over, for all these years. You're all continually back for a dose that very same integrity, and now it's being threatened by a man who launched the *Phoenix-X* for surreptitious agendas and who dishes Captaincy as a misdirect. I say we go in there and correct him."

After a moment, both old and new crews glanced at each other and nodded in agreement before exiting to the Bridge.

The *Phoenix-X* approached the spectacular spatial anomaly, mixed with the mid-exploding, separated parts of the future-*Atlantis-R*, being held in place by tractor beams from the circling U.S.S. *Crucial*, *Hijinx*, *Jenova* and *Tsunami*, all usurped by their former commanding officers.

"By the southern twang of cranky-faced, 23rd century doctors," BOB trailed with wide-eyes at the elaborate Omni nest. "Tell me the Federation is interfering without telling me the Federation is interfering."

The screen suddenly clicked on to a view of Tilonian Council Therapist Ihruv from Tilonus IV. *"Your strangely 21st century/Gen-Z-talking Ferengi is right! After we agreed to your support in improving the Sacred Disorder, your vessels refuse to answer any of our status sessions or engage in any emotionally revealing couch chats."*

"Theseus co-opted the Amp/Mayhem viral programming into a Tilonian-blocker on all those ships," Briggs realized as he sifted through ship scans. "Also, he sent for backup!"

Everyone looked on as Briggs pointed to the viewscreen showing more Starfleet ships dropping warp, including that of the U.S.S. *Zephyra*. The screen split into a view of the *Zephyra's* Captain Aeris and the *Hijinx's* Admiral Reynolds.

"After everything we've been through, Seifer, you're here to betray all that we stand for?" a more mature Aeris claimed in astonishment. *"And don't say it's the opposite. I know how obsessed you are with the status quo. You once resorted to gifting cute little pets to your old crew as stay-bribery."*

Reynolds nodded. *"And also don't say Theseus is using this scientific study for some kind of self-omnipotencing cover, because who are we to say who does and does not get power over space and time? Is this not a free galaxy?"*

"Freedom isn't a lawless whimsy to be flung about in experimentally, egomaniacal directions. It still needs maturity and governance," Seifer layed. "At least Sayjan had the excuse of time-madness. Theseus has been growing his mania for decades."

BOB interjected. "And if you think you can enable badmirals to contain them at a later date, you're excusing your own inaction for empty virtue."

"Ughh. Fine," Captain Aeris conceded. *"Though, you should know, the Amp/Mayhem viral retaliation protocol also disables our ships from autonomy with knife-like system protocols aimed at our throat subroutines. If one were to meet Theseus, it would be aboard what compartments are left of the Atlantis. I'm enabling a subversive transporter pathway through the dampening field, to our collective detriment, so you'll only get one chance."*

As soon as the modifications were in place, the *Zephyra* began to shake itself from a self-destructive viral feedback. All the other Starfleet ships began to involuntarily follow suit, in destabilization. Knowing his chance, Seifer quickly ran to a nearby console.

"Kugo, Gewdeque. Since our anti-cocktail isn't going to diffuse this chronometric bed like we thought it was, I want to modify it with an ionically transformative beam setting instead," he ordered while working.

The two Engineers glanced at each other, from what they were suddenly seeing, before Kugo replied, "But that will convert the phenomena into a molecularly charged ion storm with untold effects on us all?"

"And if you're going down there, you may not survive?" Gewdeque added.

Seifer turned to everyone. "Exactly. We need the most radical Kirk-level reversal available to stop this man. Something he's not expecting. You see, I've been selfishly holding on to you all, via Starfleet-virtue, for decades because I can't let go of the past and now said forced stagnancy has finally grown into an horrific death-threat. People need to let go and move on for others not just when it's near-late, but when nature time-rears its space-temporal head."

"Good luck, Captain," was all BOB could say in the crew-shared-astonishment as Captain Seifer nodded to them and ran through the turbolift doors for the transporter room. "And may the space gods mercifully not be bug-zap-like attracted to the temporal equivalent of your soul."

Down, in the last remaining Engineering section of the broken *Atlantis-R*, deep within the confines of the Omni nest/Sacred Disorder, Captain Seifer beamed in to find an alone Admiral Theseus tapping at a control deck.

"All the scheming, the orders, the Section 31 missions to steal beads from Evora home world? For this?" Seifer interrupted. "To become like a Q?"

Theseus was momentarily caught off guard during his frantic, last-minute changes to the temporal mix. "I didn't know exactly what I was after for so long until we created this physics-breaking pincushion in 2379. But I can tell you, it's already happened. For you see, long before that, I received a distant echoing omnipotent taste from a future me, prompting me into a decades-long chase for power. The *Phoenix-X* was the perfect support-ship in my cause for superior control over time and space."

"You know you're troping really hard right now with the whole Admiral-going-bad thing, right?" Seifer deadpanned. "I made several passive-aggressive call-outs earlier."

The obvious Admiral smirked. "Tropes deliver us more than cautionary contrivance, but character-driven purpose with sure-fire results. You simply cannot fail if you're predictable, so I say embrace it if you are securing a goal worthy of men."

"Like, omnipotence? Evolution led us to intelligence and warp travel, yet anyone achieving personal mastery over time and space has consistently shown a failure of acumen," Seifer accused as Theseus opened a nearby hatch, forcing the air to start to escape and exposing them to the white energy of the anomaly. "Unless your Starfleet integrity is intact, you will hurt others!"

Theseus' eyes became locked onto the temptation of energy before him. "Then hurt them. Because collective sacrifice must be made as a commission of my exertions to a new power structure." He took a step toward the windy threshold as the *Phoenix-X* fired its trifocal beam into the anomaly. "That's the *Phoenix-X* hitting us with your inverse tachyon/antichroniton beam, which I've set the anomaly to have the reverse effect of surge-amplifying me into a full-blown Q faster than what would previously been a slow-cook."

"No. That's me countering tyrannical dehumanization," Seifer called out as Theseus lept into the surge, delay-registering the Captain's words before being engulfed in the anomaly.

The Omni nest then began morphing and knocking energy tentrils at piece after piece of the *Atlantis-R*, rupturing Night Seifer's own physical body and violently knocking each broken ship chunk away before he was beamed out. A second later, the Sacred Disorder exploded into an ion storm/molecular reversion field, shockwaving through every ship in the vicinity, disabling their disrupting viral feedbacks, turning all the adults from every ship into confused young adults and sending BOB reeling back in time!

A few minutes later, the *Vorcha*-class I.K.S. *B'Cnah* dropped warp to find the mess of derelict Starfleet vessels and barely conscious youthful humanoids in Starfleet uniforms. They hailed the *Phoenix-X*.

"Sorry, I'm late for the classic crew call-back," said Lieutenant Commander Red. "I had to trick this vessel's commanding officer into a counselling session about all the laugh reacts we do. Hah! Klingons and mental health? Also, what the hell happened here?"

Groggily, a now younger Armond got off the floor and perched himself in the command chair of the *Phoenix-X*. He then saw that the transported and lifeless body of Captain Night Seifer laid at his feet. "*I don't know who I am or who this is, but I think he's dead.*"

"Ah! You've been molecularly reverted with the added bonus of memory loss. It's unlikely the Tilonians are going to forget that transgression," Red realized. "I'm calling the Trill Symbiosis Commission, as the Seifer symbiont must be continued on. Can you coat-hanger-hook it out of his stomach and place it between two bags of frozen peas? It's what he requested upon his passing."

Suddenly, Theseus momentarily flash-appeared onto the Bridge of the *B'Cnah*, to the Klingon crew's surprise. Captain Menchez stepped out of his counselling session, unsatisfied. "Ugh. That sofa was too soft. And, why do our intellectuals quote so much Shakespeare? Also, who is this malformed human on our Bridge?"

"Arrgh! Your foolish Seifer messed up my ascension!" Theseus gritted as his poorly corporeally-fashioned body was now mishapened and mutated. "I can't even traverse the white-space multi-plain without a terrible, off-centered, limping wrangling! My transformation is severely blemished! Just because I did bad guy things? Damn Starfleet comeuppances!"

They watched him struggle in pain to flash away to another plain of existence, before the Klingons turned back to the dazed and lost *Phoenix-X*. Menchez blinked. "Okay, wow. You guys clearly have screwed things up here to the point you are going to have to re-learn everything. I say, once you regain your senses, go back to your Starfleet Academy. But what do Klingons know? Am I right?" And then, smirking, he

added, "We're into sarcasm now."

Meanwhile, back in the year 2393, BOB flashed himself, for one last time, back aboard that era's *Phoenix-X*. Exhausted, he fell to his knees upon the Bridge, to find Commander Seifer and Lieutenant Commander Veker there.

"Aaah!" BOB exclaimed before realizing another time jump. "What's today's date? The date!?"

Seifer stepped up. "Belay that! You've been time-travelling far too much, Mister. It doesn't matter what year it is. You are staying here and not going anytime. Luckily, the you of this era has already left the ship in search of personal meaning and what-not, after that whole Beguiler Operator ramshackle we just went through with Ardra's crew."

"Yes, Commander," BOB said, glancing at a console before getting to his feet and dusting himself off. "But I'm from your future? A great many years, I think? Also, my memory is hazy on what just happened to me? Like I was being partially molecularly reverted on my way out?"

The Trill waved it off. "Enough! I will have no more of these time travel shenanigans and what will or won't go down isn't up to us to interfere with until it's possibly too late. I'm not fully realized, but perhaps not all of us are. Now, join me as a non-officer attaché in calling the old crew back again for more research against that Sacred Disorder and whatever additional adventures we can get ourselves into."

"Sir, your current crew is standing right here," Veker interrupted.

Seifer took a seat. "Yeah, yeah. The point is, we've all been speed-running through time for so long now, and that's going to stop. It's this year and that's it. You know, until another year comes. If it must."

"Permission to get my own Bridge chair?" BOB queried.

The Commander snapped. "Denied! You will stand here next to me like I had to for all those years. I'm passing it on for tradition's sakes. Pike and Kirk understood it. Not sure why Picard and Janeway had to get all seat-sharey. Anyway. Helm, take us to our annual head bead acquiring at the Evora home world. Transwarp. Engage!"

THE END

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