

## Fanatical Online

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## Fanatical Online

by [Hawku](#)

### Summary

"Isn't time travel an amazing concept that is brand new and fresh??" - Season 21: In the early 25th century, Captain Dova'ch of the I.K.S. *Descent* travels back in time to do all the missions.

### Notes

Author's notes: This was written in November 2020 as part of Season 21 of Star Trek Online. My Discovery-era Klingon named Dova'ch was last seen in conflict with the previous commander of the *Descent* in "Regulatory Reticle". I did not write how, yet, but I did show that he had retaken command of the *Descent*, himself, in my comic "House of Uggh", where he confronted Worf. The Ba'ul are from Star Trek: Discovery. Also included is part of the Star Trek Online intro to the KDF faction.

### *Star Trek Online, Season #21*

"Fanatical Online"

The *Qugh*-class I.K.S. *Descent* sat out in the vast coldness of cold, vast, unfriendly space, next to the Ba'ul sentry vessel *Kaleidoscope*. The bald Captain Dova'ch, of the revived House Mo'Kai, took a seat in his chair as communications opened to the Ba'ul.

"Now that I have this vessel back, I will do all the things!" he declared.

The dripping, black, creepy form of his Ba'ul companion, John, appeared on screen. *"It was a pleasure to assist you. If you're wondering about why I have a human name, it is because my uncle was named John."*

"For all the time I've known you, I have always wanted to ask you that," Dova'ch admitted. "Anyway, your assistance in apprehending the previous commander of this vessel, Hin'jagh, has been more than honourable. Thank you."

John dripped a pointing finger. *"We both have control complexes. It's that commonality with which we have bonded. What I wouldn't do for a colony of subjugated Kelpiens right now. But, when you were aboard this vessel, you developed your J'Ula's mycelial weapon, without my knowledge."*

"To be fair, you sleep a lot," Dova'ch emphasized. "Also, I thought I was going to beat her in the new modifications a-la classic family rivalry, but it turns out said changes bring upon a cesspool of Solanae-copying, mushroom-obsessed Elachi."

The Ba'ul black goo nodded. *"Yeah, they creep me out."*

"So, I reverted to the previous settings that brought us to the 25th century to begin with," Dova'ch continued. "The difference being that it is now Ba'ul technology, so it will time-jump me in reverse."

John hovered his slimy hand over the button on his console. *"That checks out due to our culture being all about transposing situations. Reference: Kelpiens."*

"You guys did the best you could before those delicious main courses turned on you. Anyway, that button is pressure sensitive, so when you press it, make sure it's part-way enough to send us to the beginning of 2409 at the height of the Klingon-Federation war, but not too middle-

ground so we start at The Vault."

The Ba'ul acknowledged, connecting its exuding appendage to the clean console before a large tear in the Mycelial network engulfed the *Descent* and sent it barreling through time.

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Dova'ch awoke in the temporal chamber with Crewman Daniels. 16:9 and 4:3 aspect ratio captured video of events throughout recognizable time flew all around them.

"No. Just, no!" Daniels protested. "You are a bane on the timeline and all events therein! You're responsible for all early Starfleet ships having holographic communications!"

Dova'ch got to his feet. "But at least there are still bald, overly-face-detailed Klingons by the time of Kirk, yes?"

"They're supposed to be ridgeless! The whole thing makes no sense! And why are there holes in the pylons of the original *Enterprise*?"

The wide-eyed Mo'Kai cousin then pointed behind Daniels. "Hey. Is that a *Discovery*-era shuttle?"

"You bet it is. They're all over the timeline thanks to you!" gritted Daniels, turning to look. But when he did, Dova'ch took the distraction as an opportunity to flash himself out and back into the time-stream.

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He then found himself passing through a sea of Daniels' screens, showing newly rendered visualizations of around the Klingon Empire. A background voice broke through, capturing some random Klingon's monologue, somewhere, sometime. "*For too long we have turned our hearts from the path our father's laid. Now it is your duty to serve the Empire. Fight with passion and earn your place in halls of Sto-vo-kor. By the blood of Kahless, it will be glorious!*"

Dova'ch then found himself on night-watch as the Second Officer aboard a Klingon Bird-of-Prey at the Tutorial mission of the past. He approached the Lieutenant below him, to approve duty logs.

"We are warriors! We should be finding glory against Starfleet," the officer rebutted.

Dova'ch widened his eyes. "I agree! And I've done it by going back in time, and it worked! Isn't time travel an amazing concept that is brand new and fresh?"

"NuqneH! Temporal shenanigans is a pitiful excuse to add intellectual complexity to any mission," touted the Captain as he walked in. "Any Worf-schmorf can do it. I relieve you!"

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But Dova'ch continued on in victorious glee, stopping a *Galaxy*-class Starfleet ship from intercepting their Section 31 prisoner, besting his Captain for command, and unveiling the Tal Shiar collaboration within House Torg until they were dissolved.

"Now that was a warrior's battle!" bragged Dova'ch to an unsuspecting lower-ranked officer. "I expected the Fek'lhri to return, but not to be sent to and confirmed that Gre'thor exists!"

Antika, his tactical officer, turned to him. "Yes, but a new Dominion almost returning? And the resurgence of the Borg? It is all too much for a single year."

"Or, not enough? I am eager to see what 2410 brings us," admitted the Captain. "And our supplemental goal must also be to re-acquire the 23rd century era vessel, *Descent*. I've come to learn it is in a Bolian junkyard, being stuffed with all the saved cut Klingon hair from my century."

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Acknowledging Dova'ch's goals, they got to work in salvaging the *Qugh*-class battlecruiser I.K.S. *Descent*, discovering the Solanae Dyson Sphere, assisting the undead Kobali, and entering the Iconian War.

"*Auughh!! This is madness!*" exclaimed Lieutenant Blotter, a Klingon and the Chief Engineer of the *Descent*, over comms during a massive Iconian fight around Earth Spacedock.

The ship shook violently from Iaidon Dreadnought anti-proton attacks, but Dova'ch gripped his chair intently. "Madness is part of the game if you want to sit in that engine room! It's the gateway drug to adaptation!"

After Sela-shenanigans, more time-travel antics, administered by a now reluctant Daniels, a Lukari mish-mash and superabundant Hur'q attacks, the crew found themselves now faced with the return of their House's matriarch, J'Ula. But, this time, they would play it cool.

"No, no. I assure you, we have not met before at all," Dova'ch lied to his cousin whilst in the guise of over-grown Klingon hair.

The purple matriarch squinted, nearly confused, from the viewscreen of her imposing vessel. "*It is just that hair that's throwing me off.*"

*Klingons with hair? It's preposterous! Anyway, back to our attacking of you, whoever you are. Prepare to die even though later I display characteristics of compassion!"*

"Query. Is this not going too far?" countered Enzo, the Chief Science officer and Android as the viewscreen clicked off and the similarly *Qugh*-class I.K.S. *Lukara* re-opened fire. "Must we not dishonour our own House by firing upon it?"

Dova'ch waved it off. "Disregard that, Enzo. The rules of time travel beget conventional guidelines per disruption of historical events themselves. Such aberration relates to what I've read as the Edith Keeler Protocol." And then, abashedly, "I discovered it when researching time travel mating practices."

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After several more missions, Klingon Civil War and the dissolving of the High Council, a copacetic J'Ula finally recognized her impetus, trouble-causing re-balded cousin Dova'ch in the year 2411. Dova'ch was now back to the time he originally left.

"Are you serious?" J'Ula lamented. "You could have changed the outcome of everything to our advantage, but you just sat back and accepted absurdity like a crew of Kuvah'magh-worshippers. Also, you lied to me!"

Dova'ch nodded. "We have mastered every mission and acquired our Faction-specific space item set through perpetual grinding and Reputation mark investments. Everything that we are is bigger than any one House."

"By the overly-referenced non-clone of Kahless!" exclaimed Antika from her workstation. "Our battle records have maxed out our database capacities? We have killed millions and millions of people through ship-to-ship combat over these past two years!"

The Captain clutched his fists in triumph. "Victory is life! Literally. Oh, that's a phrase I learned from one of the guys we fought. The Romulans, I think."

"What is this obsession, Dova'ch?" J'Ula squinted. "You know all those missions were free-to-play, right? That it's an older gaming-engine, if you will, of life?"

Dova'ch swiped a random can of gagh onto the floor in passion. "These missions are more than mere bug-induced technicalities built upon patch after patch after enormous patch! They carry nostalgia of what this universe has been with the added bonus of starship builds and cameo appearances."

"The Captain is right," Antika added, stepping forward. "This is a galaxy of fan-service and actual attention to lore. Sure, it has its money-grubbing R&D packs, and to a lesser extent, controversial lawsuit-prone lockboxes, but it's no lens-flaring brain-dead romp of canon-breaking counterfeit mythology. That's for sure."

The Captain turned to her. "That was incredibly abstract and nonsensical from any in-universe point-of-view."

"This is preposterous, Dova'ch!" J'Ula erupted. "You will cease these activities before you've salamandered yourselves into swampy oblivion! The Klingon version of *The Farm* is *Rura Penthe*, you know. *Mo'Kai out!*"

Blotter tapped his console, noticing something. "Oh, would you look at that? We still have reverse-time-mycelial network goo from the *Kaleidoscope* in the crevices of our hull from two years ago."

"So, we're still on mushrooms? That explains a lot," Dova'ch realized. "What say you, crew? Another time-jump-replay of the latest mission or TFO for the current Event Campaign rewards??"

The Bridge team cheered in approval. "Let's grind away the Event Buyout!" declared Enzo as he energized the mycelial goo to send them reeling through time, overhead a defeated Daniels in his chamber, until the *Qugh*-class ship spun-appeared over Mars in the year 2385.

Below, everyone could see an evacuation of civilians and workers during the massive Synth attack.

"Seems we've over-shot," observed Antika. "The Federation commander is requesting assistance before the operational areas shrink by explodey proportions."

Captain Dova'ch took a seat. "I could have sworn Burgess had a simulation exactly like this. All the same, we are now more than equipped to work our way back to 2411. And this time, we will dump the excess hair from our cargo hold into the Hobus supernova. Begin the frenzie!"

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