

The Opposite of That

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1352) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1352>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Star Trek: Phoenix-X
Character:	Ensemble Cast - PNX
Language:	English
Series:	Part 60 of STO Phoenix Compendium
Stats:	Published: 2022-05-22 Words: 1,686 Chapters: 1/1

The Opposite of That

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Summary

"Hold on. Are you keeping things below room temperature?" - Season 25: In the early 25th century, Captain Zack of the U.S.S. Theodosia attempts to intercept and stop an unwarranted Mirror Universe expulsion.

Notes

Author's notes: This was written in May 2022 as part of Season 25 of Star Trek Online. It features my new Discovery-era Starfleet Captain and the Crossfield-class ship I scored in-game. The Inquisitor is the mirror universe version of the player in STO, and I just wanted to clash him with my own.

Star Trek Online, Season #25

"The Opposite of That"

The *Crossfield*-class U.S.S. *Theodosia* sat out in empty space, lollygagging and trotting about with no apparent to-do or variable what-nots. Captain Zack, a human male and Starfleet officer from the 22nd century, now jumped-forward into the 25th century, sat on the giant Bridge in a veritable unease and no-comfort.

"Sir, that is the exact same ultra-wide, arm-nubbed type chair you had in what we're now calling the *Discovery*-era, only it's in the here and the now," pointed the tall Doctor Nakita, a Kelpien female and new friend to the Captain.

Zack shifted again. "I know, but it's just so weird. First, being called to defend Starbase 1 in the year 2256 from J'Ula and her mycelial tampering, and then that same tampering sending a bunch of unlucky troopsters barreling top-side into the future."

"What about the whole Undine-y-Klingon War, Romulan Mystery, Cardassian Struggle, Borg Advance, Spockified New Romulus, Spherical Solanae Dyson Orb, Delta Rising is the Best, Sela-Pulted Iconian War, Yesterday's War, Future Proof, Lukari New Frontier, Gamma Quadrant Hur'q Bug Hunt, J'Ula's Mo'Crazy and Rousing Year of Klingon we had to endure after that?" Mason, a part-human and part-cyborg asked from Tactical.

The Captain waved it off. "No, that was fine. Just a hop, skip and a jump of some very long two years. But at least now, in the year 2411, we can just keep it cool."

"Hold on. Are you keeping things below room temperature?" came the sudden on-screen hail from Admiral Janeway. "You know I introduced strict regulations against that word since Ahni Jetal."

Zack tilted, confused. "You also encouraged everyone to get lost in the Delta Quadrant for seven years, for experience?"

"Completely rational that I expect everyone to engage in similarly amazing, law-breaking off-the-charts space-sploits as I have, Captain," she held up a halting palm. "Anyway, I'm calling because there is yet another Mirror Universe threat in the distant Ilea system and I hear you were given a ship with an experimental spore drive after you arrived in the 25th century."

The man nodded. "The Engineers were laughing at us as they were handing it over. I'm not sure why no one takes that allergy hub seriously, since it seems to be working just fine?"

"It's a preposterous concept that leans more fantasy than science," Janeway corroborated. "We're erasing any form of its success from the Starfleet databases after every use. But, even so, your unique drive-quirk affords exclusive travel opportunities Voyager would have easily disenchanted for continuity's sakes. What I'm saying is, I want you to spore-hop yourselves to the Ilea system and stop that Mirror ship from doing unapproved Mirror things."

Zack furrowed his brow in acknowledgement. "Very well. We must protect the Prime Universe at all costs, because I am so confused about the *Constitution*-class design right now. It's advanced-looking before Kirk? Anyway."

Later, the *Theodosia* spun-dropped out of the mycelial network and back into normal space in the Ilea system, where they found the Mirror *Pathfinder*-class I.S.S. *Ragnarok* feeding a pulsating energy surge into a quantum fissure.

Zack stood up and hailed. "Terran vessel, such an act will destabilize that fissure and cause untold copies of your ship to appear until a craggy Borg-infested universe version of yourself shouts at you in over-bearded-glee."

"Not to fret," replied the Mirror Captain Oroku Seifer from his Terran Bridge where he stood with his busy-crew. *"I actually did one of these last week. You see, if I initiate my warp field and centralize myself, I'll get quantum copies of me only and not my ship and/or crew."*

The *Discovery*-era Captain double-taked in unequivocal response. "But that goes against the Duplication Prime Directive?"

"Oh, like anyone's keeping track of those! When we arrived into what you so egotistically dubbed the Prime Universe, we started doing missions, but we weren't getting proper recognition," Seifer began. *"Metaphorically, we weren't a legit playable Mirror Universe character. As thus, I endeavoured to acquisition more of my kind. But since you really can't trust anyone from that reflectivision, I ended up getting another, quantum Mirror Universe version of myself: The Inquisitor."*

Zack quadruple-taked. "What are you talking about? There can only be one Mirror Universe. Besides, I, myself, am from another type of place, another era, but I would never try to pull more of my kind from my time into this century, effectively multiplying the annoyance of assimilating to constant Red Alerts and daily grinds for, what, Marks and rewards??"

"Don't forget the R&D packs," Seifer finger-gunned before getting to work at a console. *"But, seriously, there can be. In fact, that first copy of me betrayed my confidence and ran off back to the Terran Empire and that Mirror Janeway, to do side-missions and talkings with a weird military-voice. So, now, I'm electing to the numbers game even more and am poised to pull a whole herd of Mirror me's out of quantum-air. Point being, at least one of them will have to join me and prove there is some use to all our Mirror hullabaloo."*

The Captain shook his head. *"Nein!* If any of that is true, it's because you made it so by your meddling with the multiverse."

"A contradiction I'm willing to expedite if it facilitates validity," he declared while initiating the warp field. *"And don't worry about the thing where Worf's duplicates phased through him. I upped the transparency levels this time around."*

Suddenly another Mirror Oroku Seifer appeared on the Bridge of his Mirror *Ragnarok*. *"Hey. Did you know the Klingon-Cardassian Alliance has and doesn't have cloaking devices? There was a whole kidnapping-Zek plot for no reason!"*

"That's an odd thing to open with and divulge all at once but, it's more likely that tech was limited to certain factions," Seifer blinked.

Another duplicate suddenly appeared, similarly diverting attention. *"Greetings! So wild the Prime Universe Constitution-class Defiant suddenly had joints added to its pylons in a schematic 100 years later. Right?"*

"It's a plausible upgrade after a reasonable period of time," Seifer squinted, sufficiently diverted.

Suddenly, duplicate Mirror Seifer's began appearing onto the Bridge of the *Theodosia*. Mason pointed. "Uhhh, the contradictioning seems to be spreading, sir."

"Well now! Did you know our eyes are sensitive to bright lights and lens flares preventing any of our kind from travelling to any sort of Kelvin-timeline?" the new Seifer said while shielding his vision.

Zack recoiled at his presence. "That is the dumbest thing I have ever heard— and the eye thing too! Mirror Jennifer Sisko had no problems with that?"

"No, no, noooo," belted the original Mirror Seifer as he worked his ship's controls in the midst of more Seifers appearing. *"I can't turn off the warp field without invoking the uncertainty principle."*

Zack pinched his nose. "You mean that irritating reset button? I'm going to assume this is a result of your over-Seifer-ing and not poor planning. Don't you see? The risks of continuity discrepancies far outweigh the worth of having more Mirror Universe."

"I refuse to believe there are limits we shouldn't be crossing," the original Mirror Seifer repudiated. *"Our way of life is excessive murder-double crosses, mandatory goatees and badly executed bisexual representation!"*

The Captain sighed. "Look. I get it. You did this because you don't trust the present state of things. Everything here is so much more low res. Especially the Andorians. But it's where we exist. It's the new now and if that means a spore drive or a mirr-xistence, then we must do so unapologetically."

"Nein! It's this far and much, much further," Seifer contradicted. He pointed, contentiously. "Don't you dare use that spore drive to plaster the quantum fissure with all kinds of mycelial goo."

Lieutenant Staggard, the Science officer and human, clutched his hand into a fist. "That's exactly the thing we were going to do. Like an interspatial messy mortar, it would seal the surface-level space-time crack with an added two-year contractor's warranty. Additional fees may apply."

"Make it so!" Zack initiated. "Did you like that phrasing? I just invented it from my point of view."

The *Theodosia* then trekked over the fissure and spun-hopped itself from that spot to another, nearby. The Mirror *Ragnarok*'s beam and warp field dissipated and no more new Seifers appeared. A blob of sticky mycelial mucilage appeared in space, holding the fissure together.

"Dammit, Captain," the original Mirror Seifer gritted. "A man isn't a man unless he's replicating his sickly virtues all around him. I'm taking all your surplus Seifers as part of mission cleanup procedures and, as a gesture of forcing said ideals elsewhere, you are to keep one."

Zack looked at the Seifer next to him. "Wait. Is this one of those things I have to accept by way of situational diffusion?"

"Yes, that's right," the original Mirror Seifer corroborated as he checked the transport statuses showing all the rest of them had now beamed over from the *Theodosia*. "As for me, I plan to digress these Seifers to waste transfer barges and dilithium mining colonies, a-la the EMH Mark I's and their eternally deadpan medium-tones until I can figure out how to fix them and properly mirror myself." He turned to one of his duplicates. "Whatever you don't do, don't ask your duplicate operator to run program 47-Beta, *Quantums Be Free*."

One of the many, many duplicate Seifers popped their head out of a nearby Jeffery's tube hatch. "Did you know the Mirror and Prime Universes will one day distance from each other and cause untold madness in crossed-over people?"

"Ugh! I can't dispose of you soon enough!"

With that, Zack watched as the I.S.S. *Ragnarok* rotated in space and jumped to warp.

"I suppose the lesson here is that too much of anything too much is too much," the Captain concluded. "What say we go ride giant tardigrades into adventure upon the great mycelial wilderness? I'm feeling science-fantasy all of a sudden. Black alert!"

The crew perked excitedly and the *Theodosia* spun-hopped itself out of the space-time continuum.

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