

Star Trek: "The Storms Of War"

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Star Trek: "The Storms Of War"

by [Courageous41986](#)

Summary

The Dominion War begins as the crew of the Galaxy-class Starship Tempest learn to work together under pressure...

Notes

Preface: Let me give some introduction to this story. This was written probably close to 25 years ago, when DS9 and Voyager were in their later seasons, with the Dominion War still firmly shocking people with its inclusion in a Trek storyline. I had high hopes for this ship and crew, hoping it would become one of the fanfiction greats - but Real Life (being in college, getting a job, general drudgery) got in the way and eventually this series ended up gathering dust.

My writing style has evolved, grown (and I hope, improved a lot) in the intervening years, but on a whim, I read through it again recently and aside from some minor moments of embarrassment, I thought it still held up pretty well. So I figured, what about doing a 'remastering' of it and releasing it as a one-off? I needed a 'busywork' project to keep my mind focused, so this seemed like a good little thing to get into.

Some of you might have read my "Courageous" script-based series. Well, this ship and crew were my original Courageous, but I want this story to stand on its own, so I have changed some bits and pieces. A fair few names have been changed or added to, and I tweaked the overall storyline and removed several extraneous elements that linked it to other fanfics I was working alongside in the Way Back When.

So, please, enjoy this tale of the Starship Tempest and depending on what people think, I might 'remaster' the episodes that followed as well...

Chapter 1

STAR TREK

“THE STORMS OF WAR”

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“Marcus, welcome back to Utopia Planitia!”

Marcus Francis Doyle smiled at the welcome, nodded acknowledgement to the elder human man, and warmly shook the extended hand, “It’s my pleasure, Kieran.”

It was good to see his old mentor again. Normally the massive shipyard’s liaison with Starfleet’s Office Logistical Support, Admiral Kieran DeLuca had taken the time out of his schedule to escort Doyle to his new command.

It was the 54-year old Irishman's first visit to the shipyards in almost a decade. The last time he had been here was when he had taken command of the USS *Sentry* , an aged but venerable *Excelsior* -class cruiser. Now he was here to take command of a different, more sophisticated starship, one that represented Starfleet's mission of exploration, while equipped to handle any kind of hostile situation a starship could, and most probably would, encounter.

It had just been over four months since the latest Borg incursion into Federation territory had been beaten back. He had appreciated the chance to take out the metal bastards, after he had not been able to arrive in time to bolster the fleet at Wolf 359. All they’d been able to do was recover escape-pods.

However, the *Sentry* had been so badly damaged, that it had been decided that the old but feisty ship would be decommissioned. Many of the crew Doyle had come to know had perished, but none of the survivors regretted having a hand in destroying the cube-ship. The survivors had already been reassigned, but Doyle was pleased that he had been able to pull a few strings to make sure that some friends were assigned to his new command crew.

He thanked the Gods every day that not all of them had died.

But now the Federation faced the threat of the Dominion. Shortly after the Borg attack, it had been announced that the Cardassian Union had agreed to become part of the Dominion, giving the major power of the Gamma Quadrant a foothold into the Alpha Quadrant. The threat of war was the foremost thought on almost everyone's minds.

As Admiral DeLuca led the way, Doyle began to feel a sense of trepidation. Though he had two previous starship commands under his belt, having had the honor of captaining the *Miranda* -class *Pioneer* previous to his reassignment to the *Sentry* , it didn't change the fact that each change of command caused him the same feeling.

They stopped at an observation port, and Thompson smiled an knowing, secretive smile, as Doyle slowly walked up to the transparent aluminum viewing window, “There she is, Captain.”

Marcus Francis Doyle looked down and saw perfection. Though he had studied her schematics for the past week, and knew her from stem to stern, forward and backwards, this was the first time he had seen her in the 'flesh', so to speak. Compared to the *Sentry* , she was a hell of a lot greater in length and height, coming in just a little over 650 meters. This was one of Starfleet's most advanced and powerful vessels, and to Doyle, it represented the peak of his command career. Unless there was some kind of major advancement in starship technology in the next few years, he knew he would never command a finer vessel.

To some people, a ship was something to travel on from one place to another, but to Doyle, a starship was a living creature, a physical entity that deserved respect and loyalty. If it was possible to experience love at first sight with a starship, Doyle felt that way in the moment. With her grey-white tone illuminated by the dry-dock's lights, she was one of the most awe-inspiring sights he had ever seen.

Doyle was vaguely aware of DeLuca reciting statistics he already knew by heart, “ *Galaxy-class* , 42 decks, can comfortably hold a crew of around 1000, though she can handle almost 10 thousand extra in an extreme evacuation emergency, and she has a maximum speed of warp 9.975, with the many new advancements to her warp propulsion system. She's the latest to finish full construction, with the latest in bio-neural technology. She's just completed her final tests, and the majority of the crew have assembled for launching.”

Doyle looked up when the Admiral paused, and saw Kieran was grinning widely, “She's one of the best, and she's going to a much deserving captain.” He slapped the not-that-much-younger man on the shoulder, “Congratulations, Marcus.”

Doyle looked down at the name, and smiled. The name had some semblance of meaning, because just looking at this prime example of Federation workmanship made him realize that the Federation would survive anything the Dominion threw at them. Starfleet and its allies would weather any storm that came their way.

NCC-71986.

U.S.S. *Tempest* .

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Chapter 2

Doyle's first order of business was an impromptu tour of the ship. Despite the fact that it was around 02:00 Mars time, he was wide awake after a long nap on the transport that had brought him to the shipyards.

His first stop was Main Engineering, situated on Deck 36 of the awesome starship. A roomy, open space within the bowels of the *Galaxy*-class vessel, with a distinct asymmetrical approach to its design, and a powerful warp core that stretched through almost the entirety of the secondary hull.

He cast his gaze around, but for the life of him, could not see his Chief Engineer, who he knew was in here after asking an engineering Ensign. The fact that she was in essence, a giant, walking cat, would make it hard to miss her. It was only until Doyle heard a loud hiss and saw a flurry of white up on the upper deck that he spotted her, "Commander, is this a bad time?"

Slowly removing her lupine body from the Jefferies tube access, and easily sliding down the access ladder from the upper engineering bay, Lieutenant Commander M'ilyia Shaan brushed herself down before offering her bushy hand, "Sorry, Captain. The injector system needed some fine tuning. It's a pleasure."

Her distinctly regional-sounding Caitian accent purred every other 'r', but Doyle had served with several other Caitian officers who had that issue to understand. As she excused herself to pass on some orders to a couple of technicians, he gave her a quick once-over of her appearance as he mentally reviewed her service record.

Recently promoted to Lt. Commander after serving as acting Chief Engineer on the U.S.S. *Hudson*, an *Intrepid*-class vessel, that had served in the Borg assault fleet, and had been lucky enough to survive intact. It was her engineering expertise that had stopped the ship's core from breaching, and saving over 150 lives.

She stood around six foot five, and her fur was a soft white, with areas of black, almost like that of a snow leopard from old Earth. Her solid frame could be seen through the new uniforms that Starfleet had issued over the last eight months, and her fur was emphasized by the charcoal shoulders and the black body, with the turtlenecks denoting department. She had come highly recommended by Vice-Admiral Vanessa MacKenzie, the officer who had awarded him command of the *Tempest*.

"The pleasure is mine, Commander," he replied once she apologetically turned her attention back to him. "Captain Al-Hammad couldn't stop talking about you, and how disappointed she was that you weren't staying on the *Hudson*." Doyle wasn't kidding; after receiving confirmation on her acting chief's reassignment, Katrina Al-Hammad, a veteran starship captain known for a volatile temperament, had been more than vocal in her annoyance of his 'poaching' of her latest senior crew member.

M'ilyia did not seem that embarrassed, "Oh, well. Things move on." She blinked expectantly at him, "Is there something I can do for you, sir?"

"Oh, no. I'm just having a brief tour of major parts of the ship. Carry on."

Nodding, M'ilyia immediately called across the engine room to a red-headed human, her assistant chief, "Roberts! I need your help with that recalibration! Damn yardworkers don't know an isodyne relay from a plasma coolant pipeline."

The last part was more to herself than either the captain or the distant Roberts. Doyle quickly made a strategic retreat, heading out the way he came through the large entrance, which could be sealed in case of emergency. Lt. Commander Shaan was certainly going to be an interesting addition to the crew.

Doyle quietly wondered what the other senior officers were like as he made his way onward and upward...

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10 minutes later, Doyle stood outside one of the smaller sensor maintenance shops on Deck 20. This area was primarily manned by science officers and technicians, as it was one of the closest to the main array of scientific sensors located near the deflector dish. A substantial portion of the *Galaxy*-class starship was given over to the science department, but it was on this deck where someone could have direct computer access to the raw information collected by the forward sensor array.

It was pure chance that the computer had told Doyle that his new chief science officer was there. A Hermat, the first Doyle had ever had the chance to meet and s/he was more than qualified to run hir own department, at least according to hir record. The race was a relatively new addition to the Federation, their planetary government still uncertain of their place within the organization. Unlike the non-gendered J'Naii, or the monogendered Iyaaran, Hermats were a physical and biological blending of the male and female genders, hence the unique forms of address that their tentative initial cultural contacts had established.

Doyle was also more than a little curious at what was going on in the lab, considering the current ship time, and the fact that the computer had identified about ten people working within.

He stepped forward, and the doors parted quietly, and the Irishman was greeted by the sight of technicians and scientists working alongside, and an open access panel. A young but harried looking lieutenant soon caught sight of him as she walked by, and turned weary eyes towards him.

Doyle tried not to smile when the weariness gave way to anxiety, when her eyes focused on the rank insignia on Doyle's collar, "Captain! Sorry, sir. We-- we just... err..."

"Trina, what's going on over..." The source of the voice moved on over to where captain and lieutenant were standing, and did a double-take, "Oh, hello, Captain. What can I do for you?"

Doyle smiled inwardly at the fact that the young lieutenant looked near exhausted and nervous at the C.O.'s presence, but her senior officer, lithe and statuesque, standing with a sure confidence and affable manner, seemed hardly fazed, "I'm just making a quick tour, Commander...?"

Despite knowing full well who s/he was, he drew out the last syllable into a query, allowing hir a chance to introduce hirself, "Kayrene 156, sir. Chief Science Officer." The Hermat offered hir hand to the captain. Doyle shook it, and found the grip slightly stronger than he anticipated. S/he smiled, which displayed an impressive set of canines, "Is something wrong?"

Doyle smiled, this time obviously, "Lieutenant Commander, you do know that it is around 02:30 in the morning. Surely whatever repairs or adjustments you have can wait till the next shift?"

Kayrene's eyes widened with mortified surprise, "Oh, my! Sorry, but we've been re-calibrating the output our consoles receive from the port side sensors. There was a differential I didn't like." S/he immediately turned to the young scientist, "Trina, tell everyone to finish off, and get some rest. Make it an order."

The lieutenant turned and headed back into the lab, obviously relieved, as Kayrene turned back to Doyle, "Sorry. I forget my stamina is a bit more enduring than most non-Hermats." S/he grimaced at the *faux-pas* - accidentally insulting your new C.O. was not a good start, "Um, no offense meant."

"None taken." Soon, a parade of young officers and technicians began to wearily make their way out of the maintenance bay, and Doyle nodded to each one in turn as they slowly walked to a turbolift station nearby. "You obviously like things to be right. I think you'll get along with our Chief Engineer."

"M'ilyia?" Kayrene's handsome face lit up, "Yeah, we go back to the Academy." S/he smiled, "Sorry about that, Captain. We'll pass several nebulae and stellar phenomena that are currently under study on our way to Louren II, and I wanted to make sure all the sensors were operational. You never know when you'll find something no-one else has."

"A good attitude for the senior science officer, I suppose." The two began to walk side by side towards the turbolift, "I presume you are heading for your quarters?"

Kayrene shook hir head, hir neat hair swaying from side to side. "Only if that's an order, sir. I did get some rest before I started with the sensor feed re-calibrations, sufficient for me. I was actually going to head up to Stellar Cartography to check the workings were correct."

"Mind if I join you, " Doyle asked, his own curiosity picked, "I was going to pay a visit there myself after visiting the other labs, but since almost everyone was here, I'll make the detour."

"Sure, sir. But be warned, Lieutenant Faran is somewhat... peculiar." Kayrene looked slightly embarrassed as s/he spoke.

"The head of Stellar Cartography?"

S/he nodded, "He is very possessive of the lab. Appropriate, though, as he helped design and construct many of the new sensors and equipment that make it more detailed in scans." The Hermat smiled, "He's nice, just... eccentric, I guess, you could call it?"

Doyle nodded slowly, "Duly warned." The starship captain now wasn't so sure if he wanted to go to Stellar Cartography, but if he could face down the Borg, he could handle one eccentric star mapper.

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Located in the Primary Hull, Stellar Cartography was one of the latest technological marvels incorporated into the *Tempest*, and was an inspiring sight.

There was a giant view-screen that dominated the large circular far wall, and a control console faced the screen, and auxiliary control consoles flanked the edge of the forward area. On either side of the 3-D map room, walls were covered by banks of monitors and control stations, and in the center of the room, just in front of the main control console, there was a small stage-like area, where one could stand closer to the view-screen. Smaller 3-D representations of star systems could be displayed by a holographic generator located under the transparent aluminum decking of the stage.

Doyle looked around the room in mute amazement. Astrometrics and Stellar Cartography laboratories of these advanced designs were still relatively new. He had originally started off in the science department, and had never worked or even seen in a room quite like it. Engineering and science technicians worked the wall consoles, bringing all systems to readiness in time for their launch.

Doyle's appreciative look of the room was cut short when he heard a loud voice shout, "I don't care if it is logical! It was not what I designed this place for!"

Doyle stole a glance at Kayrene, who simply smiled at the fuss. At the bottom of the stage, two people stood at the main console. One was a diminutive junior grade lieutenant with thinning blonde hair in a science uniform, his large dark eyes characteristic of a Betazoid. This was Lieutenant Lanis Faran, the esteemed head cartographer and wunderkind sensor designer.

He stared down a Vulcan almost a full head higher. Doyle recognised him as Lt. Commander Sokath, the *Tempest's* strategic operations officer and Third Officer, his impassive expression not changing at all while the small lieutenant verbally lashed out, except for the raising of an eyebrow.

“Lieutenant Faran, raising your voice will not make your argument more acknowledged. Your assessment of my logic is not required, and put simply, I outrank you. I came here to see if tactical concerns could be addressed with your sensor designs, and as they can, I am asking out of courtesy. But despite your more-than-adequate vocalization of your objection, I have the authority to carry out my duties without your permission.”

When it looked like Faran was about to slug the much taller and infinitely stronger Vulcan, Doyle immediately stepped forward, “At ease, gentlemen!”

Both officers turned, one calm, the other so angry it looked like a vein would explode. Faran calmed somewhat on seeing a superior officer to appeal to, “Captain. Thank the Holy Rings! Could you please tell this-- this walking computer to leave my laboratory!”

“Calm down, Lieutenant! That's an order.” Doyle took a breath before continuing, “Now what the Devil is going on here?”

Sokath nodded briskly in greeting before answering, “Captain, Mr. Faran and myself are having a 'difference of opinion'. He does not see the merit of using his sensor systems to aid in my strategic intelligence duties.”

“I don't understand.” Doyle crossed his arms, waiting for an explanation, while Kayrene laid her hand on Faran's shoulder, calming him.

“These sensors, compared to previous cartographical techniques, are beyond excellent.” A comment like that from a Vulcan was high praise, and Faran's anger subsided briefly for him to glow at the comment, “I simply suggested that perhaps that they could be used for tactical and security purposes as well.”

“Like?” Kayrene asked the question. Obviously, her curiosity had been brought to the surface.

“Conducting scans on stellar neighbors, and making sure we are aware of ship and troop movements.” Sokath's expression had not changed, but Doyle thought he saw something beneath the surface of the Vulcan's eyes.

He smiled slyly, “In other words, 'spying' on them.” He thought about it, “We will be passing close to both Tzenkethi and Dominion space. It would be a good idea to--”

He didn't get any further, “Captain, I protest! It's unjust, and it's perverting the reason I designed these sensors to have extremely long range resolution!”

Doyle fixed the star mapper with a cold stare. He took a brief moment of pleasure at seeing Faran's anger bleed away under his gaze before continuing, “Unjust? Lieutenant, we have been in a state of Cold War with the Dominion. A war that is fast heating up. Any effort must be taken to keep us ahead of anything they might attempt.”

The last sector intelligence brief he'd read came to mind, “We've lost five starships 'mysteriously' as they patrol the Cardassian border, not to mention civilian transports and Klingon ships. If our Strategic Operations Officer believes that the sensors can be used to keep the Federation in pace with the Dominion, then I suggest you help him with all your effort.”

Faran had the decency and grace to be contrite and embarrassed, “Sorry, sir.” He stood tall, head held high, “If I can consult with Mr. Sokath, I see no problem with him using the lab for the stated reasons.”

“Perhaps we can meet in the Ten-Forward Lounge at your earliest convenience, and establish any 'groundrules' you may wish.” Sokath's tone hadn't changed, but underneath that Vulcan calm, Doyle wondered if there was a trace of smugness.

Faran stiffened, his Betazoid senses perhaps picking up something he didn't like, “Of course, sir. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have my work to get back to.”

Sokath stepped away from the console, and Faran turned back, intent on his readouts. Sokath approached the captain, “Lieutenant Commander Sokath, at your service, Captain.” Doyle nodded at the greeting.

“Good to meet you, Commander,” Doyle replied, leading the Vulcan away to a more private corner as Kayrene began conversing with Faran, “You handled the situation well.”

“Thank you for help, Captain. Lieutenant Faran is quite emotional. I would have thought a Betazoid would have more emotional control.” Sokath walked with Doyle as he left the lab.

Doyle smiled as he recalled what Kayrene had told him on the way to the Stellar Cartography laboratory, “According to our science officer, Faran is known for his eccentricity.”

“Indeed,” Sokath's eyebrow was again raised in the immortal Vulcan gesture, one almost parallel to the famous Vulcan salute. “I am headed to the bridge. Would you care to join me?”

“That would be grand.”

As they walked, Doyle considered privately the recent necessity of militaristic changes to Starfleet's way of life. The *Tempest* wasn't a warship. The state-of-the-art systems included the latest model of phaser arrays and an increased torpedo payload, but this ship was designed for diplomatic, exploratory and scientific research missions.

But having StratOps Officers assigned to most ships-of-the-line was becoming standard, and their duties were varied. Sokath would deal with any major security matters that did not fall into the purview of the Chief of Security. He would receive direct and detailed intelligence reports, and be aware of ship and troop movements and espionage reports that could impact any of their assignments.

Sokath must have picked up on Doyle's musings. “Am I correct in the belief that I am your first StratOps Officer, sir?”

“That's right,” answered Doyle. “The *Sentry*, my former command, was on a deep survey of the Lukracian Sector. We were so far off the beaten track that there was no easy way for a new officer to join us. My executive officer and security officer shared the duty between them.”

Before Sokath could offer his opinion, the comm. system chirped, [Bridge to Captain Doyle.]

Doyle tapped his badge, “Go ahead.”

[Sir,] Doyle recognised the voice of Lieutenant Gallant, the current Watch Officer on shift, from his brief interaction with her when he'd reported aboard. [We've just received word that the last of the senior officers are ready to beam aboard in Transporter Room Four.]

Doyle nodded out of habit, even though the distant officer could not see, “I see. Thank you.” But before he could close the channel, Gallant spoke again.

[Sir, Utopia Planitia says that Vice-Admiral MacKenzie is also present and ready to beam aboard.]

Doyle's eyes widened with surprise. What was Vanessa MacKenzie doing on Mars? A Section Chief for Starfleet Mission Operations did not often have that kind of free time. “Acknowledged.” Closing the channel, he turned to Sokath, “Join me, Third?”

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Stepping into Transporter Room Four, Doyle was greeted by the sight of the transporter officer poised over her console. An attractive young human woman, with skin the color of chocolate, she looked up and stood that little bit straighter realizing who it was, “Captain. The shipyard has signaled that the group is ready for transport.”

“Acknowledged, Lieutenant.” Doyle turned to face the large platform, while Sokath stood beside the console, “Energise.”

The platform began to hum, and five columns of light appeared, and the last four officers of the senior staff materialized alongside an older woman wearing an admiral's uniform. Each side of her collar had three full pips, indicating her rank of Vice-Admiral, but Doyle remembered a time when she had simply been Commander MacKenzie so when he spoke, it was with feeling, “Admiral MacKenzie, welcome aboard the *Tempest*.”

MacKenzie nodded back, a look on her face that seemed to show she was distracted and harried at the same time, “Thank you, Captain.” She stepped down, “I'd like to see you in your ready room when you have a moment?”

Doyle tried to show no outward signs of his curiosity at what was making the Admiral so jumpy, “Of course. Would you like to go ahead and wait?”

MacKenzie nodded, attention still clearly divided as Doyle turned to Sokath, “Commander, will you escort the Admiral to my ready room.”

Sokath moved and motioned to the door with his arm, “This way, Admiral.” MacKenzie simply wandered out, with the Vulcan trailing behind. Doyle turned his attention away to look at the four other new arrivals who had stepped down from the platform, “All of you, at ease, and welcome aboard.”

All moved from parade attention to parade rest, and Doyle offered his hand to everyone;

“Commander Rania Lero, Executive Officer, reporting for duty, sir.” said the young cerulean-skinned Bolian woman. Her mahogany eyes glistened with excitement, and she was completely shaven-headed, with a centrally-aligned facial ridge bisecting her face.

“Commander Archer Lewis, Ship's Counselor and Second Officer reporting for duty, sir.” said the handsome blonde human man. A familiar face from the *Sentry* that Doyle was very pleased to see in the flesh for the first time in weeks.

“Lieutenant, junior grade, Laya Taran, Operations Officer, reporting for duty, sir.” said the young Bajoran officer, her yellow turtleneck looking tight and freshly replicated and her ridged nose crinkled with nervous anxiety.

“Lieutenant Commander Ulyn Ravin, Chief Security and Tactical Officer, reporting for duty.” As with Kayrene's grip, Doyle had to wiggle his fingers to keep the circulation going, as well as avoid the sharp-looking claw-like fingernails.

A Gry'ian, one of a handful of the unaffiliated species in Starfleet, Ravin was very physically imposing. There was a slight stoop in his posture, but a rippling musculature under his tight-looking uniform, and the grey animal-like fur that completely covered his body. Gry'ian paw-like foot structure was too wide for standard issue boots, and so Ravin was bare-foot.

Doyle stood back and smiled a welcome, “All of you, welcome aboard the *Starship Tempest*. I hope you all know your cabin assignments, and I apologize for the greeting being on the run, but it is not a good idea to keep an Admiral waiting.”

Commander Lero and Counselor Lewis smirked, with a knowing look in their eyes, while Lt. Laya laughed hesitantly. Ravin just remained passive, before nodding his head slightly. Not knowing much about Gry'ians, Doyle wondered if this was normal behaviour, but he didn't have time to worry about it now.

Like he said, it wasn't a good idea to keep any level of Admiral waiting.

Especially one that had the haunted look that Vanessa MacKenzie had worn.

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