

## Racing a Father's Love

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## Racing a Father's Love

by [B\\_Radley](#)

### Summary

Dancing with overpowered warp drives.

A father's love for a daughter.

Lieutenant Commander Michaela Morgan McMurtry-Walsh, as she is known on her official Starfleet personnel records, but to others as M-cubed, eyes the speed of the prototype. She looks forward and aft of what extensibly looks like a Lancer-class cutter, but with only her cockpit, rather than a bridge and the two or two-and-a-half decks of the standard lancer. She grins behind her pressure suit's mask as she remembers what someone had said when they had attempted to describe the Cohort group of cutters—*nope, corvettes*, she corrects.

*An old SR 71-Blackbird with a two or three decks, two warp nacelles tucked in close, and an overinflated attitude.*

"Lancer 2515, our boards show green for the test," says the thick voice of the controller.

"Copy, Control. Same here. Standing by."

"We're ready when you are, Commander Walsh.

Morgan grits her teeth as her father's face comes unbidden. She shoves it away, knowing it would do no good to correct the tech, who probably didn't know about her 'daddy' issues with Vice Admiral Michael Walsh.

She instead concentrates on her mother's face in her mind as she prepares to make the jump. If she was being honest with herself, both images show nothing but the pure unadulterated love of a parent.

They just don't show love for each other.

She clears her mind by focusing on the digital warp meter, currently showing at '.8'.

"Impulse engines are working at optimal," she says for the speakers.

A harsh voice, with a grunting sibilance comes into her ear piece. She grins again as the voice of Gavek, the Tellarite Chief of Starfleet Engineering Command says, "Don't push her too hard, Morgan," he says, knowing her preference for her middle name and her mother's name. "This is as much a test of pilot and crew endurance as it is that large package of warp engine your ass is sitting on."

"Ahh, you worry too much, Admiral," she says with the confidence of a twenty-nine year old test pilot, who is about to have her own command on the border.

"And you worry too little," he retorts. "Ayoan fly with you, as well as the Great Hoof," he says, invoking two different religious entities on his world. The patron saint and protector of arguments and exploration, and the supreme deity. She starts as his voice turns unaccountably softer. "Both of your names are honorable," he says.

"Executing warp jump," she says, hearing the quiver in her voice. "Secured for warp maneuvering."

The stars elongate around her as she jumps. She takes hold of the sidestick, then pushes the release for manual control. She takes a breath, then yanks it over sharply to starboard.

The prototype turns on an old-fashioned dime, with no hesitation. Her body, in its pressure suit reacts, but she is able to fight off the effects.

She glances at the monitor that shows a number of mannequins, with monitoring devices embedded in them.

“Crew physio reactions nominal,” she says. She yanks the stick over hard to the left.

It is when she pulls it back that the phrase ‘third time’s a charm’ comes to play. Alarms scream as does her own body. Every monitor on the board goes red.

Then black.

She feels her eyes start to pry open. Pain starts in over all parts of her body, but is focused on her torso.

“...broken vertebra, broken pelvis, broken right hip, all from the ejection. Concussion. 4 broken ribs on the right, three on the left,” recites a voice that she doesn’t know.

Morgan feels all of those recited injuries, as well as a few others. She is also very cold. She realizes that she is naked, covered only by a thin sheet.

She hears Admiral Gavek’s voice, rumbling something she can’t detect.

A familiar voice answer. “She’s tough,” her father says. “But I’m here for her.”

She tries to speak, but can’t.

She feels familiar lips, with a mustache over them kiss her forehead.

“I love you, Morgan. I know I haven’t always been the father you’ve needed,” he whispers. “I’ve run away before. But I’m not running now.” She feels him grin against her forehead. “It’s not a race.”

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