

Change of Course

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/411) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/411>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Fandom:	Raptor-verse
Character:	David Anderson
Additional Tags:	Mass Effect Fusion
Language:	English
Series:	Part 28 of The Raptor-verse
Stats:	Published: 2023-06-26 Words: 2,009 Chapters: 1/1

Change of Course

by [DavidFalkayn](#)

Summary

When one door closes another opens as Councilor Anderson discovers.

0800 hours

“I have your agenda for the day, Councilor.” After no response, the dark-haired human embassy secretary spoke again into her comm, “Sir?”

“I’m sorry, Ruth.” Councilor Anderson responded with a sigh, “Come -in. Let’s have it.”

“Yes, Sir.” The young aide chuckled as she entered the human Councilor’s office with two steaming cups of coffee. Placing one of the cups on her boss’s desk, Ruth smiled, “You look like you need this.”

“Indeed I do.” Anderson responded with a laugh as he took a sip of coffee. “So lay it on me. What’s on the docket for the day?”

Responding with a wry grin, Ruth answered back, “Remember, David...you asked for it. First up...you have your regular 9 AM meeting with Mr. Udina.”

“As I recall he’d managed to hammer out an accord with several of the colony worlds to accept Alliance aid in exchange for certain concessions.” Anderson noted, checking his omnitool. “So what’s next on the agenda?”

“After your meeting with Mr. Udina, you’re scheduled for a conference with Minister Saracino and Minister Khafre. They have some questions regarding the current trade negotiations with the Federation and Romulan Republic.”

“I’m sure they do.” The Councilor grumbled, “What’s after them?”

“Lunch with said Federation and Romulan representatives at the Apollo Café.” Ruth chuckled. “Then in the afternoon you have the Council meeting. That should take you through the rest of the day.”

“Thanks Ruth.” David said as his aide got up from the chair where she had been sitting. “You can send Donal in when he arrives.” As his secretary walked away, Anderson’s eyes fell on a photograph of him standing next to a red-haired young woman both wearing Alliance blue uniforms. Chuckling, the former Alliance officer remarked to the image of the redhead, “So, Jane...why did you really put me in for this job? Did you really think I was the best person for it? Or was this a giant fuck you aimed at Udina and the Council? No...you don’t have to answer. I know why.” The dark-skinned Councilor continued, his manner now more pensive. “It’s just that sometimes I feel like I’m drowning here. I know you meant well pushing for me to get the position and I understand the reasoning why you did it. But the simple truth is that I’m not the man for this job. I’m just not happy here.” A contemplative smile appearing on his face, Anderson concluded, “Don’t worry, Jane. I’m going to continue doing my job to the best of my ability. I promised you I’d do that and you know I keep my word.”

0900 hours: Meeting with Udina

“The report on our negotiations with Horizon.” Donal Udina announced, his expression grim, as he handed a sheaf of printed documents to the Councilor. “It doesn’t make for good reading, I’m afraid. They’re balking on accepting any form of assistance from us. They sent the negotiator we sent to them back home without even talking to him.”

“They rejected our offer to upgrade their defense grid?” Anderson queried with a look of disbelief on his face, “Even after what happened at Fehl Prime and Ferris Fields?”

“It’s reckless and foolish.” Udina agreed, “Pirate activity in the Traverse has increased markedly. To make matters worse—the other colonies

are following Horizon's lead. To say that Parliament is displeased at these developments would be an understatement to put it mildly."

"Hmmm..." Anderson mused, "Maybe the Federation or Romulan delegates would have greater success negotiating with the colonies for us?"

"I strongly advise against bringing the outsiders into any negotiations with our colonies." Udina responded with a scowl. "Parliament sees the colonies as rightfully belonging to the Alliance. It will vigorously oppose any intervention by other parties."

"I know." Anderson replied, heaving a dejected sigh. "Horizon would rather take its chances with the Collectors and pirates than accept even the slightest amount of aid from us. Talk about cutting off your nose to spite yourself. What's next on the agenda?"

"Parliament is questioning the recent...accommodation...you reached with Aria T'Loak—along with several other decisions you recently made." Udina declared, disguising his elation over the news with a blank face. "Minister Khafre is calling for a subcommittee to investigate the recent accord. The Minister...along with Minister Saracino and several other MPs...are very displeased with your recent actions. There's even talk of impeachment."

"I never asked for the job anyway." Anderson retorted, his response half bitter half sarcastic.

The chocolate-skinned diplomat warned, counselling with rare sincerity, "If I were you, I'd take this seriously. You are not very popular with several very powerful people in Arcturus. Be careful or you might find yourself blindsided."

"I'll take your advice under consideration." Anderson answered back, recognizing the unstated threat mixed in with his aide's words of counsel. "Thank you, Donal. Unless there's anything else?"

"Nothing at the moment, Councilor." Udina replied as he rose to his feet, "I'll take my leave and will meet you at this afternoon's session of the Council. Good day."

1030 hours: Meeting with Saracino

"Councilor Anderson. I'm sure you know Minister Khafre."

"Gentlemen." Anderson coolly, yet politely responded, gesturing to a pair of seats. "If you'll have a seat we can get this taken care of."

"We won't be here long enough." Khafre answered back in a thick Nigerian accent. "You know the reason for this meeting."

"We have enough votes to bring articles of impeachment against you in the House." Saracino declared. "We also have enough votes to secure passage in the Senate."

"May I ask why I am being impeached?" The first human Councilor to the Citadel demanded.

"Incompetence and failure to properly uphold Alliance interests." Khafre answered back.

"You've all but given up the store in many of your negotiations." Saracino explained. "Added to that your dealings with these outside powers—the so-called Romulan Republic and United Federation of Planets. Treating them as if they were independent sovereign states rather than what they are."

"A gaggle of mercenaries, renegades, and con artists." Khafre interjected with a sneer.

"And then there's your deal with Aria T'Loak. A warlord who owns her own pirate's den." Saracino declared, piling on the charges. "Added to that several other diplomatic failures and you'll be fortunate if you're not brought up on charges."

"However..." Khafre interrupted, taking on a cloying, placating tone. "There is an alternative. A way for you to save face."

"And that would be."

"To resign as Councilor." Saracino explained, "Do that and the articles of impeachment against you will be withdrawn."

"How long do I have to decide?" Anderson asked.

"Twenty-four hours." Khafre declared, "No more."

"Very well." Anderson responded in a steely tone of voice, "You'll have your answer by then."

"Very good, Councilor." Saracino replied with a smug grin. "We look forward to hearing from you soon. Don't worry about escorting us. We can show ourselves out."

1300 hours

"Admiral Hackett on your private comm, Sir." Ruth called out to her boss as he entered the office.

"Thanks, Ruth." Anderson responded with a grin. "Please see that I'm not disturbed."

"Will do."

Sitting down behind his desk, David activated the comm. On seeing Hackett's face on the monitor, he remarked, "Steven. I take it you knew this was coming."

"Yes. I'm sorry, David. But I and a few other people have been working behind the scenes. We reached out to the Chief of Staff and came up with a little something I think you're going to like."

"Lay it on me, Steven." Anderson chuckled, "I could use some good news right now."

"Even though you've done a good job, you've never been happy as Councilor." Hackett commented, "The truth is that you belong in an Alliance uniform."

"No argument there." Anderson affirmed with a chuckle.

"I didn't think there would be." Hackett laughed. "That's why there's a uniform with admiral's bars on it if you say yes to this, David."

"You've got my attention, Steven. Go on."

"Much as I'd like to, I can't take the fleet we're gathering into the other universe. Someone else will have to do that. I want that someone to be you. So...what do you say? Do I have a new admiral?"

"Indeed you do." Anderson responded enthusiastically.

"Excellent." Hackett grinned, "Minister Afra and Admiral Kovac are already enroute to the Citadel. They're going to make what I'm about to tell you official. Your commission as Admiral will be effective the moment you submit your resignation as Councilor. Your orders will be to take command of the joint Citadel fleet we are planning to take into the other universe once we can a stable portal or whatever open."

"What's the status of that?" Anderson inquired.

"We're not there yet." Hackett admitted before sounding an optimistic note, "But we are getting close. I don't anticipate that it will be much longer."

"Anything else?"

"Yes." Admiral Hackett replied, "Once we do get that portal or whatever opened and you've assumed command, you are to continue at your discretion into the other universe and make contact with the races there and begin the process of opening diplomatic relations."

"Yes, Sir." Anderson acknowledged with a wide grin on his face.

"I had a feeling you'd like those orders." Hackett smiled back. "I'll let you go now so that you can wrap up any details still remaining and... welcome back, Admiral. We've...I've...missed you."

1900 hours—Anderson's apartment

"Why don't you join me, Kahlee. I'm in the market for a good aide." David Anderson tempted the blonde woman on his comm monitor as he sat on his couch sipping brandy from a snifter. "And you'll have a whole other universe to explore."

"It's tempting, David." Kahlee Sanders responded with a wry grin. "But..." she sighed, "I can't leave my students. Not now."

"So...what are they like?"

"Typical teenagers." Kahlee laughed, "All hormones and sass. Prangley's a natural leader and has great biotic potential. He's got a helluva career ahead of him. Rodriguez isn't the biotic that Prangley is, but she makes up for that with drive and smarts. She's surprised me a couple of times with her innovative solutions to difficult problems. Added to that, Octavia is an absolute tech wizard. I'm sorry, David. I can't leave them. No matter how tempting the offer."

"I understand, Kahlee." Anderson smiled back, "Just know that the door is always open."

"I'll keep that in mind." The blonde instructor grinned back, "Well...I have to go now. I'm running the kids through some practicals today and have to prep."

"I won't keep you then." David replied, "Take care of yourself and those kids, and I'll see you when I see you."

"You too." Kahlee quipped before signing off, "Bring me pictures of that other Earth."

0800 hours the next day—human councilor's office

"Looking good, Sir!" Ruth grinned as her former boss, now wearing the uniform of an Alliance admiral, entered the office.

"Feeling good, Ruth." David answered back with a smile of his own. "Just came by to say goodbye and give Udina my official resignation. Tell him the place is his now. He's got what he wanted. The position...and the headaches that come along with it."

"Someone else is gonna have to do that." Ruth grinned slyly. "You see...I was offered a career change as well. It seems that an admiral also rates a secretary."

“Yes, but normally that’s a yeoman.” Anderson replied, “Don’t tell me you’ve enlisted, Ruth?”

“Of course not.” The secretary chuckled. “You’re right, it is usually a yeoman, but a civilian secretary—one with the proper clearances—say...for example...someone who used to work for the human councilor—well—let’s just say that exceptions can be made. So, are you in the market for a good secretary?”

“You know I am.” David smiled back, “Welcome aboard, Ruth, and here’s your first order: Get Subcommander Avesti on the comm for me if you would please. We’ve got a trip to plan.”

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!