

In Session

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In Session

by [Hawku](#)

Summary

"The high road is just a Starfleet drug we all take to inflate our egos." - Unofficial Literary Challenge 16.2: In the early 25th century, Captain Samya of the U.S.S. *Dropzone* is forced into a counseling session that goes south very quickly.

Notes

Author's notes: This was written in October 2015, as part of the Star Trek Online Forums Unofficial Literary Challenge #16.

Unofficial Literary Challenge #16: Prompt #2: The weight of command carries a heavy burden on the soul-- men and women have died under your command, and every order you make affects the lives and safety of all who serve under you. Given the numerous threats to known space, almost every officer serving in the Federation/KDF/Republic has been exposed to the horrors of war in one way or another. Your captain has been scheduled for a session with your ship's counselor. What do your captain and counselor talk about?

Unofficial Literary Challenge #16

"In Session"

The *Defiant*-class U.S.S. *Dropzone* sat out in deep space, doing its thing... Ship... thing... and stuff. Anyway.

Captain Samya and her chief science officer walked down their tight, limited, red striped corridors in a hard-pressed attempt at old-fashioned follow-along.

"A counseling session? You know I did all my post-Iconian-war trivialities on Earth, just a few days ago. There was a sibling-rivalry fight turned literal and everything," Samya interjected.

Mika maintained a furrowed brow of disapproval. "Except your sister turned out to be a Changeling. Not only do you have that to deal with, but all the holes your violent tendencies manufacture regularly, like your niece and those animal things, are interfering with Starfleet behavioural ethics."

"Ugh," Samya grunted as they passed the same corner for the fifth time. "Can we just enter, finally?" As the doors opened to the multi-purpose office Toji was occupying, Samya grabbed Mika's arm. "I'm going to prove to you how pointless this all is, and that acknowledging myself in Kyoto was all the ethic it or I ever needed. I'm referencing, of course, that time it produced all those Japanese Khan variants."

Toji, the Starfleet counselor already sitting, raised a finger in opposition. "Ma'am, Mika's presence is against regulations."

"A Captain's point supersedes the rules, Toji. You know that. I made you write a dissertation about it."

The Bajoran man cleared his throat. "Well, let's start with the Iconian War, and how you dealt with coming to terms with all the deaths, Delta recruiting and plot holes."

"Boring."

Toji checked his PADD. "What about those animal things Qu brought back? Before their eternal existence, you hypothetically-murdered

without hesitation."

"Pass."

He scrolled down. "You left your 10 year old niece with an alien you know nothing about, and Starfleet now reports they're both missing."

"It's like you're not even trying! She and that liquid mush are off having space adventures. She messaged me yesterday from the Orion slave trade."

Losing patience, Toji put down his PADD. "Ughh. Fine. Then explain to me these: How is Shakespeare a viable life force? Or, why was Qu speaking French? And why do you never have a phaser?"

"It's out at the shop? I don't have all the answers, nor do I care that my methods excrete those questions. We're alive, and damn the consequences— Shout out to Janeway. Aw yeah."

With no other ideas, Toji stood up, his voice changing with slight alien-resonance. "Then you, Captain Samya, side with a genocidal maniac! Your science officer was right in that you couldn't follow the rules even if you tried!"

"I may have said that to him," Mika confirmed. "I definitely said that to him. Also, my tricorder is reading a Bluegill inside of Toji, which explains why there was a pink tail sticking out of his mouth this whole time."

Samya took to her feet as well. "Oh, real original Toji's handler. You know the Changelings and Undine have the market on that, right? And I can follow Starfleet diplomatic regulations just as well as any other drone, drooling officer."

"Of course you would be an expert at falsification. We know all about your true plans, which the other Bluegills and I have drawn air-tight conclusions through from slimy, bug-like assumptions." Toji accompanied that remark with a leaping kick at her, to which Samya pushed his leg to the side to redirect. "Not to mention we're sick of your persistent bug hunts! We're not contained of mostly slime to be popped for your amusement!"

He then flung out fist after kick after fist, each one being deflected by her, courting no other response.

"Tell me, you Toji-worm," Samya talked. "What is it you think I'm doing? Let's chat. We'll hash this out, like a session."

Mika took a position behind her. "Captain, shouldn't we tap our commbadges in a classic Starfleet whine for security's light-weight aggression?"

"No. Clearly diplomacy is the answer to everything," Samya retorted just as the room filled with more Starfleet officers controlled by Bluegill. "It's your point. This is your doing."

An Ensign pointed at her. "Foolish rank-accelerated hack! We work for the Iconian T'Ket by extension over the Vaadwuar and will stop your attempts at accessing them, to what we can only phlegmically conclude is to Sela-them-up!"

"Is that true? You really are Janeway-ing??" Mika's jaw dropped as she was over-taken by Ensigns.

Several more Ensigns began throwing punches and Samya dodged her head back, slightly, at each attempt, refusing to give in. "What?" she said, confused. "Yes, I may have set up a meeting with a Yridian information dealer, but only because he could help me find my sister who was abducted by Solanae."

"The Solanae also worked for the Iconians, in partnership with the Elachi!" Mika explained with a gaping Bluegill squirming all around her face. "Captain, forget what I said about behavioural ethics. The high-road is just a Starfleet drug we all take to inflate our egos."

Samya then kneed one of her Ensigns in the stomach and multi-punched all the other Ensigns surrounding her. "Dammit, who the hell wasn't working for the Iconians?? Clearly, I need to temper my tactics."

"Ugh! Gah!" Each Ensign cringed and yelped in pain as Samya went around the room force-kneeing and force-palming broken limbs and shattered rib cages into each worm-controlled flesh-chunk until they hit the floor.

Seconds later, they all got up better than ever. "Oh yeah. They have super-strength," Samya remembered.

"Ladies." Commander Jarell entered the room with a silver platter. "Your phasers are back from the shop."

Both taking their weapons and setting them to kill, Samya and Mika took out each Ensign after Ensign until they all hit the floor, permanently. With Toji, the spawn mother, remaining, the two women laid constant phaser beams while dodging each of his lurching punches after punches.

"I'm sorry I just abandoned my ideals like some kind of Eddington wannabe, but I suppose your recklessness is more fitting than naught?" Mika said as Jarell watched Toji hit the floor in a hard thud. "And whatever's going on with our phasers is just going to have to wait to be explained in our next adventure."

Samya kicked Toji to make sure he wasn't moving. "Agreed. And, yeah, I need to be more careful about the holes I manufacture. Now, are you going to help me infiltrate the Solanae or are you going to sit around all day talking about your feelings?"

"No, ma'am. I'm ready for excessive, over-the-top violence that perpetuates morbid tendencies," Mika stood at attention.

The Captain sighed in relief. "Thank you. You were just misled by Picard-ism. It affects one in every six Starfleet officers. You're fixed now. You're mostly fixed." She then turned to her first officer. "Commander Jarell, please see to it that Mika and I get medals. Good ones. None of that Palm Leaf of Axanar crap."

"Yes, Captain." He bowed slightly before leaving.

Samya looked at all the bodies. "Let's drag these into the warp core reaction chamber so the other Bluegills don't find out about them. They sent out that message in 2364 and nothing came of it, but we can't take any chances."

Mika nodded and several non-taken-over Ensigns in the hallway stopped in shock and awe as the two ladies, hauling the Human meat bags, left sickening amounts of gunk and bug ooze in the carpets all the way to the engine room.

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