

Enmity

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/580) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/580>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Star Trek: Phoenix-X
Character:	Oroku Seifer
Additional Tags:	Time Travel
Language:	English
Series:	Part 39 of STO Phoenix Compendium
Stats:	Published: 2017-03-30 Words: 1,090 Chapters: 1/1

Enmity

by [Hawku](#)

Summary

"Sometimes we Tzenkethi are quite silly, though we don't look it." - Unofficial Literary Challenge Annual 1-3: In the early 25th century, Captain Seifer of the U.S.S. Raganrok and a Tzenkethi Captain are constantly sent back in time from alternate futures to stop a fatal incident at the First Federation planet Carpi.

Notes

Author's notes: This was written in March 2017, as part of the Star Trek Online forums Unofficial Literary Challenge Annual #3, a variant of the ULCs that focused on one Captain (In my case, Captain Oroku Seifer of the U.S.S. Ragnarok). The Tzenkethi were also the current villains in STO at the time, so I wanted to make use of them, but also acknowledge the different designs from the Destiny novels.

Unofficial Literary Challenge Annual #3: The First Federation, a group of enigmatic, frail, dwarven humanoids, whose secret technological advancements vastly dwarf most of the current galactic superpowers in scope. Yet they chose to remain isolated, testing those who stray into their borders, finding those too violent, unworthy, while opening up some form of trade to those they deem 'enlightened'. Since their first contact with Kirk they remained shrouded in mystery behind their borders, protected by colorful cubes that ensnare and destroy those foolish enough to try and break their ever present protection. In times past those that know better than to try to invade have respected them, some feared them, others wished to join. The First Federation has not grown, it has not shrunk, it seems to remain static, even neutral during the Invasions led by the Iconian's.

Until one day you receive an emergency communication while patrolling the Gon'cra sector. It seems the Tzenkethi have decided to attack a planet just within the protective range of First Federation Warning Buoys. It seems the First Federation did not expect one of their oldest trading partners to violate their space, unprovoked.

Their only caveat is that you must talk them out of their attack, without destroying their ship. It's only one ship, how hard could that be?

Unofficial Literary Challenge Annual #3

"Enmity"

The *Pathfinder*-class with *Discovery*-class pylons U.S.S. *Ragnarok* dropped warp in orbit of the First Federation planet, Carpi. There, they stood between the planet and the Tzenkethi Rhas'bej battleship *Cortisgor* which presented itself as a threat to the people below.

"Tzenkethi vessel, you are in violation of this airspace. Well, I suppose there's no air, so, space space," hailed Captain Seifer. "Please disengage your weapons and put your many arms up. How many do you have, like, four? Man, that's a lot of arms."

Suddenly, the viewscreen clicked on to a display of the *Cortisgor's* commanding officer. "*This is Captain Gogard of the Cortisgor. You have no jurisdiction here, nor is your science vessel any match for us. In fact, science vessels aren't a match for anyone but other science vessels.*"

"What? Science is the whole reason we're out here! We also have shield-weakening beams and such. Oh, you're going to get such a debuff, you don't even know," threatened Seifer. "And I thought you guys were supposed to be slender and good-looking and filled with fluid sacs?" And then, he pondered out loud, "What of the sacs?"

Gogard ruptured in anger. *"You dare bring up that troublesome reality where the Tzenkethi were part of something called the Typhon Pact and your precious Deep Space 9 is replaced by a metal monstrosity of complete ugliness!?"* He turned to his crew. *"Ready the tricobalt torpedoes!"*

"Hold on a second!" came the sudden warning of another Seifer, who walked onto the Bridge of the *Ragnarok* and interrupted the two men. "I'm the you from two days from now. When he fires his tricobalt torpedoes, you fire your quantum torpedoes and accidentally destroy his ship!"

The other man recoiled in disgust. *"What is this trickery? My ship is sufficiently—"* But he interrupted himself when he noticed his shields weren't up. *"Ohhh, yes. The most important thing of battle. Sometimes we Tzenkethi are quite silly, though we don't look it."*

"Okay, that's weird," the Seifer of the present said, eyeing his doppelganger. "I'll dissect you later. In the meantime— Aramaki, now fire the quantum torpedoes!"

"Wait a moment!" came the sudden cry of a duplicate Gogard, walking onto the Bridge of the *Cortisgor*. *"I'm the Captain Gogard of three days from now, and when you fire your tricobalt torpedoes in response, one of them explodes in our torpedo bay and blows our ship to pieces!"*

The present-day Gogard looked at his identical self. *"What?? I'd kill you if I wasn't so irritated right now! Also, I still have that mole, huh?"*

"Everyone, stop!" came the call of a third Seifer, stepping onto the Bridge of the *Ragnarok*. "I'm from four days in the future and all this confusion ends up frustrating the Seifer of the present enough to initiate a self-destruct sequence that takes out both ships and punctures the planetary atmosphere below!"

Present day Seifer crossed his arms. "I was only mulling that over. And how do we keep coming here from the future? It's like a paradox nightmare hopped up on ketracel white."

"It is I, Marhs, from five days in the future," came the answer from a short, First Federation diplomat, walking onto the Bridge of the *Cortisgor* with another Gogard in hand. *"You've known that our technology rockets in comparison with your pathetic 'Federation', if that's what you insist on continuing to call it, and I chose to test our time-travelling device in order to prevent the cataclysmic destruction about to happen here today."*

"Everybody, stop!!" came the heightened warning from another Marhs, stepping onto the Bridge of the *Ragnarok*. "I'm Marhs from six days in the future and my usage of so many temporal doors causes the space-time destruction of both ships, the planet, and the entire solar system! I suppose being the 'First' has its caveats after all."

Two-days-from-now-Seifer looked at him, annoyed. "Then, why would you still come here? Never mind." Then he addressed Gogard, "You know what? Why don't we end this peacefully, not fire at each other, and just both of us get out of here before it's too late?"

"Hey! I'm the Captain here!" Present-day-Seifer argued. "But, yeah, what I said."

The Gogard on the Bridge nodded. *"To end this madness, anything. But what about all these duplicates of us? Surely we must kill them with our murderous appetites?"*

"My First Federation tricorder can reintegrate all our duplicates into us, so that we become some kind of space-time Frankenstein's monster versions of ourselves," explained Marhs, as he held the device up. "It's quite painful."

One of the Gogards nodded, on screen. *"Make it so."*

"Hey! Aliens don't get to say that!" argued Seifer just as the device was activated, causing the duplicate versions of everyone to stretch and be torn apart until sucked into their present-day counterparts— "AAAAAGGGGHHHH!!!"

Seifer, Gogard, and Marhs screamed in utter agony of it all until the process was complete. They each patted themselves in check to ensure nothing was physically out of place.

"I'm good," Seifer said, finally able to relax from all the stress. "Captain Gogard?"

To everyone's dismay, Captain Gogard was suddenly an alternate universe form of Tzenkethi: Slender, gentle, and gel-like. He looked nothing like the bulky lizard form the rest of his race were. *"How did this happen!?"*

"Damn," Marhs said, slapping his device. "Had this thing set to *Destiny timeline*. Don't ask what that means. Well, I've got to go. My voice-over guy is about to go on lunch. Oh, did I mention, someone voices each of us over? It's a long and arduous, pre-practiced process, but it's our way. First Federation out!"

Everyone watched as Marhs, instead of beaming anywhere, then began slowly walking around the Bridge, looking around, as if on tour of the *Ragnarok*.

"Yeah, it's clear we each have our own problems," Seifer said to Gogard, indicating the roaming Marhs. "Too many Federations are the real paradox here. *Ragnarok* for-real out."

When the screen cut off on the Bridge of the *Cortisgor*, a new, gentle and angelic Gogard with fluid sacs turned to his crew. "As soon as I'm back to normal, that Captain Seifer is going to pay for this!"

"Sir, your head is drooping over," warned his tactical officer.

Gogard placed his hands and readjusted himself. "Dammit! Take us out of here! And stop looking at the unidentified parts of my body! Ugh! What even is this thing hanging here? Dammit!"

The *Cortisgor* left orbit and jumped to warp.

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