

Tempus Fugit

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Tempus Fugit

by [Hawku](#)

Summary

"You think you can dictate the rules of time travel paradoxes?" - Unofficial Literary Challenge #41: In the early 25th century, Captain Elektra of the I.K.S. *Valentine* is convicted of a crime she hasn't committed yet.

Notes

Author's notes: This was written in November 2017 as part of the Star Trek Online forums Unofficial Literary Challenge #41. This introduces another one of my Captains. The Orions are playable in the KDF on STO. The Warp-10 salamanders were last seen in LC 67. My bickering Klingon group comes from my original Phoenix-X series. They were last seen briefly in my Legends of the Phoenix thread, "Devil's Leftovers, Part II".

Unofficial Literary Challenge #41: Prompt #1: You beam aboard Deep Space 9 for some much needed shore leave and find the Department of Temporal Investigations waiting for you. You're under arrest... for something you haven't done yet! You are to be temporally reintegrated with your future self, and then made to stand trial for your future crimes. What is your reaction to the situation at hand? What crime(s) did you commit, and why? How do you react to your future self's deeds?

Unofficial Literary Challenge #41

"Tempus Fugit"

The *Ty'Gokor*-class I.K.S. *Valentine* dropped out of warp and approached Deep Space 9. Captain Elektra, an Orion, sat back, slouched on her command chair eyeing the view on the main screen.

"What a spectacular design of slave-constructed space architecture," deadpanned the Orion female, quite bored. "I'd take a holo-image, but those devices are so large and clunky that I very well can never use them."

Kortos, an elderly Klingon, turned from his Science station. "It's odd how dated technology sometimes looks. Ever see those Starfleet tricorders from the 23rd century? You need a bookshelf just to store them."

"Starfleet is one large petaQ-pie!" announced Targon, another elderly Klingon, from Tactical.

Amos, yet a third elderly Klingon, turned from Operations. "Exactly. It almost sickens me that us old Klingons all served on exchange aboard a Starfleet vessel once before. Nothing but weird, reality-bending warp bubbles, space jellies and close-up viewscreen communiqués with Ferengis."

"At least they regularly turn rocks into replicators," interjected Bena, another Orion female, from the Helm station. "All we can do is grow hair on our heads and throw metal blood wine cups at each other."

Elektra got up to prepare for boarding. "Didn't Klingons once go bald? Now, a bald man, that would certainly lift my spirits," she smirked to herself.

"What'd I miss?" said the fourth elderly Klingon and Chief engineer, Grath, as he entered the Bridge whilst trying to remove several tangled brushes out of his hair. "I should not have killed our Bolian barber. I see that now."

Later, Elektra slung her way into the Operations section of Deep Space 9, with Doctor Kronk, an Orion male, in tow. There, he placed a medium-sized container holding a Salamander-type alien life form from the Delta Quadrant.

"Our haul, Ambassador S'taass," announced Elektra. "A Warp-10 descendant of Kathryn Janeway and Tom Paris who was plotting to overthrow the Empire through some kind of reverse-evolution tactic."

Kronk nodded. "They appear to have some power beyond the laws of nature." He then looked at the Gorn Ambassador. "By the way, weren't you just on Qo'noS? And I could have sworn I saw you on the Jenolan Dyson Sphere?"

"I get aroundddd for the benefit of your crew and your crew alone," reassured the taller alien. "Which iss not unlike your Captainnn. You sssee, Klingon Temporal Intelligenssse iss here to reintegrate you with your future sssself."

Two Klingons approached and nodded to them. "I am Temporal Investigator, Agent Dolkor."

"And I am Agent Lofsky," said the female one. "We're here because an elusive future alternate-you has committed a time travel crime and now must be reintegrated with this-timeline-you so the resulting merged-yous can stand trial. Side effects may include double-head."

Elektra furrowed her brow. "My, my. A duplicate-me? How irresistible. Unfortunately, as she already exists, I posit that both of us has a right to life, separately."

"You think you can dictate the rules of time travel paradoxes? We reintegrate people on a daily basis," claimed Dolkor.

Lofsky crossed her arms. "Besides, if we allowed all time travel duplicates to maintain their existence, the galaxy would have literally double the population," she ruffled. "And don't bring up the disappearing thing. That only happens in alternate multiverses."

"So, you're saying temporal shenanigans is so common, that you're basically committing a form of murder upon the duodecillions upon duodecillions of people for your own unchecked sense of morality?" Elektra asked.

Dolkor huffed. "Hey, Janeway got to end Tuvix! We want a piece of that action. As for you: You were caught sleeping with an Iconian who, immediately after, launched an attack on Qo'noS."

"I knew it!" blustered Doctor Kronk. "Your lust-filled, sleep-with-every-alien ways are nothing but trouble! Just because Kirk did it, doesn't mean everyone has to."

Elektra rolled her eyes. "He just laid the groundwork— or, spacework, that is— for like-minded people to adopt a command interface with the smorgasbord of attractive people that is this galaxy. Such activities are my inalienable rights, as is my rights to remain alive as I am now." She tapped her wrist communicator. "And, I knew you were coming, since her elusive time-travel incursion was, in fact, to inform me of you herself."

"What is the meaning of all this!?" came the sudden flash of a Klingon, Corvok, bald, from the 29th century Temporal Integrity Commission. "Your jobs as present-day-Investigators is not to enforce integrations, but to report what we and your superiors future-past-present-ask of you. This is why Starfleet is always better than us, in any time period!"

Elektra looked him over and smiled. "Well, aren't you enticing. They finally outlawed hair on men in the future, have they?"

"There was an uproar of hair-fueled civil war in the 27th century. The 'skins' eventually won and banished the 'hairs' to Rura Penthe. We look upon those times with great pride as our ancestors from the 23rd century were not as successful," Corvok explained before taking the two Agents and transporting the three of them away.

Kronk turned to his Captain. "But why would the Integrity Commission integrate some people, like Seven of Nine, and not others, like you?"

"Oh, I'll be checking up on his 'integrity' very soon," Elektra smirked. "After I called on Corvok, he separately promised to meet me later as long as I was to never engage with the Iconians again."

The Doctor nodded. "So, instead of ceasing your methods cold targ-turkey, you just learned to redirect them. Brilliant strategy, Captain, in any time."

"Why'd you go there? That's such a faulty time-travelly one-liner. Also, I'll choose how I live, and not some time bureau without a clue." She paused. "Ah well. At least we captured this one abomination."

They looked to the container, which was now empty due to escape. "Orion-bollocks," cursed the Doctor. "Back to the Delta Quadrant?"

"Fine, but I want you to be our Spore drive this time. And think happy, reverse-death thoughts. I'd like to end up close that seductive Kobali homeworld," she suggested with a grin before the two of them left for the ship.

