

Deep Space Not So Much

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Deep Space Not So Much

by [Hawku](#)

Summary

"This goes against all my aggressive Klingon tendencies." - Episode 2A: In the late 24th century, the crew of the U.S.S. Phoenix-X has a terrible encounter with Deep Space 9.

Notes

Author's notes: The original of this was done sometime in 1996, as an edited RP chat. This story is as implausible and nonsensical as it gets. This rewrite was done in April 2021.

Star Trek: Phoenix-X

"Deep Space Not So Much"

The *Prometheus*-class U.S.S. *Phoenix-X* dropped transwarp, entered the Denorios belt and approached Deep Space 9. Captain Daniel walked over to the helm where Commander Gotens had taken station.

"Getting ready to dock," the Trill announced as he worked.

Daniel stepped over. "Okay. Do what you have to do." But then pausing, switched to, "Actually, let me drive this time. You might hit the station."

"I want to do it," Gotens countered.

Daniel nudged him. "No. I will."

"I really want to do it," Gotens held in-place.

Shoving, Daniel added, "I said no and that's an order!"

But Gotens and Daniel struggled against each other in competition, fighting to put their hands on the console when suddenly they accidentally fired a J3 torpedo into Deep Space 9.

They stopped to witness the torpedo slowly move through space until it hit the station, causing a shockwave-explosion that knocked Deep Space 9 back and into the Bajoran wormhole. Everyone watched the screen and both Daniel and Gotens in complete and utter shock.

"What the Krudge?" Daniel did a double-take. "Since when do we put the weapons control on the helm console?"

Gotens shook his head in disappointment. "The Engineers have been crossing lines all week. My sonic shower called a Romulan bird-of-prey, yesterday."

"Looks like the station was in a highly energized state, testing the nadiion repellent shielding we attempted when we were attacked by the Dominion," BOB read from a console.

Ensign Dan snapped his fingers in realization. "Of course! Didn't the torpedoes get ricocheted back? Our engineers' testing of the J3's must have enabled the same kind of thing."

"The Bajoran wormhole is experiencing multi-fluxual disturbances. It's expanding and retracting," BOB observed from a console.

Armond looked at him. "Aren't you a Ferengi?"

Daniel pinched his nose. "Okay, we knocked Deep Space 9 into the wormhole. Not our finest moment." The Captain thought for a moment. "Should we just get out of here? I mean, no one else knows what happened?"

Suddenly, the three-nacelled *Galaxy*-class U.S.S. *Xena* approached to find no Cardassian space station.

"Where's Deep Space 9??" Aeris exasperated.

Daniel was taken aback. "It wasn't us. We weren't smacking the controls, accidentally knocking them into the wormhole or anything."

"That sounds like you did do that," Aeris deadpanned.

Meanwhile, the crew on Deep Space 9 gathered around the table in Ops.

Dax checked the shared console. "It looks like we're still moving, but thrusters are damaged. It won't be long before we reach the end of the expanded wormhole."

"And when we crash into it," Nog added, "It will be the end of Deep Space 9."

Dun-dun-dunnn!

"Did anyone else hear that classic musical sting?" O'Brien interjected to a mostly non-responsive station crew.

"Captain's log. I've relieved Ensign Dan of duty for the sixth time this hour and I still see him on the Bridge. BOB is really starting to get on my nerves. It seems all my crew members are annoying. Meanwhile, Deep Space 9 has been headed for its doom. But Captain Aeris and I have come up with an idea to use, wait for it, tractor beams!"

Later, the *Phoenix-X* and the *Xena* took flanking positions across the location of the wormhole.

"Captain," Armond interrupted at the sound of an alert beeping. "Sensors are picking up a Jem'Hadar attack ship!"

Daniel was taken aback. "Wow. So abrupt and intrusive of them. I'm impressed."

"Ahhh, scratch that. It's just intact ship debris from a recent battle with Deep Space 9," Armond observed. "Man, they do all the best stuff. Can I transfer?"

Gotens walked around. "No! Now, do the tractor beam thing and clean up the Messhall after!"

Everyone watched as the *Phoenix-X* and *Xena* launched tractor beams into the wormhole as it opened. The beams suddenly warped into the hole, stretched and twisted until they reached the space station and snatched it to a halt.

"Exactly as we predicted! The gravimetric strains of the fluxuating wormhole extended the range," Kugo established. "Like stretchy Changeling goo."

Daniel shot her a deadpan look.

"Right. Sorry."

Both ships then dropped their tractor beams as the wormhole closed. Gotens dusted his hands off. "And that is that. We should be able to do it again in half an hour when the fluctuating wormhole opens on its own again."

"I've got it!" Ensign Dan snapped. "If we use the Jem'Hadar ship for a third tractor beam, we might have enough power to bring them back!"

Daniel waved him away. "Shush! I'm trying to think! Wait." And then, "If we use the Jem'Hadar ship for a third tractor beam, we might have enough power to bring them back."

"Excellent idea, Captain," Gotens said with applause.

Ensign Dan turned. "But I was the one who—"

"You're relieved!" snapped Daniel.

Everyone then looked up as a hail from the U.S.S. *Xena* was patched through. *"All that we could do is stop it. Let's work out the next phase of our plan. Aeris out."*

"There is no way I'm going over to that ship," Daniel countered after the screen clicked off. "And what kind of name is *Xena*? Sounds like an out-franchise warrior duchess."

Deep within the confines of the energized wormhole, a probe was detected near Deep Space 9. Jadzia Dax worked the console to read it.

"Looks like it has a Cardassian signature," she noted.

Garak stepped forward. "Ah, yes! I recognize it. It is used in some of the outer colonies to adjust a planet's gravitational pull. This one appears to be malfunctioning."

"Or malfunctioning on purpose," Sisko surmised.

Nog added in haste, "We should destroy it! It's clearly the thing causing the wormhole's expanding and retracting."

"If we destroy it, the wormhole won't expand enough for us to escape. Worf, do you think we can control it?" Sisko turned.

The Klingon nodded. "I believe so. But this goes against all my aggressive Klingon tendencies."

Meanwhile, an armed Away Team from the *Phoenix-X* beamed over to the Jem'Hadar attack ship.

"Wow. Can't believe we're at war with these people," Gotens observed.

Kugo shrugged. "I mean, war is pretty common everywhere. It's a by-product of conflicting philosophies, ego and struggles for power."

"Still. They should've asked us if we wanted to. Much like asking a date out to Prom," he stood. "It's just good manners."

Daniel took a seat on the Bridge of the *Phoenix-X*.

"Commander. How are things?" he queried with a hint of urgency.

Gotens replied over comms. *"Oh, very nice. Kugo and I were just having a delightful conversation about doctrines and government. And the greater question of: Why?"*

"I mean, about the tractor beam! You're not the one who's going to operate it, are you?"

A shrug was heard over the air. *"Of course."*

"Oh, God. This is my riskiest mission yet. Okay. Everyone, wait to engage on my mark," Captain Daniel ordered with a long pause for dramatic effect. As soon as the wormhole blew open, he launched a directing finger. "Mark!"

As all three ships birthed their tractor beams, BOB tapped at a nearby console. "The station is coming out!"

"Again. You're not even in Starfleet," Armond argued.

Captain Aeris called over the comms, next. *"It's working! I knew we could solve a Deep Space 9 problem as well as they could. Maybe even better?"*

The entire space station Deep Space 9 shook like crazy as it emerged from the altered Bajoran wormhole.

"The reprogrammed probe is holding!" Worf announced as he tapped his controls.

O'Brien furrowed his brow at his own readings. "The station on the other hand will need to cash in its insurance premiums."

"Are we out?" Sisko clenched.

Kira looked up in excitement. "We're out!"

"Good. I had, like, twenty Prophet calls while we were in there," the Captain admitted. "Five of them were complaints about the Ferengi."

Meanwhile, as the crew on *Phoenix-X* celebrated their latest acquisition, Daniel held up the probe.

"Huzzah! Our first acquired technology!" the Captain exclaimed.

Gotens interjected over comms from the Jem'Hadar ship. "*Did we just do Deep Space 9 dirty? After knocking them in, we now steal their alien-of-the-week probe, for what, competitive science? Aren't they the most beloved crew this side of the wormhole?*"

"They know it's out of love, and that, according to Admiral Cloud, Starfleet facilities trump Cardassian vole mills any day," Daniel established. "Sure, double-wronging them gave me a pause of 0.68 seconds, but I now realize, for an authoritarian Changeling, that is an eternity."

Armond surmised, "You know, if we hadn't knocked that iconic stationary non-space mover into their rating gimmick, we would have never discovered that threat about to destroy the wormhole."

Gotens queried. "*So, we're heroes?*"

"We're heroes," Daniel confirmed. "Okay, you can release the tractor beam."

The Commander replied, "*Yes, Captain,*" before fighting with Kugo over the controls and unintentionally whisking and reversing the tractor beam from Deep Space 9 over to the *Phoenix-X*.

"Aaaahh!"

Everyone shrieked as the *Phoenix-X* was then knocked spinning in all axes into the wormhole, glinting light as it disappeared into Prophet-oblivion.

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