

Joint Mission

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/707) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/707>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Star Trek: Phoenix-X
Character:	Wyn Tressa , Menchez , Oroku Seifer
Additional Tags:	Mystery
Language:	English
Series:	Part 55 of STO Phoenix Compendium
Stats:	Published: 2019-07-01 Words: 1,217 Chapters: 1/1

Joint Mission

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Summary

"One outburst a day is all my old Klingon eight-chambered heart can take." - Unofficial Literary Challenge 51: In the early 25th century, Commander Tressa of the R.R.W. Tetreya teams up with Captain Menchez to track down bald, 23rd century-era Klingons.

Notes

Author's notes: This was written in July 2019 as part of the Star Trek Online forums Unofficial Literary Challenge #51.

Unofficial Literary Challenge #51: Prompt #1: Earlier in your captain's career there was an enemy faction captain who was her nemesis. Now we're all allies, right?

But your next mission requires your captain to partner with the former nemesis. What's worse is the nemesis is given overall command of the mission. What prejudices and raw nerves are exposed? Can either captain overcome years of hate or will the mission fail?

Unofficial Literary Challenge #51

"Joint Mission"

The *Ar'Kif*-class R.R.W. *Tetreya* tumbled haphazardly through space until rectifying its momentum. Commander Tressa got up from the floor of the Bridge to her chair.

"Why are we always doing that??" the female Romulan called out.

Hachi, a young, male Romulan, tapped a few buttons at his helm console before turning around to address her. "Sorry, ma'am. I just get so bored of regulation flight patterns. Let's throw in some danger every now and then. That's all I'm saying."

"You did the right thing," Tressa replied. "A lack of inspiration out here could get us all killed."

Suddenly, the viewscreen clicked on. Klingon Captain Menchez appeared. *"A lack of anything will bring about the wrath of the Empire."*

"AAAH!! Oh, it's you. How did you even hear what we were saying, much less appear on communications without our consent?" Tressa posited.

Menchez slammed his fist onto his command chair. *"A Klingon does not tell his secrets! Especially when he does not know himself!!"* After a brief pause, he matured. *"Ah, that feels better. Honestly, we Klingons need one irrational outburst per day, or we explode."*

"I would enjoy that, you veruul! Oh, how much you are a veruul. You are just so veruul. Ugh!" Tressa spat.

The Klingon raised an eyebrow. *"Um, what? Are you on some kind of Romulan version of ketracel white? Anyway, whence once we were enemies, now we must work together to track ancient, time-displaced, bald, cannibal Klingons who have stolen Romulan Republic tech to assist J'Ula of the long lost dead House Mo'Kai."*

"Ah, exposition. How unoriginal, but expected of a Jolan-veruul. You know perfectly well that you and I will not get along during this

mission."

Menchez shrugged. *"Nah, we'll be okay. One outburst a day is all my old Klingon eight-chambered heart can take."*

"We will tear each other's throats apart!"

He scratched his head. *"You need to relax more. It's a good day to be mellow."*

Later, the *Tetrya* and the *Negh'Tev*-class I.K.S. *Kragoth* approached a seemingly strange energy-spewing anomaly in space.

"There appears to be a breathable atmosphere within it." Centuron Lesket examined readings at tactical.

Menchez clicked onscreen. *"This is the Republic signature the transport ship Elysium detected. It appears to be more intense up close! The same way an object appears bigger when you near it."*

"You are becoming senile in your old age, old man. We shall beam aboard and investigate," Tressa ordered.

The other commanding officer blinked. *"Surely, a probe, or our respective-25th-century-versions of 'Red Shirts' would suffice--"*

"You know our mission-tracking camera-drones won't record them!"

Moments later, Captain Menchez, his first officer RaeLuna, Commander Tressa and her first officer, Reivf, rematerialized into the corridors of what appeared to be a Starfleet ship interior.

"We will slaughter the Romulans and feast on their bones," said the half-alien, half-Human woman.

Captain Menchez shot her a look. "You've been studying the bald Klingons too much, RaeLuna. Modern-day Klingons only cannibalize on the weekends."

"If you Dentist-Horror-Stories would use your brains for once, you would deduce this was the work of the Tal Shiar, as is all suspicious activity of our kind," Tressa established.

Reivf nodded. "I agree. The Klingons have terrible teeth."

"Okay, now that you have positioned us in a mission-jeopardizing situation, I am compelled to report that your hostility is painfully inflated," Menchez interjected. "It is true we speak in visceral conflict, but you're supposed to be more passive-aggressive."

RaeLuna tapped her chin. "Or are those Cardassians?"

"Well, they're definitely not us," said the ominous voice of a bald Klingon, stepping around the corner at the end of the hall. He aimed his disruptor at the group. "But I'm sure you already knew that."

Menchez fell onto his back in horrifying disgust. "OH, UGH!! The hair! There's no hair!!"

"There's no anomaly here either, is there?" Tressa cut in, turning to face the out-of-time Klingon. "Secret and experimental Tal Shiar holo-technology has been out-fitted to the hull of this Federation starship and is masquerading as a spatial event."

The revamped Klingon smirked. "A lucky guess since, I'm assuming you're Romulan? You look completely low-quality to my era's versions." He stepped forward. "My name's Dova'ch, of the undead House Mo'Kai, and you are aboard the U.S.S. *Ragnarok*: A ship I will use to empower our cause of honour-killing the Romulan Republic."

"What did we ever do to you?" Reivf asked.

Dova'ch waved the conflict away. "Oh, I just need to prove myself to my cousin J'Ula, and honor the great Kahlessshh!"

"What? That's not how you say it. And why are you quivering in pleasure?" Menchez queried, confused.

Then, the out-of-time Klingon began stepping around pointing at everyone. "I am Klingon! I do what I do because I am Klingonnnn!"

"Now he's wandering around?" Tressa criticized. "We stand still in the 25th century. Calm down."

Then, the out-of-time Klingon began bobbing his head. "Computer, play Demi Lovato, 'Confident'. I feel like dancing." He then pointed at the group. "All 23rd century Klingons dance to Demi Lovato."

"Computer, relay that order!" came the voice of Captain Seifer, a Starfleet officer and Trill, before kicking through a jeffery's tube hatch that then knocked Dova'ch's weapon out of his hand. "Finally. We got the one intruder."

Everyone else immediately trained their weapons on Dova'ch, who reluctantly raised his arms. "Are you serious?" Tressa started. "This one ridiculous Klingon-- if you can call him that-- took over your ship??"

"Oh. No. We crippled ourselves after installing that Tal Shiar tech in an effort to alleviate boredom. This guy just came along out of nowhere and took advantage," Seifer explained. "And do you know how hard it is to find just one guy? This is why I prefer to be invaded by groups."

Menchez walked over and slapped Seifer on the back. "Hahaha! Look at us. Three factions, and we're all getting along swimmingly!"

"No," Tressa defied. "We hate each other and must only work together when there's a common enemy."

Seifer shrugged. "I could work with Menchez on other things. Tribble hunting? Fek'Ihri horde planning? Kobiyashi Maru-ing those painfully annoying Age of Discovery simulations?"

"Oh my Kahless! I haaaaattte those!" Menchez cried out.

Tressa rolled her eyes. "Fine. You two are best friends. But that doesn't negate that one day we'll all hate each other again. It's nature for people of differing groups, like those half-white/half-black, half-black/half-white guys. I bet when they cut a sandwich in half, they die a little inside."

"Well, if we did, I wouldn't want to be killed by anyone but this guy right here," Seifer said, pulling Menchez in for noogies. "Come here, you perfect Klingon, you! Hahahaha! You're the right kind! Not that guy!"

The Romulan Commander watched, annoyed, as the two bonded in front of her face. "I'm going to have teams extract this tech while you two.... do whatever it is you're doing..."

"You sure you don't want in on this?" Menchez laughed as he put Seifer in a playful headlock. "Hahahaha! We get along so much!"

Tressa grabbed her First officer and stomped out of there. "Reivf, if we ever have to team up with another faction again, I want you to shoot me."

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