

Perfection of Means

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by [Planxty](#)

Summary

A few months after starting a new life in Ceti Alpha V, Khan and his lover consider their future.

Notes

While this is technically a companion to my AU, this is set early enough in the timeline that it could technically be canon compliant too.

Content notes:

- Rated M because it's post coital, but it's still pretty tame
- Contains some of the same manipulative behavior that Khan had toward Marla in Space Seed

This was a strange place to call home. Marla had lived out her life in libraries or on starships, holed away and keeping to herself. She always thought of herself as a more delicate type than most of her Starfleet peers. Her old colleagues had been the sort who had no regard for their personal safety when it came to chasing an adventure, while she was only ever interested in sitting back and learning. Never would she imagine that she would feel the most safe and appreciated in a makeshift shelter lying in the arms of a man who some might call a tyrant (though she was convinced that anyone who really got to know the real Khan might have a more charitable view of him).

Marla sat up, acutely aware of the changes in her body as she moved. She had always been slender, so it felt out of place to have her breasts and belly swell. Khan sat up beside her and firmly held her bare shoulders. Those hands...those powerful hands that made her feel both very secure and very frightened at the same time.

He kissed her neck over and over, starting low and working his way up to just beneath her jawline. He stopped to whisper in her ear, lips still barely touching her skin. "Marla, my diamond...there's something we need to talk about."

The muscles in her back tensed, no matter how soft and tender he sounded, something gave her the feeling this wouldn't be a pleasant conversation. "I'd prefer not to ruin the moment."

Khan tightened his grip on her shoulders and kissed her neck again. "So quick to assume the worst. Nothing will be ruined, so long as you keep an open mind."

"Go on." Marla tried to relax, but she was on full alert, her heart racing.

"It's about our child."

If that was meant to set her mind at ease, it had the opposite effect. Every day brought some new anxiety over what would happen when Baby came and she would have to give birth in the wilderness with no medical intervention.

"What about our child?" Marla didn't bother trying to hide her fear and worry.

"Nothing worth worrying over, and nothing you might not have been able to guess on your own." He loosened his grip on her shoulders,

which helped her to release some of the tension in her back. “Understand that I don’t mean to diminish the love that I have for you and our child, but I’m sure you can imagine why my heir cannot have a...diluted genome.”

Marla tensed again. “I had wondered about that.” She hadn’t. Nothing Khan had said or done suggested that he was anything less than thrilled to be a father.

“I will need to conceive a child with another woman. Don’t let your jealousy get the better of you. No one I have ever met has driven me wild the way you do.”

Khan tightened his grip on her shoulders again and leaned in for another kiss on her neck, but Marla was stiff and tense. What she wanted was space, but she dare not ask for it.

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