

## Under his dominion

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1278) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1278>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Star Trek: The Original Series</a> , <a href="#">Star Trek: Strange New Worlds</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Marla McGivers</a> , <a href="#">La'an Noonien-Singh</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence</a> , <a href="#">TOS S01E22: Space Seed</a> , <a href="#">Weekly Challenge: Loyalty</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of <a href="#">Everything was beautiful and nothing hurt</a>
Collections:	<a href="#">Weekly Writing Challenges</a>
Stats:	Published: 2024-01-21 Words: 655 Chapters: 1/1

## Under his dominion

by [Planxty](#)

### Summary

A canon divergence where La'an is still on the Enterprise during the events of Space Seed. She tries to prevent Marla McGivers from making a terrible mistake.

### Notes

I...have grand schemes for this, because Space Seed divergence is apparently my niche. Consider this a sneaky peeky

There was too much to process. In less than two days all of her dissatisfaction with her life bubbled to the surface, while at the same time the only place she felt any sense of belonging was in the company of an ancient man...not just any man. She knew who Khan was.

With so much on her mind and in her heart, Marla needed to clear her mind. A little brisk exercise would do the trick. She moved through Enterprise's corridors at a clipped pace, trying to avoid anyone else until she heard a stern voice call out her name for behind.

"Lieutenant McGivers." La'an's voice sent a shiver down her spine. Marla froze and took a deep breath before she turned to face La'an. From the moment she had put the piece together about Khan's identity she feared such a confrontation. Or maybe she was making herself nervous for no reason. La'an might have something unrelated on her mind.

"Yes, Commander?" Marla tried to remain calm and pleasant, but she didn't like how La'an's demeanor seemed a bit harsher than her usual all-business approach.

"We need to talk...about our visitor." La'an spoke slowly, trying to speak diplomatically even though she had trouble finding the right words.

Panic gripped Marla, but she managed to keep a cool head. "He hasn't caused any problems has he? I know his personality can be domineering, but he..."

"Stop it. You're too smart to fool me by playing dumb. I know who he really is, and I'm sure you must too."

"I'm sorry, Commander, but I don't understand. Who do you think he is?" She might have been warned against this tactic, but she had no option but to feign ignorance.

"Some historian you are if you can't recognize Khan Noonien Singh.."

Marla gasped and her mind raced as she tried to think of a reasonable defense. "That's a bold accusation, and if you're only going off of the pictures in the history books, your perception might be skewed. Rulers of that era kept strict control over their public image. It's likely that no one alive today actually knows what the real Khan looked like."

"Believe me when I say I have more evidence than just his resemblance to an ancient photograph. I don't know what Captain Kirk ultimately plans to do with him, but for now he's under strict surveillance. You would do well to keep away. I don't like how you're so eager to rush to his defense, it's like he's had some sort of effect on you."

"I'm telling you, he hasn't!" Marla's words rushed out louder and more impassioned than she intended. Quickly she tried to regain her composure. "But...I appreciate your concern."

“And I trust that you’ll be staying away?”

Marla nodded. “If that’s all, I’d like to be on my way. I don’t have much time to spare, and I was hoping to find enough time for a good workout. You know, to get my blood flowing and work up a sweat. I need to clear my head.”

“I think that’s a fantastic idea. You may go, Lieutenant.”

Marla forced a polite smile and went on her way. She would still go and exercise like she planned, but instead of clearing her head she now wanted to burn off frustration. She was stuck in a career that was a poor fit and where her her knowledge and skills were rarely appreciated, serving under a captain who didn’t care enough to at least try to get her name right, and now this attack on her judgment, her character, her ability to think for herself.

And after she worked off that frustration? Marla promised to devote herself fully to Khan. Whatever Khan asked, she would comply without question. And why should she? He had the superior intellect, was the better sort of human. It was her place to willingly submit to him.

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