

Chance May Crown Me

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Summary

La'an is still on board the Enterprise during the events of "Space Seed" and her attempts to keep her ancestor from causing a stir have had an unintended consequence.

Nowhere on this ship was safe anymore. Every face that once was warm and friendly now wore a sour, accusatory look. Marla hadn't shared her secret desires with a soul, but it felt as if everyone could read her mind. La'an had figured it out, no doubt she had spoken to Captain Kirk. Could anyone else have guessed?

The only place she felt safe was in the powerful arms of a tyrant. History remembered him as a cruel man, but the Khan she knew was just as capable of warmth and tenderness. Marla ignored La'an's warnings (the two of them had never been on good terms, La'an had no right to tell her how to live her life) and went back to Khan.

Marla stayed near the door, unsure if Khan would welcome her presence at this time and fearful of how he might react if he preferred solitude.

"A pleasant surprise." Khan approached Marla and took her hand. He had an easy smile on his face, but there was a hidden fire in his eyes. "I almost feared you had abandoned me."

"No, never. To tell the truth I feel as though the ship has turned on me."

"I find myself in a similar situation." He pulled Marla closer and kissed her on the top of her head, "I can turn the tables, but I will require your assistance."

Marla's heart jumped. She felt light as a small animal, frightened and backed into a corner with no escape. She couldn't betray Khan, but she also couldn't violate her duty to Starfleet.

"You hesitate. Why?"

She looked down. She couldn't stand to look Khan in the eye when she spoke her mind. "I worry, for the deaths that may occur. Starfleet encourages the sort of character that would rather die than compromise their morality."

Khan grabbed her by the chin and lifted her head so they could look one another in the eye. "Dearest one, my diamond, this is the way of the world from which you kind has so tragically strayed. Superior men fight, weak men lose, and inferior men submit. I think you will find that when given the choice between obedience and death, most are less courageous than they let on. A massacre is unlikely."

Marla tried to force a smile. "Thank you, that is some small comfort."

"La'an will live, regardless of her choices."

Her smile vanished, but she didn't say a word.

Khan kissed the top of her head again. "Such silence, surely you have a reason?"

"La'an and I don't get along, but I understand why she is important to you."

"Then put aside any personal problems. I have a great use in mind for her, if she will have enough sense to come to my side."

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