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All Apologies

by [Planxty](#)

Summary

An AU where Marla McGivers faced a court martial instead of staying with Khan.

Marla prepares to speak again to one of her old colleagues.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Somehow Marla found a comforting rhythm to her new life and felt peace in spending her time in quiet penance, her only worries circling around her soon-to-be-born child and what kind of life the child of an ancient tyrant would live in the modern world.

But of course, life always had a way of disrupting things. She had agreed to a meeting, a decision that she would soon come to regret for the anxiety it gave her. Her inner peace was replaced by a fierce storm that kept her up at night and twisted her stomach into knots. She hadn't spoken to any of the crew of the Enterprise since…everything, and in spite of her own hesitations this was necessary to make amends.

A fire burned inside her as she stood outside the door to the meeting room, and she briefly entertained the idea that it wasn't too late to change her mind. Instead, she closed her eyes, took a grounding breath, and stepped forward after the door slid open.

She expected to be met with anger or disappointment, but somehow it was more heartbreaking to see this man she used to work with looking back at her with warmth in his blue eyes and a kind smile on his face. Marla hung back near the door and let an awkward, heavy silence pass before she found the courage to speak.

"Doctor McCoy…"

"It's good to see you again, Marla." He sounded sincere. If he held any uncharitable feeling toward her, he hid them well.

She sat down in the chair across from him, perched on the edge of the chair and every muscle in her body tense. "You know, I've been thinking of what I should say." She couldn't bring herself to look him in the eye. "I spent so much time on it, but I always felt that no matter how heartfelt it is, an apology is still only words. It changes nothing."

McCoy shrugged. "Well, it can help heal old wounds, and that's not nothing. Besides, I think forgiveness might come more easily, since it seems to me like you were coerced into everything,"

Now Marla dared to look up. "Thank you, Doctor, but my choices were my own."

"As admirable as personal responsibility is, I don't think you should be so hard on yourself." His smile grew, but Marla still found it disarming. "And this might not be your life forever. I can think of one other case where a mutineer got out of a life sentence."

"You mean Micheal Burnham?"

He nodded. "Had a feeling the historian would be familiar with her."

"I don't think anything like that is in my future, Doctor. I don't trust myself to be anywhere else."

"How sensible. Just don't resign yourself to that. You might change your mind one day."

End Notes

yeah, yeah me and Space Seed AUs

Still thinking about making this into an epic tale, but I have no plot

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