

## Plausible Deniability

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## Plausible Deniability

by [Planxty](#)

### Summary

The Great Khan Empire has fallen, but one heir survived

### Notes

CW: this is about horrific acts of wars, check end notes for detailed warnings

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

Chaarani expected her family to meet an end like the Romanovs: vanished, murdered, and their remains found years later, She accepted this fate with grace, dignity, and bravery, determined not to be like her father and run from the consequences.

The last thing she remembered was seeing one of her father's dogs get shot between the eyes as the other bolted off with all the speed and panic of a threatened horse. Everything went black until she felt the warm, wet, softness of a dog's tongue licking her face. The dumb dog, it seemed, had more loyalty than sense and came back for her.

She hadn't opened her eyes yet, but could still gather that she had survived something that should have killed her. Her body was soaked, the scent of blood was heavy in the air, and every cell in her body felt like it had been torn apart. When she opened her eyes she saw that the dog hadn't escaped unharmed: his front left leg was bloody and mangled and held close to his body.

Her head spun as she slowly tried to move: first sitting, then standing, then a few slow uneasy steps. Chaarani did not look down at her injuries, and she did not take the time to examine her surroundings. If the bodies of her mother and younger siblings were nearby, she didn't want to see them. If there were more soldiers, they could finish what they started.

The dog limped by her side on his good three legs as she stumbled through the wreckage and out into the streets. There was chaos and rioting, but yet the atmosphere was almost celebratory, like tightly wound tension had finally been released. Chaarani wasn't sure if it was her (presumed) death of her father's that they were celebrating. She had only ruled his empire a few weeks, but surely it was enough time to earn some well-deserved vitriol.

The chaos acted like camouflage. Nobody paid much attention to a grievously injured thirteen year old and her limping dog until a middle aged woman caught sight of her, shrieked, and rush to her side.

"What happened?" The woman was frantic. She too Chaarani's hands in hers, but rather than comforting her the gesture gave Chaarani a new sense of panic. "Where are your parents?"

"Dead."

Chaarani saw a softening in the woman's expression, sympathy that had been hidden by her initial frenzy, the blood and bruises must have made her unrecognizable. This woman must have mistaken her for some war orphan.

"You're going to be alright." She at least managed to speak calmly now. "I can take you to the hospital."

"No!" Chaarani snapped as she yanked her hands away. "I'll be fine. I'm standing on my own two feet, aren't I?" She turned and began to limp away.

“Wait...I think I understand.”

Chaarani stopped and turned back. She could almost see this woman’s thoughts puzzling everything out: walking wounded with injuries that should have been lethal, refusing medical treatment. If her exact identity hadn’t been revealed, it was at least clear that she was an Augment. The inferior folk were more clever than her father gave them credit for.

“Let me take you home with me, at least.”

“I’m guessing you won’t take no for an answer?” It was a foolish, unnecessarily altruistic risk, and the more this woman knew, the greater danger she put herself in.

“I won’t. Tell me your name.”

“I don’t remember.”

## End Notes

References and descriptions of acts of violence against children and animals

The dog dies

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