

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Sarah learns more about her new friends.

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... She's being ridiculous. They're clearly not from around here, the very idea that they might be of the old families is just pure paranoia. And at this point... she's too tired to bother with such things.

"Sarah. My name is Sarah."

Not to mention she can just split the difference anyways and only give them her first name since that's all they've given her in turn. That said, she's not being completely trusting... now that they're no longer under threat from the Zerg and she's no longer being carried in the man's arms while they flew miles above the ocean, Kerrigan does actually reach out with her mind, trying to get a feel for the two of them as carefully as she can.

"Sarah. It's a pleasure to meet you... I'm afraid this is probably going to be a bit confusing but... can you tell us more about the mess we just left behind? You said this was a planet called Tarsonis? And that those monsters were called the Zerg?"

Myk-Zod's questions nearly disrupt Sarah's concentration as she tries to study him and his companion's minds. Admittedly, their psionic presences are like *nothing* that Kerrigan has ever seen before. It's... hard to even put into words. Still, he didn't know what the Zerg were? Or where Tarsonis was? Who in the world were these two?

... Well, it would make sense of Myk-Zod was as alien as Mystique clearly was, Kerrigan supposed. But then why did he look so human? Still, she saw no harm in making sure they were brought up to date. Especially since she doubted that they'd seen the last of the Zerg if they couldn't get off the planet.

“Tarsonis is... or rather was the heart of the Terran Confederacy.”

When that name drop gets blank looks, Kerrigan arches a brow.

“The Confederacy of Man? The largest Terran government in the Koprulu Sector?”

Myk-Zod smiles apologetically.

“Sorry... but we really aren’t from around here. Neither of us are likely to recognize any of those names. Though I did see a sign that said New Gettysburg back there... I assume that was the name of the city we just left behind?”

Kerrigan hesitantly nods, causing Mystique to purse her lips together and finally break her silence.

“Was it named after the Gettysburg back on Earth?”

Eyes widening, Kerrigan looks at both of them in an entirely new light. There was no way... right?

“You two... can’t possibly be from Earth, can you?”

It didn’t make any sense. Surely if the United Powers League back on Earth had this sort of firepower, they would have used it by now. Then again, maybe it made perfect sense... what if this WAS Earth making its move when the Koprulu Sector was at its weakest, sending these two as a vanguard to announce their intent of conquest?

Kerrigan continues to try and get a feel for Myk-Zod and Mystique’s minds without letting them know she was reaching out psionically. It was difficult, mostly because she could feel some sort of tactile telekinesis wafting off of them, the pair pulsing in her mind with power, and she had no idea if that included psychic potential as well.

Myk-Zod and Mystique share a glance before Myk-Zod shakes his head.

“No, we’re not from Earth. At least, we’re not from your Earth. Mystique here is from a different Earth in a different universe... and I’m from another world altogether.”

Again, Kerrigan is completely off guard. However, she does make a minor breakthrough... as Myk-Zod speaks, she can feel a certain sort of intent from him. He’s saying these things not just to spill his and his companion’s unbelievable secrets, but also to test her and see how she’ll react to the ludicrous nonsense he’s spouting.

And yet... she can feel that he’s telling the truth as he knows it. Which, as ridiculous as it is, leaves her rather baffled.

However, before she can respond... Myk-Zod’s open expression suddenly shuts down, his face becoming serious and grim. For a brief moment Kerrigan’s heart stops in her chest as she thinks to herself that he’s discovered her psionic probing. But then he turns and looks out into the distance.

“... They’ve found us.”

What? Kerrigan blinks in confusion and peers in the direction that Myk-Zod is looking... but she sees nothing. There are no Mutalisks in the distance, not even as specs. Nor does she hear the telltale signs of Zerg approaching either.

“What are you talking about? I don’t see anything.”

“They’re still pretty far away. But our senses are far stronger than yours. I can hear them coming... they’ll be to us within the hour.”

Damn, she shouldn’t have dropped her goggles back in the ruins of New Gettysburg. On the one hand, she could fully believe after seeing how fast and strong they were, that Myk-Zod and Mystique could perhaps sense from that far away. But on the other hand... it was incredibly disconcerting. Although...

“An hour is a long time. We can always just relocate, I suppose.”

Myk-Zod slowly nods.

“We need to find a way off the planet though, or they’re just going to keep coming for us aren’t they?”

Kerrigan bites her lower lip at that... because there’s one thing that still doesn’t add up, isn’t there?

“... How did you get on planet in the first place? Can’t we just use that to get out of here, or was your ship destroyed?”

Myk-Zod and Mystique share another glance with one another before Myk-Zod shakes his head.

“We didn’t arrive here by ship. The method by which we arrived on this planet... while we could use it to flee, it would ultimately result in us leaving not just this world, not just the Koprulu Sector, but indeed your entire universe behind. And... it’s a one way trip at the moment.”

Oh.

Seeing the look on her face, Myk-Zod smiles encouragingly.

“We’re not planning to abandon you to the Zerg, Sarah, I promise you that. However, I also assume you don’t want to be snatched away from your universe and everything you’ve ever known to go gallivanting into the Great Unknown with us.”

That was... well, the funny thing is, Kerrigan is extremely tempted by the idea for a moment. After all, what was left for her in this universe? What was left for her in the Koprulu Sector? The Confederacy’s back was broken, the old families of Tarsonis were never going to recover from this. Meanwhile, Arcturus had betrayed her, leaving her to die to the very Zerg he’d ordered her to help. He’d doomed her and left her behind.

... She can't even really blame him. As a Confederate Ghost, she'd assassinated his father Angus Mengsk... and killed his mother and younger sister to boot. For the longest time, Kerrigan had considered her defection and working under Arcturus as her penance for those actions...

But it was clear now that Arcturus had never forgotten nor forgiven her for murdering his family. And once he'd finished using her to accomplish his goals, she became little more than one last loose end that he'd no doubt taken great satisfaction in leaving to the Zerg to tie off.

Beyond the Rebellion, beyond the destruction of the Confederacy and the old families, what did she really have left for her in Koprulu? Jim? He was too good for her... much too good for her. Raynor deserved better than she could ever give him, which was half the reason Kerrigan had pushed him away to begin with. Hopefully he was still out there somewhere, likely mourning her... but also continuing to fight the good fight.

When she really thought about it, there was absolutely no reason for Kerrigan not to take Myk-Zod up on his not-offer. At the very least, he and his companion shouldn't stay on this Zerg-infested planet just for her sake. Whether they were taking her with them or not, they needed to leave, especially if the Zerg were on their way.

She opens her mouth to say as much... but just before she can, a tidal wave of psionic intent slams into Kerrigan, forcing her to her knees with a cry.

SUBMIT!

“Aaagh!”

“Sarah?! Sarah!”

The pressure is immense, her brain feeling like it's boiling in her skull as she grabs her head with both hands. Myk-Zod is at her side in an instant, calling her

name... but Kerrigan barely hears him. Instead, all she hears is the voice of the inhuman creature in her head trying to take over her mind.

You will SUBMIT, Sarah Kerrigan. You will be infested. You will be reborn.

This... what was this? Who was this? This power... it was like nothing Kerrigan had ever felt before. Except, it was also familiar. It reeked of Zerg... she'd just never been on this end. All of the previous experiments she'd been a part of had seen *her* controlling the Zerg, not the other way around.

I am Daggoth, Cerebrate of the Tiamat Brood. The Overmind has use for you, Sarah Kerrigan. He has seen your destiny is with us... as one with the Zerg.

W-What? She feels a wetness on her face as tears of blood streak from red shot eyes. Trickle of blood also leave her nostrils and ears as well. At the same time as her body is feeling the physical effects of this overwhelming psionic assault however, she's getting so much more from this 'Daggoth' than he likely intended.

Like, for instance, the definition of what a 'Cerebrate' even was. Until this moment, Kerrigan had not known that the Zerg Swarm was controlled by numerous different leaders created by the overarching ruler of the Zerg known as the 'Overmind'. She hadn't known that the Swarm was segmented into different Broods, each with their own name, each led by their own cerebrate with their own identity.

This Daggoth is one of the stronger cerebrates, practically the right hand of the Overmind in so much as the Zerg have one. And he is just one of several cerebrates currently on Tarsonis.

However... the cerebrates were only partially drawn to Tarsonis by the psy emitters that Arcturus had General Duke plant in the central platform. In truth, the Overmind had sent such a large portion of the Swarm and so many of his lieutenants to Tarsonis for one reason and one reason alone... to acquire *her*.

ENOUGH!

Daggoth's 'voice' becomes angry as Kerrigan manages to glean all of this from their connection, pulling far more from him on her end than the cerebrate clearly wanted her to. Not that that's stopping him from setting her mind on fire even though she can sense he's still halfway across the planet, nestled in the ruins of New Gettysburg with his fellows.

You are strong, Sarah Kerrigan. I see now why the Overmind desires you. You will still submit, however. You will join with the Zerg... and you will bring the anomalies with you. NOW SUBMIT!

The anomalies. Myk-Zod and Mystique. Of course the Zerg would want them. For a moment, she imagines it... what the Zerg Swarm would look like if it got its claws on genetic material from the two impossibly powerful beings.

Would it not be glorious? We would sweep over everything with their power. You would become our Overmind's greatest triumph... his Queen of Blades.

She sees it then in her mind, forced upon her by the cerebrate trying to dominate her every thought. Images of her transformed into a monster... and of Myk-Zod and Mystique at her sides, just as grotesque and malformed.

Disgust fills every fiber of her being. And with that disgust comes a growing hatred. Before, the Zerg had been like a plague... a natural disaster, almost. Dread them, fear them, run from them... but hating them was pointless. You didn't hate the fire for burning down your home. You didn't hate the hurricane for knocking over a city.

But now Kerrigan knows better. Now she knows the Zerg are not just some natural disaster, not just some feral swarm. Now she knows there's an intelligent mind behind them all... an intelligent mind that craves dominion over every living thing in the universe.

That... pisses her off more than she can put into words. But she does it anyways, focusing all of her anger, all of her rage, and all of her hatred at Daggoth through their connection.

You-!

Hey Daggoth? FUCK! OFF!

She's not sure where she finds the strength... but find it she does. With a scream that's also metaphysical, she forces the cerebrate out of her mind, blasting him back. She feels his psionic cry of pain as he's pushed into a full retreat, leaving her mind her own once again.

As Kerrigan comes back to herself, she finds that she's in a similar situation to how Myk-Zod and Mystique found her before. Myk-Zod had said the Zerg were still an hour away... and yet, he and his companion are currently protecting her kneeling form from an entire army of the damn monsters, fighting and killing and blasting them all apart while she knelt there on the ground struggling with her own battle.

She's won though now... she's won, and she's never felt more powerful than in this moment. Rising to her feet, Kerrigan doesn't bother going for her empty rifle clipped to her back. She's out of ammo anyways. Instead, she simply raises her hands... and curls her fingers into claws. Blue energy flickers on her fingers and along every fiber of her being... and with a shout, she blasts it outwards in a psionic wave that ignores Myk-Zod and Mystique but flattens every Zerg for a hundred meters.

There's a momentary lull in the fighting as the two 'anomalies' as the cerebrate referred to them both look down at her in surprise. Kerrigan pants heavily, feeling the sweat dripping from her brow even as she offers a smirk. They're not the only ones who can take down some Zerg...

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!

