

## Chalice

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# Chalice

by [DenseHumboldt](#)

## Summary

Yon-Rogg gives his blood to Vers, but it is much more complicated than it seems. Or she knows.

## Notes

I continue my blatant making up of things when it comes to Hala in the MCU.

But it is kind of super fun.

Also I am completely lost for tags for this one so if you have recommendations drop them in the comments

Also I got "The Supremor" from reading work by @TheArtistFormerlyKnownAsG so I am learning things (also was about to lose my mind writing Supreme Intelligence over and over)

# Chapter 1

As he opens his eyes in the endless room of light he is confronted with a vastness of nothing. He had been summoned. He would not have been allowed this far in to see the Supremor if he had not been.

He blinks against the bright light and turns around. As if an AI had the capacity for tricks.

Again more nothingness. He realizes with the vague discomfort of panic that he doesn't know how to disengage from the interview. He has never needed to before. When it was at an end he merely opened his eyes back in Hala.

He had been expecting something more triumphant. He had brought back the Terran super charged with Mar-Vell's core, a living, breathing weapon. A weapon that could be indoctrinated. A weapon that could be filled with righteous indignation. If only she would regain consciousness. Of course expecting an AI to experience or express any emotion was the utmost hubris.

It was hard not to desire such things when the Supreme Intelligence wore his father's face. He wanted the man to greet him with open arms, to bestow on him fatherly pride. It was the subtle ploy of the Supreme Intelligence to inspire good will, but also discretion. He knew of cults where another supplicant provided a direct line to their deity. That the conversations between supplicants and their god via a mortal channel were privileged secret missions between the two.

The Kree AI had simplified the process. The Kree spoke to their benevolent master. They received guidance and love unfettered by mortal bias. If the Supremor had not yet appeared then it fell to Yon-Rogg to wait. He knelt and rested his hands on the top of his thighs, head bent. He focused on his breathing, in centering his conscious to one spot and containing his elation.

Uncounted moments passed, time meaningless in the blinding void of the Supreme Intelligence, although Yon-Rogg's mind grew weary he did not unfold himself or give in to frustration. He would not starve, he would not freeze, he would not dehydrate. He would be kept in perfect physical balance until the SI came for him.

"I have yet to design a test you will fail, Commander" the deep voice of his father came from behind him. Yon-Rogg heard them and rose to his feet with no trouble. His body here was simply a visual manifestation of his own subconscious. "Many struggle to understand this place, but you seem to."

Yon-Rogg nodded, he continued standing at attention. Waiting for the Supreme Intelligence to come into view. When his father stood in front of him Yon-Rogg felt the same yearning for the past he always felt.

"You proved yourself a good soldier, Commander." The Supreme Intelligence place both their hands heavy on Yon-Rogg's shoulders in a fatherly gesture. "You have brought us a

fascinating specimen."

"She absorbed all of the core's energy. Enough energy to make a space jump of unprecedented distances over and over."

"You are lucky she survived the return journey. She could have gone super nova."

"The risk felt justified. She has the potential to be a deployable super detonator, we could drop her into -"

The Supreme Intelligence laughed at him. His father's rounded, pedantic laugh.

"Commander you are so direct. Why make her into a bomb when you can make her into a cannon?"

"Is it possible her Terran biology would survive?" Yon-Rogg was shocked, he had assumed they would have very little time before she would need to expell the energy, that they could use her as an undetectable stealth bomb to level a Skrull encampment.

"Her cells are mutating, at this moment it is only our medical technology keeping her body alive. I believe there is a way to stabilize her."

"How can I help?"

"She requires Kree blood. A full transfusion so not a drop of Terran blood remains in her system."

To the Kree blood was sacred. A warrior race who deified technology had little in ways of mythology, but blood was precious. To spill blood was to possess, to lose blood was to fail. To ask another Kree for their blood was tantamount to a binding of souls, to giving yourself to the possession of others. In his life as a member of Starforce Yon-Rogg had spilled the blood of his enemies, had possessed them through the crucible of war. His blood was strong with the blood of others. To drain this Terran woman, Vers, would be to make her an empty vessel. To fill her with his own blood would be giving himself to her. He understood this was why the Supremor had called him. Had tested his mettle. She was to be his chalice. Blood, in this instance, had to be offered.

"Supremor, take my blood. Use it to build your weapon."

"You will accept the Terran? You will protect her so that your blood is never spilled from her?"

"I will. For the good of all Kree."

"For the good of all Kree." The AI smiled with his father's smile and Yon-Rogg was filled with a beautiful purpose.

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Although he had spent dozens of hours on the same ship as the Terran woman, Yon-Rogg was apprehensive to see her again. Though he had long ago lost the childlike anxiety before a mission he felt the long forgotten quivering of anticipation as he traveled to see her.

He had felt thwarted when he could not go to her immediately, but there were standard medical practices to adhere to. He had been too recently through space and his body was weak from the travel and the high density low saturation rations, which were not meant to sustain the body long term. So he had waited, followed orders to rest and eat, had his radiation levels checked.

When the time came he prepared his body with care. He had been dedicated in his ablutions. He had shaved and used water mixed with a herbal tincture, a mixture as ancient and as revered by the Kree as their blood. He had a small amount with him in his bag for her.

The hallway of the Med Bay was sterile, imbedded in the walls and running through every artery of the building was the Supreme Intelligence. He reached the glass doors of her observation theatre and they parted for him. There was a small antechamber where he undressed himself, changing into patient whites. He pocketed the small bottle of tincture before placing his belongings in the bin. Allowing them to be whisked away to the bowels of the building for storage. This would not be a quick process. It would be a physical trial for both of them.

The doors to the observation theatre opened, the room was pure white. Above, the vaulted chamber was a ring of black windows. Where at any time they could be observed by anyone with the correct clearance. Members of the Kree military and medical elite. In the centre of the floor surrounded by the glow of life support, wired directly into the Supreme Intelligence the Terran woman was on a tilted bed. There was a similar bed for him.

For this moment they were alone. He observed her. She was no longer in her primitive suit, she had been stripped nearly naked to better allow the monitors access to her skin. Her skin that glowed with the power of the core. She looked celestial, lightning crackling beneath her pale Terran skin. Her body was soft, the physiology and musculature of Terrans was inferior to the Kree. Changing this, making her a worthy vessel for his blood would be the first thing he dedicated himself to.

Though, despite her weakness, he found her moving to look at, he had not expected to find her attractive. Her gold coloured hair floated like she was hovering, the currents of power radiating made her to look windswept.

He was grateful the Supreme Intelligence had arranged this moment for him. To be certain of his choice. He stepped closer to her so they were toe to toe and he could feel the tingle of electricity she gave off. She smelled of hospital antiseptic and the faintest scent of seared ozone from space travel.

"Hello Vers" he spoke in a low whisper, trying to imagine what it would be like to talk to her. "Today we begin."

He took out the small bottle. He dampened his fingers and inhaled the earthy smell. The smell of Kree heritage. He began where he knew they would insert the IV, a small web of

blue veins inside her elbow. He annointed her slowly and with care, as he ran his fingers over her skin he felt the hum of his own cells. How had she survived with the supple fatted Terran flesh? He thought he saw the smallest crease between her brows as he swept his fingers along her collar bones dipping slightly towards her sternum. In some distant place this Terran woman was still alive.

He could feel the sweet rush of excitement touching her, scenting her, preparing her to accept all of him. It was the heady rush of new beginnings, of an assured conquering, of destined glory. Taking more tincture on his fingers he kneeled before her rubbing small circles into the arches of her feet and behind her knees. The heat of her body made the scent rise and he breathed it in. Taking the glory of the Kree deep into him, meditating on the task in front of him. This Terran woman, his chalice would carry his people to greater heights. When at last he stepped back from her, his head clouded with a desire he could not explain, he felt ready to spill himself into her.

On cue they were joined by a medic. They nodded at Yon-Rogg. They were ready to begin.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

Carol wakes up in a place she can't explain

### Chapter Notes

Good Morning everyone, what are you doing at 6AM?  
I am apparently updating my fanfic.

"Dr. Lawson?"

"Hey, looking sharp. How are you feeling?"

The older woman was waiting in a chair as Carol approached. She felt like she had been here before, but she couldn't remember when, couldn't remember anything clearly from today.

"Did something happen? I don't remember." Dr. Lawson felt far away, but also much too close. Carol looked around her again, but if she had been pressed to describe the room she couldn't. It was a kaleidoscope of military issue office furniture and beige paneling. No wall seemed to look the same to her twice.

"Don't worry about it, Danvers. Once you get debriefed we can get into it." Dr. Lawson smiled widely tucking her hands in her jacket pockets in her reassuring way.

So, Carol was waiting for debriefing. There must have been an incident. If only she could remember.

Carol turned around and saw the familiar crop of red hair bent over a notebook.

"Dr. Lawson?"

"Hey, looking sharp. How are you feeling?"

The older woman turned in her chair to look at Carol, watching her with her bright green eyes. She could always trust Dr. Lawson. This all felt so familiar.

"Did something happen? I don't remember." Carol didn't remember how she got to this room or how she could leave it. She looked around for a door, but no wall seemed to have one. She turned around again and again. Each time she felt like something was out of place.

"Don't worry about it, Danvers. Once you get debriefed we can get into it."

What had happened that Carol needed to be debriefed?

Carol walked farther into the office and saw her mentor bent over a notebook.

"Dr. Lawson?" The older woman looked up, smiling at Carol. She didn't look like herself, but Carol couldn't say what was wrong.

"Hey, looking sharp. How are you feeling?"

"Did something happen?" Carol felt the rising gut wrenching feeling of panic. She felt cold and too hot. Her blood was telling her run. Don't fight. Fly. She couldn't remember where she was. "I don't remember."

Carol reached her hand out in front of her and it was on fire. All of her was on fire. Was she trapped on the cockpit? Was the cockpit on fire? She had to eject.

The world around her dimmed and slanted.

"Don't worry about it, Danvers." Dr. Lawson's voice faded away from her.

Carol woke with a start. She was sweating and all around her the world was too bright. Her hands sought the eject and finding nothing, they sought the release mechanism of her harness.

What she found instead was her own sweat soaked skin and dozens of wire sensors. She began tugging them off in handfuls, feeling the adhesive tear from her skin and somewhere a monitor was going crazy.

Her right arm ached and she was aware of the invasive pressure of an IV. She tried to turn her fevered eyes to see it, but everything was still too painful and bright. She could see a thick blue colour in the tube and she felt sick. She made to pull it out of her arm.

"Don't you dare." She froze as she heard the low growl of words somewhere behind her right shoulder. The monitor sounds had faded and no one had come for her. The cold fear that slid through her cooled her panic. The world began to come into focus.

Slowly she leaned forward away from the plush surface she was semi reclined on. Behind her a man was sitting on a high padded surgeon's bench. He had sandy brown hair and wore white scrubs. He had a bandage on his right arm at the elbow. His body showed the marks of someone who spent long periods of time in a pressure suit.

He was handsome in a 'too much time in an airlock' kind of way.

"Who-" Danvers tried to speak but she found her voice was cracked as if it had not been used for many days. Her head began to pound and she leaned back again. "How long-?"

She closed her eyes against a sudden wave of nausea. She could hear the man moving. She felt the surge in atmosphere as he stepped close to her too hot body. The pain in her right arm doubled with his closeness. She remembered in a flash how her hands had found skin and she

tried futilely to cover herself. Carol helplessly looked away, trying to hide her hot embarrassed face behind her hair. She didn't want him to know how shame filled and weak she felt right now. You could rarely give male pilots an inch without being mocked into the ground and she felt too sick for a fist fight.

"Stop it. You've made a mess." His voice was still low and very near her, but it had lost its threatening tone. A frisson of awareness caused gooseflesh along the backs of her arms and the tops of her thighs. Her body was confused.

Warm, confident hands brushed hers away and began sticking sensors back on her skin.

"Do you even know what you are doing?" Her voice was crackly but it worked. Who did this guy think he was?

"Do you even know what these do?" He returned her tone. He worked slowly and she was the centre of his intense attention. He would place a sensor against her sensitive skin and press it down. Each one sending a confusing tinge of pleasure to Danvers' core.

They must have her on some sort of intense drug. Maybe the IV in her arm. She lay her head back and kept her eyes closed tight against the onslaught to her senses. If the painkiller was strong enough it could mess with your nerve endings. Make you feel strange backwards things, like the applying of medical sensors was deeply erotic.

He finished one side and then the other, his intensity never diminishing. It felt protective in a weird way. As if caring for her was matter of duty. One sensor sat against her ribcage. Tucked just beneath the swell of her breast. He replaced it, as with all the others, returning it to the small red mark and sliding two fingers over the head. Pressing it firmly in place. His finger grazed the wrapped underside of her breast. It was unintentional. Almost unavoidable, but it made a shiver go through Carol. Her breath hitched slightly and she felt the familiar tingle of her nipple hardening beneath the cloth.

"You're cold." The man stated. It wasn't a question but concern softened his voice slightly. "Hold on."

He pulled the top of her bench and Danvers' stomach dropped as the world shifted and she was suddenly on her back. She was dizzy and she had a weird floating sensation. It was like being on a ferriswheel as it made its way down.

She felt warmth settle over her. The particular warmth of body heat and she realized he had draped his own blanket over her. She tried to look at him over her shoulder as she had instinctively turned, sensors and all, to the fetal position looking at the suspended blue black bag of the IV.

"Won't you be cold?" She asked shiveringly aware of the blanket over her. Touching her raw skin. She realized despite the sweat she was freezing.

He came around the bed eyes fixed on the IV as if it held for him all the answers. He swept delicate fingers over the swollen bag and checking the connections of the tube. He looked at her, an expression she couldn't make sense of in his gold eyes.

"Don't worry about it. Go to sleep. It's barely begun" he said in a deep intimate whisper.

"My name is Carol." Was the last thing she remembered saying before the deep warm dark swallowed her.

If she had been awake she would have heard the dark possessive voice above her say. "You'll be dead soon, Carol."

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Notes

Okay so what's the weirdest thing YOU googled before 9AM today? Mine was "erection after giving blood?" Or the exact definition of "get rekt"

Also PSA don't masturbate at people in medically induced comas. Don't be Yon-Rogg in this fic.

"Would you prefer to be awake for it?" The Supremor cocks an eyebrow. Yon-Rogg wonders if they can see the hesitance in him. He doesn't know. He knows he doesn't like being vulnerable next to her; the unstable body, the raw intimacy of being next to one another, the pain of waking up feeling weak.

He would be weaker before he was stronger again. Over and over again his blood would be poured into her as her Terran blood was filtered and extracted from her body. Terran blood that had mutated and congealed in her veins as the power of the core cooked her from inside out.

He had been shocked at how much fight was in her when she awoke after the first transfusion began. She had spoken. Had attempted to free herself not realizing what it was that was keeping her alive.

She had told him her Terran name. It had not suited her. There was no fire in it. It was a soft name. A name which could carry her on C 53 but not on Hala. On Hala names had purpose, they were honed like blades. And she would embody purpose. Direction.

He had not answered the Supremor. He did not know. He knew the inaction of suspended sleep was killing him as slowly as the methodical draining of blood. If she were to go supernova he would like to be awake for his death.

"Yes. I would" he answered at last.

With no further words he opened his eyes in the observation theatre. He was immediately aware of the ice cold sensation of draining fluid that fixated on his right arm. He blinked against the brightness and turned his head. A blue skinned medic was monitoring the drawing of his blood. Yon-Rogg leaned his head back and refocused. Closing his eyes against the rage he felt at seeing his blood drained. He had agreed to this. Agreed to bind himself to the Terran. To bring a great weapon to their side. To harness the raw energy glowing beneath her skin. He repeated to himself over and over his mantra 'for the good of all Kree'. He must be strong. He must be better. He must overcome the limitations of his purity. He must achieve more.

"You're awake." The doctor said with a small jump. She was no doubt watching the flexing of his fists with caution. While no Kree was ever helpless there was certainly no shortage of speculation about what the leader of Starforce was doing with a glowing Terran hostage. She wasn't afraid but she was uncertain.

"Yes" he said with a voice that was dried out and ragged. "How is she?"

The beds were not well positioned so he could see her. The Doctor's eyes searched his face, clearly deciding how much to divulge.

"I have given her my blood. Hide nothing from me." The Doctor nodded agreeing with his assessment.

"The Terran is surprisingly resilient. She has taken your blood well."

Heat pooled low in Yon-Rogg's belly. He savoured the words. He felt a deep pull to look at her again. To touch her skin. She had taken his blood well.

The Doctor turned in surprise as the monitor read the increase in his pulse. The change of pressure in his body. Yon-Rogg felt no embarrassment. It was only natural such complete possession would arouse him. She was powerful and resilient. These were things one desired in a mate. Soon she would be Kree and he could give his desires full reign.

Yon-Rogg did not seek more conversation. He let himself fall into meditation. Feeling the blood leave him. He felt the Doctor busy around him. He felt the world crane slowly backwards as they tilted him all the way back. He felt the pressure of the changing of his IV so that the nutrient dense fluid that was to revive him could flow into his weakened body and keep the valves and ducts balanced. He groaned as it flowed into him. Trying not to let the room spin.

"The nausea is normal. We can provide you with certain doses to-"

"Give me nothing. It is bad enough I have to allow this syrup in my veins."

The Doctor nodded. Happy to let him suffer. She carried his blood to the Terran. Yon-Rogg was fascinated by the dull red sack she took away. Disposing of it down a medical waste chute.

The woman moaned as the transfusion started and Yon-Rogg's gut clenched. It had been a low animal sound that ended in a high whimper of pain. Yon-Rogg wanted to hear that noise again. It was the sound of surrender. The sound of him invading her very cells and her body giving him purchase. He answered her with his own satisfied grunt.

The Doctor left them soon after. They were alone again except for whoever could be hiding beyond the unseeing eyes of the black windows. Yon-Rogg had been monitored his whole life. He was used to allowing this unfettered access to even his most private moments.

He sat up and felt the telltale quiver in his muscles that warned him to lie back down, but he ignored it. He slid off the bed, clenching his teeth and willing his muscles to hold him. His

vision dappled and Yon-Rogg gripped the bed until he stopped seeing stars. He walked towards her bed, leaning heavily on the pole of his IV as he walked it with him.

She was tilted back, her skin no longer glowing, her face was flushed and she smelt of sweat and flesh. She was dressed now. He had demanded it when he had seen her shivering. She had seemed so small curled up beneath his blanket, being warmed by his heat, being silently grateful and supplicant to him.

He desired her gratitude. He wished he could fully explain what his body had done for her. He wanted her to know it wasn't just her survival she owed him. He would be the strength in her muscles, the heat beneath her flesh, and the pleasure between her thighs. She would owe every sensation to him and he wanted her pliant unending gratitude for it.

Her face tightened against some invisible pain and her brow furrowed. She let out a small choked sound and Yon-Rogg felt it shatter over his skin causing his flesh to tingle and rise. He pressed the flat of his palm against himself. Feeling the pleasure deepen into a tangible physical reaction. This was her slow Terran death, he was watching a Kree be formed from blood and lightning.

He found a spot where he could watch her, be close to her, but if she awoke he would be innocuous. He considered chasing his pleasure while watching her, every noise she made he responded with swelling desire. He found it satisfying to see the dark blue of his blood travel the tubes of the IV and find entrance into her body.

His IV was drained, the nausea passed and the small dose of pain killer they had slipped in, without his permission, was humming under his skin. He felt raw and in tune with everything around him. He pulled out the tube, leaving the little port stuck in his arm, and moved unfettered.

He was surprised at his restlessness, at the intensity of his curiosity and the genuine desire for her to wake. Yon-Rogg had spent most of his life alone, loneliness was a feeling he was accustomed to. Now though loneliness ate at him. It made the nutrient swirl in his veins burn like acid. It filled him with pent up energy so he did not want to be still. He was not bored. He had long since trained boredom from his body. It was frustration and desire. They had been mated. Bonded through blood, but he had yet to know her. He was impatient. Impatient for the Terran to die and his blood wife to rise from the ashes.

His only outlet when such things overwhelmed him was physical exhaustion. Something he couldn't risk while in the middle of this delicate process, but he desperately wished to.

He decided to remove himself from the temptation. To stop watching her. He moved back to his bed and lay down. He taped the monitor back to himself and tried to sleep.

He opened his eyes in an ugly cluttered room. Mar-Vell was sitting at a desk, head bent over a notebook. Yon-Rogg reached for his weapon but found he was not wearing his armour. Instead he was in a primitive suit like the one he had seen the Terran in. Was this a dream?

"Merely a simulation." Mar-vell answered not looking up and Yon-Rogg realized the SI had taken him back into stasis.

"What is being simulated?" Yon-Rogg asked an undertone of disgust in his voice. It was bad enough to see the Supremor lower themselves to taking on the face of a traitor, but the surroundings were oppressively ugly.

"This is the last pure memory of the Terran. I have been keeping her here."

Yon-Rogg's disgust deepened he did not like to think of her here in such a lowly place. Even the Terran version of her.

"She is here now. Mar-vell is talking to her. You cannot see her because I have not yet connected your consciousnesses."

"But you could?" Yon-Rogg tried to keep the excitement from his tone, but he knew the SI would sense it regardless.

"I intend to. This place is indestructible, whether or not the Terran will be able to revisit it post death is unpredictable, but this day, this place will live in her brain cells forever. I want to insert you into it."

Yon-Rogg nodded, trying to forgive this speck of diseased tissue in her.

"Allow her to lead. Be strategic. I have faith in you, commander." The SI disappeared.

"Have you seen Dr. Lawson?" Asked a voice behind him.

# Chapter 4

## Chapter Summary

### Inside the SI

## Chapter Notes

50 First Dates meets Kree Blood Ritual. I am sure this will be fine. It's fine....

Yon-Rogg realized he was not prepared to see her. He had wanted her to open her eyes and look at him when they were outside the simulation, but here, here he had no control. He was at her mercy, standing in the last atoms of her world. The vivid moments before cell death that she was suspended in. Somewhere deep within this simulation the SI was burying her pain holding her mind above it so that she could be awoken again.

When the pain and the panic became too much the SI would reboot the simulation. If he kept her calm they could keep talking for longer. When it got too painful he would lose her to the loop. How many times had she relived this moment already?

"Did you hear me? I am looking for Dr. Lawson." The man was standing in front of Dr. Lawson's desk. He was looking away from her and she thought he had been talking a moment ago, but to who?

She had been talking though. She was certain she had just been talking to Dr. Lawson. She turned to look behind her where the door should be. Were they talking in the hallway?

There was no door. She felt an odd sensation akin to terror. It was muted and far away as if the panic was being ebbed away from her as quickly as it could rise.

He turned around and looked at her. He looked familiar, but she didn't know why. He was wearing a flight suit like her own. Except Dr. Lawson didn't employ male test pilots. Carol felt something harden and sour in her stomach. An interloper in her and Maria's private slice of sky.

"Dr. Lawson isn't here right now." His voice made something in her catch. She recognized the voice. It made a low tingling awareness creep up her back. Danger. The problem with Carol Danvers was she liked danger.

"I am sorry do I know you?" She inspected his face carefully. Stepping maybe a little too close for comfort. The man leaned in.

"It looks like you and I are on the same team." He answered to her, his amber eyes dipping down to the insignia on her suit. "Danvers."

He had no name emblazoned on his suit.

"It's just that Dr. Lawson doesn't have male test pilots." She was fishing. Fishing for him to brag, fishing for his condescension, trying to get his hackles up. He just looked interested.

"Why not?"

"Maybe it's her way of righting the scales. Since they only let you flyboys in active combat. Us flygirls have to stay on the ground."

His brow crinkled and he cocked his head.

"Some of the best warriors I know are females. Why limit yourself to only half the population?" Something he said made her smile. He wished he knew what.

"Warriors?" She crossed her arms and nodded. "I like the sound of that."

He would make her a warrior. He would give her his strength. He would make her more powerful than anyone who had ever tried to ground her. He felt an unfamiliar rage at these faceless Terrans who had not seen her potential.

"Where did you come from, flyboy?" She asked looking him up and down. He felt the appreciation in her stare.

"If I told you I would have to kill you." He smiled at her. She must have enjoyed the threat because she laughed.

"You aren't the first person I have met from there."

He liked her laugh. It wasn't very often Yon-Rogg made someone laugh. He liked that he was the one that made her laugh.

"Okay then, what do they call you?" She asked quirking up her eyebrow and smiling at him again.

"Yon-Rogg"

"Yon-Rogg?" She repeated lifting up her eyebrows. He cursed at himself. That wasn't a very Terran name. She shrugged and his heart unclenched. "That's a doozy of a call sign. You piss off your commanding officer the day they were handing them out?"

He smiled "it grows on you, I guess."

"So I guess this all boils down to you won't tell me why you are here to see Lawson?"

He shrugged.

"That's need to know, Carol"

Carol froze. How had he known her name? He was still looking at her, but his smile was faltering. Dr. Lawson should be here. Why was he here and Dr. Lawson wasn't?

Carol stopped look at him and began looking around the room, her eyes roving around trying to make any detail stay. She was certain the walls were not the same. Where was the door?

The Terran's eyes had widened and Yon-Rogg realized his mistake immediately. For her, paused in this moment, she had not given him her first name. He had been caught up in the intimacy. He was enjoying talking with her too much. Feeling the energy between them warm. He froze not knowing how to pull her back. Knowing she was losing herself to panic.

He clamped down on his emotions. This was all going to be lost regardless, the Terran was going to die. The woman that would replace her would owe more to him than just a few moments of laughter. He was wasting his time here if he wasn't using it correctly. If he was just batting words back and forth.

She was gone. He had only a split second to decide what he was going to do. He sat and tried to adapt an air of bored nonchalance.

"Have you seen Dr. Lawson?" The man didn't move. He seemed to be ignoring her. "Did you hear me? I am looking for Dr. Lawson"

"Dr. Lawson isn't here right now." The man didn't turn or look at her. Carol would normally feel her blood boil. Cocky flyboys and their boys club attitude, but there was something about his voice that made her insides hum. His voice sounded like danger and if there was one thing Carol liked, it was danger.

"I am sorry, do I know you?" He turned and looked her up and down. She was certain she knew those eyes. Her body grew hot and cold under his scrutiny as if there was some far away memory of him that made fear and heat blossom under her skin.

"Looks like you and I are on the same team" his eyes left her face to dip down to the patch over her heart. She felt her body respond while a thick worry congealed in her stomach. Were her and Maria being replaced?

"It's just Dr. Lawson doesn't have male test pilots." She watched his eyes desperate for any clue as to why he was here.

"An interesting desicion, but I have always found women more sensitive - " Carol held her breath ready to argue with him "to the nuance of innovation."

Her mouth made a pleasingly round 'O' as he finished his sentence. It angered him that the traitor Mar-Vell had won her devotion for simply seeing her value on a planet so backwards it would willingly halve its potential. He would show her. Open her to higher heights, to greater victories than her Terran mind could comprehend.

"Danvers." She said sticking out her hand. Yon-Rogg stared at it a moment unsure of what to do. He simply mirrored her.

"Yon-Rogg" to his surprise she grasped his hand and pumped it twice before letting go. To feel her palm pressed against his, even in the simulation, felt alight with energy. Her skin was how he remembered; full of raw power. Did she feel him? Did somewhere deep inside her did she have a memory of his skin?

"Yon-Rogg?" She repeated quirking her eyebrow. "I know that call sign"

He smiled something bubbling up inside him that she remembered his name.

"The sky isn't as endless as it seems. I am sure we have shared it before."

They had. He had shot her down. He had started her slow death in an empire across the galaxies.

"It's just unusual to meet a man who wants to share it."

"There is always room at my side for another warrior."

"Warrior? I don't know about that."

"What do you prefer?"

"Hero."

"Warrior hero, then"

She laughed and looked at him with a growing appreciation.

"That's the dream, right flyboy?"

She made to move a stack of files from the chair to the desk so she could sit down.

Dr. Lawson may be a genius, but her housekeeping left much to be desired. As Carol shifted the stack of files to the desk, something about them caught her eye. She knew it was wrong but she tried to look at them. Except she couldn't read them. Carol leaned in close and tried to make the letters make sense, but she couldn't make them stay still. They felt like they were shrinking or moving away from her. She tried to force her eyes to focus, but they stopped working. She felt her frustration and panic grow. She couldn't see. She looked around the room and saw the shifting walls. Had they always been shifting. She charged towards the wall where Dr. Lawson's awards were hung.

Yon-Rogg was losing her and he didn't know why. It wasn't something he said. It was something about the room. She tore across to an opposite wall. She looked frantic.

"Can you read these? They are her awards I can't read them." Her voice was cracked. Her eyes were wild. Yon-Rogg stood behind her. There was very little space in the simulation, he had no where to stand that wasn't directly behind her. He could feel the panic coming off of

her as the surroundings were unable to keep up with her. If she did not know what would be written somewhere the SI couldn't provide it. He leaned in pressing one hand to the wall, feeling the hum of pure tangible programming, the wall didn't feel solid. Her heightened state was making it melt.

He was close to her, but she was consumed with the bits of glass on the wall and didn't seem to notice. He could see why. With no detail available he saw them as a shifting kaleidoscope of alien letters. He might be able to fix it. To calm her down and make her stay a little longer.

"In recognition of advanced efforts in- " Yon-Rogg paused. He didn't know what kind of things Terrans gave awards for. "Science. Dr. Wendy Lawson"

The wavering letters stopped. They became solid and she seemed to breath a sigh of relief. She turned so she was facing him, unintentionally close and encircled by his arms in the small office. She smiled.

"I think I am going crazy. We've only just met and-"

"We haven't only just met, remember?" His voice came out deep and intimate. She was so close and whether she knew it or not they belonged together. He had poured himself into her. Allowed her to make him weak. Taken him inside her, through every capillary and cell. He was gushing from her heart and flowing between her limbs. Soon this little speck of Terran tissue would be all that was left of her old life and he was here too.

"Right, we've shared the sky." She smiled at him weak with relief. Intoxicating calm radiating from her. Knowing she would stay with him for a few more moments.

He kissed her. Unlike her palm he didn't know what this would feel like, what she would taste like so all he felt was the raw power of the simulation. Her skin tasted like sparks of ozone and as he stroked her jaw begging her for entrance he hoped her mouth would taste of their shared blood.

They were kissing some far away voice informed Carol. She couldn't remember why they were kissing. As a rule she didn't fraternize. Pilots, in general, were bad lays and she included herself in that number. Once you had flown so fast your head was thrown back and your vision dappled all while the earth fell away far below you. It was hard to be wowed by sex. She knew men who wanted it bad right after they flew, the adrenaline pumping in their veins, but being a stranger's come down was always disappointing.

Here she was though, pressed up against a low filing cabinet, and feeling like she was being slowly liquefied. She'd been so aware of him, something in her drawing her to him. It felt primal to be stretched along him, his thighs pinning her and his hands holding her face. She felt the pressure as two of his fingers massaged her jaw muscle. An implicit request 'open for me'.

She did and she felt the rush as his tongue slid in her mouth. Warm. Every thing was so warm as if they were melting together.

In Lawson's office. They were kissing in Lawson's office. Carol's brain skipped. Who was he? How long had they been here? They couldn't be here. She pushed to palms against his chest, but all she felt was like she was sinking into him more, warm static instead of hard flesh.

Yon-Rogg felt her struggle against him for a second. He hoped they could push through further into this dreamworld logic. He was enjoying himself and judging by how pliant and receptive she had been a moment ago she agreed. Her body, suspended here, was already beginning to recognize they were mated.

He felt a hard shove hit his chest. He stopped. Released her mouth with a wet sucking sound that settled somewhere below his stomach. He looked at her hands between them, glowing with photon energy. The Terran was looking at them as well eyes wide with shock. The electric fire spread further up her arms, consuming her quickly. Her face twisted up in a silent scream before she burned away into cinder in front of him.

He'd made a bad calculation. It should have been obvious, but he was so drawn to her he had lost sight of what they were trying to do. Who he was to her. The Supremor had said they had faith in him, but he had failed spectacularly to understand his mission.

She was a cannon.

She was a weapon.

He was the flint that would hone the blade.

The loop restarted and Yon-Rogg was ready. He was focused.

"Have you seen Dr. Lawson?" Carol asked. A man was standing in front of Lawson's desk. As familiar as he looked Carol didn't know why he was here.

"Dr. Lawson isn't here right now." He answered looking at her. Gauging her reaction. She felt like she had stepped on a scale and was now being measured.

"I am sorry, do I know you?"

"I am here to debrief you."

The world came into focus. Lawson said she was going to be debriefed. There had been an incident. Something had happened.

"I don't think I remember anything."

"That's alright, you have been through a lot. Sit down and I will do my best to help you understand."

"Understand what?" She took her seat hesitantly.

"Who shot you down and why. It's time for you to learn about the Skrulls."



# Chapter 5

## Chapter Summary

The penultimate chapter where everything comes to a head.

## Chapter Notes

We're almost done.

It gets a little dark this chapter so trigger warnings for violence at the end, but honestly nothing creepier or worse than has already gone on in this fic.

Thank you for sticking this weird wild ride out to the end.

Yon-Rogg emerged from the simulation feeling nauseous and parched. He tried to sit up, but his body was unresponsive lead.

"Stay down. You are weak." Yon-Rogg growled at the voice somewhere above him. He had a clear IV in his arm. Hydrating his body and forcing nutrients into him.

He sat up, fighting against the pain. The blue skinned medic was back. He reached with shaking hand for the pitcher by his bed. He swilled the cold liquid around in his mouth before spitting it back into the metal pitcher.

The medic grimaced but he just bared his teeth at her unashamed.

"How long have I been out?"

"Two cycles." Yon-Rogg grunted. He looked over to where the Terran was. He could see the flicker of the life support. She appeared to be hovering a few inches from her inclined bed.

"How long has she been doing that?" He asked nodding over towards his partner. His voice scratchy from a lack of drinking or talking. He had been inside the SI, living the same moment over and over again for two days.

"Since her last transfusion." The medic shrugged. She clearly didn't understand, hadn't been briefed, on how important her mission was.

"And when was that?" Yon-Rogg snapped. His body ached and he was losing patience with the snotty blue medic.

"Two cycles."

"Two cycles? Why did you stop?" He was livid, his anger a twisting black pit of snakes in his gut. They had lost so much time.

"Neither of you could take more. It would be unethical-"

"Did I tell you to stop?" He couldn't manage a shout with his damaged voice, but it came out as a growl.

"You don't tell me to do anything, Commander." The medic responded. She collected the pitcher and her data pad and walked out of the room.

Yon-Rogg guessed he should be grateful she didn't fill him full of painkillers. He wanted to be awake. He didn't know if he could walk, he couldn't trust his body. For a Kree to take two cycles to heal from blood loss was unheard of. They were close though.

He smiled as he thought back. Time didn't exist inside the simulation. He had felt no exhaustion or hunger. He relived the loop over and over. Teaching her of a villainy from beyond the stars.

He saw many faces of her, she was unpredictable. At times he would be able to whip her up into a glorious anger other times she resisted. She asked so many questions he couldn't track them all, but she could not leave.

She began to recognize him, to greet him by name when she re-entered the loop. That had been the greatest triumph.

He had not kissed her again. Had not touched her. At first it had been torture. Her presence in the simulation was drawn from her mind. Her mind which would contain intimate and detailed information about herself. He desired this intimate knowledge of her.

Although as he had journeyed further. As he lost her and found her over and over again in the loop he realized that the simulation was just that. She was not real. She would not really be quivering beneath him. Her reactions, her sensations, her sounds would all be shadows of her experiences with former lovers. This was something he could not stomach. He wanted her real and raw beneath him. He wanted all her moans and shivers to be his alone.

He was regaining his equilibrium. His head no longer pounded with the strain of being upright. He could not rest easy knowing she was burning up, fearing she was losing control. He pulled the IV from his arm. Leaving the tube to spill out the thick nutrient syrup onto the floor. He braced while the world spun again. He would make it to her.

He slid from the bed and caught himself on jellied legs. He breathed through the pain. Through the nausea that threatened to engulf him.

He stumbled and shuffled, supporting himself when he could until he closed the embarrassingly small distance between them.

The power was radiating from her, lifting her into the air, wafting off her in hot currents.

He could barely stand so he collapsed onto her. Her eyes were closed and her face was serene. He held his weight off of her with elbows braced on either side of her head. He was close to her. Beneath the smell of seared air and melting equipment he could still smell the faintest hint of tincture. Her body was still annoyed, they wouldn't fail. They couldn't fail.

"Control it, Vers." He said in her ear. The closest he had ever come to a plea in his life. "Listen to me. We need you. We need you in our battle. You are a Kree Warrior, a hero. Fight this. Control it."

He leaned back to watch her face. To see if she had heard him. At first he thought she could not, but then she opened her eyes. Yon-Rogg stumbled back in shock, unable to hold himself up any longer he fell backwards.

Her eyes were empty voids of lightning. She was an unseeing being of light and fire. And she was coming undone. This had been what they had feared, what they had known was possible. Now watching the energy and the power build in her she was awesome to behold. All Yon-Rogg could think of, as he saw her hovering before him, was an avenging angel. Something beyond the science of the Kree and rigidity of their beliefs. When he looked at her he saw the true glory of the Kree.

The energy around her grew and grew. Until at last it could be contained no longer. It exploded upwards and out so bright he could no longer look at her. If he had not have fallen backwards he would have been incinerated. The blast shattered the windows, cut deep swathes into the vaulted ceiling causing massive chunks to fall around them.

Yon-Rogg heard the wail of life support systems and the metallic rushing of containment. They were being sealed in. The power of the release had lifted her up, had held her in the air, but as the power drained she fell to the ground next to Yon-Rogg.

She was unburnt, arcs of energy still zapping along her skin, but now they were both severed from the SI. The wires and connections destroyed by the blast. She was no longer cradled above the pain, she was falling into the deep depths of it.

Yon-Rogg watched her burn and convulse and knew they must finish what they started. He crawled over to her and looked into her eyes again. They were open and roving around the room her mouth opening and closing trying to draw breath against the pain. Her sweat covered body and rolled back eyes would have been erotic if he wasn't so gripped by the fear of losing her.

He summed his strength to search about the wreckage, medical equipment and apparatus had been blown about like confetti with the force of the blast. He managed to find what he needed and drag himself back to Vers.

They were so close. His body warned him that being so close to victory was also being on the razor's edge of complete failure. He knew in his soul that they were mated. That he would not survive without her. Either they would both die or they would rise from the ash around them.

He had basic medic training. Less than basic. Primary. Primitive. A thousand ways to harm a body floated around his head, but only a few valuable pieces about how to save them. They

both had ports in their arms. That would simplify things. He had two needles, a tube and gravity. That was all. He didn't even know how to stop embolisms or the myriad of other things that could happen.

He positioned one knee between her legs, butted up against her sex and the other knee he planted awkwardly on her palm. Forcing her arm straight. Giving him control. The weight of him, the crushing of her hand didn't even register among the feeling of being burned from the inside out.

He pressed the needle into his arm first. Watching the blood quickly flow through the tube, pushing out the air. Then as the blue began to trip from the other end, making the needle slick with his warm blood and dropping small circles onto her skin. He was hers now. Those small splatters of blue were a greater bond than any words he could have spoken aloud. He forced the tube into her arm, their last transfusion.

Her howl began immediately. She shuddered in pain and he braced her with his knees, staying above her so the blood would continue to flow.

"Kill me." She begged as the pain grew.

"I am." He sobbed back. He hadn't expected to feel so helpless. So without power as he forced her into the hard floor. Her mouth opened again and again in her soundless wails. Her final death was upon her and as her eyes rolled back he forced two fingers into her mouth. Pinning her lolling tongue far away from the clamping of her teeth. He stayed there pinning her to the ground, his fingers almost to her throat and the strange sensation he was floating.

His world began to darken as he heard the far off sound of rubble being pushed aside.

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Summary

### Epilogue

## Chapter Notes

And now the weird blood train pulls in the station and we can all go back to our normal emotionally balanced lives.

Yon-Rogg opened his eyes to the endless white. He closed them again and tried to will himself back to the dreamless sleep he had been in. He isn't ready to see his father's face or speak to the Supremor. He has no vocabulary for failure. No explanation about these last timeless days. How he could give himself, not just in strength and in spirit, but his body and his desires to the Terran woman?

His father and his blue skin. His purity of Kree breeding and his sad little pink skinned whelp. Yon-Rogg had built his successes around him like armour, so his father would never cast him away. It had been in his nature to achieve, to conquer, to be ruthless. How quickly he had opened his body to impurities. Had dreamt of taking the woman before she was fully Kree.

It occurred to Yon-Rogg he might be dead. Perhaps he had been paused in his final moments by the SI. That was impossible. She had burnt away the connection to SI with her incredible power.

He opened his eyes again. Still in the endless white but no longer alone. She was standing in front of him. Was this to be their afterlife?

"One thing can be said for you, Commander." Her voice wasn't quite right even though he had barely heard it. "You are not afraid to get your hands dirty."

"Supremor you are-"

"In the form you will find most compelling."

"I don't admire the Terran woman."

"You have shown uncommon dedication to her then."

"Is she dead? Am I dead?"

The Supremor laughed her throaty laugh. That was closer to the real her.

"Nearly, but against all odds you both survived."

"When can I see her?" He couldn't disguise his eagerness.

"As soon as you wake up."

Yon-Rogg couldn't answer how long it was before he opened his eyes to the Med Bay around him. He knew what felt like seconds could be countless hours suspended inside the Supreme Intelligence.

"You're awake." Yon-Rogg blinked the room into focus. It was a sterile faceless room within Med Bay. He turned his head towards the voice. Everything throbbed.

"Vers?" He couldn't believe she was here looking small and pale huddled beside his bedside.

"That's what they tell me."

He nodded vaguely, drugs filling his system, he flexed his hands and felt a foreign pain and looked down at the red ring. Vers shrugged sheepishly.

"Now that I remember. I would apologize but you brought it on yourself."

Yon-Rogg smiled flexing her mark on his skin.

"If I had thought about it I would have let you swallow your tongue. It would make the next few years more peaceful."

Vers perked up. He hadn't realized how stressed she looked until she started genuinely smiling.

"Does that mean I can stay here?"

"Of course warrior, you are home." Yon-Rogg said head falling back onto the pillow eyes growing heavy.

"Warrior Hero" Vers corrected and Yon-Rogg smiled.

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