

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

A/N: Going Away Presents.

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“... You can’t be serious.”

Mystique watches on with mild amusement as Sarah holds the control remote out to Commander Raynor. The bearded human man stares at it like it’s a snake that might bite him... when he’s not staring at Sarah with incredulity.

Sarah, meanwhile, just stares right back, smiling slightly.

“Deadly serious. Who else can I give it to, Jim? Not myself. Certainly not Mengsk. It’s got to be you.”

“Fuck off.”

Sarah lets out a soft chuckle, even as Mystique finds herself smiling as well. Raynor’s reaction was precisely why he was the only one Sarah could give it to, in the end.

To back up a moment, after sending Admiral DuGalle and his people home with only half their fleet, they’d been left with the spoils of a very short, very productive, very profitable war. An entire half of the Iron Fist Fleet had been left behind in the Koprulu Sector, powered down and emptied of their crews in their entirety.

Obviously there’d been pockets of resistance, but between Mystique and Myk-Zod’s physical abilities and Sarah’s psychic powers, nobody had managed to actually do anything. No sabotage had been allowed to go through; no stowaways had remained undetected.

This meant that there were now hundreds of battlecruisers and thousands of smaller craft just... sitting there in space, waiting to be crewed. But of course, even if Raynor's Raiders had been recruiting extensively ever since Tarsonis, that did not mean he had the men and women to suddenly crew one of the largest fleets in the Koprulu Sector.

That was where Mystique's lover had stepped in. Myk-Zod had been able to cobble together what he called a 'rudimentary artificial intelligence' in a few hours. He'd then uploaded it into every ship, slaving them all together to a single control remote. The same control remote that Sarah was trying to give Raynor now, in fact.

This has all been explained to the Terran Commander of course, which is why he's looking at the remote with such distaste at the moment.

"No one man can be trusted with that much power. Not even me."

Sarah shrugs.

"Someone needs to be trusted with it, Jim. If not you, then who? No one? So then those ships just sit there in the void, unused and derelict. Is that going to help the Koprulu Sector when Earth eventually calls our bluff and sends another fleet down the line? Will it help the Sector when Mengsk and his Dominion firm up their control of the place and terrorize innocent beings with his tyranny?"

Sarah leans forward, looking Raynor right in the eye.

"What will you tell the colonists you leave to be infested by the Zerg Swarm? Will you tell them you couldn't protect them because 'no one man should have that much power'?"

Mystique can see the effect Sarah's argument is having on Commander Raynor. Each point she makes is a physical blow to the human man... until finally, with an angry scowl, he snatches the control remote out of her hands. Mystique tenses up, wondering for a brief moment if he'll try to destroy it... but instead he just looks at it like he's looking at his own death sentence.

“You don’t have to use it forever, Jim. Consider it motivation.”

Furrowing his brow, Raynor frowns at Sarah.

“Motivation for what, exactly?”

Smiling wider now that he’s taken the remote, Sarah gestures around the bridge at the rest of the bridge crew watching on.

“Finding more men and women you can trust as much as these ones to crew those ships properly. You’ll need to start a recruiting drive... or three, but obviously that fleet is going to be much more effective once its properly manned. This is only a temporary measure.”

Mystique can tell that that actually soothes Raynor just a bit. The Terran looks at the remote with a bit of weight off of his shoulders, no longer looking like he’s being crushed beneath the sudden responsibility. Although, after a moment he does give Sarah a suspicious look.

“... Why does it feel like you’re setting me up for something, Sarah?”

Sarah’s broad smile turns a touch sad at that.

“Because I am, Jim. Because you’re not going to just be able to go quietly into the night after this. We fucked up the UED and sent them packing, but it was all smoke and mirrors. There’s only two of Myk and Mystique and they aren’t going to be around forever... and neither am I.”

Ah, and there it is. Mystique can tell from Raynor’s reaction that this is the first time Sarah has admitted to anyone outside of their threesome that she’s planning to leave this universe behind and continue on with Mystique and Myk-Zod.

Even Myk-Zod, watching along from the sidelines, is a little surprised by Sarah’s admission. But he’s not displeased, Mystique can tell that much.

“You...”

Raynor trails off, not able to put it into words. Smiling softly now, Sarah dips her head.

“When they depart... I’m going with them, Jim. But before I do that, I’m going to set you and the Koprulu Sector up for success. Even if I have to make you lead the entire damn Sector into a brighter future.”

Visibly rattled now, utter silence reigns as James Raynor struggles for several seconds with what to say. Finally...

“You’re setting me up for a war with Mengsk. I don’t see how fighting the Dominion and losing who knows how many men, women, and ships in the process is going to prepare us for the UED’s eventual return though... we’re going to be too weak to fight by the time they come back.”

Sarah shakes her head.

“No. There won’t be a war, Jim. In fact... there won’t be a Dominion, soon enough.”

Mystique watches on as Raynor grimaces, clearly suspecting the answer already but still having to ask.

“Sarah... what are you talking about?”

Smirking, Sarah tilts her head to the side.

“I’ll deal with Mengsk. Just as I promised Edmund Duke that I would. His Dominion is about to face a bit of a crisis... what to do without their illustrious all powerful dictator. And in the aftermath, I suspect most Terrans will be very interested in listening to what you have to say. So start writing your speech, Jim. It’d better be a doozy.”

“Sarah...”

But Sarah has decided she’s going to have the last word and whips around to walk right out of the room. Raynor looks lost as he glances between her retreating form and the remote in his hands. Mystique exchanges a look with Myk-Zod, a bit of silent communication passing between them for a moment as he tilts his head questioningly in Sarah’s direction and Mystique just places a hand on her arm and shakes her head back ever so slightly.

She would handle this... Myk-Zod could go back to his science for the time being.

After another moment, he simply nods and leaves her to it, allowing Mystique to follow Sarah through the ship. It’s not particularly difficult in spite of the fact that the other woman is very good at stealth and didn’t want to be followed. Mystique is still Mystique after all, not to mention being so much more thanks to that mad man Zola’s experiments.

Sarah startles when she finally steps up beside her, but quickly settles down, looking out the viewport she’d been standing in front of and biting her lower lip.

“... I hope it wasn’t presumptuous of me to declare I’d be leaving with the two of you.”

Mystique scoffs.

“Why would it be? I’m the one who asked you to consider the option, did I not?”

“Yes but... I know Myk never officially signed off on it.”

“Hmph. He likes you too much not to bring you with us. And besides, he’s told me what he’s been working on these past few months... bringing you and everything else should be well within his capabilities by the time we’re ready to leave.”

Sarah slowly nods, still staring out the viewport.

“... Are you here to tell me I shouldn’t assassinate Mengsk then?”

Mystique scoffs.

“Of course not. I’m here to offer you my help.”

Sarah whips her head around at that, visibly baffled. Mystique just smiles thinly, crossing her arms over her chest.

“I told you before, didn’t I? Myk-Zod is a good man. Me... I am not a good woman. He makes me want to be better, but the truth is some men need killing. Even he understands this. And he will understand that you and I need to go and remove the head from the snake before you will truly feel comfortable leaving this universe behind.”

Her piece said, Mystique tilts her head to the side.

“However, you and Myk-Zod informed me of your conversation with that Protoss, the one who called himself Zeratul. If you can truly only have one of the two kills you wish to make... are you happy with it being Arcturus Mengsk over the Overmind?”

Sarah’s lips purse into a thin line, her nose wrinkling for a moment.

“... Like Myk said, I don’t see why I should have to choose just because some Protoss told me I would. I’ll kill them both if I can... but Mengsk does need to die first.”

Mystique stays quiet, allowing Sarah to explain her reasoning.

“Back on Tarsonis, when I was able to wipe out Daggoth and the rest of the cerebrates, I also dealt a blow to the Overmind I’m pretty sure. It should wait a little while longer. But Mengsk... Mengsk isn’t waiting. He’s moving now, trying to continue to consolidate his Dominion and firm up his control over the sector.

Just like the UED was the most immediate threat, now that they're dealt with... it's Mengsk."

Nodding, Mystique smirks.

"Then it seems we have a job to do, don't we?"

Sarah looks at her with some small amount of uncertainty.

"You... you're really offering to help?"

Mystique rolls her eyes and doesn't answer with words. Rather, she answers with her mind, pushing every ounce of sincerity into her thoughts as she projects them in the incredibly powerful psychic's direction.

*I will hold him down while you put as many bullets into his body as you wish,
Sarah Kerrigan.*

The other red head's breath hitches and Mystique can tell she's had quite the effect on Sarah. Smirking now, she steps forward and pulls the Terran woman down into a deep, tongue-filled kiss... one that Sarah barely even hesitates to return, moaning into Mystique's mouth for a long moment.

When they finally pull apart, Sarah is a bit flushed, panting slightly, her lips a bit more swollen. Chuckling, Mystique runs her hand across Sarah's cheek before finally pulling away.

"I shall go inform Myk-Zod of my absence."

Coming out of her momentary stupor with a shudder, Sarah slowly nods.

"I'll... I'll go secure us transport then. Meet you in the hangar?"

"Indeed."

With that they part ways, Mystique heading for Myk-Zod and Sarah going to get

them a small, speedy ship that will allow them to slip right into Mengsk's place of power. At this point from what Mystique recalled, the man had set up the Capital of his new Dominion on Korhal, his birthplace.

She didn't expect it to be difficult to reach him though. Between the two of them, she and Sarah should be able to handle it quite easily.

Still, as she steps into the laboratory and Myk-Zod looks to her, Mystique does feel a moment of hesitation. Even after spending years at his side, she doesn't always enjoy him seeing the darker parts of her in action.

"I've agreed to join Sarah on her mission."

There's a pause before Myk-Zod finally nods.

"Understood."

Not for the first time since they arrived in this universe, Mystique wishes she had Sarah's ability to read minds. Despite all their time together, her alien lover could be quite inscrutable when he wanted to be. Rather than just leave it at that, Mystique moves to Myk-Zod's side... and is gratified when he readily turns and welcomes her embrace rather than simply letting her hug him and leaving it at that.

As she rests her head against his chest, Mystique lets out a sigh.

"Are you okay with this?"

If he said no... well, she would try to persuade him otherwise, but as much as Mystique wanted to secure Sarah's willingness to come with them, Myk-Zod would always be the most important man in her life. After another lengthy pause, he grunts.

"Some men need to die. Is Arcturus Mengsk one of them? I'm not sure that's a decision I can make, outsider that I am. Arnim Zola had to die for the knowledge

he held. Arcturus Mengsk will die for the damage he's done and continues to do."

Looking down into Mystique eyes, Myk-Zod smiles softly.

"I am not upset that you are going to with Sarah on her mission. She deserves to have someone like you watching her back. Rather, I simply find myself looking back and realizing I've let my priorities become imbalanced. Once we leave this universe behind, with or without Sarah... I want us to reassess. I know what I want out of life, but I want to know what you and possibly Sarah want as well. And then, together, I want us to work to achieve that."

Mystique slowly nods at Myk-Zod's words.

"That sounds good to me."

He leans forward and kisses her on the forehead then, and Mystique allows herself a moment more of respite in his arms. Then, they pull apart and she leaves to go and find Sarah so that they can go and remove Mengsk from power once and for all.

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