

## Lost And Found

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# Lost And Found

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## Summary

AU

When Thanos is defeated in Wakanda Proxima and Corvus are all that remains of the Mad titans' forces, until they come across a familiar face they'd long assumed dead. The way of life they've always known is gone, as is the only family they ever known, can they find a new life, and even a new family?

possible out of character-ness despite my best attempts

## Notes

I've basically taken Kaldera's character from the brief apperances I've seen of her in the comic books and created, what I'd imagine a movie version of her would look/be like - please let me know what you think.

## Safe

Proxima quickly laid down the unconscious body of her husband Corvus on the floor of their Q ship, quickly checking his wound she was relieved to see the bleeding had stopped and his flesh already starting to knit itself back together thanks the invaluable powers of his glaive. Reassured, Proxima moved to the pilot's seat and maneuvered the Q ship out of the earths' atmosphere. Deeming them to be at a safe distance and seeing they were not being pursued by Earths' Mightiest Heroes – The Avengers, Proxima typed in a set of coordinates and set the ship into autopilot.

Proxima sat in silence for a moment, dragging her hands over her face and through her hair, letting the gravity of their situation sink in.

After a moment she took a breath, and got to her feet. Kneeling beside her husband who still rested on the floor of the ship, Proxima placed a hand on his shoulder

“Corvus?” she spoke softly, her husband stirred and his eyelids flickered

“my love” he rasped, putting his hand to his chest where he had been stabbed with his own glaive.

The wound had almost completely closed up by this point and his strength had returned so Corvus sat up,

“The sanctuary is too far for us to reach with the amount of fuel we have left but there's an inhabited planet about five hours away where we should be able to get fuel and supplies.” she added efficiently.

Corvus nodded, still pale from blood loss, before frowning

“Cull?” he questioned

Proxima's shoulders slumped, she'd dreaded this moment but it could not be put off any more. She shook her head

“I'm sorry my love” she said with surprising empathy

“He fell before Thanos arrived, There was nothing I could do” she stated, feeling her heart clench at the look of shock that crossed his features – after his mothers' death Corvus had gone to find his father, finding not only him but a younger half-brother in Cull Obsidian. When their father had died two years later the brothers were left alone besides each other - until Thanos found them and recruited them into the Black Order.

Even as they reached adulthood and Corvus found the love of his life in Proxima Midnight, he and his brother remained close.

Now Cull Obsidian was dead – as was their leader, their adoptive father figure, Thanos. Corvus closed his eyes, his claws scraping against the steel floor.

Proxima stayed at his side but didn't try to touch him nor comfort him verbally, instead she waited. She would wait as long as he needed.

After almost twenty minutes Corvus exhaled deeply, a snarl creeping in without his permission.

He got to his feet and Proxima followed. Corvus didn't speak, and simply grasped her wrist and lead them to the bed in the far corner of the ship, Proxima shed her layers of armour and Corvus dropped his cloak, lying on the bed and curling his body protectively around Proxima, holding her close with her forehead resting on his chest and her hand tracing soothing patterns in the skin of his neck.

Not only could regenerating be exhausting for him, but in the span of a few hours their situation, the very direction of their lives, had changed entirely.

Proxima stirred two hours later, feeling Corvus 'claws lightly scratching her scalp as he toyed with her hair. Corvus could tell she was awake but the pair simply lay together with only the whir of the Q ship engine to break the quiet.

It was Corvus who broke their shared silence a long while later

“what are you thinking”

His hand was still in her tangle of navy hair, while his other hand cupped her jaw, his thumb brushing against the area where her horn met her skin.

Proxima was still resting her forehead against his chest, eyes open but not looking up at his face

“Where we go from here. You?” she answered,

Corvus hand stilled

“the same. It's all I can think about”

In he Black Order he had been Thanos' most trusted strategist – mainly since it was in his nature to analyse situations and plan around any possible issues and outcomes.

Knowing his mind, like hers, would be running a thousand miles an hour trying to figure out a plan of action, Proxima curled closer to his body, tightening her hold on him; reassured by his warmth, his presence here with her.

“We joined Thanos, motivated only by what we endured in our pasts, we have both known hunger and hardship and survived – we will again” she stated firmly.

Corvus buried his nose in her hair, inhaling her scent, reassuring himself of her continued existence.

She was still here. She was still with him

“It is not the life I promised you” he said in a severely discouraged tone.

Proxima looked up at him

“Yet here we are” she responded with a more accepting tone.

Corvus nodded once, his thin lips twitching into a half smile

“Yet here we are,” he repeated.

There was no way of fixing their situation or getting their old lives back. And when you cannot go back, the only thing left is to go forward.

After landing the Q-ship on the outskirts of the city, Proxima and Corvus strode through the marketplace, buying supplies. Corvus conversed with one of the stall-owners, bartering for spare machine parts and fuel.

Out of the corner of her eye Proxima was a pair of cerulean skinned Kree, apparently quarreling over the price of something. Proxima kept a subtle eye on their surroundings, she was tense and on edge.

After agreeing on a price for the desired parts they needed, Corvus transferred half the payment and arranged to collect the fuel canisters and machine parts in an hours' time and pay the rest then.

Turning back to Proxima, he saw that she was watching a pair of Kree nearby.

“Something wrong?”

Proxima narrowed her eyes as the Kree roughly tried to grab at something, but whatever it was slid from their grasp and ran towards an alley

“No!” the creature screeched in defiance.

A flash of red caught Corvus' eye as the Kree caught the end of the chain that trailed behind whatever creature it was they were chasing,

Corvus felt Proxima bristle beside him

“Is that-“ he started

Proxima tightened her grip on her spear “I think so” she replied emotionlessly.

A second later she'd darted from his side

'Only one species I've come across has a tail like that' she thought to herself.

Just as she approached, the creature bit down on the Kree males wrist, causing him to cry out in anger, he kicked the humanoid creature hard in the ribs, sending it rolling across the dirt.

Proxima fired a warning shot in the Kree's direction from her spear, they jumped and glared at her

"What the he-" one shouted, only for another shot to be fired.

This one narrowly missed his head, he and his colleague turned and fled.

Proxima turned into the alley way, curled against the back wall was Kaldera. She had been a slave under Proxima's ownership; she'd gone missing while on a mission for her mistress and presumed dead over six months ago.

Proxima stepped closer to see that Kaldera's wrists were bound with metal bands that ended just below her elbows with a short chain binding her together with another metal band around her neck with a long chain connecting to the short chain binding her hands.

Another chain attached to her collar was gathered in her arms; Kaldera was also muzzled and dressed in a red leather vest, cropped to her navel with matching shorts and her feet were bare.

Proxima got to one knee in front of Kaldera, whose mismatched eyes displayed her shock at seeing Proxima, whatever sound she made in that moment was muffled by her muzzle. Proxima roughly took Kaldera's jaw in one hand, looking over the bruises and scratches on Kaldera's face, as well as her thin frame. She looked to Corvus, who already knew what she was thinking; she didn't have to say it, he nodded silently.

Two hours later Corvus piloted the freshly re-fuelled Q ship while Proxima finished taking an inventory of the supplies they'd purchased in order to work out how long they could travel for before needing to stop and re-supply again.

Kaldera, still muzzled for now, sat on the bed with her legs crossed and her hands between them; imitating the way a dog would sit as her red forked tail swished and twitched behind her.

She watched Proxima intensely as the older woman approached and began to unfasten the muzzle and collar binding Kaldera. When Proxima got a better look at the young girl, not quite sixteen by human standards, she was in worse shape than originally thought – as a servant of the black order one learned to hide their weaknesses perfectly.

But as Kaldera sat uncharacteristically silent with her back to Proxima, the adult female could see every notch in Kaldera's spine, even through the thick leather of her vest and her ribs jutting out alarmingly, her sharp elbows even more pointed. And there was a cold, dead look in her eyes where there had once been a fiery, often insolent, determination.

Kaldera winced suddenly and gave a yelp as an involuntary twitch made pain shoot through her frail body

Proxima paused for only a microsecond and then continued to work on the stiff fastenings of the muzzle

"It won't hurt if you remain still" she directed impatiently, Kaldera only frowned, touching reddened skin where the muzzle had rubbed it raw.

At last the muzzle fell away and Kaldera gave a deep exhale; the uncomfortable restraint finally allowing her to breath normally for the first time in a very long while

"Why?" she said quietly, turning her head slightly so that she could watch Proxima's face with her crimson eye, the jade one remained concealed by the spiked bangs of her cropped brown hair.

Proxima gathered the muzzle, wrist cuffs and chains used to restrain Kaldera, moving to a shelf nearby and dropping the items in a small empty storage crate.

It was Corvus who replied

"Thanos is defeated."

He set the ship into auto-pilot he came to Proxima's side, shooting warning glances at Kaldera; she'd bitten his throat and torn out his jugular once many years ago, before she was properly trained and since then Corvus placed very little trust in the youngling.

Kaldera's eyes widened as she regarded the pair, Proxima continued where her husband led off

"The masters army was defeated soon after; Chitauri, Outriders...we are all that remains of the Order so far as we know" she explained, glancing at Corvus

"There's no signal nor word from The Maw" he told her silent inquiry before looking back to Kaldera

"What?" he demanded, the youngster seemed to be fighting the urge to lay down...or pass out

“Nothing” she snapped back, she respected Corvus the same as he trusted her – very little.

With a defiant glare at Corvus Kaldera got to her feet, Proximas' sharp eyes caught the way her knees shook under her own weight

“Find yourself something to eat and be quiet.” She ordered, taking the co-pilot's seat, while Corvus went back to piloting.

Kaldera sat with her back against the wall noisily digging into a bag of Zarg nuts.

Corvus tapped the control panel and addressed Proxima

“We have enough food for about a week, but we should work out a way to acquire a less conspicuous ship – these are easily recognizable as part of Thanos fleet, I do not wish to be thrown into a Nova Corps cell – their security is irritatingly sufficient.”

Proxima chuckled

“Worry not my love, I know someone who can help with that” Proxima leant forward and Corvus withdrew his clawed hand from the control panel, watching as his wife typed in the co-ordinates

“Ah-ha! There” Proxima pointed to a red dot indicating the desired destination.

“Two days travel. I’ll make contact and have them meet us somewhere discreet and we can acquire a ship” she smiled at her husband who returned with a chuckle of his own.

Her efficiency and level-headedness were just two of the countless things that drew her to him

“I love you” he stated, offering his hand to her between the gap between their seats, she took it without hesitating.

A second later the balled up packet from the Zarg nuts Kaldera had been eating soared past their entwined hands.

The couple turned to glare at Kaldera, who had been watching with growing disgust which she decided to voice in that moment

“Yuck. I see you two haven’t changed” Kaldera pointed out.

Corvus sneered

“If you don’t like it, don’t look at it” he retorted, his thumbs tracing the back of Proxima’s hand.

Suddenly alarms started to blast loudly and the ship lurched forward, then back again, Kaldera yelped as she tumbled across the floor; not secured by a safety belt, and Proxima grunted as her spine hit the backrest of her seat hard



“What happened?!” she questioned as Corvus got to his feet and looked over controls and small screens, he growled in anger

“Those Orloni-looking scum!” he thundered, hitting controls and flicking switches

“The bastards only filled the fuel tank enough for two hours instead of two weeks!” He spat, sitting back in his seat heavily.

Proxima glanced at the fuel indicator, it was practically empty

“The ship is still set on auto-pilot, it’ll take much longer but we can still reach our destination and acquire a fully fuelled ship, one the Nova Corps won’t recognize” she replied.

Corvus sighed

“Yes but it will take at least a month with no fuel; the ship will simply float to where the auto-pilot has been set. We only have a weeks’ worth of food. Including a third passenger” he looked pointedly at Kaldera who got to her feet, flicking her tail in agitation at Corvus’ comment. She hadn’t asked to come aboard with them after all!

Proxima laid her hand on her husband’s wrist

“The oxygen level is stable, we’ll manage, we always do” she told him with a certainty she, deep in her heart, did not feel; at least, not entirely.

# Tensions

## Chapter Summary

After taking on Kaldera, Proxima and Corvus run into further problems on their travels

Three weeks later

Proxima stepped over Kaldera's sleeping form; the younger female's way of coping and staving off the hunger pains was to sleep

Proxima sat on the floor with her back against the frame of the bed at the back of the ship, ignoring the empty ache in her gut.

Corvus approached, side-stepping the sleeping Kaldera

"How long?" he asked, addressing Proxima who looked up at him tiredly

"What?" she frowned.

Corvus met her gaze

"Since you last ate, how long?" he clarified

Proxima sighed deeply, she was no good at lying so there was little point in trying.

"About three days, but I'm fine" she insisted, only to have a wrapped protein bar thrust at her.

She shook her head and pushed Corvus hand back

"You eat it. You've gone longer than I have" she reminded him, though she desperately wanted to accept the meagre piece of food.

Corvus dropped the bar into her lap

"Just eat. I can last a few days longer." He said.

The regenerative power of his glaive meant while he would remain hungry and feel the effects of malnutrition, he would not die from hunger, Proxima however, could if she didn't eat.

The food they'd acquired on their last stop, where they'd picked up Kaldera, had been carefully rationed and had lasted two and a half weeks, now though, supplies were running low so their need to be mindful of the food they consumed was even greater since their next

destination was still nowhere in sight and none of them knew how much longer their rationed food would last.

Proxima finished off the protein bar; tasteless but it would keep her going for a while, and Kaldera stirred from her spot on the floor, curled against the wall which was warm from where the engine piping ran, the brown haired female sat up scowling

“I’m hungry!”

Proxima shot her a long look

“We all are, so quiet! Drink some water and go back to sleep for a while” she ordered offhandedly.

Instead Kaldera got to her feet

“That’s what you said Twelve hours ago!” she argued

Proxima’s angered expression was normally more than enough to silence her slave but Kaldera, already malnourished from her time as a Kree slave, was past caring for her mistress’ commands.

Proxima got to her feet

“Well I’m saying it once more and once more only! Sit and be Quiet!” Proxima directed harshly, pointing her finger to the space against the wall which Kaldera had now abandoned.

Kaldera darted to a shelf filled with storage containers where she knew at least some of the food was being kept, within the space of a few seconds she hung from the shelf by one hand, trying to reach a container with the other but Proxima was far quicker.

Wrapping Kaldera’s tail around her fist she pulled her unruly servant down, letting her dangle uncomfortably, and upside-down, from her tail which Proxima kept a tight hold of even as Kaldera shrieked and squirmed.

Proxima had rarely ever resorted to restraining Kaldera in such a way. Corvus, who had darted for Kaldera at the same time Proxima had, took a step back

“What do you wish to do with her?” He asked his wife, easily keeping clear of Kaldera’s flailing limbs to avoid getting kicked or scratched.

Proxima didn’t look at him as she answered

“I think I’m glad I kept those restraints.” She said simply

Kaldera froze and Corvus collected the collar and muzzle they had found Kaldera wearing when they came across her.

Blinking her now wide, mismatched eyes, Kaldera began to struggle once more

“Don’t! Just get off me!” she screamed, but Proxima was adamant.

Once she had the collar around Kaldera’s neck she released the youngsters tail and Corvus kept her in place by holding the length of chain connected to the collar, all the while Kaldera struggled for freedom, even biting Proxima’s hand when the horned female moved to muzzle her.

Kaldera received a slap that made her ears ring and left her stunned long enough for Proxima to shove the muzzle across her mouth and secure it tightly.

With her arms pinned to her sides Kaldera was lifted from the floor, positioned so that her back was pressed tight against Proxima’s armoured abdomen as she stepped towards a door located near the centre of the room.

Kaldera continued to squirm and protest

“Get this muzzle off of me!” she cried out

“I wish you’d just left me to the Kree! Take me back so I can end them and feast on their flesh, at least I’d get a decent meal out of them!” she added loudly.

She continued to kick her legs like an infant in her desperation, Corvus opened the trap-door at Proxima’s inclination, as she was finally just a step or two away from the opening now

“Well we’re the best you have for now! Perhaps I can sell you for some food. and a ship with a full tank of fuel!” Proxima argued back at last, her patience finally snapping.

The navy haired female tossed Kaldera down the short set of iron steps and Kaldera landed on her stomach briefly before sitting up and glairing hatefully at Proxima Midnight; a moment later the door slammed shut and Kaldera sat alone in the darkened engine room.

"At least it’s warmer down here” the teen grumbled, placing both hands on the ground between her crossed legs...‘Very warm in fact’

Proxima woke with a start, in turn Corvus, being a light sleeper, felt her jolt and sat up, uncurling his arm from her waist

“What?” he asked with concern as Proxima got to her feet

“I only meant to leave Kaldera down there for an hour or so until she’d calmed down.” She moved towards the trapdoor with Corvus following – not bothering to pick his cloak up from the floor where it now lay with Proxima’s white armour.

Kicking open the door fully Proxima looked down into the darkness

“Well? Are you coming out?” she called impatiently. She was met with only silence and the heat radiating from the engines on the floor below.

Corvus crossed his arms

“She seems calm enough now” he decided but whether it was instinct or intuition, something did not sit well with Proxima.

Wordlessly she called her spear to her hand and pointed it into the shadows, in the cobalt glow of her weapon, Proxima saw Kaldera lying on her back, motionless and unresponsive.

After tossing aside her spear, Proxima Midnight collected the unconscious Kaldera and lay her on the bed, checking her pulse as Corvus stepped up behind her with a look of surprised which rivalled his wife’s own

“Is she-” Proxima straightened her back

“She’s alive but barely; her body temperature is unnaturally high and she’s malnourished obviously.” She reported.

Corvus paused for a moment

“What do you wish to do my love?” he questioned, Proxima took a moment to think – did she simply let nature take its course? Let Kaldera succumb to her fate as she would any Chitauri or Outrider at their command? Or provide what medical treatment she could; had it been Corvus, Cull Obsidian or even Ebony Maw…?

Proxima had little time to debate the matter; she looked to Corvus with resolve in her eyes. While Corvus collected what water they could spare, a rag and other supplies, Proxima hurriedly undressed the youngster and covered her only from collarbone to her knees with a thin blanket.

Practically tearing away the collar and muzzle and throwing them to the corner.

Corvus returned to Proxima’s side with two bottles of water, a bowl also filled with water and a relatively clean rag dangling from the edge. Taking the bowl Proxima set it on the floor and soaked the rag in the water. She set about doing what she could to bring down Kaldera’s high temperature.

It took over an hour but finally her skin no longer perspired, her eyes flickered briefly but sleep claimed her before she could open them fully.

With Kaldera resting on the bed, Proxima got up off the floor and joined her husband at the front of the ship

“You look tired my love” he told her

“Thank you(!) she retorted dryly

With a weary smirk on her face. Corvus wasn’t surprised when she sat in his lap; both her legs curling over his thighs, her side pressed to his front.

He held her close; letting his clawed hand trail over her hips and the small over her back, his nose in her hair, breathing in her scent...the almost constant smell of battle and bloodshed had already faded since Wakanda.

Smiling softly Proxima pushed her head against his neck, they had lost everyone else in their 'family'.

He was all she had now.

Corvus cradled the back of her head in one hand

"I'm here. I'm right here with you" he reassured quietly, knowing the thoughts that thundered in her head

"Sleep. I'll be here when you wake" he vowed. Exhaustion and hunger won and Proxima fell into a deep sleep, curled in her husbands' strong embrace.

He may have been all she had now, but she was realising that Corvus was all she wanted, all she needed now.

Proxima and Corvus stirred almost at the same time, but what made Proxima become fully alert was Kaldera's voice

"Mistress..."

The heterochromic eyed girl stammered slightly, sitting up to look around the pilot's seat where she and Corvus had been sleeping, Proxima saw Kaldera standing a few steps away

"Go back to bed" she ordered, firmly but not as harsh as she had before, but she noticed Kaldera was shaking violently, her eyes hazy and her skin too pale.

Kaldera swayed for a moment before collapsing; her legs buckling under what little weight she still retained.

Proxima shot to her slaves side and Corvus joined her. Proxima looked to her husband as he checked Kaldera's pulse as she had done, opened one of Kaldera's eyes with one clawed finger, getting all the information he needed Corvus' eyes met Proxima's'

"Fever." He confirmed.

Proxima closed her eyes with a look that told just how much she'd been hoping for a different answer; sickness was a circumstance they could NOT afford at this time.

## Sickness

Corvus was mildly surprised and confused when Proxima remained at Kaldera's side for the next 19 hours, eating very little in the hope of preserving what few rations they still had left. He approached his wife, leaning her head on her hand with her elbow propped on the bed beside the unconscious Kaldera.

Corvus put a hand on Proxima's shoulder, she jumped slightly and turned to him as he spoke

"You should rest, you can't afford to get sick as well" he told her

But she, unsurprisingly, stayed where she was, instead Corvus decided to voice what was on his mind

"Why are you doing this? You've never treated her as anything other than a slave, why are you trying so hard to keep her alive?" he asked, no accusation lacing his tone, only curiosity, the need to understand.

Proxima sighed

"I don't know what to tell you. How can I answer when I don't even understand my own actions" she replied, shifting so that her back rested against the old bed frame to face Corvus

"I suppose...we've lost so much already, what... 'family' we've known all our lives, the cause we served...the very nature of our way of life, everything has been changed, taken as it was when we were innocent children, before Thanos found us. I suppose finding Kaldera was something of a relief, she was something of our old life that had been returned in a way" Proxima explained falteringly.

Luckily Corvus was always able to understand, if not her words then her way of thinking was as clear as daylight to Corvus, who nodded once to show that he, once again, understood her.

He cast a lingering glance at the youngster he so distrusted; the fierce, impertinent little upstart that had once torn out his throat and recognized how small she looked, lying unconscious on the bed; she looked very much the twelve-thirteen year old she really was for the first time in her time as Proxima's slave.

Corvus spoke without looking away from Kaldera's underfed form

"If she doesn't feed soon her body will simply start to shut down" he told his wife, who looked to Kaldera

"We have nothing liquefied to feed her with, and there's no telling when she'll wake up." Proxima said, pushing her navy blue hair back in agitation.

Proxima got to her feet, grabbing the box of medical supplies from the shelf and Corvus saw a flash of silver in the dull light – shutting off any unnecessary electricity would retain the fuel supply for at least another two weeks.

Proxima briefly cleaned the scalpel with cleansing alcohol and returned to kneel at Kaldera's bedside, and Corvus realised what she was planning

"Proxima!" he protested, too late. Proxima had slashed her arm, lifted Kaldera's head and forced her own blood down Kaldera's throat.

Thirty seconds passed and Proxima grew light headed, removing her arm from Kaldera's mouth, she let Corvus staunch the deep wound and bandage it to prevent any further, more dangerous blood-loss.

Honestly he was silently disgusted that she would do such a thing, for her slave. But he told himself that had it been Proxima lying half-starved and unconscious he would not hesitate to do whatever it took to ensure her survival, he had to accept just how far Proxima was willing to go to keep the youngster alive.

For the next week Proxima periodically made deep cuts in her arm in order to feed Kaldera.

By the fifth day of her being unconscious, Kaldera's fever broke and her condition began to improve. Corvus was relieved on Proxima's behalf; she'd fed Kaldera regularly around the clock as well as checking her temperature, wiping sweat from the youngsters pale forehead, sleeping for a few hours at a time and then repeating the process.

An exhausted Proxima currently sat on the bed with her back against the wall, the worn pillow propped behind her with Kaldera lying between her legs, with her pronounced spine against Proxima's chest, and the older female's arm pressed to her lips, thin trails of blue blood running from the corners of Kaldera's mouth.

Corvus was sat on the edge of the bed, watching reluctantly, after a moment though he caught sight of something

"Midnight" he said to get her attention, she looked down at Kaldera's face; her eyes were flickering, and Proxima felt her sharp teeth pinch around her skin.

With a shocking amount of affection Proxima pushed back Kaldera's brown coloured bangs from her clammy forehead and Kaldera moaned tiredly, bringing both hands to hold Proxima's forearm, holding it to her mouth as she drank the older female's blood, suckling like a newborn infant until Proxima felt the tell-tale signs that told her to stop.

She had to force her arm from Kaldera's hands which wasn't even without including her weakened state.

Proxima unwound herself from Kaldera

"Stop" she commanded when Kaldera tried to bring Proxima's bleeding arm back to her mouth.

Proxima got to her feet; winding a tourniquet above the cut to stop the bleeding, cleaning the wound and bandaging the area with practised efficiency.



Kaldera watched with drooping eyes with a defeated whimper, Proxima regarded her coolly despite the somewhat loving gestures she had displayed moments ago

“Sleep.” She instructed Kaldera

“Your fever’s broken so you’ll begin to improve from now on” she added, heading towards the front of the ship, falling into the co-pilot's seat, leaning the backrest as far back as it would go and falling asleep within moments.

Corvus watched in silence until he was sure Proxima was asleep before turning to Kaldera

“I hope you appreciate the fact that she could have let the fever take you, but she didn’t. She hasn’t slept properly in days because she was determined that you would live. Think on that” he told Kaldera who attempted to glare at him but he ignored her.

Turning away Corvus went to his wife's side, seeing she was already asleep he tucked a few strands of hair away from Proxima’s forehead; the heaviest sleeper between them, she didn’t stir.

Corvus then fell into the pilots seat and decided that he too would rest for a while, not seeing or hearing Kaldera sit up in her place on the bed.

Kaldera sat up with her hands resting on the bed between her knees, like a canine might, her headache, and she felt tired and weak, but she was glad to still be alive. With her tail swishing behind her, Kaldera let Corvus’ words sink in. She was Proxima Midnights’ servant, a tool she used to increase her own standing in the eyes of Thanos. But Kaldera flicked her tongue over her lips; the salty aftertaste of Proxima Midnights Rheanarian blood lingered in her mouth, despite her previous treatment of her slave, Proxima had effectively saved her life.

Kaldera frowned

‘and...with no Thanos, no Sanctuary...what else do I have in life now?’

‘Mistress is right. They are the best I have now’ she sighed, staring at the bed-sheets intently.

She had to admit, her time as a slave of the Kree had been little more than hellish, while Proxima was strict, dismissive and at times abusive, what she had endured at the hands of the Kree made Proxima Midnight’s treatment of Kaldera seem far less cruel in comparison.

At least Proxima had allowed a place to sleep in the slaughter deck aboard the Sanctuary, Proxima hadn’t kept her chained and collared like a beast, and appointed a caretaker to ensure she could feed and bathe regularly.

Though Proxima had been forced to replace five different caretakers for her slave between the ages of ten and fifteen, puberty and Proxima’s demanding training meant Kaldera struggled with controlling her developing sense of bloodlust and sadism.

It was during this period that she had torn out Corvus Glaive's jugular. Her punishment for that had been severe and lengthy. But once again, in spite of everything Kaldera was beginning to understand that had it not been for Proxima's training, Kaldera would not have survived past her pre-teen years.

Kaldera let her tail fall to the bed with a 'Thunk' as she bit her lip, her fang poking out of the corner of her mouth. Her mind was suddenly cast back, to her short time on Knowhere, as part of Taneleer Tivan's 'collection' It had been Corvus that purchased her from the Collector not long after she had turned eight cycles old, as a gift for his wife Proxima – she had been the one to allocate Kaldera with her name.

Yes she was born with a name, but having been so young when her race was destroyed and sold to the Collector, she could no longer recall what it was – Kaldera had been her name for too long now for her to even be considered another.

Kaldera realised that other than granting her her new name, she should be grateful to her mistress, and even Corvus Glaive, for what she had after coming from literally nothing – just as Thanos had done for them.

Kaldera tensed as she thought of what could have become of her had Proxima not taken her from the Kree, maybe it was the lingering effects of the fever but she began to worry that, if she continued to prove herself an ungrateful hassle, then Corvus and Proxima would sell, abandon...even kill her should they grow bored of her!

Becoming too tired to sit up straight any longer, Kaldera lay down and gradually she felt the need to sleep become too much to ignore. But before she fell asleep a second time, Kaldera let her heavily lidded eyes dart between the pilot and co-pilot's seat where she could just make out the forms of Corvus and Proxima as they slept – exhausted from taking care of her, the slave they had often treated with contempt or frustration, but Kaldera considered that she could perhaps try to be better behaved, and prove to her mistress that she would not regret saving her as she had.

Corvus however, would still be amusing to mess with but Kaldera would let him keep his throat intact from now on.

# Assistance

## Chapter Summary

Proxima, Kaldera and Corvus meet with Proximas' contact in the hopes of finding aid.

The ship carrying the trio landed at the edge of the planets docking station in a rather clumsy, conspicuous manner. Stepping down the runway behind Proxima and Corvus, Kaldera raised an arm to cover her face, the sunlight too bright for her eyes to adjust to quickly. Corvus, wearing a weapon holster containing his glaive instead of his tattered cloak.

He scanned the area, his strategist mind already mapping out the terrain in case they needed to get away or otherwise act quickly, taking in higher points in case of bounty hunters or assassins – the Black Order and their so called ‘crimes’ in reference to their service to Thanos where well known throughout the galaxy and it would not have been the first time one of them had been target.

In contrast to her husband, Proxima stretched her arms, breathing in the fresh, clean air of the planets’ atmosphere; a pleasant reprieve from the humid, stagnant air of the ship.

As Corvus looked over the area, she shut her eyes and listened – hearing fragments of conversations being carried on the light breeze that caressed her face, voices shouted, muttered and called over each other, belonging to the handfuls of traders, pilots and engineers bustling about the docking station.

Proxima’s shoulders relaxed as she let her arms rest at her sides. Corvus, satisfied with his assessment of their surroundings, looked to Proxima

“Your contact, where must he meet them?” he asked.

Proxima lifted her wrist, speaking into the communication band; all the while, Kaldera had stood behind them, silent, sullen and sunken.

It was only now, in natural light, that it became clear how much the trip had affected her, and Proxima and Corvus, they were all thin, and exhausted looking but Kaldera who had been partly starved from her time with the Kree was emaciated – it was a miracle she could even stand, but she was nothing if not stubborn and determined.

Proxima turned to her husband

“He’s on his way” she said, still sounding tired, as they all were but optimistic at least.

Kaldera sat at the foot of the runway, her stick-like legs straining to hold her meagre weight already, only for the pre-teen to tense as an official looking local approached, demanding payment for the docking of their ship

“Of course my good man” Corvus stated, forcing himself to remain polite, transferring enough units, and a little extra to the official who nodded briskly wishing them an enjoyable stay upon seeing just how many credits had in fact been transferred.

Kaldera scoffed as the local ambled away, Kaldera rubbed at the stiff joint in her neck, arching her back to stretch out the stiffness in her spine

“I can’t believe it was you that just said that, you’re never that polite to me” she taunted Corvus glared at her

“If we hadn’t paid we would have ended up attracting attention, all we need is a ship and supplies then we can leave and get as far away as possible” Corvus snapped back, after all it had been obvious, at least in his view, Kaldera leant back on her hands, appearing the most casual out of the three as she sat, rolling her eyes

“Hm I suppose it makes sense, after all ‘Notorious servants of Thanos get sent to the Kyn for a parking discursion doesn’t really have an intimidating ring too it”

Kaldera gave a bark of laughter at the thought, Corvus’ eye twitched as he regarded the youngster.

Proxima interrupted the bickering pair

“He’s here.” she stated, Corvus followed her gaze, once again a local was approaching them. To a Terran, these planets inhabitants would appear much like a T-rex but with longer, stronger arms.

They walked on two legs, supported by four clawed toes, and a ridged tail intended for balance over anything else, their snouts were pointed and decorated with bright patterns. Corvus spoke to Proxima quietly as the male approached

“Remind me, my love, what makes you think you can trust him?” he questioned. Proxima’s mouth twitched into a smile

“He has been an informant of mine for over ten years – I trust him 99%” she assured, she and Corvus trusted only each other 100% so claiming another being to be 99% percent trustworthy was considered high praise and good enough for Corvus to accept, however

“You never mentioned this informant was male...or that he was bringing reinforcement” Corvus growled.

Proxima looked again at her informant, a few steps behind was a slighter shorter, leaner male with sterner facial features than the first, knowing full well why her husband would be so... Proxima laughed

“Have no fear husband”

She murmured to him “His interests do not lie with females I assure you”

She kissed Corvus’ cheek and moved forward to greet her contact.

Corvus stared after his wife in surprise, while Kaldera gave an obnoxious snort of amusement as she came to stand at Corvus' side, arms locked behind her head

"Looks like you're more in danger of being hit on than she is, Ha-ha...hey!"

Kaldera yelped as Corvus yanked her cropped brown hair, but surprisingly it didn't hurt – not really

"Silence brat"

Corvus' remark lacked its usual bite of hate, so Kaldera said nothing and simply pouted childishly, glairing furiously at the glaive wielder.

Proxima met the informant just a few feet away; she greeted the first male calmly, her tone lighter, even...friendly.

"Felix"

Yet her greeting to the male a few steps behind had her harsher tone return

"Lucian"

"Midnight"

The second male, his snout covered with thin, intricate patterns in black paint, nodded once in reluctant acknowledgement.

Felix, in contrast to his companion, wore just three, bolder patterns of ice blue across his snout, choosing to ignore the curt way Proxima and Lucian spoke he grinned and said

"Well, dear Proxima, how do you fair? The last anyone heard of the Mad Titan he had decimated Xandar in the hopes of obtaining an infinity stone!" he said in a hushed tone, tail swishing slightly in his keenness for, well, information.

Proxima's face fell, she gave only a briefly, discreet explanation

"Our master, unfortunately, failed. Defeated in battle" she admitted.

Felix's face fell and Lucian's jaw slackened, eyes widening

"Impossible" he started.

Proxima shot him a stern look

"Care to challenge my words, Lucian?" she snapped, fingers twitching to reach for the blaster strapped to her thigh, Lucian however came to stand at Felix's side

"So what of us then? And others like us?" he spat

Proxima raised her hand to silence him

“You are under the protection of Thanos, in exchange for a yearly tribute of weaponry and vehicles. Thanos is gone but nothing changes. My husband and I will return each year to claim your tribute and your planet will exist as it does now, with no-one-”

She looked between Lucian and Felix

“Being punished simply for whom they fall in love with.” She continued

“Thanos’ goal was to half the population of the universe to provide an improved future for those left behind, but the divide was to equal, rich, poor, mighty and weak; it was Balanced, as he said ‘all things should be’ and what your planet used to preach and practice before your rulers made their deal with him, was hypocritical and prejudiced” Proxima finished

“As I have said, Thanos’ rule will remain so long as a single member of the Black Order is alive to see to it.” she said, Felix nodded, looking at Lucian who, with less reluctance than before, nodded as well, and Felix touched his snout to Lucian’s head, with a loving growl.

Proxima returned to her husband and Kaldera with Felix and Lucian following.  
Proxima stood beside Corvus and gestured with one hand

“Corvus, my love, this is Felix and his mate Lucian – Felix, as I said, has been an informant of mine for over a decade” she said.

Corvus watched the two as they greeted him, one nervously the other, Lucian, more guarded, waiting for a reaction, an attack. But Corvus did neither

“Proxima tells me she trusts you. That is enough for me, but if I catch even the slightest scent of treachery-”

Corvus met Lucian’s gaze, blood red meeting the golden yellow of the other male who stepped forward with his head held high

“Likewise” Lucian snarled, not seeing Proxima offer Felix a reassuring smirk behind his back.

Felix was the one to break the tense silence about to entrap them, spotting Kaldera on Corvus’ other side

“And what about this one?” Felix questioned lightly.

Lucian broke his gaze from Corvus and looked down at the scowling Kaldera

Proxima answered

“That is Kaldera, a servant of the Black Order. We are all that’s left” she said, unable to hide the trace of regret in her voice, she also didn’t miss the flicker of sadness in Corvus’ eyes as he avoided her gaze, he had lost his brother, his only living blood relative.

Felix offered Proxima a sympathetic look which she chose to ignore, and even Lucian’s stern gaze softened a fraction.

Breaking the more sullen moment Corvus spoke

“Enough of this, we require a vehicle, fuel and supplies, that is our reason for being here” he said impatiently “Are you able to assist us or not?”

Felix chuckled

“Of course, Proxima already listed the things you need before you arrived, follow us.” he inclined his head and began to trek back the way they had come, Lucian growled under his breath, eyeing Corvus with mistrust before following Felix.

The pair waited as the remaining members of Thanos army collected what they could from their ship, including Proxima's spear and various other supplies and essentials, they then allowed Felix and Lucian to lead them to their home on the outskirts of the town.

# Rest

## Chapter Summary

The trio are finally able to properly rest and regroup

Felix and Lucian lead the trio to a large warehouse; the couple pushed open the heavy iron doors to reveal a large array of vehicles; from a Land Cruiser and Sand Speeders to Aquatic Divers, and finally a large but inconspicuous spaceship, exactly what Proxima and Corvus were looking for.

Proxima crossed her arms

“Excellent, Felix you never disappoint” she praised

“How much do you want for-...Kaldera, get down from the Sand speeder!” she suddenly shouted

The pre-teen had started climbing onto the small vehicle, built only for one or two, apparently with the intent to make it start, at Proxima’s command she looked up

Felix chuckled as Proxima stormed over to Kaldera, pulling her down from the speeder with Kaldera screeching obscenities in response

“You’re certain she is not yours Corvus Glaive?” Felix questioned, in reply Corvus rolled his eyes “No Fear” he insisted

Lucian muttered

“Thank the Maker” only to receive a glare from Corvus

“Do you want to repeat that?” he demanded

He and Lucian growled lowly at each other with equal glares and Corvus would have questioned his words further only Kaldera’s indignant shouts interrupted him as Proxima dragged her along with her.

Felix grinned, amused by the strange, family like set up the trio seemed to have

“I was just asking Corvus here if Kaldera was most definitely not yours” he joked

“He insisted she is not.”



Kaldera folded her arms petulantly

“No!”

“Frack No!”

Proxima and Kaldera shouted in unison.

Kaldera pitched in

“Though the way these two go at it I’m surprised they’re not swarmed with little bastar-Ow!”

Kaldera was cut off by Proxima cuffing her across the head

“Enough!” she commanded before addressing Lucian, changing the subject

“As we were saying, we need a ship large enough for three, we can discuss price range once I’ve seen it.” she added

“I’m sure you can be flexible on price given our history and circumstance”  
Lucian nodded

“Indeed. There’s also fuel, and the rest of the supplies you require, but as you said, I think we can be flexible.” He said, stepping towards the ship and gesturing to the others to follow. Corvus did but quickly noticed Proxima hadn’t, when he looked back Proxima gestured for him to go on

“Go, Felix and I will discuss what else we need, my love” she assured.

Corvus nodded and continued.

Proxima then saw Kaldera glanced at her, and then took a longing look at the ship, the agitated flicking of her tail giving away her eagerness. Kaldera had always had an affinity for vehicles and mechanics.

Proxima sighed in defeat, deciding that perhaps it would be easier to have a discussion with Felix without Kaldera hovering and having to keep watch over her to ensure she didn’t try to take any of the vehicles for a test drive.

“Go on, but do as you’re told and don’t try to steal anything!” she said firmly with a dismissive wave of her hand.

Knowing Corvus would not be happy with her for forcing Kaldera on him but Proxima was sure she could make it up to him.

Kaldera nodded gratefully, surprised her mistress had agreed to let her out of her sight, and scurried after Corvus and Lucian.

Proxima and Felix re-entered the warehouse, each carrying a sealed crate each. Inside were tools, first aid items, and extra fuel canister as well as nutrition bars and bottles of water, very

basic but enough to last until they reached the next docking station.

The two set down the crates as Corvus, Kaldera and Lucian approached

“I trust you have come to an agreement?” Proxima inquired

Corvus nodded “We did, my love. The ship is large enough for three, plus supplies. The ship already fueled – fully this time” he added, sharing a look with Proxima.

Felix frowned “This time?” he asked

Proxima waved a hand

“It is a long story Felix and we really should be going-”

Felix interrupted

“Are you sure? Why not stay, Proxima? I mean, no offence but you all look exhausted, Kaldera looks like she can barely stand” he added

Corvus opened his mouth to protest, it would be safer to leave...they were still relatively close to Terra, and if the Avengers decided to pursue them...he couldn't risk losing Proxima, she was all he had in the universe now.

Proxima however, took his wrist and spoke before he could

“My love, Felix is not wrong, you are exhausted and all but starving, Kaldera is no better. A comfortable bed and decent meal is starting to sound more and more appealing given our luck these past few weeks.”

His gaze flickered over the ghostly hue of her skin, she was hungry and still recovering from feeding Kaldera during her illness, the skin under eyes was bruised from stress and lack of sleep.

He could tell she was desperate for just one nights' rest.

Corvus sighed

“And what of the Avengers? We are just a handful of jump points from Terra, if they catch up to us...” he began, unwilling to think of what might happen.

Proxima met his gaze defiantly

“With Thanos gone, my love, I believe the Avengers will be satisfied enough to let us be.”

Kaldera agreed

“One nights' rest can't set us back that far. From what I know of Terra their understanding of space travel is primitive at best.” She stated.

Corvus sighed

“I can see I am defeated.” he conceded

Corvus nodded and the pair turned to Felix and Lucian

Proxima shrugged one shoulder

“If you have the room we would be grateful for a hot meal and a bed for the night”

Felix’s smile brightened and gestured for the trio to follow him. Proxima and Kaldera walked past

Lucian but as Corvus moved to do the same the males shared a narrowed, mistrustful glare.

Lucian snorted derisively and frowned as Corvus followed past him.

Over bowls of hot stew and fresh bread, Proxima briefly explained what had led them to seek out Felix and Lucian’s help, had she not been so focused on her own meal, Proxima might have been embarrassed by Kaldera and Corvus’ lack of table manners, but if their hosts were offend by their eagerness, they hid it well, considering the trios recent troubles and Felix and Lucian they barely reacted, beyond an occasional frowning glance from the latter.

Once everyone had eaten their fill, Felix had shown the group to the spare room

“It’s perhaps a little cramped but I’m sure you’ll be comfortable enough for one night” he said,

Kaldera turned to him in surprise

“Wait, wait, this is it? Oh no! I’m not sharing a room this small with these two! You have no idea what they’re like-!” she complained, pointing at Proxima and Corvus.

The thirteen year old was cut off when Corvus plucked her from the floor by the thick roll of skin at her nape that served as a scruff

“You’ll do it, and you’ll not whine about it!” he ordered, avoiding the feeble kicks Kaldera aimed at his shins.

Proxima placed her spear against the wall and all but collapsed onto the bed, sitting on the edge of the mattress,

“Thank you Felix, this is fine. We won’t take up much more of your hospitality, we’ll leave tomorrow at first light” she assured

But Felix was having none of it

“You’ll do no such thing, you’ll sleep as long as you desire and stay for breakfast while Lucian re-fuels the ship for you.” He insisted

With little energy left in her, Proxima agreed, despite Corvus' wary glance, and Felix bid the three a peaceful rest before closing the.

Kaldera yelped and landed on the wooden floor growling at Corvus, who had dropped her so unceremoniously, blinking out from under her bangs Kaldera placed her hands flat on the floor in the gap between her crossed legs, looking up at Proxima

“I don’t like those two, especially Lucian” she declared quietly

Proxima pinched the bridge of her nose, feeling headache coming on

“Kaldera enough” she ordered, in no mood for more discussion.

Corvus however felt inclined to speak up

“She is not alone. Midnight, there is something about him I too find...suspicious” he said, not wanting to cause an argument but he had to speak his mind Proxima glanced between the two

“Look, I never claimed to trust Lucian, but I’ve known Felix enough to know when he is lying. And Stop agreeing with each other, it isn’t natural!” she added, her amber eyes darting between her companions.

Corvus and Kaldera glared at each other, Corvus was the first to look away, not seeing Kaldera sticking her tongue out at him.

With the argument dropped, Proxima started to remove her boots and armour, and Corvus unstrapped the glaive from his back and Kaldera stretched her aching limbs

“You can tell they do not entertain guest often” he grumbled, taking note of the musty air and disused feel the encased the room

Proxima lay back, stretching her aching limbs with closed eyes

“Corvus”

The exhaustion in his tone, the sigh of almost complete defeat that carried his name made Corvus pause, wincing inwardly

Proxima opened her eyes

“Right now I would happily curl up on a bed of broken glass and salt and bleed till I passed out just for sheer need for restful sleep”

She watched her husband crawl into the space next to her, the soft mattress dipping under their combined weight

“I apologise. It does seem like an eternity since we have had a warm bed and full stomachs to sleep on” he rumbled.

Guilt gnawed at him in a disturbingly unfamiliar way, he couldn't help but feel responsible for placing them in this predicament in the first place

Proxima reach up to cup his cheek, forcing him to look at her, despite the troubling purpling bruises under her eyes, the way her cheek bones jutted under the skin she remained stern

“This is not your fault. So you can cease that train of thought right now” she declared firmly

Her hand slid to the back of his neck, massaging her fingers either side of the top of his spine

“As I said...I may not trust Lucian but by this time tomorrow we shall be far from here.” she assured

Corvus finally laid down, burying his face against Proxima's neck, feeling her arms wrap around him in welcome

“You cannot blame me for being cautious, my love.” Corvus said quietly,

“I have almost lost you more times than I can count, in the last few weeks alone, and with the rest of the Order gone...”

He paused, watching Proxima entwine her fingers with his, resting their linked hands against the centre of her chest.

“I know, Corvus, I know” she soothed, kissing his forehead, tightening her grip on his hand but he pulled it away to wind his arms around her waist and shoulders, drawing her nearer.

She smiled as he nuzzled her forehead with his and she kissed his mouth, pulling back before he could respond

“I'm here, I'm right here” she whispered, tucking her leg between his and shuffling closer

She kissed him twice more.

Kaldera, hearing there exchanges, suddenly piped up

“If you two are going to start THAT I'm going to sleep in the warehouse!” she protested.

Corvus sat up, his blood red eyes glowing eerily in the darkness of the room

“Deal” he snapped

Proxima rolled her eyes

“Stop both of you! Kaldera, stay put. Corvus...sleep” She commanded, curling against her husband’s side.

Kaldera lay her head back down on her crossed arms, her body twisted and her tail curled close to her body like a dog, eyeing the small double bed.

She preferred the warm belly of a beast to sleep in given the choice but the bed where her mistress rested looked extremely inviting.

Yet, with Proxima already asleep,, Kaldera dared not make such a move without permission, no matter how tempting.

Corvus looked Kaldera’s way and saw the look of longing and resigned acceptance in her expression; she must have felt his eyes on her because her respective green and red eyes flicked in his direction.

Kaldera was shocked when Corvus nodded to the empty space at the end of the bed, despite their tall frames, Proxima and Corvus’ bodies still left a small space between their feet and the end of the bed.

Moving cautiously on all fours, Kaldera moved across the small, bare room and crawled up onto the bed, lying on her side and tucking her knees up, almost to her chin, she yawned and became still.

Corvus, who had watched her the whole time, rolled his eyes and settled back down, hoping to get some rest as well.

Kaldera’s tail twitched

“Still don’t like him” she grumbled, meaning Lucian.

Corvus was almost relieved that he was not alone in his hesitation to trust the larger male.

“Go to sleep, Brat” he muttered, telling himself that his exhaustion was the reason behind the lack of spite in his voice.

# Trouble

## Chapter Notes

IS IT A BIRD? IS IT A PLANE? IS IT SUPERMAN? NO IT'S A NEW CHAPTER!

The next day after a very filling breakfast, Proxima and Corvus loaded their newly bought supplies and filled the fuel tank of the ship, Lucian had taken no offence when Corvus had preferred to take over the task, given their last encounter with someone only re-fueling their Q-ship with half a full tank which had led to Kaldera becoming sick and Proxima weakening herself in order to keep her alive.

“Do you think he seemed a little too relieved to let me take over?” Corvus asked.

“Corvus enough, you’re being paranoid! We’ll be gone within the hour and if you choose, you need never speak with Lucian again” she tried to placate him

“I know what I promised them but I can deal with that if you’re so mistrustful of Lucian...”

The conversation continued but Kaldera ignored it, preferring to admire the sand speeders and one person shuttles surrounding them.

Corvus glanced her way and handed a crate to his wife

“Can we at least leave her here? She’s enjoying it well enough” Corvus suggested, only half in jest.

“And risk Felix refusing to even speak to ME again? I think not, he is a reliable informant and I don’t intend to lose him because I left Kaldera of all people with him!” Proxima called back good naturedly.

The nights rest and a couple of good meals had done wonders for her temperament and general motivation, Corvus however remained too on edge to say the same for himself. As soon as everything they needed had been loaded, Proxima found Corvus replacing the seal of the fuel tank.

“Where will we go, my love?” Proxima suddenly wondered out loud

Corvus grasped her shoulder reassuringly

“We shall see, my Midnight. But we have enough fuel and supplies to get us clear of Thanos’ territories, the further away we can get the better, that way there is less of a chance of us being recognized. But it may be awhile before we can settle anywhere permanent.” He said regretfully.

He was nothing if not honest with his beloved Proxima.

She accepted this as their only option for now

“Well, I always wanted to see more of the universe, no better way to do it I suppose.” she shrugged, making Corvus chuckle.

She always knew how to defuse his worries.

There was a sudden, enraged shout that made the couple look up in alarm

“Mistress!”

Kaldera was struggling in the grasp of an unfamiliar male wearing the attire of a prison guard, Felix nowhere in sight as Kaldera kicked out viciously, knocking over the sand-speeder she'd been admiring, and guards stormed into the warehouse.

The couple tried to fight them off, but they were outnumbered, the guards held the advantage of surprise, Proxima had tried to dart inside the ship to retrieve her spear, but found herself being tackled by three guards, and held down.

Corvus lasted longer, swinging his glaive and cutting down several guards in his path but he hesitated when he saw a blaster was pointed at the back of Proxima's head as she was held down and restrained.

It wasn't meant as a diversion, but a threat to keep Proxima in place but this moment of hesitancy meant Corvus was soon joining her on the stone floor of the warehouse, a blaster pointed to his head as well.

They were quickly cuffed and led out of the warehouse, past Lucian who held a guilty looking Felix close to him in a protective embrace, while Lucian remained emotionless as he watched Corvus, Proxima and Kaldera being taken away.

A guard stopped to speak to Lucian, pointing to the ship

“That theirs too?” he inquired

Lucian nodded

“Yes. They threatened to kill us if we didn't let them take what they wanted. Now...our reward?” Lucian demand, his tail twitched but stayed ridged with tension

The guard waved his hand

“The ship will be taken as well then. Yes, Fine, fine. You and your partner are hereby granted immunity of your planets marital laws and provided a valid marriage certificate. In the eyes of the galaxy you are married, as well as half a billion credits as further reward in exchange for these two Children of Thanos.”

The guard rambled quickly, transferring the desired amount from the cuff on his wrist. Corvus, who had heard everything, snarled in the couple's direction



“LUCIAN! I’LL HAVE YOUR HEAD FOR THIS! TRAITORS, THE PAIR OF YOU!” he roared, only to be forced onto a prison containment ship.

The guard who had restrained Proxima addressed his colleague  
“What about the other one? The kid...” he started

The second guard shook his head

“Bit my hand and took off. Don’t think she’s worth going after though” he stated in a heavily accented voice

“She’s just a kid after all. She’s better off without these two. Who knows, probably happier to get rid of em” he sneered at Proxima and Corvus before following his companion around to the front of the ship.

The ship took off, heading for the nearest prison, three jumps from the planet itself.  
Thick wire mesh separated the back of the transport vehicle into two separate compartments

For almost half an hour the couple were silent.

Corvus only broke his gaze from the grimy floor when Proxima spoke  
“I should have listened” she declared quietly

She stared out of the small window in front of her, her shoulders slumped in defeat. Her tone was void of emotion but Corvus knew, if he had been able to look into her eyes, that he would find regret, anger...and guilt

“Proxima...”

But she didn’t let him finish

“No. it’s true. I should have taken your warning about Lucian more seriously. I trusted Felix, but I overestimated his influence over Lucian, I thought that if Felix trusted us that would be enough.” She frowned.

Corvus watched her carefully

“We needed supplies, their ship. We couldn’t leave...”

Proxima is stubborn, and her mind was set

“Corvus if we’d left when we planned to instead of staying longer it wouldn’t have given Lucian the time to call in the guards” she insisted, taking responsibility for her part in their capture.

Proxima bowed her head, gripping the side of the mesh wiring separating her from her companions

Corvus lifted his hand and did his best to thread his fingers with hers, causing Proxima to meet his eyes, her gaze welling with shame and regret.

“Proxima you were exhausted, you made what you thought was the right decision at the time. This will not be the first time we’ve escaped prison my love, it may well not be the last.” He added lightly; glad when Proxima finally gave a small, if slightly sardonic, smile.

What they hadn’t seen, was the small figure that was left standing alone on the dirt road as the Prison ship exited the atmosphere.

Kaldera’s shaking hands became fists and her red eye glowing for half a second as she watched the ship depart

# Imprisoned

## Chapter Notes

So...Hi.

I've no idea if anyone is still following this story but heres a long overdue new chapter

Proxima and Corvus had both been imprisoned before, more than once in fact, separately but they both know the general routine of it; their weapons are confiscated, their, or rather, Felix and Lucians' vehicle is impounded in the holding bay, then, one at a time the couple are made to stand before a monitor whilst their criminal records, extensive even individually, are scanned.

And then they're separated.

Proxima stumbles slightly as she's shoved through the door and into the main area of the prison. She glances up to where the guards stalk the circular perimeter.

She had been forced to strip and be hosed down by a vile smelling, orange tinged disinfectant, her hair still wet and clinging to her neck. She flexes her fingers repeatedly, without her armour, her arm and leg feel too lightweight to be her own, she feels exposed and vulnerable without them.

She keeps her eyes in-front of her, ignoring the other inmates that hiss, shout in her face and spit at her feet.

On the outside, the Universe is chaos, every inhabited planet, every space-port and docking station and every prison, including this one, has suffered the effects of Thanos' use of the Infinity Stones. Despite their defection from Thanos' command, in the eyes of the galaxy, Proxima and Corvus are still seen as Children of Thanos', accomplices in the destruction of half of the Universe, as well as the slaughters orchestrated and carried out by the Black Order in the years leading up to Thanos' accumulation of the Stones.

Like the long destroyed Klyn prion, this one doesn't segregate its prisoners and Proxima recognizes several species from planets which she has personally 'balanced' in service to her master.

Proxima's stern, amber gaze becomes fixed in front of her as she stalks forward, through the small crowd that has gathered, word of the two Black Order Generals arrival has already spread, Proxima knows that any one of them would gladly kill, torture, and mutilate her, or worse in revenge for her past actions.

But, like the well trained warrior she is, she remains calm, emotionless.

Corvus scans the crowd for almost a minute; he's started to wonder if some inmates have ambushed her before he can get to her.

Then he feels it.

He turns and spots her, walking towards him, but he darts his eyes to one side, she follows the direction he has inclined, and by the same instinct that lets him sense when she is near, she knows what he's telling her.

Now that they truly have nothing else, no master, no 'Siblings', no orders to follow, the fact that they are each-others greatest weakness here, is all the more pronounced.

They are surrounded by potential enemies that would see them dead by the end of the night, so Proxima and Corvus simply break their locked gaze and move off to one side.

The main area inhabited by inmates is a deep, heavily guarded steel pit, cells are honeycombed into the walls of the circular structure in horizontal lines of three, the cells are around 12 feet high, and 14 feet from the entrance to the back wall.

Proxima chooses a cell in the second row, climbing an existing mound of scrap metals and junk, a purposely built way of getting up to the cell.

Corvus waited patiently, hearing a loud snap of bone, and the previous inhabitant was thrown out of the cell moments later.

Corvus swung himself up the mound of scrap and into the cell  
"Making allies already my love?" he says in jest.

Proxima doesn't react.

Corvus sits with his back to the mouth of the cells entrance; one knee bent upwards, his other leg stretched out before him, with Proxima's back against it as she sits in front of him with a leg dangling over the edge of the cell, she appears calm, but Corvus knows her far too well not see the cracks in her mask.

For reasons unknown, Corvus suddenly thinks of the residual jolts of lighting from the God of Thunders axe, and the former General thinks that is how Proxima's anxiety might manifest, sparking and fizzing across her body.

"Kaldera?"

He doesn't know what provokes him to ask, but the question is spoken before he can stop it.

Unnervingly, Proxima doesn't look at him, making her expression and overall mood unreadable.

"Gone. She bit one of the guards and fled. She is most likely glad to be rid of us" she scoffs

"She will make her own way in the universe I suspect and make her life her own again."

Proxima tells herself that she doesn't care, that they don't need Kaldera. She doesn't regret finding her again, or saving her from succumbing to starvation aboard their first ship, but she is capable enough to live alone, so Proxima tells herself that she doesn't feel a tug in her chest at losing yet another person in her life, pretends she doesn't feel like Kaldera has becoming more than just her slave or a pet to do as she bid.

Proxima pushes a section of dark blue hair from her face and looks at Corvus, and acts like he doesn't see that hurt she is so vehemently denying radiate from her amber coloured eyes as she continues

"We have lived our lives, content to be as we are, for all this time, what difference will the rest of our lives make, even if its' from a prison" she tries to smile.

A handful of inmates are gathered below, jeering calling out threats, one points up at them. Proxima looks at her husband

"A moment, my love?" she requests

He smirks and gestures with one clawed hand

"Be my guest, my lady Midnight"

Her arm and leg are left vulnerable without the protective casing of her gold armour, which has been taken along with her spear and his glaive, but he will only intervene if necessary.

Without another word, she slides herself over the edge, landing on an inmates' shoulders, effectively crushing him from above.

The other three lunged

"Servant of Thanos!"

"Scum!"

Their enraged shouts are replaced by shrieks of pain as Proxima makes short work of the inmates, dodging feeble punches and kicking a dagger from one of the males hands as he tries to gut her; the weapon badly made, hastily sharpened from bone over a period of days.

The guards pretend not to see, all too willing to allow the criminals they watched over to tear each other apart so long as they didn't try to escape.

Within minutes the three inmates lie dead at Proximas' feet.

"Pathetic" Proxima huffs

She straightens her back and rolls her shoulders, it's been a long time since Wakanda, and a physical fight proves a marvellous outlet for her rage towards Lucian and Felix.

The lingering crowd watches, some appear reluctantly fearful, but angry at the same time, others back away entirely, not wanting to get involved, some clench their fists as though

preparing to throw themselves into the fray at any moment, but they don't.

Proxima pushes her hair back from where it had fallen across her eyes and swings herself back into the cell to sit beside Corvus.

"Feel better?" he asks lazily

Proxima glances at him

"Yes actually. I only wish that it were Lucians' carcass at my feet" she answers, clenching her fists.

She's still tense and mentally she's wired by anger at Felix and Lucian, and anxiety at the unpredictability of their dangerous situation.

The pair watches diligently as the inmates filter away over the next few hours, scrambling to get themselves a cell with a cot, some are killed in the process and several fights break out with an air of normalcy that permeates every wall of the grimy, dingy prison.

Those that fail to secure themselves a cell to sleep in are forced to take to the floor like dogs, but no-one tries to force the former Generals of Thanos from their compartment.

Hours later, Corvus is able to convince Proxima to rest, she eventually agrees and they retreat further back into the cell, Proxima tucks herself between the wall and her husband, the warmth of his skin keeping away the frigid air of the unheated prison. Given his regenerative abilities, he doesn't sleep deeply enough to miss an assailant should one climb up to them while they rest so he will remain alert until Proxima wakes.

Every sound, every creak of metal in the walls of the prison ship, every grunt and snort from the sleeping inmates littering the floor below makes Corvus' sensitive ears prick, he strains to listen until whatever noise he hears has passed and everything falls still again. He hears a guard's footfalls against the steel floor above and the former General sits up, leaning on one elbow and curled protectively around Proxima, she remains too deep asleep to notice.

Once again, it passes, like before but Corvus doesn't lay back down. Instead he tries to think of a plan.

They had to escape, the sooner the better. But with a pair of Thanos' servants in their midst the guards are most likely expecting something. But, Corvus reminds himself that he had once been Thanos' best strategist, bringing glory to his master dozens of times over the years.

Somehow the task of planning the demise of half a planet and its defending armies seems a far simpler task than plotting his and his wife's escape from this guarded dungeon.

In a silent bid for...reassurance, comfort perhaps? He lets his claws drag smoothly through Proxima's hair. His species, along with his deceased brother Culls', are entirely without such an unnecessary evolutionary trait, so he can't help but be intrigued by hers, when before they'd married, he'd often been almost amazed when the simple act of carding his fingers through her navy tresses brought him a sense of solace in stressful times, brought him peace in the daily violence of their existence.

As much as he wishes she were elsewhere, far from the confines of a prison cell, outnumbered by an army of slighted adversaries that wanted his and Proximas' heads, Corvus is selfishly glad she is here beside him.

Her calmness and confidence in him make him feel all the more powerful, and he knows that together they will escape, they will go far from here, from Earth, from the Sanctuary...far from anywhere they do not wish to be, far from anywhere that brings her unhappiness... because, in the last few days, in the quiet as Proxima and Kaldera slept, he's realised, perhaps a little late, that THAT is what he wants now.

Not serve a madman or a master with an enormous ego and even larger opinion of himself

Not serve some higher cause for the sake of the Universe

Not to eradicate insignificant lives that the Galaxy will not even notice are gone

He simply wants her; his wife, his lady Midnight. He wants them to have their freedom, to go where they pleased and do as they pleased, because they choose to, and not because they were simply following orders.

He will ensure that they get out of this damned place.

# Intervention

## Chapter Summary

Proxima and Corvus have survived their first night of imprisonment, they're adamant there will not be a second.

## Chapter Notes

Ugh I can't believe it's been so long, other fandoms, other ideas kind of took over, but I want to finish this so here's a new chapter.

The Krylorian climbs up to the occupied cell several feet from the ground, a crudely made dagger clasped between his teeth keeps his hands free.

Resting on his arms he pauses upon reaching the cells' entrance, only for his expression to fall

“Uh Oh!”

Corvus Glaive snarls, ripping the dagger from the Krylorians mouth with enough force that the blade rips the corners of his mouth, the former Dreadlord then lashes out with a clawed foot in a single, hard kick that send the Krylorians plummeting downward, a pair of prisoners arm wrestling at a table simply cast their fellow inmate a single glance, until he hit the floor where he lands with a loud, metallic ‘smack’ that leaves him badly winded; the two other prisoners shake their heads almost pityingly, before their focus returns to their match.

Meanwhile, Corvus grunts derisively as he turns from watching the inmate fall, returning to his wife who sits against the wall of their cell, regarding Corvus as he settles against the wall opposite her; it wasn't been the first time, in the hours they'd been here that he's introduced another prisoners face to the titanium flooring below, one or two may have also had their throats slit beforehand for good measure.

They might be weaponless, but they were perfectly capable of fighting bare handed.

Corvus knows Proxima is troubled, she's nipping at the skin around the nail of her thumb. He doesn't have to speak, doesn't have to ask, because she speaks her mind moments later

“We have to get out. If we're ambushed, if you're wounded... the glaive is too far from you for it to heal you quickly. Without my armour, without my spear, I shall be vulnerable as



well” she states.

Corvus looks out to the watch towers surrounding the perimeter of the pit; there’s no way they can reach them without being caught.

He, of course, has no argument, no rebuttal; she is quite correct. Their defeat on Terra, their betrayal by Proximas’ trusted informant, has left their proud confidence, their arrogance, shaken, and made them wary

“Indeed. I’ve been attempting to make a plan all night, laying out our options, the potential success and failure of each potential escape plan, and come up with three possibilities.”

Proxima can’t help but smirk, even in such circumstances, she loves watching him do what he is best at; planning, strategising, weighing up every possible outcome of a situation, in order to put the on the metaphorical path to victory

“Tell me. We can narrow it down to the one with the best possible chance” she insists in a low voice.

Outside the prison, ship, just outside the scope of the security sensors and cameras, Kaldera, piloting a small shuttle pilfered from Lucian and Felixs’ hanger, shut down everything that wasn’t necessary; temperature control, propulsion, thrusters and even the anti gravity switches. Last of all, the pre-teen flicked a switch and the shuttle was encased in a clear shimmer; concealing it from sight.

With the anti-gravity disabled, Kaldera pilots the ship with both hands and the rest of her body floats mid-air, rising up towards the ceiling, as she guides the ship to a stream of trash and refuse spilling from an open hatch beneath the ship.

Proxima heaved an unconscious male into the air, barely straining even with the Kylosians’ bulky, muscled form

“Corvus!”

Her husband, currently engaging in a brawl with three other prisoners of various races, glances at her, and moves an inch to the right.

With a loud cry, Proxima launches the Kylosian directly at three other attackers, sending all four of them flying out of the cells’ entrance.

Proxima smirks

“I believe that is called a ‘Strike?’” she remarks.

Corvus, unconsciously drifting back to her side, nodded once

“Well executed my love. But I feel we should act soon if we are to execute our plan”

“Aw, rats, you guys made a plan already?”

The voice startles two former Generals, who spun in the direction of the voice to see... nothing. Until a soft beeping sound reaches their ears, and Kaldera, hanging upside down over the entrance of their cell, appears!

Corvus stalked forward

“Brat!” grabbing her by the scruff of her neck, he unhooked the youngster and pulled her into the shadow of their cell, out of sight

“What in the *fragging* blazes are you doing here?!” he finished sharply.

Kaldera, with her tail swishing, is released and dropped to her feet

“Hup. Duh, I came to get you two idiots out? You were dumb enough to get caught so you obviously need the help getting out again....”

Proxima approached the pair looking stern

“How?” she demanded

Kaldera raised her hand, turning her wrist to show off the band she wore

“Invisibility band, found it aboard the shuttle I swiped from those *frazznats* Lucian and Felix, which was also equipped with an invisibility shield.”

In another part of the ship, several levels down, a guard walked along the corridor grumbling to himself

“Suspicious activity on the sensors (!) so why is it muggins here who has to check the garbage disposal...*ooof!*”

There was a sharp, metallic clang as he walked, full force into something he couldn't see, the force of the impact promptly knocks him clean out.

Back in the cell, Proxima had crossed her arms, and was pinching the bridge of her nose

“It was going to be troublesome getting ourselves out, let alone a third party! Kaldera, you really are...”

Kaldera interrupts, holding up a lanyard with a key card dangling from it

“Swiped the master keycard from the head security overseer without being seen”

With a triumphant cackle, Corvus swipes the lanyard from Kaldera

“...you are a great asset, runt!” he states, altering whatever Proxima was about to call the child.

Proxim sighs deeply in vexation, and muttering to herself in her native language

*“Fuck my life”*

Kaldera, having activated the invisibility wrist band to conceal herself, crawls along the floor, keeping low to the ground until a guard is just inches away.

She pounces, wrapping her tail around the guards neck, grabbing his wrist when he lifts his hand, trying to aim with the blaster he held. Of course, the other guards noticed something amiss and began to come running, leaving their posts around the perimeter of the prisoners pit, and Kaldera quickly snapped the guards neck, swiping the blaster and using the guards falling body to give her momentum as she leapt into a backflip.

Landing in a crouch, glancing at the guards racing towards her from both sides, she tossed the blaster down into the Pit. It was promptly caught by Corvus, who began firing at the guards from below - they hadn't anticipated the attack from below and several fell down dead before they realize what was happening.

Meanwhile, Kaldera was engaging in hand to hand combat, trying to distract and take down as many guards as possible, focusing on snapping wrists, and breaking their arms in order to keep them from using and reaching for their blasters.

Climbing out of The Pit, Proxima joined Kaldera as soon as she saw an opening, dodging blaster fire. Corvus tossed the firearm in his hand to his wife after getting her attention, and Proxima created an opening for her husband to climb out of the Pit and join the fight, with one hand she shot down a guard, with her free hand she grabbed another guard and threw him into the Pit to a crowd of waiting prisoners; but Proxima couldn't even take time to take any enjoyment in watching the guard be ripped apart by her fellow inmates; hers' and her husbands' escape was in the forefront of her mind, overriding even her sadistic enjoyments.

Corvus barges into a guard with his shoulder, using with all his weight after ducking under Proximas' arm as she punches another guard

“I don't suppose you've enough of those bands for the three of us” he called

Kaldera, also fighting not far away, dodged a blow

“Sorry; lucky find on the shuttle I took from Lucian and Felix” she responded.

Hearing this, Proxima risks a glance at Kaldera before continuing to fight off more guards, but the mention of Lucian and Felix catches her attention

“What?” she ducks, and kicks a second guard into The Pit.

They’re gradually making their way to the one and only entrance, but guards are surrounding them at this point.

Kaldera chuckled, she’s currently strangling the life from a guard with her own tail

“I did you proud mistress; they paid for their treachery with their lives, I swear”

Proxima offers her a look of exceptional pride

“I am pleased to hear it. You must tell us the tale once we are free from this stinking slime-hole!”

She took a blow to the stomach, and Corvus her attacker pay in full

“We need our weapons!” he insisted, the wound in his side was hindering his ability to fight.

They needed to hold off until they had their weapons in hand; they would not be leaving them behind, particularly Corvus’ glaive, and they needed them to successfully escape.

Kaldera readily leaps to Proximas’ side, facing in the opposite direction

“I can get you your weapons! Hang on”

Activating the band on her wrist, she disappeared; right as a guard tried to grab her, now invisible, Kaldera ducks and Proxima kicks away the offending guard, giving Kaldera the opportunity to slip away from the fight.

A familiar, guttural shout catches her attention and Proxima looks to its source; Corvus is clutching his side with a blaster wound smokes as it burns through the flimsy material of the prison clothing, the smell of seared flesh reaches Proximas nose, and she throws herself at the offending guard in a flurry.

Corvus forces himself to his feet, wincing in pain, but when Proxima is set upon by three guards he is with her immediately, throwing off her attackers and tearing at their throats with his claws.

# Escape

## Chapter Summary

With Kalderas' aid, Proxima and Corvus escape the prison

Proxima and Corvus stand back to back as guards close in on them; wherever possible, they join and fight together, in tandem, almost as one; using the sheer force and iron will of their onslaught of attacks and utter reliance and trust in their partner backing them up to overcome any who approach them.

“”It has been too long since we have fought side by side like this”

He dodges a guard and kicks his teeth in.

Proxima laughed, swinging a guard around by his broken arm, knocking down several others that had created a circle around her

“Indeed, my love. I have missed it” she teases.

With almost all the guards in the entire prison either trying to contain the other prisoners and control the ensuing riot, or fighting against the two former generals of Thanos in an attempt to thwart their escape attempt, meaning Kaldera was able to make it to the room where prisoners belongings were held after being confiscated upon their arrival, without much hassle.

She shut off the invisibility band on her wrist, and went to a desk under a window where an abandoned computer console sat.

Taking a seat in the chair, Kaldera tapped on a few keys, blaring alarms sounded, and the doors leading to the main prison began to close, cutting off any more guards from coming to the aid of the rest.

Smirking, Kaldera spins around in the desk chair and before getting to her feet, picking up a fully charged blaster, but she puts it down after a moment and glances around

“Ah ha!” she proclaims

Leaping up, she clutched the edge of the shelf with one hand, grabbing the familiar glaive and spear, throwing them to the ground, and jumping back down to the ground. She looks out of the screen at the front of the room, she notices that the holding room overlooks the

main area of the prison, and she easily spots Proxima and Corvus several feet below. She also saw that several shuttles were approaching, weapons ready.

Corvus crouches low to let Proxima roll over his back, she kicks out at a guard as she does so. They notice the shuttles, but as he'd paused to scan the shuttles for weak points, Corvus was struck over the head with a chair by another inmate, who dropped the pieces when Corvus turned to him, the prisoners face paled and became terrified, when he tries to run Corvus nabs him.

Proxima turns her head to watch the inmate, screaming in fear, is thrown through the air by her husband, and the shuttles' weaponry fire at the prisoner, incinerating him.

Corvus returns to Proxima's side

"The Shuttles aren't piloted, they're controlled remotely!"

They resort to throwing whatever is on hand, including other prisoners to redirect the shuttle's weapons.

Above the commotion, the sound of smashing glass caught the couple's attention and they look up to spot Kaldera, who dropped their possessions down to them. Corvus caught his glaive, with a groan of relief, he felt the wounds he had sustained close and heal themselves.

Proxima catches her spear mid-air, twirling it; it feels good to have it in her hand again. She turns to Corvus

"Give me a boost!"

Corvus knows that look, and it makes him nervous.

Proxima cackles with sadistic joy as she fires blasts from her spear, getting the shuttles, jumping from one to another, stabbing into them with the prongs of her weapon.

Corvus snaps the neck of a guard on the ground, without looking away as his wife wreaks havoc on the shuttles; she was either mad, had a death wish, or enjoyed making him worry for her safety.

Meanwhile Kaldera climbs and somersaults her way down from the window of the holding room, and landed beside Corvus as he said out loud

"I love her"

Kaldera rolls her eyes

"Yeah we all got that from the goofy-ass expression on your ugly mug. The little shuttle I arrived in has probably been found by now, and isn't big enough for all three of us; but there's a hanger of confiscated ships, we can swipe one."

Corvus glares at her for this comment, but nods once.

With fierce cry, Proxima ripped apart the last shuttle, balancing on the remains as they spiralled to the floor of The Pit, taking out the majority of the rest of the prisoners along with it, with Proxima, jumping out of range of the resulting blast radius just in time.

Proxima approached, happily accepting the arm Corvus put around her waist, and Kaldera following, with an eye roll at the couple, from behind, with her arms locked behind her head.

Everything was in ruins, small oil fires had started in multiple parts, and the groans and cries of the wounded could be heard.

Upon reaching the door, of course, they find it still locked, with the censor not responding; the Prison was still in lockdown mode. Corvus easily set about using his glaive to cut out an opening large enough for them to fit through.

There was a scream, and Proxima and Corvus turned; Kaldera had been ambushed by a guard, who clutched her around the neck, holding her squirming body to his chest, with a blaster gun held to her temple.

Kaldera squirmed, trying to pry the guards arm to keep it from pressing on her windpipe

“Mistress! Please...” she called out

Proxima was about to go to her, when Corvus interrupted, stepping forward

“Go, secure us a ship”

Shocked by what he was offering, and not insisting they leave Kaldera behind, Proximas’ eyes widened, but she nodded and did as he said.

Corvus, running low to the ground, swung his glaive, slicing the guard in half, catching Kaldera in his free arm. Two more guards appeared and he made short work of them, with Kaldera still in hand.

Kaldera was now weaponless, and clinging to Corvus front

“Thought you’d be the first to ditch me here”

Corvus half shrugs, lowering his weapon at his side

“You aided our escape, runt. Quid pro quo if you like.”

Kaldera blinked, tail curling into a shape rather like a question mark. But before either of them could do or say anything else, the wall exploded into a dozen pieces, forcing Corvus to duck, shielding both his and Kalderas’ bodies from the debris.

A large ship, confiscated from another inmate, soars through the ruined wall to hover over The Pit, close to where Corvus stood.

Proxima stood In the open side door of the ship

“Are you two ready or do you require a few moments?” she quips

Corvus, standing straight with Kalder in the crook of his arm stares at her for a moment

“Mad woman” he mutters

Getting closer to the ship, he tosses Kaldera, who landed on her feet inside the ships entrance, moving so that Corvus can do the same.

The three work effectively and efficiently to guide the ship back out into space, but the ship jolted, sending Kaldera hurtling back, where she lands in an open topped storage crate, landing awkwardly but in a way that made Corvus cackle in amusement.

Proxima however, is busy taking note of the cause of the jolt

“Cruisers. Only three of them, we have desecrated their forces. Now they’re getting desperate”

From inside the ship, there’s no way they can use their weapons, Proximas’ spear would blast a permanent hole in the ship and leave them exposed to the oxygen-less air of Space. The Cruisers however are equipped to bring them down if needed.

Corvus stands from the pilots’ seat, and Proximas’ eyes light up

“Now?”

Her husband nods, to her delight

“Now.”

As they exchange places, Kaldera was in the middle of clambering out of the storage crate to dust herself off.

Corvus straps himself into the co-pilot's seat

“Brat” he called to the pre-teen but without malice

“Strap yourself down, it will be a bumpy ride until we are clear of the cruisers”

Kaldera did so, taking the third seat, behind Corvus

“Wha-agh!”



With Proxima in the pilots' seat, the ship lurches, and is sent into maximum speed, spinning, being driven into vertical nose dives, and various other reckless but effective evasive manovres. Evasive piloting is Proximas' specialty, far more than general piloting, though she knows how, she found it tedious, this meant she made more mistakes, so much so that during their time with THanos, she was rarely permitted to pilot a ship solo. But when it comes to evasive piloting, she can not be beaten.

A freefall in a corkscrew spin has Kaldera clutching to the arms of her seat, eyes closed and screaming, but the two of the cruisers overlap and crash into each other in twin explosions.

Proxima quickly stabilises the ship, Corvus and Kaldera are jolted up and down again, hard. But there is no reprieve as Proxima, after a few metres of flying straight, pulls back the steering gear sharply, flying the ship upside down, inches from the final cruiser that is tailing them; the ship stabilisers once more, so that it's following the cruiser instead of visa versa

Proxima tried out a few switches and buttons on the console

"How does a ship have no weaponry?"

Frazzled, Kaldera retorts

"Because not all ships are build for Space battles"

Proxima grunts in frustration, avoiding the blaster fire of the cruiser; Corvus turns to Kaldera

"Do you still have that blaster?"

Kaldera grabbed the weapon from her belt, the lights are dim, and fade suddenly

"Damnit, it's dead!"

Hitting the blaster a couple of times, she jumped, and a small ball of energy shoots through the air, Corvus and Proxima move and duck to avoid it, and the energy blast hit the crate Kaldera had fallen into previously.

Kaldera sits looking taken aback and sheepish at the same time, until Corvus reaches over and yanks the blaster from her

"Give me that!"

Getting to his feet, he addresses Proxima

"Bring us alongside the cruiser, my love"

She does so and he adds

"Both of you exhale and hold your breathes for as long as you can, this won't take long... Proxima, open the doors if you will"

Proxima can't help but show her alarm, surely he wasn't thinking...

"Corvus! You can't be serious-"

Corvus meets her gaze from where he stands by the doors, keeping himself balanced despite Proxima's piloting, less aggressive but still making sure to dodge being shot down by the cruiser, he implores her

"Trust me"

Their eyes lock in a brief battle of wills.

She does, with her life; and after a beat, Proxima gives in. As soon as the doors begin opening Kaldera and Proxima take deep inhaleds, and Corvus charges the blaster until he is able to fire, several times, on the cruiser; to aid him, Proxima speeds up slightly so that he can pepper the length of the cruiser with shot of compressed, destructive energy from the gun.

Proxima balls up her fist and punches the console; she's starting to pass out and her eyes have welled inadvertently, she *needs* to take a breath, and her skin is freezing!

Looking behind her, she finds Kaldera is not faring any better, but Corvus...Proxima wishes she hadn't looked. He is turning grey, greyer than is natural for him, ice is creeping over his skin, and he's wheezing.

Her eyes roll and Proxima feels herself start to black out.

# A Fresh Start

## Chapter Summary

Things would never be the same, but Proxima, Corvus and Kaldera have no choice but accept it and move on;

Proxima groans as she slowly regains consciousness, she realises feels cold, exhaustion tugs at her and she wants nothing more than to fall unconscious once again.

A warm hand moves hair away from her face, tucking it behind her horns and Corvus' voice reaches her after a moment

“-Xima? Proxima?”

She forces her amber eyes to open, recognising that she's been moved to sit in the co-pilot's seat. Shifting, she took a moment to take in her surroundings for a moment and regain her bearings.

She tries to speak, mumbling in her weary state

“Did we...”

Her husband nods without letting her finish

“We got away.”

Relieved that they are no-longer being pursued, Proxima sits up straighter, head throbbing

“Kaldera?”

The last time she'd seen the teen, Kaldera had been losing consciousness, with an alarming blue tinge to her skin.

Corvus glanced to his left

“She almost lost consciousness as well but we reached the jump point just in time. She's sleeping for now”

Proxima followed his gaze to find Kaldera lying on the floor, curled up like a wildcat kit, with Corvus' cloak spread out beneath her, her tail twitched unconsciously every now and then.

Proximas' shoulders slumped, unable to deny the relief she felt

“Good. With all the events of the last several weeks, I’ve grown...fond of her” she admitted quietly.

Corvus offered a look of understanding, and she could tell he felt something similar, he took her hand, kissing the heel of her thumb before standing

“You’re still cold”

Proxima attempted a small smile, still feeling weak

“Am I not always?”

Corvus snorted

“You know full well what I mean, I can see you shivering. Come here...”

Ignoring the look she gave him, he has her stand and settle in his lap for him to hold against his warm, sturdy frame, one arm is wrapped around her waist, the other holds her head, stroking her hair back a few times; the ship is on auto-pilot, though they’re currently without direction from the time being.

Proxima kisses and then rests her forehead to his temple and Corvus, as though something that had been weighing him down had been knocked free, sighed, leaning in to her, with her comforting weight in his lap and pressed to his chest, feeling the way it moved with her breathing, it helps him relax

The hand he has on her waist moves slightly, and he ducks his face into her neck, kissing her skin, glad that it was returning to its normal low but not not freezing temperature; Proxima chuckles and embraces him more firmly.

They remain this way for a long while, taking in the comfort and reassurance of each-other's presence, until they hear a sharp sound from behind them.

The pair turn to see Kaldera clearly in the throes of some nightmare or bad dream; her face was scrunched, she was clammy and her fists were clenched, her tail wrapped very tightly around her own ankle.

Corvus relaxed his hold and Proxima got to her feet to go to her. Kneeling on the floor she firmly shook Kaldera, uttering her name.

It took a few moments, but she was finally successful, and Kaldera jolted awake, gasping and glancing around until her eyes rested on Proxima

“Mistress!”

To Proximas’ shock, Kaldera lunges clumsily, throwing her arms tightly around Proximas’ neck

“I thought...”

Proxima, eyes wide, glances at Corvus, but slowly put an arm around Kalderas' waist and awkwardly patted her head

"Um...I'm alright" she mutters

Kaldera pulls away to sit on the floor, hands flat to the ground between her legs and her tail had wrapped around Proximas' ankle

"I thought you'd died and left me with..."

She gestured at Corvus, who snorts

"And after I assisted you when you were about to be captured back at the prison" his quip lacked its usual bite, instead sounding almost good-natured in his quip.

Proxima casts her husband an amused smile before smirking at Kaldera and ruffling her short, spiky hair

"Right, and leave you two to rip shreds out of each other for the rest of your lives? Unlikely" she retorts.

Corvus chuckles once again

"It's as though you do not trust us my love"

Proxima returns her attention to him, meeting his gaze as they share lingering look, Kaldera rolled her eyes

" we just survived a huge space battle and nearly got shot to hell, and you two are eye-fucking each other!"

Corvus smirked

"Surviving a 'huge space battle' is the perfect time for such things in my opinion"

Proxima laughs sardonically

"Ha, you would say any given situation is the 'perfect time' for such things!"

Kalderas' tail retracts from Proximas ankle slowly, and she groaned

"Ugh can't you two get a room?" she grumbled loudly.

Corvus retorted

"Difficult given we are on a ship"

Kaldera grumbled

"Well there had better be another level and some private bunks to this thing because I'm not remaining in the same area as you two when you can't keep hands to yourselves and out of

each others' pants- *yip!* ”

She ducks when a small tool soars past her head, though Corvus could easily have aimed well enough to hit it misses, by a lot. Kaldera stuck out her tongue with a smirk before stretching her arms arm with groan, wanting to work the knots out of her limbs and aching back before relaxing back, leaning on her hands

“So...what now?”

Corvus looked over the navigation screen on the dash

“There’s a spaceport we can refuel and get supplies around 24 hours from here; word will not have reached the rest of the galaxy of the prisons’ destruction. But we may find ourselves on the run for a while given our status and now considering the damage we have caused”

Proxima got to her feet and went to his side, kissing his cheek

“No different than the way we have always lived, then.”

“I suppose so” he concedes with a chuckle

Kaldera blinked twice

“Fugitives?”

The couple turn to her, and Corvus nods in confirmation .

Kaldera seems to mull over this information in her mind for a moment before shrugging

“Cool”

She grinned, exposing her pointed canine teeth.

“I mean, it could be worse; we could be dead, or...you know, alone, I think we’ve proven we can work together when we need to, right?”

Corvus offers an expression of acceptance, and Proximas’ black lips twitched into a slight smile

“Yes Kaldera. This isn’t the way any of us would have chosen for things to be, but this is our lot now, we must remain together and make the best of it.”

She shared a loving glance at Corvus, who wrapped his arm around her waist as he addressed Kaldera

“Besides, with your fighting skills, I doubt you would last 24 hours alone”

Kaldera rolls her eyes at the quip, though it lacked any real malice

“I survived 2 years away from the Sanctuary didn’t I?”

Corvus gave a bark of laughter

“Other than being captured by the Kree in that time!”

Relaxing into her husband's embrace, Proxima watched the pair bicker; finding it no longer irritated her to the extent that it once did, and she realized the full truth of the words she had spoken.

of course things would never be the same, given all they had lost, but they had no choice but accept it and move on; they are all that is left of Thanos' forces now, with only each other to rely on and trust now and, Proxima muses, the events of the past few months had brought them closer in a way none of them had truly realized, making them feel even more of a family to her than any of her 'adoptive siblings' had in the past.

Though their prison escape would not be their final conflict and of course being fugitives would come with challenges. But then, none of them were exactly used to having a quiet life, so at least it would provide some excitement in life as they moved forward.

Corvus tangled himself from Proxima, challenging Kaldera to scuffle; daring her to succeed in pinning him for three seconds.

As they scuffled, with Corvus correcting Kalderas' stance, pointing out her blind spots, and offering constructive additional corrections in order for Kaldera to improve her fighting style, as he had once done for Gamora and Nebula when they had been young; Proxima had a feeling that the three of them would manage just fine.

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