

Blue

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by [Sholio](#)

Summary

Roads almost traveled, and a few moments in time.

Gamora picked up the scarred blue woman in a filthy bar on Contraxia. She bought her a few drinks, offered her money, and took her upstairs. As they went, she overheard one of Thanos's other footsoldiers say, "She likes 'em blue and angry."

She hated him, this sordid place, and herself.

Upstairs, the woman regarded her with weary, burned-out anger. "I can pretend to be someone else for you."

"No," Gamora said. "I paid you to fuck, not for that." She regretted it more with each moment. "If you don't want—"

She was cut off by a hard, bruising kiss.

They lay together after, tangled up on a filthy bed. Sex always relaxed Gamora even more than fighting, and she found herself running her hand up and down the woman's leg, caressing the muscular thigh and stroking her fingertips lightly across scars and old battle mods.

Gamora felt, for a moment, the woman relax into it—then flinch, as if gentle touch hurt her, and pull away.

The woman sat up and began buckling her clothing back on. Gamora felt bereft, in a way she hadn't expected.

"I don't know your name," she said.

"You didn't pay for my name."

Gamora saw her again, a long time later.

The bar was a dive, but the company was better. Rocket was telling some implausible battle story, Drax had fallen asleep on the table, and Gamora's mind—and gaze—wandered.

From across the room, she recognized the blue face, the gone-to-seed military bearing.

Quietly, she left them arguing over Rocket's tall tale and went over. She slipped into the seat across from the blue woman. "Waiting for someone?"

A hard gaze met hers. No recognition. A shrug.

"Buy you a drink?" Gamora said. "No strings. You just looked alone." And she smiled.

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