A Souvenir From Vulcan

by NightOwl1

Summary

Jim crash lands on Vulcan, a planet quarantined by the Federation where Surak's teachings are almost forgotten and is on the verge of a civil war. Jim encounters a mysterious Vulcan named Spock chained up and left for dead. Jim rescues Spock, and ends up married to him after a couple of days of wild sex. After seeing what kind of lonely life Spock has on Vulcan, he decides to take the Vulcan home with him. What could go wrong? Featuring: Prince Spock, Federation politics, Romulan Assassins, and Avocados.

Notes

Another fic! I know I have a lot wips already but I had a mighty need for a pre reform Spirk fic since there were so few and I read through all the ones I could scour the internet for and so this plot filled long fic was born. I will post other tags later, I may add Tarsus IV and mpreg tags later but I am not sure yet since I have several plot outlines and I'm not sure which one the story will go. I post early unedited chapters on my tumblr under the name ayosdi and the cleaned up and edited ones go here at a later date. Please read and comments are appreciated!

See the end of the work for more notes
Lt Commander James Tiberius Kirk, Science Officer of the Federation star ship Enterprise, blinked at the sight of what his shuttle’s cracked view screen was showing him. “You're shitting me, computer! I'm on Vulcan?! The Bermuda-Fucking-Sector?! Check again!”

The computer's feminine and soothing neutral tones was a stark juxtaposition against the hellish reality Jim had suddenly found himself in. “Affirmative. Your current location is planet Vulcan, a class M planet in a trinary star system known previously as 40 Eridani, an area of space quarantined by the Federation as a strict no-go zone due to the hostile warp-capable native inhabitants. Would you like more information?”

Jim felt his stomach twist up as his hopes dropped faster than a fat Ferengi in a bar fight. “No. There's no need.”

He knew better, everyone does. The inhabitants of 40 Eridani were so secretive and antisocial that no one knew what they even looked like. Their ships were more advanced than Starfleet's and they were rarely spotted out of their area of space. They refuse any hailings, and any ship that isn't theirs gets shot at the moment it enters their space. It was why it was called the Bermuda Sector, after the old Earth legend of the Bermuda Triangle; any ship that goes in, never comes out.

The Federation has attempted to send messages to the inhabitants of 40 Eridani, attempting to make first contact and open diplomatic relations with no success. The total number of messages they ever received from them was two. The first being from one of their strange vessels to a Federation survey ship on the edge of their system. It was in Standard text: “We are the people of Vulcan. Leave us alone and we will respond in kind.”

After many years of sending messages of peace and friendship to them they had finally gotten a response a decade ago. It was once more in Federation Standard text. “We are not interested. Go away.” After that the Federation put Vulcan on their blacklisted planets and learned two things about these people. One: they were called Vulcans, and two: they were the space equivalent of that one grumpy neighbor that chased the kids off his lawn with a shotgun. They made the Federation nervous given their hostile behavior and the fact that they were only 16.5 lightyears from Earth, but after centuries of living next door, they never made a single move against Earth other than attack anyone that came into their space. Which is unfortunately right where Jim was. He wasn't just on the grumpy neighbor's lawn, he was smack dab in his living room with his dirty human feet propped up on the table.
Jim had crash landed on planet of the space-grumps-next-door and his engine was beyond repair. The dilithium crystal had fused and cracked, turning his one precious fuel source into the consistency of burnt toast. It was pure luck that their ships hadn't blown him to pieces yet. He was stuck here, and there would be no one coming to rescue his stranded ass. He would be listed as dead the moment they realized his shuttle had been blown off course to the Bermuda Sector. Jim had flown straight into a god-damned roach motel.

Jim knew he had been lucky to even escape the Andorian escort mission, it had gone south after Romulans crashed the diplomat party. Jim managed to get away in his shuttle after the first strikes. Captain Pike was taken after the hostage exchange went sour, and made Number One acting Captain and Jim the acting First Officer. Then even Number One was taken. The ambassadors he was to escort, as well his security detail, were all dead, and Jim will soon join them if he didn't act quick. He didn't even know if the Enterprise had escaped the ambush, and even if it did the Captain and First Officer and the replacement First Officer was gone.

Jim's best bet would be to run, hide, and hope he can find a Vulcan ship to steal to get back to the Enterprise. Or if they have attractive women, he could use his patented Kirk charm on them to get a ride to the nearest Federation outpost, rescue his friends, and possibly get laid as a bonus. It'd be the first time getting laid since he had The Talk with Captain Pike six months ago about keeping his patented Kirk charm in his pants. Kirk was forced to agree since that incident involving that really sexy Orion assassin. Hopefully Jim's charms hadn't rusted over and will work on Vulcans. Jim snorted at that thought. "Fat chance of that. With my current luck, Vulcans are probably horrendously ugly. Ugh. Computer what's the planet like out there?"

The computer's blank tone, devoid of any emotion was starting to grate on his nerves. "Gravity: 1.18. Atmosphere is a nitrogen oxygen mix, thinner than Earth normal, but breathable for humans. Tri-ox injections recommended. Current temperature is 40 degrees Celsius, humidity 9%.”

Jim cursed. He was dressed for Andoria's ice fields not Death Valley. He rummaged through the shuttle for any and all supplies he could use. The first thing he had found was a gift wrapped box with his name on it from Bones. "That grouch must have had the security team sneak it on the shuttle before we escorted the diplomats.”

Jim cracked a smile, hoping he would see his best friend again. He'd even be happy to subject himself to the new line of hypos the doctor would no doubt have waiting for him. Jim opened the box and his smile dropped. It was a bag of Avocados and a note saying “Eat your greens, Jim!” and a smily face to add insult to injury. “Dammit Bones! Are you ever going to let me live that down?!”

Jim took all manner of strange dates to their shared dorm, sometimes Jim was too drunk to even remember picking up said date. The strangest date of them all was an avocado on the pillow next to him with a crude drawing of a vagina in glittery pink sharpie and the words “practice on this.” Jim had no memory of what happened. When he had asked Bones he laughed his ass off at Jim and said that he saw Carol Marcus, the girl in Jim's astrophysics class that he had been flirting with for months walk out looking very unsatisfied. He lost his taste for avocados after that. Jim huffed. “Very funny Bones, but at least it is still food. I'll eat these damned things only when I run out of those bricks Starfleet calls rations.”
Jim put the avocados with the rest of the supplies he found, with his phaser at the ready. What little was known about Vulcans was that they really didn't like visitors and Jim's landing was not exactly stealthy. He would have to head out to find shelter far from his craft. Jim pried open the tin can that was once his shuttle, and was blasted by the unwelcoming heat of Vulcan.

The landscape of Vulcan was like something out of a half forgotten dream... Or a nightmare. Jim wasn't sure which it was, but he was sure he imagined a place like this before when he was a kid. It was hotter than hell, and the landscape looked about as exciting and fun as dirty litter box, and about as easy to breath around. It was rocks, sand, more rocks, and oh look even more sand as far as the eye could see. The triple suns glared down on Jim like an angry ex-girlfriend and her parents. Jim was already feeling his energy being drained away by the combination of the heat, and the thin atmosphere. The med-kit he found had only one tri-ox hypo. He would only take it if he desperately needed it. For now he used his science blue shirt like a wrap, Lawrence of Arabia style, to keep most of the sun off his head. “I can totally do this. Jim Kirk of Vulcan has a nice ring to it.”

Jim got out binoculars and looked around. There had to be something out there. His shuttle landed at the foothill of some kind of mountain, so perhaps there could be some caves he could find shelter in, or better yet water. In the distance he saw gleaming silver structures jutted out like elegant daggers in the unmistakable shape of a city's skyline, and a large city at that. Advanced too, judging from the vehicles darting above the skyscrapers. Between the mountain foothills was a rocky plain with the occasional shrub that was brave enough to sprout in this harsh world.

He stiffened when he saw something moving toward him. It was what he had feared: the natives found him. They were humanoid from what could see, and they were riding large bear-like animals with long fangs glinting brightly in the harsh sunlight. Jim pressed the zoom in button on the binoculars to get a better look at what these Vulcans looked like. To his complete shock they looked exactly like Romulans. “What the hell? Romulans? On Vulcan?!”

Jim heard stories, ancient ones dating back for more than a century from Klingons and Romulans about the secretive and mysterious people of Vulcan. It was said that they were green blooded and had the upswept eyebrows and pointed ears like a Romulan but were also powerful telepaths. Considering the sources were from people the Federation was always on the edge of war with they were always taken with a grain of salt. And not table salt either, but one of those big ass blocks that cows lick. “Seriously?! Are Vulcans some kind of evil twin of Romulans? Shit! They're coming this way!”

Jim looked for the nearest pile of rocks to hide under. There was a range of mountains with some kind of structure on top, pillars matching the red color rock of the land was arranged in a circle open to the sky. It looked like ruins or a temple for some ceremonial purpose, but he could only guess. Jim heard distant howling. He didn't know if it was the wind or some poor creature, but it came from the top of the mountain. Something in Jim's gut pulled him toward it. Jim trusted his gut because it was usually right, so he made a run for it. After all, that's why Pike had convinced him to join Starfleet and why he appointed him as acting First Officer. Jim's stomach twisted up at thought of what those Romulans were probably doing to Pike and Number One right now.
Behind him he could hear the angry Vulcans and their monstrous fanged bears getting closer. If Vulcans were anything like Romulans in personality as well as looks, then Jim really didn't want them to catch him. Jim darted from the shuttle and dove from rock to rock trying to stay out of their line of sight. It wasn't long before he was gasping for breath. He went for his one tri-ox hypo and winced as he injected himself. “Damn! I really hate these things! I'll have to do for now.”

Jim picked up his speed, but with the supplies he carried on his back and the Vulcans who rode on those animals, the gap between them was closing fast. Jim had found a well worn path that wound its way to the top of the ceremonial structure at the top of the mountain. Jim saw the Vulcans behind him, they were close enough that he could clearly make out their voices. Jim didn't understand a word they were shouting, but he was guessing that 'Kroikah komihn' meant 'Stop, so we can stab you with our spears that look like fans', but Jim's guess was as good as any. Jim heard a scream, coming from the top of the mountain, it was definitely not the wind he had heard howling. It was a wordless cry of agony and suffering, and it pulled at his heart. Whoever made that scream was in unbelievable pain and Jim could not ignore them. It was that same gut feeling he had that pulled him to this place, and he could feel it tugging him toward whoever the poor bastard was. Jim leapt without thought and ran faster. Someone needed his help.

Jim reached the ceremonial place at the top. It was aligned in a circle with a green, probably really oxidized copper, gong. At its base was a sight that knocked the wind from Jim. A man, no a Vulcan, was chained to one of the pillars, screaming in agony. He had well defined yet lean muscles covered by pale skin that was flushed green, and his wrists were raw and bruised from where he strained against his chains like a wild animal. His long hair was decorated with gold ornaments, and once looked well groomed but was now ragged, and obscured his features. He screamed again and whipped his head around, the hair flying from his face and Jim's heart skipped a beat as he saw the Vulcan's face for the first time. He was beautiful. So very beautiful and achingly familiar.

The Vulcan stopped screaming when his eyes locked with Jim's. The Vulcan's eyes looked at him with such longing and hope that Jim's heart almost broke. A feeling of deja vu struck Jim. He had a feeling like he had met this strangely familiar Vulcan before and Jim felt his heart swell with an unnameable joy and sorrow all at the same time. The Vulcan stared at Jim like he was a angel sent from heaven, and silently pleaded with wide, and almost human looking eyes. As Jim's eyes roamed over the Vulcan, he blushed. The Vulcan's loincloth poorly concealed his desire, and Jim's penis twitched to life at the sight.

Jim swallowed thickly. It looked like his patented Kirk charm was going to work after all. Usually he went for women, and for good reason, but surprisingly Jim found himself willing to make an exception for this man, and he was most certainly exceptionable. Not to mention he had all of his shots, so he didn't have to worry about certain things. Jim shifted at bit, his pants growing uncomfortably tight as sex with this really hot Vulcan was looking like a better and better idea. He took a calming breath, and muttered to himself, “No, penis, now is not the time. Rescue the sexy alien first, no matter how kinky chains would be, and then we'll get 'my hero' sex. Yeah, this will be the best plan ever.”

Jim smiled at his new potential date, and rushed forward with single thought of what the sex will be like. Behind him the Vulcans that had been chasing him had stopped dead in their tracks, and were looking at his date with fear. Jim couldn't understand what they were saying but from what Jim could
read from their body language, they were scared shitless of the Vulcan who was chained and clearly in pain. They were shouting at Jim, “Rai komihn! Kroikah!”

Jim couldn’t understand a word they said but the words that stood out the most in the speech they were giving him were ‘plak tow’ and ‘pon farr.’ Jim had no idea what that meant, but he wasn’t about to leave this poor, sexy, bastard chained up, not when Jim was getting the rescue-me-handsome-stranger look from him. Jim took out his phaser and with two shots to the shackles, Jim's potential new friend was free. Jim held out his hand to the Vulcan in greeting. “Hello, I'm Jim. Jim Kirk. Nice to meet you.”

The sexy Vulcan stood up, taller than Jim by a few inches, and looked at the offered hand in a sort of excitement. Jim flashed him a smile and extended the hand closer. The Vulcan grabbed it, and Jim felt a jolt of electricity surge through him at the contact. The Vulcan looked at Jim's hand with avid fascination and started stroking Jim's index and middle fingers with his own. The gesture felt strangely intimate, and Jim wondered if this was some sort of Vulcan handshake. Something in his gut told him it was a bit more intimate than that. Suddenly the Vulcan pulled Jim into his chest and growled at the other Vulcans that had been chasing Jim and were watching them with a mixture of horror and fascination. Jim's Vulcan pulled Jim tighter into a protective embrace and snarled at their audience, “T'nash'veh!”

The other Vulcans ran away, and Jim's new friend was purring and nuzzling into the crook of Jim's neck. Jim chuckled and then gasped as he felt his Vulcan lick him with a tongue as hot as the planet. “Oh! Well, how about that for first contact meetings? This is going better than I ever expected!”

The Vulcan pressed himself up against Jim, making his desire clearly known, and continued to caress Jim neck with his nose and sucked lightly on the skin there. Jim gasped and pressed his hips back against the Vulcan with his own growing erection. “My name is Jim, what's yours? Standard, you speak?”

The Vulcan looked up at him with an expression between curiosity and awe. His voice was ragged, as if he was straining to get the words out. “My... name... Spock. T'nash'veh Jim. My Jim. Want you. T'hy'la!”

Jim gave him a brilliant smile, “Well, I'm so glad to meet you Spock! So you got a place? Some place you can hide me? Give me a bed handsome, and I'm all yours. Don't want anyone interrupting, right?”

Spock seemed to understand. “Yes... Mine... No telsu pi'tak. T'nash-veh T'hy'la!”

Spock growled, and without warning he picked up Jim bridal style and carried him off to some well beaten path down the mountain. Jim nuzzled Spock's neck in the same way he had been doing to him, and Spock seemed to find this to be very agreeable. At least judging from the way Spock kept purring and nipping playfully at his jaw. This was going better than his wildest expectations. Crash landing on a blacklisted planet full of hostile aliens, and thirty minutes later he's got one as a hot date.
It didn't take long for Spock to carry Jim to wherever his apartment, shack, or home was. In fact it was barely a five minute jaunt down a well worn path that formed a rock bridge high above the ground below. It gave Jim a sense of vertigo when he looked over the edge, and Spock tightened his grip on Jim as he just about skipped with his new prize into the mountain.

The path from the ceremonial ground Jim found Spock in had led to a set of double doors. Jim wondered what this place was, and only caught a glimpse of two figures carved on the doors, a man and a woman stroking their index and middle fingers in the same way Spock had earlier before the door was kicked in. Jim felt like he was a bride being carried over the threshold for the long awaited honeymoon. The inside was a single large chamber with a bed in the center, covered in rich red sheets, almost alter-like in the care and luxury of its set up. The high windows let in light in a way that it shone on the bed like spotlights on a stage.

Jim was deposited on the bed with careful grace. Whatever this place was it was some kind of chamber connected in some way to the ceremonial grounds nearby, its purpose Jim could only guess at. Jim looked at the walls, it had some kind of elegant script with swirling lines and dots, no doubt telling what this ceremonial chamber was for if Jim could read it. However there were a few pictures here and there; carved relief images of Vulcans having sex in various positions. Jim blushed, and wondered if this was really Spock's home. Jim was starting to feel more like a virgin sacrifice than a guest in his new lay-of-the-week's place. It was at least nice, and came with a water fountain at the back of the room flowing with what Jim hoped was clean drinking water.

Jim paused in his observations to look up at Spock who was clawing impatiently at Jim's clothes. Jim obliged him with a smile. “Here, let me help you with-”

Jim fell back as Spock's lips were at his throat again, insistent and desperate. The sounds of fabric tearing filled the room as Jim's now ruined uniform was thrown to the floor in pieces. Jim gasped as Spock tore off his boxers and freed his erection. Somebody was very eager, not that Jim could blame the guy. Spock crawled on top of him, and ground himself against Jim with a frenzied need. With a frustrated moan, Spock tore his own loin cloth, desperate to rid himself of any barriers.

Jim looked down at his new friend, noting with great relief that there were more similarities than differences anatomically speaking. One penis in the same sort of basic shape, foreskin, two testicles hanging below that instead of some place strange like his knees or something, but the similarities ended there. Instead of being flushed pink like a human's, Spock's cock was tinged green, and underneath a moist looking head was a secondary ridge. Spock seemed to look at Jim's own erection with a sort of heartbreaking confusion, as if unsure as to what to do next and was desperate not to fuck up his chance with Jim. He had the feeling that Spock was a little new to sex with men. Jim looked up at Spock for permission with a gentle smile, “Hey, mind if I touch you?”

Jim only got a blank confused look in return, and Jim decided to just go for it and hope he didn't scare his Vulcan date. He had only blown a total of two guys in the past, both of them turned into assholes when Jim refused to bottom and they wouldn't take no for an answer. Jim hoped that Spock wouldn't be like that, and that the third time really would be the charm. So Jim bent down between
Spock legs and lowered his head over Spock's cock. When Jim took the head into his mouth Spock jumped back and gasped. He stared at Jim with wide eyes. He was reacting as if he had never heard of blowjob. Jim was starting to suspect that Spock was definitely new to not just men but all sex in general. If he was, Jim was determined to make this a good first experience for him. Jim reached down and gently took Spock's shaft in his hand and noticed immediately how wet it was. Jim grinned at Spock. “Self-lubricating, huh? Fun. Now just relax. I'm going to make you feel really good.”

Jim saw Spock relax and took Spock into his mouth again, this time savoring the taste and feel of the Vulcan. He didn't taste or smell salty at all. He had a sweet and musky smell to him and his skin was hot and slick. It hardly tasted like anything, but with the lubricate it had a very subtle note of a weird green tea. Definitely not human, Jim mused to himself, but far from unpleasant. As Jim gave the double ridged head a good suck, Spock moaned, and Jim started pumping his erection with his hand in rhythm with his mouth, bobbing his head up and down.

Spock panted and thrust into Jim mouth desperate for more of the sensations that Jim was giving him, and Jim had to hold Spock's hips down so that he didn't choke. Spock cried out in a wordless wail when Jim swirled his tongue around the ridges, feeling the soft texture as his tongue dipped between the folds to the sensitive nerves there. Jim laughed, making his mouth vibrate around Spock's cock, and Spock keened like an animal. Jim pressed his tongue, and massaged the underside of the ridged head as he sucked hard. Spock then threw his head back and keened as he spilled his seed into Jim's mouth. Jim swallowed every drop of the strangely sweet tasting semen. Jim looked down at Spock and noted that his new Vulcan friend wasn't flagging down anytime soon. “I guess no refractory periods either. You Vulcans must have a lot of fun. That's a shame, us humans have to rest between rounds.”

Spock was staring at Jim with wonder, and an adoring smile graced his face. Suddenly Jim was pushed down on the bed as Spock pounced on him. Spock then hiked Jim's legs over his shoulders and positioned his hips at Jim's entrance. Jim gasped in fear, causing Spock to freeze and look at Jim with concern. Jim really needed to teach this poor man... or rather this poor Vulcan. “Shit! Don't just shove it in yet! I know you're already lubed up, but try to go a little slow. I've only had toys up there, never the real thing.”

This language barrier was killing him. Jim tried again, with fewer words and hoped he understood. “Gentle. Slow.”

Spock seemed to understand and slowly eased forward, and Jim felt that double ridged head slowly penetrate him. It was way different from his dildos. Soft moist skin like Denebulan velure that glided over a hot solid duranium rod. It was real, alive, and physically connected him to another body, another living soul. It filled him up in a way that no toy or woman ever could. A moan escaped Jim's mouth as he reveled in this novel sensation of being filled up, of being pressed against a hot body that pulsed with life. Jim's moan turned into a gasp as Spock's ridges rubbed against his prostate. “Holy fuck! Spock! Yes, right there!”

Spock smiled, encouraged by this, slowly pulled out and thrust back in, hitting that spot dead on. Jim almost fell apart, as Spock picked up his pace to a wild speed. Jim saw the heavenly bliss in Spock's eyes, never once leaving Jim's gaze. Spock held long graceful fingers against Jim's face, almost
reverently. “T'nash'veh t'hy'la, sos tel-tor k'du?”

Jim had no idea what Spock said, but it sounded really fucking romantic. He could have said my hovercraft is full of eels for all Jim cared. With the way Spock was fucking him this good and hard, he'd let this Vulcan do whatever he wanted. Jim smiled, and nodded. “Whatever you want, just go for it man. Just as long you're not some kind of cannibal or a psycho like my ex-girlfriend... one of them anyway. Oh! God! Yes! Shit! You're so fucking good!”

Spock furrowed his brows, clearly puzzled. It was an adorable look for him. Jim tried to make it easy for his language challenged friend, and put his hand over Spock's, leaning into the Vulcan's caress against his face. Jim smiled, and nodded. “Yes, Spock. Yes.”

Spock's eyes lit up and was ramming into him now. He brought both of his hands on either side of Jim's face. Spock leaned in closer and closer until their foreheads touched. Just when Jim thought if Spock was going to kiss him, his mind exploded with light and color as he felt an alien presence push into him. It was familiar and weird, and oh dear god it burned. Jim's world was nothing but burning desire and the euphoria of feeling complete as empty places inside of him was filled with Spock. He felt Spock inside of him and every sensation that Spock was feeling. The double sensation of filling up another and being filled ripped through his mind, and overwhelmed Jim's every thought. As Jim's world fell away to pure bliss, a single word echoed through his mind and etched itself into his soul: T'hy'la!
Spock awoke from his Pon Farr, sated and sore, in tangle of limbs and the warm press of another body against his chest. After a day and a night in the arms of his mate, Spock's skin was stuck together with the mix of his seed and saliva with that of his mate's. His bondmate. He was bonded.

Spock looked at the beautiful creature that his mind yearned for since childhood. His heart pounded in his side at the excitement of being bonded to the T'lema he had not seen in his dreams since... Spock's blood ran cold. His family forced him to bond to T'Pring when he was twelve. They would not believe his fanciful tale of searching for his T'hy'la among humans. If only they did, and the horror of what he did while deep in the Plak Tow could have been avoided.

Spock's memory of the Koon-ut-kalifee was drenched green with blood. His body, his heart, his mind had been set ablaze with the singular and irresistible need to mate, and none but his t'hy'la will do. The mind that had been so far away and yet he had heard its siren song. The female that was presented before him was an imposter, an invader in his mind. She stood in his mate's place, and had the gall to make him fight for her. His true mate was not here, only challengers and a false mate. His eyes saw only the green blood of the challenger and the female who dared to claim what belonged to his t'hy'la.
Spock closed his eyes, as the memory of bones snapping beneath his fingers, of Koon-ut's grounds drenched in Stonn's blood was vivid in his mind. He had killed Stonn, and then T'Pring. He had put his hands around her throat and throttled the woman that taunted him all his life, for taking another mate while betrothed to him, and manipulating him. In his feral state, he rejected her utterly and made her pay the price of her arrogance with her life. The hooded guards chained him, and T'Pau declared Spock a beast forever more. The bodies of T'Pring and Stonn were taken away for a decent burial.

They left him to die for his crimes, and for his failure to quench his fire. Spock was a condemned man, and damned to burn in the Plak Tow and his corpse to be left in the suns. His name would be marked in blood green in the family records and labeled a failure. And rightfully so. He killed two people. One in challenge and the other in cold blood. For all of T'Pring's cold logic and disdain for Spock, she did not deserve death, and yet in his madness he killed her. But still he had been given salvation where it wasn't deserved.

Jim. His t'hy'la had come to him at his appointed time. Spock had howled and fought the chains that bound him. He had felt another mind draw closer and closer to Koon-ut's ancient grounds. That same mind that he had felt in the distance, like the most beautiful oasis glinting on the horizon oh so temptingly. So far out of reach, and yet it's blue waters called to him. Only this one could quench the burning within him. So close that mind came and Spock knew it. T'hy'la!

When Spock saw his face for the first time he was stilled by his beauty. Those blue eyes, wide and vibrant like the rare Vulcaya stone, and hair the same golden color as a field of kep-yar wheat. His skin was flushed with an alien pink skin. So exotic, so beautiful. He was his. His to claim, his to mate, his to protect and his to cherish. Spock fought against these damned chains that kept him from this wondrous creature. His beloved had broken his chains and reached out his hand to Spock for a kiss.

In the feverish haze of Spock's mind he could not understand what his t'hy'la said to him, but it didn't matter. His mind had connected to his t'hy'la through the touch of their hands. His beloved's hand was cool and refreshing against Spock's burning skin. Spock eagerly entwined their fingers in ozh'esta, the feel of his t'hy'la's desire and curiosity was a soothing balm. Jim. That was the name of his mate. Yes, his Jim. Spock had sensed others, and growled at them. This was his Jim, his mate! Spock had pulled his mate close. Jim spoke again. Shelter? Yes, that had made sense. Shelter to mate with Jim, to hide him from challengers. Jim was so beautiful and perfect... Who wouldn't want such a perfect creature like his mate? Spock picked up his mate and carried him to a place his burning mind strived to recall. The consummation chambers.

Spock looked around the mating chambers that he had dreaded sharing with T'Pring for years, but no longer. He had Jim now. Jim who was so eager and willing to mate with a halfbreed like Spock, who was unworthy of mercy, and yet he gladly gave himself to Spock. He smiled at that pleasurable haze he had been in. Taking Jim over and over until the beautiful creature was unconscious, and Spock impaled himself on his mate's erection when he was too sore to take Spock again. Poor Jim would be bruised and sore for days to come. Spock would of course nurse him as is his duty as his husband to care for his mate after the Pon Farr ran its course. Spock was determined to be the best mate he can be after so savagely ravishing Jim.

Spock rolled over to reach for a cup and filled it with water. He had fetched water and bits of food
for Jim sometime during his Pon Farr. He drank for the first time in a couple of days, and with both his fire and his thirst quenched, he laid back to observe his t'hy'la. Spock knew so little about this human and yet felt like he had known him his entire life. They already shared an unbreakable bond, but he had heard how fickle and unpredictable humans could be. Spock hoped that Jim liked him, and he could not keep his heart from racing in his side as he felt the other man stir.

The first sensation Jim awoke to was feeling the distinct satisfying emptiness and stickiness that came only from a night of thorough debauchery and sex. The second thing he felt was another warm body spooning against him, a lean muscular and very male body judging from what was pressing against his thigh and cheek. The third and quite frankly most alarming thing he felt was feeling like someone rammed a Klingon bird of prey up his ass over and over. Jim's eyes snapped open and the memory of what happened came back to him. Crashed on Vulcan. Hot guy named Spock. Best sex of his life.

Jim rolled over and found his face laying on a flat muscular chest covered in soft black hair, and his eyes trailed up to meet a pair of warm chocolate colored eyes gazing back at him. Jim managed to croak out, “Good morning.”

Spock's lips curled up in a shy hint of a smile, his eyes sparkled with warmth. “It is a good morning. Shall I fetch you more water?”

“God yes.”

Spock slowly and painfully disentangled himself from Jim and poured water for him. He had to help Jim sit up a little, and winced from his no doubt sore ass. After gulping down the water, Jim looked at Spock with surprise. “You speak Standard!”

Spock blinked. “Of course. I am fluent in my native tongue of Vulcan, as well as Standard, all three dialects of Romulan, and a little Klingon.”

Jim stared back at his new friend, many questions buzzing. “Huh. So you're a Vulcan, any relation to Romulans? I can't help but notice similarities.”

“They are distant kin to my people. Descendants of the Seheikk'he, The Sundered. They were Vulcans who marched beneath a raptor's wing, and were exiled from Vulcan thousands of years ago for not abandoning our old violent ways. We have had war after war with them. In a way, their war with us never ended.”

Jim took in this tidbit with surprise. A civil war and a split creating two races. That would explain why Romulans and Vulcans looked alike. “Interesting. So you Vulcans don't like Romulans, huh? I guess we have that much in common.”
Spock snorted. “Vulcans do not like anyone.”

Jim sensed a raw nerve, but he needed to know how fucked he was being here, and where he stood with this particular Vulcan. “Do Vulcans like humans better than Romulans? I kinda need to know, since you know, I'm a human, and currently stuck on this planet.”

Spock sensed Jim's fear, and pulled him against him protectively. “You need not fear my kin. You are my t'hy'la, and my telsu who has seen me through my pon farr. They will not dare harm you, not as long as I draw breath.”

Jim blushed at Spock declaration. Not just a friend then, it looks Jim has a very protective boyfriend now. “Wow, thanks. This is really awesome of you. I guess it's thanks for saving your life and you're in my debt? I gotta say, I don't usually like nice people like you putting themselves in trouble for me, but I really need all the help I can get.”

Spock brushed his fingers against Jim, and traced them down his jawline. His gaze was intense. “It is a trouble I am more than willing to take for you. I will protect you, and provide for you whatever you may need. It is my duty and privilege to have such wondrous being as you. I am not worthy of you, but I will spend the rest of my days attempting to become a mate worthy of you.”

Though his heart swelled at the romantic words, it made a red flag go off in Jim's head. “Wait. Did you say mate?”

Spock nodded. “Yes, you are my mate. We are bonded for life.”

Jim jumped and fell off the bed, landing on his already sore ass. “Ow! Shit! We're married?! How the fuck did that happen?!?”

Spock was quickly at Jim's side, attempting to help Jim up. “Ashayam, you are still recovering. I am sorry for how brutally I treated you. I know you are probably disgusted with being mated to a brute like me... I can feel your fear and panic at being married to me. Please, give me a chance, I can be gentle and kind. Please, let me help you.”

It was the words “let me help” that gave Jim pause. To him those words were a far greater expression of love than a cheap “I love you”, which Jim had heard used so frivolously that it lost meaning. Jim had heard those words only from the people that he was closest to and trusted with his life. Jim studied Spock closely, and felt in his gut that Spock was a man that he could trust as well as Bones, if not more. Jim relaxed into Spock's touch, and let Spock ease Jim back into bed. “Don't worry about the sex, you were awesome, but what makes me qualified marriage material anyway?”

Spock tipped his head, as if Jim asked a dumb question. “Your mind and mine are compatible in the highest degree. Can you not feel the telepathic link between us?”
Jim had heard rumors of Vulcans being telepaths, but didn't take it seriously. And last night he had felt like he could feel everything Spock felt and thought, like they were of one mind. “You were in my mind?!”

“We Vulcans are touch telepaths.”

Jim was more than a little alarmed. “You've been reading my thoughts?! Shit, what I've got in my head is private! I've got stuff in there that no one should see!”

Spock pulled back like he had been burned. “I apologize for my intrusion. When I melded our minds together, I thought you had consented. I had asked and you said yes. I can put up a mental shield between us so I do not read your thoughts, but with our high compatibility and our marriage bond, it will not be completely effective. It may even cause some distress.”

Jim remembered, and mentally kicked himself. This was exactly the kind of reckless shit he was always getting lectures from Pike and Bones. “Look, it was just a misunderstanding. It was my fault for going into an alien situation like a dumbass. We have rules about first contact with alien cultures for reasons just like this one. So don't blame yourself, and yeah, a little privacy is appreciated.” After a beat, Jim asked, “So what did you see in there?”

“I saw that your name is James T Kirk, the T stands for Tiberius, which you dislike. You are a mercurial and spirited man, with a deep love for exploring the stars, and an insatiable desire for life itself and all it has to offer.” Spock stated as if he was reading off of Jim's dating profile. “I also saw many past mates, mostly female.” Spock sounded almost jealous.

Jim flashed him a smile. “Yup that's me, alright. Although some would argue that the T actually stands for Tomcat.”

Spock continued, getting uncomfortably close as he studied Jim. “I also saw a fear of laying on your back for a male, of submitting, of somehow feeling unmanned by it. There is fear and pain there. I dared not tread further past a name. Tarsus IV. It is a scar upon your katra.”

Jim sucked in a breath. He told no one of Tarsus, of the horrors that happened there. Only Bones and Pike did, but only because they had full unrestricted access to his medical records. “Yeah, that's the stuff I'm talking about. You really don't want to look. What happened on Tarsus is shit no one should have see.”

Spock leaned in closer, and caressed his face with two fingers. “You need not fear me being repulsed by you. I have seen your mind and it is beautiful, even its scars make up who you are. They do not disgust me.”

Spock's expression changed, it glimmered with pride. “I also saw that I was the first male that took you in such a way that made you vulnerable, to claim you in such a way.”
Jim took note of the possessive tone in Spock. It did not bode well for Jim's cavalier future with the ladies. He dated a girl like that before, and it did not end well with Janice Lester. Jim winced, but not from his sore ass. The way Spock looked desperately at Jim, like Spock was somehow the fuck up and not Jim. He could feel the pain and loneliness in those warm brown eyes. God dammit, Spock was like a puppy and Jim felt like a monster for kicking him. “Look, you’re really nice, and I'm sure there's a girl out there that's perfect for you, but I'm a fuck up. My relationship status says 'hot mess', you really don't want to marry me. And besides that, I'm in Starfleet, that means I'm always off-world on one mission or another. Those really kill relationships, just ask my mother. I'm just not the kind of guy that can stay tied down, but you’re really cute.”

Spock looked down, trying and failing to hide from Jim how broken he felt. “I understand your rejection. I will take you to Shi'Kahr and beg my parents to take you in under their protection so you can be cared for. Then I will go and pay for my crime of forcing myself upon you. Tal'shaya is said to be quick and painless.”

Jim froze. “What?! You didn't rape me! What the hell are you talking about?!”

Spock swallowed thickly, and Jim could see the poor man's hands trembling. “I mind melded with you, and created a bond that you did not want. It is another crime to add to my already growing list. I was left in Koon-ut in chains to die. I thought since you rescued me that I was being shown mercy. If I go home with a mate that was unwilling, I will most likely be executed. Even if they choose to be merciful to me, they will send me to the Mountains of Gol to train in the discipline of Kolinahr.”

Jim gulped. Shit, this guy was on death row? All because Jim was too ignorant of the local customs? This wasn't right. “Hey, this isn't your fault. I'll plead for your case. I mean I didn't know anything of your people's laws, hell I didn't even know what Vulcans looked like until I crashed here. I should be the one punished, not you. I'll even get on my knees and beg them to let you go train in this... what's colon nard?”

“Kolinahr.” Spock corrected. “The purging of all emotions. Because I am a criminal, they will have mind meld with me and forcibly remove my emotions, in addition to be male I will also have to be chemically castrated as well.”

Jim jumped back in utter horror. “What?! They're going to give you a lobotomy and neutering?! Dear god, why do something so barbaric?!”

“Adult Vulcan males are dangerous to all when they are unbonded. If one's mate dies, they must seek another before their next Pon Farr or seek out Kolinahr. That is the law.”

Jim heard that Pon Farr word before. “Pon Farr? What does that mean?”

“When a Vulcan male reaches maturity he goes into Pon Farr, the time of mating, and will go through it every seven years after. He will be driven to seek out a mate by the ancient drives. The Plak Tow, or blood fever, drives him to utter madness, a symptom of this time. The Plak Tow, rips
away his reason, and his logic, turning him into a feral animal that attacks anyone who isn't his mate. If he does not satisfy his urges to mate, the Plak Tow is almost always fatal.”

This was getting worse and worse. Jim stared at Spock, utterly horrified by what he was hearing. “You guys have to fuck or die? If this thing is fatal, didn't you have a girl lined up or something?”

Spock looked away, his eyes downcast in shame. “I did. We Vulcans are betrothed as children so that when the time comes they will not be alone. My betrothed, T'Pring, did not want me. She chose Kalifee, or challenge, as is her right, and had a champion fight me. Whoever won would be her husband.”

“And the loser?”

Jim dreaded the answer, but somehow knew what Spock would say. “It is a fight to the death.”

The answer was sobering. The girl wasn't here, and Spock was alive. Something must have gone bad. “Is chaining a guy up, part of your fucked up traditions, too?”

“No. I killed Stonn, her champion, and her lover. I should have claimed her, but... my instincts, my primal mind, did not see her as my mate. It saw her as an impersonator, a false mate pretending to be my true mate. She was rejected utterly. I... I killed her. In my madness I killed the woman that our clans arranged to be my mate. They chained me and left me die in the fires of my Pon Farr for my crime. To die the most horrific death imaginable for a Vulcan was to be my punishment...”

Jim watched the poor man break down. It was beyond fucked up. Because of his own biology, because of something he had no control over, he was condemned to die. What Jim couldn't figure out was how did marrying this guy erase that crime? “Hey, Spock? If you did all this, then what do I have to do with it? Even if we're married, aren't they still going to blame you for their deaths?”

Spock shook his head. “You mating with me, changes everything. It means that T'Pring was the interloper in a bonded pair, a su'lak. Had she but melded with me once, or even looked at the false bond that was forced on us, she would have seen that we were not meant to be. Had she but asked me, I would have released her from her obligation to me.”

“But she didn't.” Jim was starting to see the whole tragic picture.

Spock nodded. “She didn't. She intended take my name, my estate, and all my property for her own, and attempted to force one of my cousins to fight me as her champion and still keep her lover. If her champion won, he would not want her for he was already dedicated to his own betrothed and T'Pring would still have Stonn. If I won I would be disgusted with her, and she would have my name, property and when I was not around Stonn would still be there, fathering her children that would have my name.”
Spock gripped the sheets, “She did not take into account that my cousin, did not care to die for me or for her and would leave the wedding as insult to both our houses. He forced Stonn to fight his own battle, and T'Pring's plan fell apart when I killed him in the ritual combat, and her life was ended when she thought that I would want her, even in my desperate state.”

Spock's face was haunted and filled with regret. “I went to Koon-ut to fulfill my duties to my clan... I never should have gone. I should have stolen a ship and left Vulcan like I dreamed of, but Kaiidth. I cannot change what was done. For all her coldness, and arrogance T'Pring had a brilliant mind, her loss to Vulcan is most regrettable.”

Jim whistled low. “Damn, that's fucked up. I've met some real bitches in my life, but your ex takes the cake. I mean, I don't want people getting killed, but it sounds like she got hoisted by her own petard. I know you regret what happened, but you had no control over what happened. Seriously, don't beat yourself up over it.”

Spock tilted his head like an adorable pointy eared confused puppy. “I am not striking myself.”

Jim giggled and snorted. This guy was too cute. “It's an expression. You're punishing yourself over something you had no control over.”

Spock seemed to understand. “Kaiidth. What is, is. That is also an expression.”

Jim grinned. “On Earth we got something similar. Que sera sera. What will be, will be.”

A silence followed. It was warm, and comfortable, like they were always this easy with each other. However, the future loomed down on them, reminding both of them of the situation they were in. Spock was condemned by his people to die, and Jim had a ship full of friends that needed him. Jim may not have meant to, but he hitched himself to a man that would actually die without him. He wasn't the kind of person to do that to that to an innocent man, much less one he called friend, and Spock was a friend now. “Hey, I got an idea. You know where we can get a ship? One that's warp capable? You mentioned that you planned on stealing one and leave Vulcan.”

Spock raised an eyebrow. “My family has one that I am certain I can borrow depending on the need. Why do you ask?”

Jim's plan was starting to look good, just maybe he will be the first human to get off Vulcan alive. “Great! Listen, I really need your help, and you need mine, right?”

Spock nodded, his need was obvious to them both. Jim continued. “Listen, I was not supposed to be on Vulcan, my friends were attacked by Romulans during a diplomatic mission. I was the only one I know of that was able to escape. I was supposed to get to the nearest Federation outpost to get help, but I ended up on your planet instead. My shuttle's warp core is completely ruined, and beyond repair. If you can help me save my friends and my ship, I'm willing to be you mate or husband or whatever you Vulcans call it, and you could come with me. What do you say?”
Spock's eyes widened. “You wish me to come with you? Leave my world?”

“Why not? It sounds like your life here hasn't been the greatest. If you come with me, you can see Earth, the stars outside of Vulcan's system, and all that space has to offer, and you would have me there with you. Explore strange new worlds and meet new civilizations with me, and I'll be all yours for as long as you need me. So, what say you?”

Jim saw hope lighting up in Spock's eyes and he knew that he found another soul like him, one who could stay tied down to just one world. “I swear I will get you a ship, and I will serve you for the rest of my days loyally and without question.”

Jim stuck out his hand. “Okay, we got a deal.”

Spock's cheeks were tinged green as he extended his index and middle fingers to caress Jim's hand in the same manner when they met. It felt electrifying and strangely intimate the way it sent a tingle straight to his brain. “Umm... what is this?”

Spock smiled shyly. “It is ozh'esta. The finger embrace shared between bond pairs. I never knew it would feel like this.”

“So it's not a greeting among your people?”

Spock's eyebrows shot up. “We do not touch hands with strangers, it is inappropriate and often uncomfortable for my people. Instead we offer the ta'al and say 'Dif tor heh smusma' or in the standard tongue, live long and prosper.”

Spock demonstrated by holding his hand up in a V shape. Jim managed after a few attempts and forcing his fingers to bend in the right shape. Spock at least seemed to be in a lighter mood after watching Jim butcher the guy's native tongue. After what he had been through, Jim was going to call that a win. Jim winced as he moved. “So Spock, does your home here have a bathroom? I'm a hot sticky mess, and...” Jim fidgeted as he felt something leaking out of his ass. “...and I think I can feel your semen going down my legs.”

Spock looked Jim over, seeing bruises and scratches made by his fingers and teeth. Pale splotches of where his seed stuck to his skin, and the ripe smell of his own musk wafted from his mate. It appealed to his primal side to mark his mate in such a savage manner, but he did not want to harm his mate either. “I will clean you off. It is tradition for the male to clean and care for his wife after his time has run its course.”
Jim spent the following hours getting pampered by Spock. He was expecting something on the line of a bathtub or sonic shower, but a sponge bath wasn't bad. It meant he didn't have to move his ass, which took quite a pounding the night before. Especially after seeing Spock wince with guilt after seeing his well used hole, which was probably as red as a chimp's ass in heat at this point. Jim flinched when felt Spock's semen that had glued his cheeks and thighs together get pried apart, it was a bit like ripping a bandaid off. Jim could easily label this one of his better hangover mornings, because this was probably the first date he had that took such gentle care of him. Usually they snuck out long before this point. If he wasn't careful, he might get used to this.

Spock had noticed Jim had trouble breathing and was alarmed when he was told that the crashed shuttle's medkit had only one tri-ox compound and he used it running from those guys on what he learned were called Sehlats and those spears were called lirpas. “You keep those giant fanged bears as pets? That's awesome!”

Spock was rummaging around Jim's supplies he had hauled with him for something to feed them. Apparently there was no food here. Spock informed him that this was the Koon-ut chambers, where a marriage was consummated. Traditionally there would be a feast prepared by friends and family when they emerged, but considering Spock was disgraced he doubted that anyone would have food waiting for them. “Jim, what are these?”

Spock held up an avocado. “Oh god, Bones gave those to me as a joke. They're avocados, an Earth fruit or vegetable depending on who you ask. Lots of people like them except me. You wanna try one?”

Spock sniffed one and looked at it with avid curiosity. “I've never had food from Earth. How do you eat it?”

“Here. Hand me a knife, and I'll cut it for you. I may as well join you for breakfast.”

Jim cut the avocado in half, pulled the stone out, and handed a slice of its yellow green flesh for Spock to try. Spock gingerly took the proffered food from Jim's hand, and took an experimental nibble. Spock's eyes lit up and he gobbled the rest. “This is delicious! I've never had anything like this!”

Jim let Spock have the rest of the green thing, and went for a food brick. “You can have the whole bag of them. Eat 'em before they go bad.”

“Really? That is most kind, but I think I have a better idea. You can present them to my father as a marriage price for me.”

Jim was not really the kind of guy a girl brought home to meet the folks, much less the marrying kind. However considering the alternative was Spock being executed or lobotomized and neutered, a little meeting with his parents sounded like a piece of cake. “You want me to go to your father with a bag of vegetables I don't even like and say I'd like to buy your son's hand in marriage in exchange
for these edible green things. By the way my name's Jim.' Is that about right?"

“Exotic food can command a high price on this desert world where fertile land and water are scarce. Also with my disgraced status, my father will except almost any gift to satisfy honor and see me properly bonded. Perhaps if you have status among your people you can negotiate for a trade deal. It will make getting a ship honestly far easier.”

It sounded pretty good. Really good. If Jim could get off this planet, not only with a Vulcan, but with an open trade relationship with the Vulcans, the heads in Starfleet would probably sport sport erections the size of their egos. “Spock? Can your father actually have any say in your people's politics? I mean, our ships usually get shot down the moment they enter Vulcan space.”

Spock gave Jim a wiry smile. “My father holds some sway among my people. I believe if he can be convinced, he can lend you a ship to get you off world. At worst, you will at least be able to stay in his house under his protection since you are my bondmate.”

“He won't throw me out?”

Spock's eyes sparkled with laughter. “My mother would never let him mate with her again if he did that. I am certain that she will welcome the man who saved her only son's life. I believe she will rejoice at having your company. You have much in common with her.”

Jim was starting to feel optimism bloom again in his chest. He escaped from one shitty mess, only to crash and burn into a planet of I'm-totally-fucked. Not only was Jim going to come out this alive, but maybe he was going to open the door to one of the Federation's most important diplomatic relationships. All with nothing more than his charming assets and a bag of avocados. “Great! When can we meet you parents?”

Spock rummaged around and found a pile of fabric and jewels. “If you are well enough to travel we can make our way to the capital of Shi'Khar. These are not much but they will preserve your modesty and display to my people that you are my newly bonded mate, and not an enemy.”

Jim took the clothing and not much was right. It was a fancy loincloth and at least five pounds of gold and jewels. It looked like that metal bikini that Carrie Fisher wore in those ancient films on Earth. The gold belt had intricate swirling text he sees on the walls of this place. It gave Jim the strong feeling that it said “Property of Spock, if lost return to...” When he asked, Spock said that it proclaimed that whoever wore it to be the bride consort of S'chn T'gai Spock of the house of Surak. Which was close enough to Jim's first guess.

Jim looked at the tattered remains of his uniform on the floor, and sighed as he put on what he was secretly calling the Vulcan love slave bikini. It was a little loose around the bra for obvious reasons but a little elbow grease from Spock flattened it to fit his nonexistent bust. Sadly it wasn't the worst thing he had worn. That dubious honor went to a Dr Frankenfuter costume back in high school. Jim figured at this point, when on Risa, do as the Risans do. Jim's comfort was at least his friends weren't here to take a picture of Jim's new Vulcan-love-slave look. “Ugh. At least my nipples won't get
sunburned... Spock please tell me I'm pretty.”

Spock's eyes swept over Jim with a raw barely controlled hunger. “Jim, you are the most beautiful creature I have ever seen. Even the legendary Haran bird for all of its fiery brilliance does not match you. When I parade you on the streets of Shi'Khar as my bondmate, I will be the envy of all who look upon you and know that you are mine.”

Jim flashed him a smile. “So that's a yes?”

Spock lips quirked into a small smile. “That is a yes, Ashayam.”

Jim reached out for Spock's hand and gave it a comforting squeeze. More for his sake than Spock's. “Great. Let's go before I change my mind. This heat is really gonna suck.”

Spock nodded, and opened the doors. They were not prepared for the sight that greeted the two of them. The Koon-ut grounds were swarmed by a procession of guards in shining ceremonial armor. When Spock stepped out with Jim hand in hand, drums and bells clashed and rang, signaling to everyone in kilometers of the emergence of the newly wedded couple. Jim whispered to Spock, “What is this?”

Spock was as shocked as he was. “A wedding feast. My family put together a wedding feast. How did they know?”

As they walked down the path and entered the Koon-ut grounds where Jim had met Spock, there was a crowd of people garbed in fancy robes and jewels around their necks. On the dais sat an empty palanquin, with a banner with flowing script on it waving proudly in the hot desert breeze. The crowd parted for another palanquin, and a tall imperious man stepped off it. He wore armor that covered his right side, exposing tattoos in the Vulcan script on his skin on his left side. Ornaments of gold and vibrant blue gems hung in his hair and on his pointed ears. It made the man appear to be both regal and dangerously feral, reminding Jim of a rock star or a tiger. His stern eyes looked at Spock and Jim, and melted into relief. Spock stiffened beside Jim, his gaze not leaving the man. “Father. What are you doing here?”

Jim whipped his head around to stare between the two of them. “This guy your father?”

Spock stood formally, giving away none of his anxiety through his face nor his body language, but Jim could feel it nonetheless. “Jim, may I introduce you to my father, Sarek. Son of Skon, son of Solkar of the house of Surak and the clan of S'chn T'gai and Vulcan's current king.”
Translators:
Ashayam – Beloved
T'lema – One who walks in dreams
Koon-ut – Place of marriage; that sparkly sandy arena as seen in Amok Time
Ozh'esta – Finger embrace, how Vulcans kiss.
Tal'shaya – Ancient method of execution by breaking the neck
Jim's jaw dropped. His new boyfriend, husband, bondmate, whatever they were calling it is a prince. Spock's father was the king of Vulcan. “You're a prince?!”

Sarek looked at Jim appraisingly. “Tell me, my son. Is this human the one you have named t'hy'la?”

Spock puffed up his chest with no small amount of pride, and declared, “He is. His name is James T Kirk.”

Sarek's expression was unreadable, but if Jim was a betting man, he'd put his money on barely contained excitement. “Then come forward, for our honorable Clan Mother T'Pau, to confirm your bond.”

Jim stuck to Spock's side, and felt the eyes of dozens of Vulcans on him. They were looking at him with curiosity, awe, and some with naked jealousy. In front of a large copper gong was an obscenely old woman, with cold stern eyes. Jim continued squeezing Spock's hand, and heard Spock's soothing whisper, “Relax, ashayam. You are my t'hy'la, my grandmother will not harm you. She wishes to merely inspect our bond-link, it won't hurt. I promise.”

Jim raised a brow as he looked at Spock as he spoke, but his lip did not move. It was as if Spock was speaking to him mind to mind. Was it that telepathic bond thing between them? Jim didn't have time to think on that before he found himself kneeling beside Spock before the scary old woman named T'Pau. “S'chn T'gai Spock, son of my son's son. Is this thy mate, who thou has forged a bond with in the fires of thy Time?”
“He is.”

T’Pau outstretched her hands and positioned them on Spock and Jim's faces. “We shall see. Open thy minds.”

Jim winced at feeling a cold intrusion in his mind, and tried not to resist, but it was difficult. He instinctually retreated closer to another warm presence that felt like Spock, and held onto it. Deeper they fell, and the foreign presence of T’Pau's mind followed to a place Jim had not seen since his childhood. It was a place he dreamt of, and where he went to when he was scared, or lonely or just plain bored. His happy place he had always called it.

A towering oak on a grassy hill. Its trunk entwined so deeply with another tree with funny shaped red leaves that they became one single great tree. On its branches bloomed glowing gold blossoms in spherical shapes. At the base was a hollow that whenever Jim looked into it, he saw images of what he now was Vulcan and sometimes he would see imaginary dreams of himself as a captain of the Enterprise. T’Pau's mind looked at the tree in awe and gasped. The three of them gazed into the hollow, and saw versions of Jim and Spock, but much older. “Jim... Your name is Jim. You have been and always shall be my friend.”

They felt T’Pau's mind ripple with wonder and admiration for something sacred and beautiful. T’Pau's mind pulled away reverently, and together Spock and Jim followed. They were kneeling before her, and to everyone's utter astonishment, a tear fell from her eyes. “By Surak's grace... Never have I ever seen in my life stronger evidence for the existence of destiny.”

Sarek inhaled deeply, his stoic mask cracked, his excitement bleeding through. “Are they t'hy'la?”

T'Pau's voice trembled, barely controlled. “They are indeed t'hy'la. They share the strongest, and most ancient bond that I have ever seen. It has survived time, and death, and stretches across realities. They are and always shall belong to each other. I dare say that their bond is stronger than even that of S'chn and T'gai.”

The Koon-ut grounds erupted in a sea of excited whispers. A single man stepped forward from the crowd. He looked at Spock with the blackest hate Jim had not seen since Frank. “I am Stek, father of T'Pring, she was to be Spock's mate. My daughter was killed by Spock, and he was to die in the fires of his own Pon Farr for his crime. I find it suspicious that he happens to have the rarest and most cherished of bonds among our people. Is this a trick from the high house of Surak to deny me recompense for my daughter's death at the hands of this kre'nath?”

A hushed stilled tension fell over the crowd, and T'Pau's eyes hardened into black coals. People reflexively took a step away from Stek. “Take care how you speak, Minister Stek. If thou does not believe my words then shall I bring the masters of Kolinahr to confirm what is or shall you call them liars as well?”

Stek recoiled and T'Pau continued to rail into him. “Had your daughter melded with Spock just once, she would have seen the false bond she had with Spock for what it was. She would have seen that
she was a su'lak, and their bond could have been dissolved with no honor lost on either side. She could have had her Stonn. I grieve with thee."

T'Pau turned to Spock and bowed her head. “T'hy'la is rare, and none could foresee that you would share such a sacred thing with an outworlder. T'Pring's death was a tragic accident. Kaiidth. Forgive me, son of my flesh and blood, for not taking to heart your reluctance at your Koon-ut-la those many years ago. I absolve thee of the crimes against you. Carry thy bond with thy t'hy'la with pride. You bring honor and hope to our people.”

Jim saw Stek leave the grounds, his robes tangled angrily in the wind as he stormed away with his grief. Spock stood up straighter, and carried himself lighter. The weight of T'Pring and Stonn's death had been relieved from him. He was freed. Jim was not. Sarek commanded the crowd, “Bring out the t'hy'la banners, and raise them high.”

Jim whispered to Spock. “Umm, is this t'hy'la thing a really big deal?”

“Indeed it is. There has not been a confirmed t'hy'la bond in my clan since S'chn and T'gai, the founders of my clan and of Vulcan society.”

Jim gulped, and wondered what the hell kind of political mess he landed himself into. Sex with a handsome stranger to bum a ride was one thing, getting married to a prince and proclaimed destined soulmates by some old bat on top of a mountain was another thing altogether. All Jim wanted to begin with was get off this hot rock alive and in one piece. Spock pulled Jim out of his stunned daze and toward the palanquin. “Here, let me get you out of the suns. We will feast when we arrive at my house, and we can speak to my father about getting us a ship.”

It was a goddamned parade. It had to be thousands, no millions of Vulcans watching Jim being proclaimed Jim as the new princess of Vulcan. If that wasn't bad enough, they had television. Round screens with Jim and Spock plastered on them. It was being broadcasted across the whole damn planet. Jim would be eating it up if weren't for the fact that he was being paraded in his Vulcan love slave bikini, his neck covered in hickeys, and Spock was possessively keeping his arm around his waist. But Jim played it off anyway. How often was he going to be in a parade anyway?

Jim flashed smiles and raised his hand in the V shaped ta'al Spock taught him for the crowd. Vulcans didn't really cheer, but he saw children point and gasp excitedly at them. Jim noticed a lot of Vulcan men, particularly around Spock's age look at Jim with desire and jealousy. He had to admire the city, if he had the time he could take pictures, do the whole tourist thing. If the Enterprise and all his friends weren't being hauled off to Romulus to be tortured as he was being paraded off to the palace.

Jim had to admit that the city of Shi'Khar had an alien beauty. All graceful arches and shaped like daggers jutting downward from cliffs. The palace where Spock's family, the royal fucking family, lived. It towered in the very center with a statue of a man, Surak, Spock told him, stood high in the
heart of the city. The palanquin was lowered, and they stepped off. Double doors opened and there at the door was a woman as opulently dressed as Sarek, and she was surrounded by other Vulcan women. Jim gasped as he realized that this woman was a human. She broke off from the others and threw her arms around Spock and she was sobbing into Spock's shoulder. “Welcome home, Spock! I'm so glad you're alive!”

Spock pulled away and pulled Jim to his side. He proudly presented to her, “Mother, this is my t'hy'la, James T Kirk. Jim, this is my mother, the lady Amanda Grayson, wife of Sarek.”

Jim's jaw dropped. “You're human!”

Amanda grinned and pulled Jim in an almost bone crushing hug that took his breath away. “Thank you so much for what you've done for my son! I can't tell you how happy I am to meet another human! Oh Jim, welcome to the family! We've got so much to talk about! A human conversation at last!”

Amanda looked at the other stone faced Vulcans, some looking scandalized, and she flustered a little before composing herself. “Welcome, James T Kirk, to the house of Surak. I am the Lady Amanda, mother of he who is thy mate. Let us commence with the feast.”

The inside of the palace had the same cold grace as the outside, and the wedding party moving to a large dining hall. The stained glass windows filtered sunlight through, and a series of tables set in a circle that could fit at least fifty people was laden with food. Jim's stomach growled, and he followed Spock's lead to the head of the table where a single seat large enough for two people sat. Jim flinched as he sat, and Spock got Jim a second pillow before he could ask. It would be awhile before he could sit and walk normally again.

Vulcans filed in silently, and with minimal conversation. Dinner was unnaturally silent, save for the sound of cutlery and chewing. Jim had noticed that the room was quiet enough to hear the proverbial pin drop. And they all stared at him, studying him quietly as if he were some pretty butterfly on display. The ridiculous love slave outfit he was wearing didn't help him much nor did the knowing glances whenever Jim winced from his sore ass. It was unnerving to Jim and it quickly got to a point that he could no longer stand it. He hadn't even gotten half way through some bland tasting liquid called plomeek soup before he asked Spock, “Is it always this quiet?”

Although Jim had whispered, to the Vulcans' pointy ears in the quiet room, Jim may as well have shouted. Spock blinked. “It is not tradition to talk during meal times.”

“On Earth it is.”

Amanda smiled knowingly at Jim. He couldn't begin to imagine what living with Vulcans was like or how she had gotten here. “It is refreshing to see another human. I had missed it. Talking during mealtimes was one of many things I have missed.”
Jim flashed her a smile. “I can't help but wonder what a nice girl like you is doing in dangerous place like this. How you'd end up in the Bermuda Sector? I got chased by Romulans and damaged my ships engines and navigations. What happened to you?”

Amanda sighed. “Twenty-seven years ago, I was on my way to Deneva with a fresh doctorate in Xenolinguistics and a teaching position waiting for me. One fateful day an ion storm had damaged the ship, the USS Amelia Earhart it was called, and it drifted into Vulcan space.” Amanda paused, looking uncomfortable. “I was spared because Spock's father fell in love with me. He married me right away and would not let the others harm me.” She smiled nostalgically. “I was to be a teacher, and I was. Sarek was my first student that I taught Federation Standard to. Eventually my class became a requirement at the Vulcan Learning Academy. As you can see most Vulcans here understand Standard, I'm the reason why, but Sarek here will always be my favorite student.”

Amanda reached out with two fingers and Sarek did the same. Jim saw his eyes soften as he kissed his wife in the Vulcan finger embrace. “It was Shan’hal’lak. Her katra called to mine like no other. When I first saw her huddling in fear on that ship, I knew that I had to protect and cherish her. She is a great contribution to Vulcan.”

It was sweet. They were happily married for nearly thirty years. Jim read between the lines. Amanda was spared, but she didn’t mention what happened to the rest of the crew. Jim had heard about that ship, it was infamous, and the reason why this part of space was called the Bermuda Sector. Her being alive was a miracle. Was this to be his fate? Trapped on Vulcan as some aristocrat's wife? Not Jim. He wasn't going to stay here. “So the crew of the Amelia Earhart... What happened to them?”

Amanda looked away, and Sarek answered him. “Vulcan society had not been as... reformed as it is now. In the distant past we were a more sociable people, but invasions from Romulans and other aliens in the past have made us reluctant to accept outworlders. We could not take chances, if you had kin on the ships that invaded our territory, then I grieve with thee. We are a logical and peaceful people, but we have learned not to trust easily.”

Jim couldn't but ask, “What had aliens done to your people to make you turn your backs on exploring the stars? All the scientific discovery and potential resources out there is enough to tempt even the most timid.”

Spock replied. “We do. We just don’t let our ships be seen and we make it our prime directive to never interact with outworlders and only observe.”

Jim looked at Amanda and Sarek and then at Spock, who was living proof that a Vulcan did a little more than contact an alien. With a half alien as their prince, maybe attitudes have changed? There was only one way to find out. “So you have no interest in meeting humans? Surely you Amanda, told them stories of Earth. We’re not perfect, but we humans have come a long way as a species. In fact I’m member of Starfleet, an organization whose whole purpose is to explore new worlds and meet new people. Make friends. It doesn't always go well, but the times it does make the whole endeavor worth it. We on Earth have a saying: no pain, no gain.”
“We are familiar with your Starfleet and their messages proclaiming friendship they have kept sending us. However we have already met humans from Earth a long time ago, before I was born, and it is for precisely that reason that Vulcan has had little interest in Earth beyond anticipating attacks from them.” Sarek's answer was cold.

Jim blinked and looked at Amanda who put her cup down with a little anger. “I have explained this to Sarek, and all of Vulcan that humans have come far, and from studying their history what happened all those years ago they cannot fault us humans or blame Earth.”

Jim looked to Spock for clarification. “What happened? I'm pretty well versed in Earth's history and I sure would remember a war with Vulcan, or anything about Vulcan. Until I saw Amanda I thought I was the first human on Vulcan.”

Spock looked down the table at T'Pau. “My second foremother was there at the Fall of the House of Surak 194 years ago.”

Jim looked at the decrepit old woman who had declared Spock and him t'hy'la. He would have pegged her for eighty or ninety, not be an entire century off. She cleared her throat and the room listened with rapt attention. T'Pau clearly commanded a lot of respect from all Vulcans. “When I was approximately nine years old. A Vulcan science survey vessel came back with a strange ship filled with humans from Earth in stasis. The house of Surak woke them, and gave them hospitality. They betrayed them and slaughtered the entire house and their servants while they slept. I survived by hiding in the Sehlat stables. I saw the unconscious but still living body of Solkar, the only survivor of the house of Surak. I strapped him to one of the Sehlats and fled with him into the desert to hide him where I nursed him back to health. The humans had taken Shi'kahr, and bombed the High Command and High Council, crippling our government. Solkar when he healed, rallied the rest of Vulcan under his banner, and defeated the humans. He was crowned Sa-te'kru Solkar.”

T'Pau had a small spark of warmth in her eyes, it was barely noticeable. “When his time came seven years later he chose me as his bride upon the Koon-ut grounds, and I carried on the sacred duty of continuing the bloodline of Surak. He was a wise sa-te'kru to his people, and a strong bondmate.”

The spark was gone, and Jim saw beneath her impassive features an old pain. “I will never forget the face of the human leader who killed the House of Surak, crippled our society, and killed my parents who served the house of Surak. His name is a curse to our people: Khan Noonian Singh.”

Jim sat silent, T'Pau's history lesson was sobering, and it chilled Jim to think of what that poor woman had seen. Two hundred years later and it still haunted this woman. Jim thought back on Earth's history, and did some math in his head. During that time period, Earth had just been recovering from the eugenics war. They had not quite yet reached warp capability and made first contact with the Andorians. They were barely going past their own solar system. “I'm sorry for your loss, Lady T'Pau. However, I'm a little confused. Humans couldn't have been on Vulcan, we hadn't reached warp capability yet.”

Amanda had the answer already. “They were Augments from the Eugenics War.”
Jim's eyebrows shot up. “Those assholes? Hey, listen your majesties, they are not representatives of Earth or even humans. We kicked them off our planet when they tried to subjugate people they deemed inferior and had almost destroyed our planet. They're no more human than a Romulan is a Vulcan. I don't blame you Vulcans for the Romulans killing my father, so it doesn't make sense that you blame Augments for what they did to your people.”

Jim had just noticed that everyone had stopped eating to observe this conversation. Sarek raised an eyebrow. “Your logic is sound. Up until now, we only had she who is my wife's word. Now we have yours.”

Jim looked at the rest of the Vulcans, all of them studying Jim intently. Spock stared at him looking worried. “Romulans killed your father?”

Jim wasn't used to someone never hearing of the Kelvin tragedy and George Kirk the hero who saved 800 people. “Yeah, they did. On the day of my birth. I never knew him, and my mother had been broken by losing the love of her life. I don't think she ever recovered, nor did my older brother.”

“I grieve with thee.” Spock said, and Jim felt a wave of affection and comfort through their bond.

“Thanks Spock. I hate that the Romulans destroyed my family, but I don't blame you Vulcans. Your races may share the same ancestry but you aren't like the Romulans.”

Sarek observed with interest, looking almost proud. Jim really couldn't tell from that perfect Vulcan poker face. “You are correct, James T Kirk. We Vulcans exiled them for not adhering to Surak's teachings and attempting to follow the old violent ways of our ancient ancestors.” Sarek's eyes swept over the room smugly. “The Vulcan High Command has long since vetoed my every attempt at making contact with Earth. They bring up the massacre of my house every time. Now they should have proof. Tell me my son, does your t'hy'la speak the truth?”

Spock looked at Jim and he felt like he was being peered into. Then Spock nodded. “He does father. Does this mean that perhaps I may see the place of my mother's birth?”

Sarek shrugged. “Perhaps, but even though I am sa-tre'kru, I must still have the permission of the High Command before making decisions that involve opening diplomatic relations with other worlds. Perhaps the fact that my son found t'hy'la among humans will open their minds to the possibilities that other children of Vulcan can find t'hy'la among them as well.”

Sarek spared a glance at the other Vulcans at the table. Some had green stains on their cheeks from embarrassment and Jim was starting to understand why. Sarek was a man vindicated. A man who took a human as his wife and has a half human son as his heir. Jim wondered what Amanda's life had been like, and how long Sarek fought for her. How useless this poor man must have felt to be king and still not able to bring his wife home? Jim felt better knowing that Sarek was in his corner. He wanted to open relations with Earth but his people wouldn't let him. Maybe together they can
change their minds. Up until now, they hadn't met James T Kirk.

Jim looked at the bland food, and at Spock who looked uncomfortable at being in the middle of this. He had promised to help Jim get off this planet, but in actually did not have the power to do so. Not even his father, the king, couldn't do it. Maybe Jim could convince the Vulcans that space didn't just bring death. They were once burned and twice shy, and Jim really understood that, but a lot was at stake. Jim remembered Spock's reaction to the avocados he brought. “Your majesty? King Sarek? I have a question.”

Sarek's face was impassive but Jim saw some humor glinting in his eyes. “You may call me Sarek, you are my son's bondmate, and therefore my son as well. It is only logical that you speak to me as someone of your status.”

“I have a gift. Spock said it was tradition among your people to give a gift to the father of the person you wish to marry. I know Spock and I are already married, but I wanted to observe that tradition, since on my planet it is customary to bring gifts to your spouse's parents when meeting them for the first time.”

Spock seemed to catch on. “Father, he brought fruit from his home world. I have had one and they are most pleasing in taste. They are in a brightly colored box that he has brought with him.”

Sarek ordered a guard to bring said box and it was brought out immediately. Amanda gasped in delight. “Avocados! Oh, I haven't had one in ages!”

“Wife, you know of these?”

Amanda smiled nostalgically. “Of course. When I was studying in San Fransisco they grew outside of the dorm I was living in. I used to just pick them off the tree and eat them as I sat on the grass and read. These feel ripe, I think I shall have one now.”

Amanda put one on her plate, sliced it open, pried out the stone and peeled the thick skin away from the flesh with deft accuracy. The Vulcans looked curiously at the new and exotic fruit. When Amanda took a bite she moaned in ecstasy, causing Sarek to straighten up and stare at her with keen interest. From Jim's experience with Spock, he looked ready to pounce on the woman. Like father, like son apparently. “Mmm! These are as good as I remember! Oh Sarek you have got to try one of these.”

From the sounds of the whispers, and the way the Vulcans craned their neck to get a better look at the new food, Spock had been right. If they liked those awful green things as much as Spock did, Jim might be able to convince them of the wonders that space offered. Amanda offered a slice to her husband. Sarek took the offered slice and sniffed it, unsure what to make of it. Spock encouraged his father, wanting this to go over as well as Jim did. “I have eaten one myself, father. I do not feel ill effects and their taste is quite pleasant.”
Amanda smiled at her husband, her eyes lit up with the promise of giving her husband something else later. “It's really good, husband. Try it, you just might like it.”

Sarek tentatively took a small bite into something new, and something alien. The king of of a xenophobic race bravely opened his mouth and ate something from another planet, and then to everyone's shock he smiled briefly before suppressing it. He took more slices and ate the rest of the avocado with enthusiasm. “They are most adequate. Wife, can you get these to grow in the garden?”

Amanda grinned. “I can try, avocado trees may not grow in Vulcan's soil. Would anyone else care to try one? It could be your only chance.”

One elderly Vulcan spoke. “I'll try one. If my son, is willing to share.”

Sarek looked between the avocados and Amanda silently. There was an edge of territoriality to Sarek, like that of a child who was reluctant to share their candy with others. It passed, and Sarek inclined his head toward his father. “There is more than I can eat before they spoil. Please try one, samekh.”

Jim watched as Sarek's father, Skon the retired previous king, had the same reaction to them and shared them with his wife. Even T'Pau, Skon's mother, took a liking to them. One by one Vulcans decided to try one these strange new fruits and all of them seemed to enjoy them. Eventually even T'Pau asked Jim, “James Kirk, Have thee any more?”

Jim shook his head. “Sorry, that's all I had with me. If you want more you'll have to see if you can get avocado trees to grow in Vulcan soil, or open trade relations to Earth.”

Skon asked, “How long is it between germination and when the tree bears fruit?”

Jim didn't know off the top of his head, but after a moment he remembered Sulu tried to grow one on the window sill at the academy. “I think about ten years?”

The Vulcans grumbled, or about as much as a people who evolved perfect poker faces could. Jim could have sworn he heard T'Pau mutter, “Ponfo mirann, I will probably be dead by then.”

The Vulcans were warming up to the idea of opening their borders. Especially if meant getting their guacamole fix. When the feast wined down, the excitement of the new fruit brought from Earth still buzzed. There was talk of how to obtain more avocados and the top botanists at the Vulcan Science Academy were going to work with Amanda on growing them immediately. The Vulcans filed out almost as quietly as they came. When they left Sarek approached Jim. “James T Kirk, walk with me. There is much for you to learn if you are to rule Vulcan at my son's side.”

Spock kept his arm around Jim, and walked beside him, eyeing his father. “Where shall we walk, father?”
Sarek looked at his son with challenge. “Just your mate.”

Spock actually growled and pulled Jim into his chest. “Mine.”

“I will not harm him, I only wish to speak with him.”

Jim knew that Sarek was trying to give him the old break-his-heart-and-I-break-your-legs speech. Placating Spock might go a long way to proving to Sarek that he wasn't the train wreck most people assumed he was. “Hey, don't worry. We've got that telepathic link thing. If I'm in trouble, you can come running.”

Spock seemed to calm at Jim's touch, even leaning into it. “I will be close by, my t'hy'la.”

Sarek ushered Jim, and he followed the man a step or two behind. Jim looked back at Spock, who looked like a puppy that had been left in crate and his favorite human was going somewhere without him.

Sarek had taken Jim to some kind of library. On any other occasion Jim would be drooling at the chance to read the many books and scrolls that were here. Now was not the time, not when he was getting The Talk from his latest bed partner's father. Jim watched Sarek pour a glass of some kind of dark amber liquid, and Sarek offered him some. “Would you care for some Vulcan port?”

Jim took it gladly, anything to take this edge off. “Yeah, thanks.”

Jim sipped on it, and watched Sarek nervously. “So, I take it you wanted to warn me not to hurt Spock? I don't really want to, I can assure you of that.”

Sarek was hard to read at times. “You may not desire to hurt him, but that doesn't assure me that you won't.”

Jim didn't sip, he chugged the port. Sarek set the bottle of Vulcan Port down with a loud thud. “Tell me Kirk, do you know what t'hy'la means to my people?”

Jim shook his head. Sarek turned, and Jim saw a weariness on the Vulcan king's face he did not see before. “Before Surak, and the logic he gave to us, there was the legend of T'hy'la. There were two Vulcan warriors, proud kings and childhood friends. They became bitter rivals for the right to mate with a woman. When their Pon Farr came and they met at the appointed place, they were prepared to
kill one another or die by the flames that consume them. It is Vulcan nature at its very heart. Savage, brutal, and violent. When the Pon Farr comes, a Vulcan must mate or die, and that has not changed since the beginning.”

Jim had first hand knowledge of Pon Farr, and shuddered. Sarek circled Jim like a wolf and continued the story. “However these two warriors did not kill each other. To the astonishment to all that witnessed it, they instead mated with each other. It was the greatest act of rebellion against our inherent violent natures. To mate with a rival male instead of a female, it went against our biology. It was proof that peace was possible for our people and that we could resist our savage ways. In the bond they formed they saved our people from ourselves and created the first true peace we had known. Their names live on as the name of my clan: S'chn and T'gai. Their heir and only child was Surak. Surak's ways of logic and peace was born from them, and he upheld his parent's t'hy'la bond as the ideal that our people should live by. Surak who my people are forgetting little by little each year, like the desert wind erodes away the rocks. Do you understand now, Kirk?”

Sarek drifted closer, his face blank but his eyes were burning with emotion. Jim saw it clearly, the roiling flames beneath a false mask of calm. “The logic we strove to build around us, to imprison that savage nature that lay in our hearts and our souls, wears away. It is a thin veneer that once gone, cannot be regained, and with it the one thing that has kept our people from extinction. When Khan attacked our world we changed from a peaceful logical people to something resembling our old violent selves.”

Sarek pointed to the window. “Look out there, and tell me what you see.”

Jim peered out the window to see the gleaming city below and the vast wild desert beyond. The desert promised death to all that dared leave the safety and comfort the modern city provided. “The city of Shi’Kahr, and beyond that the desert.”

“This is not the only city on Vulcan. There are others, but none as advanced as this one. Outside the city, the rest of Vulcan live much like our ancestors. Violent, emotional and uncontrolled in their passions. Look down below, see those men riding sehlat?”

Jim looked and saw a group of Vulcan males, with armor covering one side of their bodies, and holding the reins of a fanged bear like creature that he now knew to be a sehlat. He had seen guys like them before. Like when they had been chasing them when he landed on this hot unforgiving planet. “Yeah, I've seen them.”

Sarek looked at them with pity and disdain. “It used to be that that Vulcans like them were reviled and outcast as V'tosh Ka'tur. Vulcans without logic. Now it is we who are the minority, the outcasts living on high, while most of Vulcan lives like them. It was only ten years ago that I have managed to ban sale of slaves on Vulcan and on our outposts on T'Khut and P'Jem. Now the only slaves we have are convicted criminals serving sentences. Centuries ago when we all lived under Surak's logic, slavery and war was unheard of, crime too was rare. We were a logical and peaceful society. That is no longer true.”
Despite the strength of the Vulcan port, Jim felt stone cold sober. “The invasion of your world made them revert to old ways.”

Sarek closed his eyes, and Jim could tell the man was doing his best to hold back his emotions, to uphold the ideals of logic and to cast aside emotion, but he was still a man. “Indeed. Fear is the most dangerous of emotions.”

Sarek took off a necklace and handed it to Kirk. The pendant was a circle with a triangle at the bottom. “This is IDIC, the symbol of my people. It represents Kol-Ut-Shan, or infinite diversity in infinite combinations. It is a symbol that is almost as sacred and as tragically forgotten as t'hy'la.”

Jim swallowed nervously, the truth of what he had to do bore down on him. Spock was a descendant of this Surak guy as well as those two legendary warriors, and now it was confirmed publicly that he has a t'hy'la with an outworlder. “I am Spock’s t’hy’la, and a symbol of peace and hope for your people, to save them from themselves.”

Sarek closed his eyes and let loose a great sigh of relief. “You understand your burden at last. As Surak once said: the needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few.”

“Or in this case one man’s freedom.” Jim added. “A good bargain for saving an entire civilization from chaos and extinction. At least Spock’s not the worst choice in people to be married to for the rest of my life. It could have been far worse, like a Farengi or a Gorn.”

Sarek’s lips twitched with concealed humor. “Indeed. I would think my son to be a far more aesthetically pleasing choice.”

Jim laughed. “I had always thought that when I married it would be a shotgun wedding. Turns out my prediction wasn’t far off.”

Sarek raised a brow. “Shotgun wedding?”

“An outdated Earth expression. It means the groom is being threatened by the bride's parents to marry their daughter to avoid having her dishonored. Usually because he had sex with her and probably got her pregnant. So the father of the bride had a shotgun pointed at the groom’s ass through the entire ceremony so he doesn't run from his responsibilities.”

Sarek’s eyebrow shot up and he actually smiled a little before he suppressed it. “I do not possess one of these shotguns but I do have a lirpa.”

“So this could be a lirpa wedding then?”

“Indeed. I am glad you understand now.”
Sarek opened the doors to the library to see Spock sitting on the other side. He stood up and pulled Jim protectively into his arms. “Jim, are you hurt anywhere? I felt your anxiety.”

Jim patted Spock on the shoulder. “Relax, Spock. Your father and I just talked. He didn't hurt me.”

Spock didn’t let go. “I have news. The High Command is convening soon at your urgent request to send a representative to Earth.” Spock looked at his father. “Father, we are all to meet them tonight.”

Jim looked down at his Vulcan love slave bikini. “Is there anything I can change into?”

Sarek and Spock looked at each other, and Jim wasn't surprised when Sarek said, “Not really, and we do not have the time to create something suitable for the prince-consort.”

Spock looked at Jim with pride. “You are lovely and perfect as you are. The traditional bridal garments you wear signify your status as my bondmate.”

Jim snorted. “Just admit that all of you get your kicks with me wearing this thing.”

Sarek’s lips twitched in amusement. “I admit only that I am gratified that my son has obtained such an aesthetically pleasing bondmate, and it is my desire to impress upon the High Command that you are Spock's lawful and legitimate bondmate. Now come, we have little time to waste if you wish to see Earth.”

Chapter End Notes

Translations:
Kre'nath – Bastard, illegitimate child. Literally means “the shamed one”
Su'lak – a third party that trivializes a romantic relationship; ie the other woman
Koon-ut-la – childhood bonding/betrothal ceremony
Shan'hal'lak – The Engulfment or love at first sight.
Sa-te'kru – King
Ponfo mirann – expletive, a swear word
V'tosh Ka'tur – Vulcans without logic
Chapter Summary

Jim and Spock go before Vulcan Command, a shocking secret is revealed.

Chapter Notes

I updated a day early because I love you guys! All your kudos and your comments (I loved reading them) really encouraged me. Please note the tag changes, particularly the Mpreg tag. If that is not your cup of tea, I am sorry, but that's where the plot seemed to want to go, and I hope you will still read it, but I can promise it will not be very graphic. (I don't do graphic childbirth scenes) Also note Tarsus IV, which (I won't spoil it) is related to the other tag.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter Four: Earth or Bust

Jim followed Spock to his personal chambers in the palace and breathed with a huge sigh of relief when the door shut behind them. He was alone with Spock once more, in his room. It was clean, and decorated in lots of red and a wall of lirpas and ahn-woons on one side and scroll painting with Vulcan calligraphy on the other. Jim saw lots of books and what looked like lots of puzzles and most surprisingly a chess set. Usually Jim would be drooling over the man's books and demanding a game of chess, but not now. After the dog and pony show of a parade and a state dinner with Spock's family, Jim was ready to run and hide in a closet. He found the bed and flopped onto it with a groan, "Oh my god I thought I'd never get a break!"

Spock stood behind Jim, almost unsure what to do. Jim looked at Spock feeling a niggling sense of anticipation and excitement and guilt that didn't feel like his own. "Is that you I'm feeling Spock, in my head? Could you do me a favor and maybe tone it down?"

Spock nodded. "I apologize. It is just... you are in my personal quarters, and we are alone. I have never had anyone besides my immediate family in my room before, much less on my bed. It is
thrilling to my primal instincts in way I have not felt before.”

Jim sat up in alarm. “I'm going to stop you right there, buddy. I'm still limping, and I don't think I'm going to get an erection for quite some time. My spirit may be willing, but my body is still healing.”

Spock looked away from Jim, and desire and shame welled up in him. The desire to rut himself against Jim in his bed since childhood, and his own shame of seeing his mate's body so used and broken almost overwhelmed Jim. He could feel it rolling off of Spock through their bond. It was Spock's emotions Jim was feeling and god that is going to take a while for him to get used to. Spock didn't say anything, and he didn't have to. “Hey Spock, don't feel guilty wanting to pounce on me, I'll live, and when I recover I'll want you to have your wild cave Vulcan way with me again. Besides, that was our deal, right? I be your mate and you help me out by getting my off this planet.”

Spock stared at Jim, and he could feel his fingers itching to hold Jim. “You are willing to be my mate in private as well as for appearances?”

That was a loaded question if there ever was one. Jim didn't know Spock for more than a couple of days, most of which was mapping the cartography of the guy's body not what his favorite color is or if he likes pina coladas. It was safe to say that Jim had more than enough material on Vulcan male anatomy to publish a few papers. But Jim was a science officer, and maybe yeah Command track training, but this whole situation was so god damned overwhelming. He was declared soulmates for all time and space by an old Vulcan woman who was like the Vulcan pope and now Vulcan's king was telling Jim to save his people by being married to Spock. “Honestly Spock, I don't know how to be anyone's mate. Your dad pretty much told me about your people falling away from this Surak guy's teachings and I'm supposed to do what? Make Surak trendy again? I'm just a science officer on a star ship, I'm not a diplomat or politician. I know nothing of your government, and my people need me out there.”

Spock gave into his urge to hold Jim, and the mattress dipped as he crawled next to Jim, encircling his arms around his body. “I made you a promise, and I shall deliver. Fortunately, I have vast knowledge on my people's politics. I can teach you.”

“So this Vulcan High Command. What's going on there?”

“My father as sa-te'kru, does not have the power to involve Vulcan in the affairs of outworlders. That power lies with the Vulcan High Command, but father has the power to call an emergency voting session if there is just clause, and the High Command must heed his call or risk losing their seats to someone who will answer his call.”

Jim smirked. “Just clause like the prince being married to an alien?”

“You are my t'hy'la, not just my bondmate. You yourself said that your ship was in trouble, and your people attacked by Romulans. With the information we have gotten from you, to give you aid would help our people in turn. The Romulans will not leave us in peace, there is too much blood between us, and Vulcan is weakened in isolation. Not only that, but bonds are important to Vulcans, the t'hy'la
bond being the most important of all. If we can convince them that keeping you caged on Vulcan will harm you, then they will have no choice but to grant our request.”

Jim thought about it. It wasn't a whole lot of time to prepare a case, but at least he would have someone in his corner. Laying on a strange bed next to man he just found out he was married to that morning and knew for about that long was surreal. Pillow talk for Jim was usually about 'You are so beautiful' or 'don't you love me too, Jim?' Politics was not one of them, but it was far from boring. “Alright, so tell me what you know of the High Command. Who we'll be up against, and how the proceedings usually go.”

Vulcan High Command rose up from the shattered cliffs that surrounded the city, and loomed over it on the edge like a lion surveying its territory. Here the Vulcan High Command convened with the king, and debated and bickered over new laws and decisions that impacted the lives of all Vulcans across their small corner of the galaxy. While the king commanded the high council and all affairs involving Vulcan's internal politics, the High Command was a separate body that was in charge of Vulcan's space program and its affairs dealing off-world, including sending a ship outside of Vulcan space to rescue a non-Vulcan ship.

Today all of Vulcan was reeling. Spock, the halfbreed prince, and current heir to the throne had a confirmed t'hy'la bond with a human. Now High Command was deciding on whether or not to emerge from isolation and make contact with the Federation. It was talked of many times since King Sarek's marriage to Amanda, but it was always denied, despite a large number of Vulcans that wanted to expand their businesses and research studies to include Earth. Amanda's published journals on human society were never enough to satisfy the curious Vulcans, but nor did it sway's the command's paranoia of a repeat 194 years ago.

The royal transport glided through the air and landed in the middle of High Command, and cameras focused on the royal entourage that stepped out. The king, followed by his wife, the prince, and then the human that was Prince Spock's t'hy'la. Comments were made on the human's beauty, and on the bridal loincloth he wore quite well that was meant for a Vulcan female. The footage would be shown across all of Vulcan and on all of the off world outposts and colonies. Businesses had closed to watch what would be decided next. Jim had to admit that the Vulcan's government was quick and efficient given how little time it took for them to hold a vote.

Jim wasn't nervous at all being at the center of this kind of attention. He was terrified, but damn if he was going to let the Vulcans know that. He would be standing in front of an alien council wearing a barely there piece of cloth and ten pounds of jewelry that was usually only seen on curvy woman in a Frank Frazetta painting. If Uhura and Chapel could be badasses while wearing that miniskirt Starfleet dared call a uniform, then James T Kirk could stand up to a bunch of stuffy old Vulcans in glorified underwear.

The High Command sat behind high wooden podiums like judges. Sarek and Amanda took their place on side benches, leaving Spock and Jim to stand below the High Command. It gave Jim a sense of deja vu of that one time he went to court for cheating on the Kobiyashi Maru, but he got
away with a commendation from the admirals for original thinking. He may be on an alien world but he was not without friends, and he still had his wits, his charms and a bit of courage. As long as kept all three about him, things may turn out fine. It had to, his friends on the Enterprise depended on it. As he looked up at the High Command, Jim recognized three of the five faces that stared at Jim.

Two middle aged Vulcans he recognized from the wedding feast, and barraged him with questions about growing avocados, and what humans on Earth will trade for more of the most pleasing green fruit. Jim at least knew that they would most likely be on Jim's side, and he liked them. They were direct, and curious about Earth, or at least curious in its grand variety of guacamole and avocado salads. However the other face that Jim saw was not so friendly. Stek, the guy whose daughter was supposed to marry Spock glared hatefully at them. That was one guy who wouldn't be voting their way.

In the middle an old man studied them with a neutral expression. Jim didn't recognize this guy, so he and the other guy next to him would be Jim's other swing vote. “I am Administrator Solik, head of the Vulcan High Command. We have convened on this day to decide on whether or not Vulcan sends representatives to Earth and open our borders to outworlders. It is unprecedented that a human shares a th'hy'la bond, but it was also impressed on us that you, James T Kirk have an urgent matter. The rescue of a ship you call Enterprise. Is this correct?”

Jim nodded. “Yes. I-”

Solik cut him off. “Spock, you as his bondmate will assure us that his words are true?”

Spock nodded. “I will, Ministers.”

The other guy next to Solik asked, “Will your bondmate enlighten us as to how he came to our world?”

Jim cleared his throat. “Well I uh... Sorry I did not catch your name.”

“Stol.”

Jim nodded. “Right. Well then, Minister Stol, as I was trying to say, I crash landed on this planet by accident. My shuttle was shot by Romulans as I escaped an ambush. In the fight, the captain of my ship had made me acting captain and I was supposed to get help from the closest Starbase or a Federation vessel. I cannot stay on your planet, I have a duty to my ship and my shipmates. Hundreds of lives are on the line, potentially billions more if the Romulan invasion succeeds to get a foothold on Andoria.”

Stek raised a brow at Jim, not bothering to hide his disdain of him. “Indeed. That is most troubling for you, but why should we risk our ships to what is most likely a Romulan blockade and invasion of a world that is not ours? We have been safe because we have kept our borders closed. A human who only just landed on our world would not know of the struggles of our people or of our ways.”
Jim narrowed his eyes at Stek. It should be prohibited for a guy whose clearly compromised emotionally and biased to be here. Jim was getting fed up, this bastard had no idea what he had been through. “With all due respect, Minister Stek, haven't you been listening? I know you can, I can see those pointy ears from here. We are at war with the Romulans, you should know who those guys are. Their ancestors got kicked off this planet. Up until now they have had to go through Federation Space to get to your world. We have been inadvertently saving your green blooded asses at the cost of our colonies raided and burned and countless lives lost to them. We need help and if we lose, do you know what will happen next? The Romulan Star Empire will absorb the Federation. In tactical terms we call that being surrounded by the enemy.”

Jim saw it start to slowly sink in as some glanced at each other. Jim continued. “In all the years the Federation and Vulcan have been next door neighbors, how many times have we actually tried to conquer Vulcan?”

Solik stated, “The humans who massacred the royal family 194 years ago comes to mind.”

Spock corrected him. “Administrator Solik, that information is incorrect. Those people who massacred my ancestors are not related to the humans currently of Earth. They are genetically enhanced individuals from human stock that were exiled after a war. They are no more members of Earth today as Romulans are to Vulcan. I have seen into Jim's mind, he speaks what he knows to be true.”

Solik nodded. “Let it be noted and previous statement retracted. Though the humans of Earth today are not responsible for the Fall of the House of Surak, it is still dangerous to open ourselves to a race that has proven itself emotional, irrational, and dangerous.”

The other swing voter added, “We also do not know if the Federation can be trusted. We have seen them afar, they colonize and spread as aggressively as the Romulans.”

One of the avocado fans replied, “But we will not know if we do not at least send someone to study them. We have much to gain with an alliance, especially against other threats like the Klingons.”

The other avocado fans was in agreement. “Kirk's logic is sound. The Romulans will never cease their attempts to take Vulcan. The blood and history between our two peoples is too great for any peace. An alliance with another strong nation like this Federation may save Vulcan.”

Stek narrowed his eyes at Jim. “It is too risky. With the discovery of the rare and most sacred t'hy'la bond in the House of Surak, it will be better if Kirk and S'haile Spock are protected here on Vulcan. It is common knowledge of human frailty, even now he struggles in our atmosphere and and to stand in our gravity. What would happen to our society if their bond was severed so soon? Both Surakians of this city and the vast majority of the V'tosh Ka'tur populations on the rest of Vulcan uphold t'hy'la as the most sacred of bonds. We cannot expect outworlders will respect the bond of t'hy'la as we do.”

Solik and Stol seemed to take in Stek words. Even his avocado fans were agreeing. Jim couldn't let
Stek gets his way. “Hey, the Federation’s highest ideal is the exploration of new worlds and meeting new people. Our prime directive state that we do not interfere with other cultures and civilizations that are still developing. Even other peoples so different from humans like the Andorians and the Tellerites, who are also founding members of the Federation of Planets, have different cultures that we must respect. It is how we get along, mutual respect for our differences. A concept similar to something you Vulcans have: IDIC. I beg you to give us a chance or at the very least to let me borrow a ship to rescue my people.”

They were mulling it over, except Stek, who was determined to keep Vulcan isolated. When Stol spoke, Jim's heart sank. “We cannot risk losing the first confirmed t'hy'la bond in three hundred years. Even more so, our current heir to the throne.”

Solik nodded. “This is the first t'hy'la bond to house of Surak since its founders S'chn and T'gai. If we were to lose them it would devastate our society. We could send a ship to search for the Enterprise, but the t'hy'la pair must remain safely sequestered away. Kirk, t'hy'la of S'chn T'gai Spock, do you have any facts to add to your argument in favor of Vulcan sending diplomats to the Federation and a ship in aid of your ship?”

Jim's heart sunk like a lead weight. He saw Stek looking smug. James T Kirk was to be a pretty bauble in a gilded cage. He had nothing to do with T'Pring’s death, and Spock was cleared of that crime, but it didn't matter. Spock would not be executed but he would still be imprisoned and Jim with him. Jim would remain forever on Vulcan, to never see Earth again nor would he see another human or eat human food. A lifetime of tasteless vegetarian meals, and being the arm candy for a Vulcan. A good Vulcan who had dreams of seeing the stars with Jim and never would.

God dammit, he was James-T-fucking-Kirk and his destiny was out there in the stars commanding a star ship! The Enterprise needed him, his friends needed him. If they were here they would be telling him to get off his ass. Bones would be injecting him with hypos and telling him that he needed to stop being reckless. Wait... Bones was his medical doctor and he was always ranting about the various ways Jim could get killed. Jim had an idea. He always thought that what happened to him on Tarsus IV had been a permanent curse that he had to live with, but just this once it may be the very thing that could get him off Vulcan. Jim grinned, and with great satisfaction saw that smug look on Stek's face fall. “Yes, I do as a matter a fact have something to add. I need access to specialized medical care that only a handful of doctors in the Federation can provide. The best of these doctors and the one most familiar with my vast medical needs is currently on my ship, the USS Enterprise.”

Solik raised an eyebrow. “We have excellent healers on Vulcan. As the t'hy'la of S'haile Spock you will receive the best of care.”

“And how many humans have they treated? Just Amanda? That ain't going to cut it. You wouldn't want human doctors that have seen only one Vulcan in their entire career treating you when you have a rare condition, would you? Especially if that doctor has to look down at your genitals and has to ask ‘is it normal for your penis to do that?’ Let me tell you, my answer no. I want a doctor from my own world.”

Stol nodded, though there was a hint of emerald on his cheeks. “That is logical. I would most
certainly desire a Vulcan specialist from the VSA over an untried outworlder. Continue.”

Jim smiled as he saw the rest seemed to agree with that. “In addition to the many allergies I have, I am also being treated for a... rare condition that I got as a result of the illegal eugenics experimentation conducted on Tarsus IV.”

Spock’s eyes widened, knowing that Tarsus IV was the source of Jim greatest pain and scarred his soul. The guy didn’t know the extent of what that bastard Kodos and his lackeys did to him. Jim told him not to look, and it looks like Spock respected that. Jim was glad, but Spock was worried. “Jim, what did they do to you? Your mind keeps that scar upon your katra even from me.”

Jim sighed and brought Spock’s hand to his face. “See for yourself. Go on, look, and if you no longer want me, I'll understand.” Jim looked to the High Command, all of them staring at Jim with curiosity. “I assume evidence obtained through a mind meld is good enough for you?”

Solik nodded. “It is. What is this rare condition that requires that we must break centuries of isolation to ally ourselves with a people we know little about just to give you a doctor from your own species?”

Jim wished he didn't have to tell anyone outside of Pike and Bones his shame, much less so publicly. He knew if he ever found anyone he loved enough to settle down with and start a family that they would have to know. Jim felt Spock’s mind penetrate his easily and Jim welcomed him in and drew him into his worst memory, the source of his nightmares and the reason why his serious relationships usually turned into shit shows.

Tarsus IV. The fungus that destroyed the crops, causing a famine. Taking the children from the all-boy's school Jim was forced to attend after Frank had the last straw. Kodos experimenting with them, enhancing them, and deciding which ones would create the future. The awful truth of who caused the famine, and the purpose of the experiments on boys. Children that parents abandoned for one childish prank too many or simply didn't want to deal with them anymore. The perfect subjects. Just the right age, and not going to be missed too badly. All funded and conducted by the Romulan Tal Shiar for the glory and expansion of the Romulan Empire.

Spock gasped, and looked as pale as a sheet. He looked at Jim with both horror and wonder. “You can be pregnant!”

The pronouncement stunned the room. The stoney faced Vulcans stared at Jim with utter astonishment. Stek stood up looking green in the face. “This isn't possible! There is no way that half breed can impregnate anyone!”

Solik glared at Stek. “Restrain yourself, Stek. It is known to our healers at the VSA that Spock is as potent as any other Vulcan male.”

“Almost any.” T'Poon quipped while looking directly at Stek.
Sohot had cocked his head. “I for one am curious how this is. I was under the impression that humans reproduced sexually and were divided into two genders like Vulcans.”

Jim crossed his arms, suddenly feeling naked and cold for the first time arriving on this planet. He looked at Spock, wondering for a brief moment how naked Spock must feel to have his god damned sperm count on public record. It made him stumble over his words for a moment. “Well... Uhh... Normally that is correct but...”

Spock trembled from the awful truth Jim had carried, trying to resist the desire to sweep Jim up in his arms and carry him far away from this room and prying eyes. He crumbled and pulled Jim into his chest, and buried his face into his shoulder. He glared at the High Command with all the fury and fire of an ancient Vulcan warrior. “He was experimented on by Romulan spies when he was ten years of age. It was part of an experiment by the Tal Shiar to breed more soldiers for the Romulan Empire. The colony of Tarsus IV was mostly male and had faced a famine. Governor Kodos implemented the cruel decision to kill half the colonists and allowed his doctors who were Romulan spies to alter a percentage of the population in order to bear children. Jim was one of many children chosen to be breeding stock for Romulan soldiers.”

Jim swallowed. He would not break down, not now, not in front of these people. He turned and faced them and spat out, “They wanted me to be a goddamned breeding machine, so I killed them. I ran and hid from them, stole their equipment and got a message out to Starfleet. Now I have to take birth control to avoid getting pregnant since it'll be a high risk pregnancy. Other guys like me went on to get married and had kids, but they had to have constant supervision under a well trained doctor. Those that didn't... They're dead. If I don't get one of those few doctors that have that training there's a good chance I'll die from complications, and the baby too. Since Spock is as you said, potent, and I was modified to carry Romulan hybrid children... It wouldn't be too much of a stretch that I can carry Vulcan hybrid children too, given the similar ancestry. For all I know I could easily be pregnant with Spock's baby right now.”

Spock's control snapped at the pronouncement that his mate could possibly be bearing his child. He picked up Jim bridal style and growled at the High Command. “I will be taking my t'hy'la to find one of these special healers and you will not stop me!”

Spock carried Jim out of the room, kicking the doors open. Jim saw Amanda stand up and shouted at them with tears streaming down her face. “Is this a good enough reason, you cold hearted bastards? I only had one child because you refused me this very request to go home. I will not let you risk my grandchildren!”

Sarek put a protective arm around his wife, his voice cold and sharp as it cut through the High Command. “They are a mirror of S'chn and T'gai, mother and father of Surak and all that we are as Vulcans. Would you allow harm to befall T'gai while he was pregnant with Surak? The majority of Vulcan will see the similarities in Kirk. With or without your blessing we are going to Earth. Live long and prosper.”

As Spock carried Jim further away, Jim thought that his in-laws were kind of awesome. As they
drove off in the hover transport back to the palace, Amanda was animately talking about what to pack, a thought occurred to Jim. “Hey Spock, I thought S'chn and T'gai were both men. Did your father say T'gai, a man, gave birth to Surak?”

Spock quirked an eyebrow. “Yes that is correct. T'gai was considered male but due to a quirk of evolution or a mutation brought about by the nuclear wars he was born with the capability to bear children. A rare few Vulcan males today have this capability but rarely use it since during Pon Farr they are still seen as rivals instead of females to mate with. T'hy'la bonds are the only thing strong enough to overcome our most ancient of instincts.”

Sarek looked at Jim and mutual understanding came between them. Of their private conversation in his study. “Many Vulcans may draw similarities between T'gai and Kirk and by that extension between Surak and any hypothetical future children Kirk shall bear for Spock.”

Jim swallowed, and not for the first time cursed the assholes that caused him to crash land on this planet. His one comfort from this shitty political mess was that at least he was getting off this hot dry rock alive. As Jim laid his head in Spock's lap in the hover transport, listening to Spock's heart beating in his side where a human liver should be, and feeling Spock gently caressing his head with nimble fingers, Jim corrected himself. Maybe he had two comforts.

Spock had said his family had a ship that they could borrow. That was before Jim knew that Spock's father was the actual frigging king of this planet. The ship that Sarek was loading them onto was the VSS Nakarat, and it was at least three times the size of Enterprise. Its design was like all the few images Starfleet had on Vulcan ships with three interlocking annular nacelles around a hull shaped like a dagger that cut through space. Jim whistled when the shuttle got in sight of the ship. “Wow, mighty impressive ship you've got there Spock.”

Spock gave Jim one of those proud not quite smiles that Jim was seeing more of. “The Nakarat is Vulcan's flagship and one that I command.”

“My son graduated from both the Vulcan Science Academy and the Vulcan Defense Institute with the highest honors, and rose to the rank of Commander in the Vulcan Defense Force aboard our best ship. All on his own merit.” Sarek added, sounding just as smug as his son.

Jim got the feeling that Sarek was trying to sell his son and convince Jim that Spock was the best boyfriend a guy could ask for. First the implied threats and now he was bribing him with a fancy car. Sarek saw in Jim that Spock couldn't for all of his desperate hope for redemption and a mate: the fickle human heart. Jim was in the past a real tomcat and never held still in his life. It was only now that he was tethered into a political marriage by his compassion for an innocent man and his Starfleet morals that he fully realized that he didn't really know Spock at all.

Spock captained his own ship, and what a beautiful ship it was! Jim knew Sarek was trying to bribe
him, to somehow tether his human heart to his son as well as everything else. Jim had to admit that looking at this ship, knowing that Spock was its captain and would take Jim wherever he pleased... It was actually kind of working. That ship wasn't the Enterprise but it was still a really good looking ship. It made Jim curious about the enigma that he found himself married to. Who was Spock?

Spock turned to his father. “Sa-mekh, I shall have Jim at my side on the bridge when we go to warp. That is if I still have command of my ship and my rank has not been stripped?”

Sarek inclined his head. “Your crimes have been pardoned and everything restored to you. The ship is still yours to command and your mother and I must prepare ourselves for Earth in the royal guest suite.” Amusement sparkled in Sarek's eyes as he glanced at Jim and back at his son. “I trust you and your bondmate to discuss tactics when rescuing the Federation ship Enterprise.”

Jim cocked his head. “You're coming to Earth? I thought you were the king and couldn't leave Vulcan or something.”

Sarek glanced at his smiling wife. “I made a promise to she who is my wife to see her world with her and to help bring Vulcan and Earth together.” Sarek glanced back at Jim. “My father will be coming out of retirement to act as regent in my stead. I will go to Earth to negotiate an alliance between the Federation and Vulcan. I hope you understand what the outcome will be if your Federation does not truly desire an alliance with us.”

Amanda extended two fingers in a Vulcan kiss. “Don't worry husband, if the Federation is as I remember, they will welcome us with open arms. Is that still right, James?”

Jim nodded. “Yes ma'am, and please call me Jim. James is only used if I'm in trouble.”

Amanda waved Jim off with a smile. “Please Jim, call me Amanda, or if you wish, you can even call me mom. You're now my son too. Remember that.”

Mom, not mother or ka-mekh. Mom was a human word, not a Vulcan one. Twenty-seven years alone with only Vulcans for company and she was still human. It dug into Jim as it sunk in. A lonely lifetime on Vulcan with an equally lonely Spock, the two of them mourning the life they could have shared among the stars. If Jim was lucky Bones would be alive just to be dragged into that hell as well just for the purpose of helping Jim pop out some pointy eared heirs. Bones would hate the heat and the Vulcan's lack of mint juleps and a good steak. Jim wasn't as strong as Amanda. He didn't know how that woman stayed sane as the only human on that planet.

As they boarded the ship, and Jim was getting the grand tour he noticed a few things. The difference between two classes that worked on the ship was more than just the uniform. The scientists and engineers on this vessel wore their hair in a bowl cut and a subdued and austere aura about them. Their uniforms black, tight fitting, and no sign of any room for anything other than logic. The security force and the weapons operations usually had long hair, mostly undercuts and braids, and armor that protected one side. To Jim they felt a lot more friendly and warm than their emotionless counterparts. Almost like they were human. Jim would be more comfortable around these guys if it
weren't for the feeling they gave him. Like they were barely tamed lions.

At the last of the tour was Spock's quarters, where he changed into his uniform, and let Jim lounge on his bed. Jim noticed the way Spock's nostrils flare at seeing him in his room, on his bed, and all the while Jim was still wearing that Vulcan love slave bikini. The only reason why Jim hadn't ripped the thing off for one of Spock's spare uniforms was the ship, like the planet, was hot as hell. “So Spock, those guys on your ship. The scientists and the soldiers. Their differences seem more than just their haircuts and their uniform.”

Spock replied from the closet, bending over to retrieve something and giving Jim a good view. “You are perceptive, Jim. All scientists and engineers almost exclusively come from the Vulcan Science Academy in Shi’Khar which only allows admittance to Vulcans that adhere to Surak’s ways. The various defense institutes around Vulcan allow admittance to both Surakian and V’tosh Ka’tur alike. There are many of those who do not adhere to Surak’s logic on Vulcan. Much more than those who do.”

Jim looked at Spock who wore a uniform unlike either of them. He had the close fitting black uniform of the scientists but it was decked in silver emblems denoting his rank and that side armor that protected his side. His long hair was loose but neat. He looked like he could be both soldier and scientist but at the same time fit into neither category. Fierce warrior and thoughtful poet. A contradiction in one green blooded package. The only thing that seemed to be universal to both of them was the IDIC symbol on their chests. Jim couldn't help but wonder, “So which category are you in?”

Spock gave nothing away on his face but Jim felt some deep conflicting feelings emanate from what he was learning was their bond. “I am the heir to Vulcan’s throne. I must represent all of Vulcan. Both Vulcans who embrace their passions and those who embrace logic.”

“That sounds impossible. Passion and logic don't always go together, in fact they rarely do.”

Spock nodded. “Indeed. A balance that I have strove my entire life to find.”

“Have you found it yet?”

Spock eyes warmed and a small smile fought its way to be seen. “I believe I am beginning to. Come Jim, I will escort you to the bridge and we shall find your ship together. I believe you will need to be briefed on this ship's capabilities before we go into what is certain to be a Romulan blockade.”

Jim grinned and found his way into one of his favorite subjects: tactics. “We'll catch them by surprise which will be our best advantage. Any other back up coming?”

Spock nodded. “Four other vessels of a similar class to this one will be joining us. The VSS Kirinti, the VSS Jarel, the VSS Mor-gril, and the VSS Le-matya. Here are the specifications of this particular ship.”
Spock handed Jim a PADD, and helpfully translated what was written. As Jim was looking through the ship specs, he felt himself getting a boner at one glorious feature that even the Enterprise lacked. “Jesus Christ, is this right? You have cloaking technology?!”

“All Vulcan ships have cloaking technology we took from the Romulans and made our own adjustments to it in addition to superior shielding, speed, and weapons.”

Jim was starting to understand how over the years Vulcan ships seemed to come out of nowhere and disappear like ghosts. Spock was looking smug in his own way, he was much like a guy for showing off his hot car to a hot date. “I hope this ship shall prove most sufficient in your endeavor. That is what the ship is named for.”

Jim was almost bouncing up and down in excitement. “Yeah, the Nakarot is really awesome! What did you say it's name translated to again?”

“In standard it means endeavor, although it can also be translated to undertaking or enterprise.”

Jim paused. Nakarot. Enterprise. No wonder Jim seemed to like the ship. It was kind of like the Vulcan counterpart to his own ship they were going to rescue. And Jim couldn't help but notice how both he and Spock served on them and both of them now had their lives tied together. Strongest evidence of the existence of destiny. That was what T'Pau said to them, and Jim could now see it. “Funny, the ship we're going to rescue is called Enterprise, and it's going to be rescued by another that is called that.”

Spock shrugged. “Our ships have distinct names, but I suppose their meaning is the same.”

Jim grinned, feeling a trill of excitement course through him. “Those Romulans won't be the only one surprised to see this ship. My friends are gonna freak out when they see me aboard this beauty. Come on, let me help you in tracking the Enterprise, she's got a distinctive radiation signature and she was last scene in this system...”
S'haile – Lord; a title for a high ranking male like the son and heir of a king
VSS – acronym for Vulcan Space Ship
Nakarat – Endeavor, can also translate to undertaking or enterprise
Ka-mekh – mother
Kirinti – extinct wolf like animal native to Vulcan
Jarel – horned horse like mammal
Mor-gril – a psychic Vulcan animal similar to a wolverine
Le-matya – Vulcan's largest and most dangerous predator and killer of I-Chaya (Spock's pet sehlat that I still cry over when I watch that episode.)
Dr. Leonard McCoy stood bleakly on the bridge of the Enterprise in the dark, among his fearful shipmates. The Enterprise was dead in the water and it was only by sheer luck and the good grace of God that the Romulans haven't shot them to pieces and picked apart the debris for loot by now. It was day three going on four since their simple diplomatic babysitting mission went to Hell in a hand basket. The Romulans had invaded Andoria and took both Captain Pike and Number One hostage. Of the diplomatic party that was sent down, only Sulu made it back. The only one of their number who escaped the Romulan ambush to get help was Jim.

McCoy swallowed hard. Jim's shuttle was last seen careening out of control into Vulcan space. The god damned Bermuda Sector. His best friend was as good as dead, and so was their best bet of getting off of this metal death trap alive. Their engines were dead, their shields and weapons were dead, hell even life support was flickering. At least the life support going on and off was intentional. It was a sad day when it had to be Scotty sitting in the Captain's chair, but the man had some mad brilliance when commanding the ship.

Scotty had them kill all nonessential systems, maintained radio silence, and had life support flickering on and off periodically to give the illusion of a dead ship. When the Romulans did beam aboard, they had put on one of their best shows with Friday night's amateur Theater Club and a bunch of vaccinations for Andorian mudfleas. The Romulans beamed out quicker than greased lightning and declared the Enterprise a plague ship. Scotty hoped that the information Enterprise's computers would make it too tempting to blow them to bits and the “plague” would keep them out. Just wait for the crew to die from the apparent plague or when their second wave comes. Jim came up with the idea one night back at the academy in their tactics class. Bones never thought that Jim would be... McCoy shook his head, it was no use mourning right now, not when they were barely surviving.
McCoy looked at Uhura, who was diligently listening and waiting for the jamming frequency to clear up so a message for help could be sent out. The Romulans jammed all their frequencies, and sent out false transmissions that everything was hunky dory. They could only watch as a few more Romulan ships appear over Andor to pick off any surviving ships from the Andorian's obliterated home fleet, and retrieve their own from destroyed Romulan Warbirds. With most of Starfleet's forces busy at the Neutral Zone, the Romulans real invasion force was here. In short, those devious pointy eared bastards had caught the Federation with their pants down and now they were about to be screwed.

Andor couldn't get even so much as a peep out. After more tinkering Uhura picked up Romulan transmissions. This was only the first wave, and they were waiting for another fleet to come to maintain a stronghold deep in the Alpha quadrant. It was all a part of their invasion plan. If the Federation couldn't come before that second wave did, Andor, one the founding worlds of the Federation, was going to fall to the Romulans.

Uhura gasped, “Five unknown ships decloaking! And... My god, they're firing on the remaining Romulan ships!”

Scotty gaped at her. “On screen! Who in god's name is that?”

The ships that had decloaked were unlike any ship they had ever seen. The Romulan Warbirds were picked off one by one, the unknown ships didn't get so much as a scratch. Chekov cursed in Russian. “Kommander Scott! I have match in our database on theze ships!” He gulped. “You're not going to like it.”

“Out with it laddie! I want to know who saved our arses!”

Sulu leaned over to see what was on Chekov's screen and paled several shades. “Shit! They're Vulcan!”

McCoy felt his heart rate go up in the red. “The devils from god damned Bermuda Sector?! Those Vulcans?!”

Chekov nodded and pulled up the few images the Federation had on Vulcan ships over the years. The design was a match. Sulu asked the golden question of the hour. “What are Vulcans doing all the way out here? And attacking Romulans?!”

They watched on as the Vulcan vessels pick off the last Romulan ship. Unsure whether to cheer or crap themselves. Vulcans were only known for being not friendly and refusing any and all contact. They came and appeared like ghosts, slicing neatly through the invading fleet of Romulan Warbirds. Uhura announced. “Jamming signal has stopped! And we're getting a message on all frequencies from one of the Vulcan ships. Audio only.”

The voice rang through the bridge like an angel to the Enterprise crew's ears. A voice they all recognized and thought dead. “Enterprise, this is Lt Commander James T Kirk. If you're still alive
McCoy’s jaw dropped. “It can't be... He went into Vulcan space. No one comes back from Vulcan Space. Is this some kind of trick? A message from beyond the grave?”

They hesitated. Jim went into Vulcan space, a guaranteed death sentence. It could be some kind of Romulan trap for all they knew. They heard Jim's voice again. “Sorry, let me rephrase that... This is acting Captain Kirk of the USS Enterprise. Ooo! That sounds really sexy. Captain James T Kirk. God, that sounds good!”

Uhura groaned and gritted out through her teeth, “Ugh. It is Kirk.”

McCoy couldn't keep himself from smiling or letting his heart swell with hope. His friend was alive, somehow. “My god! It's Jim!”

Scotty sprang out the chair and shouted. “Hail them! On screen!”

No one was prepared for the sight that greeted them. It was Jim alright, but he dressed like an Orion slave girl and he was sitting happily in the lap of what appeared to be a Romulan. Jim had the gall to be smiling and cuddling with the pointy eared bastard. McCoy was the first to recover from the stunned stupor and barraged Jim with question after question. “Jim! What in Sam Hill is going on?! Is that a Romulan?! Why are you on his lap?! Jesus Christ! You didn't. Haven't I warned you not to have sex with those?! You're going to be up to your neck in crying, shitting, hungry little pointy-ears and you're going to go gallivanting off while making me deal with it! God dammit Jim! I'm a doctor, not a wet nurse!”

Jim grinned, he almost missed the sound of his best friend's long winded rants. “Bones! Man am I glad to see you too! Guys you'll never guess what happened to me!”

Scotty gawped at Jim, looking stunned and at the point of laugh his Scottish arse off. “Jim, why are ya dressed like an Orion slave girl?”

Mr Pointy-Ears, whose lap Jim currently resided in, coolly replied, “Jim is dressed in the traditional garments of a Vulcan bride. He is my bondmate, and my t'hy'la, not a female slave.”

Jim's smiled stretch ear to ear. “Everyone, I'd like you to meet Spock! He's the crown prince of Vulcan and my new husband!” After a stunned pause he added. “So, you guys look like you could use a lift back home.”

The entire bridge sighed with relief, and the heart pounding tension of death looming over them evaporated into nothing. They've been rescued. They weren't going to die, and Jim was alive and well enough to be the same little shit he always was. McCoy looked like he was about to have a stroke. “You got married?!”
The now named Spock stated. “Affirmative. We also have two humans that we have beamed from one of the Romulan ships. They have sustained heavy injuries, and our healers are doing their best to treat them. I believe they may be your Captain and First Officer. We are also prepared to render any aid you may need.”

Scotty grinned, just happy they weren’t all going to die in Romulan POW camp. “Captain Pike and Number One are alive! That's wonderful! Yes, we'll take all the help we can get!”

Spock nodded. “Our sensors indicate that your engines are malfunctioning and you have lost power in critical sections, including life support. Will allow us to dock your ship to ours so that we may send supplies and engineers to assist you?”

Jim winked. “Don't worry! I know we're big, but I can guarantee that our docking clamps will fit.”

Scotty laughed. “Aye, I've heard that before! Just be gentle with the Enterprise! She took quite a pounding from the Romulans, but thankfully they pulled out quick enough. Didn't leave any of their little soldiers running around her vents.”

Spock blinked in confusion, the innuendo lost on him. “Our systems are of a different design but it was made to be universal to nearly any design. From what it appears, we are compatible. If you are willing, we would like to board you now.”

Spock raised both eyebrows when everyone snickered. McCoy smiled at Jim, but his eyes had that look that Jim knew meant he was getting dragged to sickbay. “Well, Jimbo, it looks like your new boyfriend is a real gentlemen. First he gallantly comes to our rescue and then he's asking real nice before sticking it in. I hope he uses protection before he comes aboard.”

Jim laughed nervously, reading between the lines. “Don't worry Bones, Spock uses every precaution, and I would like to state for the record that Spock and his little soldiers should be warmly welcomed. I am after all hoping to create a permanent mixing of our two peoples... You know for the sake of peace and friendship.”

Jim saw Bones give him the death glare behind that big southern smile, and the wheels were already turning in his head. Yup, Jim was a dead man. “It sounds like you and his highness have already created a permanent mixing. I suppose congratulations are in order.”

Scotty sniggered. “Well, if Prince Spock promises to be an honest man and not cut and run, then we will happily accept him and his little soldiers.”

Poor Spock still did not catch on and innocently asked, “I am a Vulcan, we do not lie. We have come to give you assistance and will not leave you in your time of need. However I admit to some confusion. I do not believe any of my soldiers are considered small. They are usually above average size, and even though they can be passionate at times, I believe they will integrate well with you and
your crew. It is my hope that this first contact between us is a pleasant and memorable experience for both of us.”

Spock still did not understand why the humans kept giggling, nor did any of his Vulcan crew. Scotty was almost in tears when he said, “Right, your majesty. Enterprise will open her bay doors wide open and prepare to receive you. Enterprise out.”

Jim nearly fell off Spock’s lap laughing. When the transmission was cut, Spock turned to him and asked, “Jim? Why was everyone laughing?”

Jim laughed harder and after catching his breath he finally explained the concept of sexual innuendos and double entendres to him. Spock flushed an interesting shade of green. Years from now, it will be this exchange recorded for history classes under the chapter about First Contact meetings that will be the bane of teachers, and every student's favorite.

Pike and Number One had been beamed aboard unconscious with a matronly Vulcan healer. T'val was a stern old woman who was brisk and effective in her methods. Apparently being beamed directly from a Romulan brig into a Vulcan sickbay made Pike panic and throw a punch at the poor Vulcan doctor and scream Romulan curses at her. She dodged him easily and applied a Vulcan nerve pinch, rendering him unconscious so that she could do her work without interruption. She had about as much bedside manner as Bones did, and Jim would bet credits that they would be bosom buddies in no time, and gang up on him. Jim had been relieved to know that they would recover soon.

As Jim came with Spock and his royal entourage onto the Enterprise he predictably knew the first person he would see would be Bones. Immediately Bones dragged him off of Spock’s arm and gave Jim his usual greeting of a wave with his tricorder and a hypo to the shoulder. “Jim.” He started in a deadly even voice. “This is by far the most reckless thing you have done! You have signs of mild hypoxia and heat rashes! Not to mention bruises and scratches in places that are called private for a reason, Jim.”

Jim grinned. “I'm happy to see you too Bones, Vulcan was as wild a planet as it was hot. It was loads of fun. Let me know when I'm cleared for duty.”

“I thought you were dead, Jim. We all did.” Bones looked up at Spock suspiciously, and whispered, “Don't bother with the bullshit Jim. I can see from the bruises on you hips, neck and the way you're hobbling that Prince Hobgoblin over there had his way with you. Tell honestly Jim, was it consensual?”

Spock stiffened and dragged Jim away from Bones like a favorite toy. He snarled at Bones with challenge gleaming in his dark eyes. “I would never willingly harm my mate, and your accusation that I would do so is insulting. If you were not selected by Jim to be his healer and midwife for our heirs, I would challenge you in the ancient rite of toria'tal.”
Bones snapped his glare from Spock to Jim. “Midwife for his heirs? Jim, does he know of the risks of you actually... You know?”

Jim fidgeted, this was the part Bones was really going to hate. “He does, that's how I convinced the Vulcans to lend a few ships to rescue the Enterprise. They need a doctor familiar with my... modifications and can safely deliver Spock's pointy eared babies. It's a political shitstorm on Vulcan, since any kid I pop out will be direct line for Vulcan's throne.”

Bones pinched the bridge of his nose. “God dammit Jim! I'm a doctor, not a damned lamaze coach!”

Spock stared down at Bones. “Tell me doctor, is Jim with child?”

Bones glared at Spock. “It's too soon to tell, now back off so I can treat Jim. Now Jim, you're going to sickbay, no excuses. Nurse! Get me a gurney! And for god's sake Jim, take that ridiculous outfit off! You look like you raided your last conquest's closet, and that's being generous!”

Spock's nostrils flared, and stepped between his mate and this apparent new rival that wants to strip him. “You will not touch my mate without my permission.”

Jim rolled his eyes. “Girls, girls! You're both pretty, no need to fight over me. And for god's sake Bones I don't need a stretcher. I can walk.”

“I'm the doctor here, and I say you need to stay off your feet.”

“No I don't, see? I'm perfectly capable of running the ship. Pike said so, and Scotty wants to be back minding the warp nacelles... or what's left of them. I can totally walk.”

Jim demonstrated by taking a few steps and trying and failing to hide his pained wince. Bones rolled his eyes. “Capable huh? In pig's eye.”

Spock said nothing and scooped up Jim in his arms, ignoring his mate's protests of “I can walk! Really! Put me down, Spock! I don't need to go to sickbay!”

Spock nodded to the doctor. “Doctor. Which way to your infirmary? I will carry Jim there and ensure that he will receive treatment for his ailments.”

Jim looked between them, and saw a moment of understanding and agreement between the two of them. Apparently they found one thing they got in common. They didn't put up with Jim's “I'm fine” bullshit, especially when they thought he was being reckless. Jim got to be carried bridal style through the corridors of the Enterprise. The crew stared at the sight of the first Vulcan they had ever seen. James T-for-Tomcat Kirk dressed like an Orion slave girl with obvious signs of getting fucked
pretty good on his neck and hips was quite a sight for them as well. Then of course came the peanut
gallery.

“Oh my.” said Sulu as he stared wide eyed at Jim.

Chekov grinned. “He looks like Russian princess!”

Bones barked out a laugh. “More like a Vulcan princess, kid.”

Uhura laughed her ass off, and took pictures. “This is quite a promotion for you Kirk. First you get
Lt Commander and now you've rose to Princess Kirk!”

“That's Prince-consort Kirk to you peasants! And hey, don't you have jobs? As acting Captain,
maybe we should tell Starfleet that, hey, we're alive, don't shoot our new Vulcan buddies?” Jim bit
out threateningly to his asshole friends, but it was impossible dressed as he was while being carried
like a damsel.

Uhura rolled her eyes. “What do you take us for? I messaged Starfleet a brief report and an audio log
of our First Contact with the Vulcans before you set your well blinged ass on board, Kirk.” Uhura
gave Spock a respectful nod. “And many thanks, Prince Spock, for saving our lives, and bringing
Jim back. He's a pain in the ass, but he's our pain in the ass.”

Sulu nodded. “Yeah, no kidding. Welcome aboard your majesty.” He then stage whispered to Jim, “I
want details. Like what these Vulcans are packing under the hood!”

Chekov gave Spock a grin. “Any friend of Kirk's is a friend of mine! And if you wish to visit Earth's
most beautiful country, I am happy to give you tour of Russia- Ow! Sulu, watch your elbow!”

Spock raised a brow at these strange beings called humans. “Ashayam, these are your friends?”

Jim beamed proudly. “Yup, 'fraid so. My best friends, who I will walk through hell itself for. You
guys are welcome, by the way! Vulcan and Hell have the same climate, so add that to the databanks!
So a little respect would be nice!”

Bones gave him a big smile, “You got it, Jim.”

Jim groaned as Bones flourished an exaggerated bow and shouted down the hall, “Make way for his
royal highness, Princess Kirk and his hobgoblin Prince Charming!”

Spock’s voice whispered through Jim's mind, 'I see he is showing some form of proper protocol, but
somehow I detect that he is mocking us. Are you sure he is a trustworthy man?'
Jim sighed, and thought back through their bond. It took a little concentration to talk to Spock mind

to mind like this, and still weird. ‘Yeah, I’m sure. It’s called sarcasm. We humans do it all the time

with our friends. We tease each other but mean no real harm in it. Bones and I poke fun at each

other but we trust each other with our lives. Not sure how else to put it.’

Jim felt Spock's confusion and curiosity. ‘I see. Human behavior is most fascinating.’ After a pause

Spock asked aloud, “What is a hobgoblin?”

Bones and Jim laughed all the way to the sickbay, with one puzzled Vulcan.

Jim was put on a bed face down with his ass sticking up and Bones was going over him with a
dermal regenerator. Whatever dignity he had left was gone as Bones stuck some kind of numbing gel
up his rectum for Spock, T'val the Vulcan healer, and the entire sickbay of nurses he flirted with in
the past to witness. His face turned beet red as they giggled behind their hands. He wondered how it
could possibly get worse when that was answered for him in the form of Pike waking up. “Where
am I? The Enterprise? Dr McCoy! Oh thank god.”

Pike blinked as he looked around and then spotted Jim with his jeweled ass in the air. Jim winced as
he felt the tickle of the dermal regenerator in place the sun never shines. Jim waved and cringed.
“Hey Captain. I uh, got help. Good news is, the Romulan ships are destroyed and I've made some
new friends who are going to give us a tow back to Earth.”

Pike’s expression at being shocked from waking up in the Enterprise's sickbay and not the afterlife,

then fell into the familiar what-did-you-do-now look Jim was more familiar with. “Son? What in
God's name are you wearing? You look like Carrie Fisher in that ancient Earth movie, the one with
the slug. Don't tell me, you ignored our little talk we had after that Orion assassin incident? Damn it,
Jim how many times do I have to tell you to keep it in your pants for once?”

Pike winced at the hiss of a hypo to his neck and widened at the sight of Spock standing over Jim

and outright panicked at the sight of T'val. “Shit! A Romulan assassin! Security!”

T'val gave a long suffering sigh. “I shall repeat once more. I am a Vulcan healer, not a Romulan

assassin. If this was not fact, I would be a poor assassin for suturing the 27.3 cm wound on your
back, and not simply let you bleed out and die. Now please lie still or you will undo all of my work.”

Bones actually smiled at her. “Lady, if I had dime for every stubborn patient I've had in here, I'd be a
rich man.”

T'val pursed her lips together into a thin line. “I had thought human patients would be less difficult to
deal with. I was incorrect. This one shall be released into your care.”
Pike looked back and forth, demanding answers as his eyes landed back on Bones. “Dr McCoy? What is going on?”

Bones administered a mild painkiller to Pike's neck. “You'll find this hard to believe, sir, but they're both Vulcans.”

Pike looked at the Vulcans in the room with confusion. “Vulcans? As in the ghosts of the Bermuda Sector? Those Vulcans?”

Bones nodded. “Yes Sir, the very same. Jim's shuttle veered off into Vulcan space, and not only did he come back alive, but with an entire hobgoblin calvary. They ripped the Romulans a new one, and saved our asses. Especially yours and Number One's when they beamed you off, and carried you here. Right now their ship is giving us a tow home.”

Pike stared at Spock and T'val. Actually studying them closely. Then with as much dignity as he could muster while strapped to his sick bed, he held out a hand to T'val. “Madam, it seems I owe you an apology.”

T'val raised a brow, not taking the hand, but raising hers in the ta'al. “There is no offense where none is taken. Live long, and prosper.” She turned to Spock. “S'haile Spock, my duty here is done. If I my services are no longer required, I would prefer to return to the Nakarat.”

Spock nodded. “You may, Healer T'val.”

T'val swept out the room without another word. Bones whistled. “Cold, all business, and no sense of humor. Reminds me of my ex-wife, no wonder I like her.”

Jim snorted. “You would. And she's happily married by the way. Or what passes for it with these guys.”

Pike cleared his throat. “Care to let me in on all the fun I missed? How about an introduction to that gentlemen over there? Or how the hell Vulcans of all people saved us and what Jim is doing dressed like a Risian prostitute?”

Spock held up a ta'al to Pike. “Greetings, Captain Pike. I am Spock, Commander of the VSS Nakarot, son and heir of Sa-te'kru Sarek current reigning monarch of Vulcan, and now bondmate to James T Kirk. At the behest of my mate, Jim, Vulcan has rescued your vessel and we are now en route to Earth to discuss an alliance between our two peoples. I would also like to state that Jim is wearing the traditional bridal garments of my clan, the most honorable House of Surak, he is not a slave girl nor a prostitute. He is my t'hy'la and my bondmate.”

Pike looked stunned and looked at Dr McCoy. “Doctor, I don't care if I'm not cleared for duty or not,
I want a full briefing now, in sickbay if I have to.”

Bones kept laughing, and laughing until he started having trouble breathing, and even then he kept laughing. To make matters worse, Captain Pike, the man Jim saw as a father, laughed so hard he opened up his wounds. Even in searing pain, the man didn't stop laughing. Scotty was on the floor. Even stone cold Uhura, with her sense of humor deadened by years of Jim's god awful puns and pick up lines, laughed her ass off. Spock at least wasn't laughing. Jim pinched the bridge of his nose, and for once appreciated the Vulcan's lack of humor. “Okay, guys. You can stop laughing now.”

Pike had called all of his senior staff to a meeting, at least the ones that weren't unconscious like Number One was. He had Jim give a full report from his landing on Vulcan to how he got the Vulcans to save Andoria from a Romulan invasion. There was video, and pictures provided by Spock of their parade, wedding feast, and the emergency voting session at High Command. Nothing was left out. Nothing.

Bones managed to speak between breaths. “So let me get this straight, Jim. When on a hostile alien planet and seeing an alien chained up, and seeing his fellow aliens clearly afraid of him, your first thought was that you wanted to see if your genitals were sexually compatible? And now because of some weird Vulcan biology, religious mumbo jumbo, and psychic voodoo, you are hitched for life in a political marriage that this peace treaty now hangs on. You. James T-is-for-Tomcat Kirk. Married for life.”

Pike shook his head. “Wow, kid. You are really in deep. I did warn you that one of these days Karma was going to bite you in the ass. Now for the sake of peaceful relations between the Federation and Vulcan, an alliance, I might add, we need to defend ourselves against the Romulans, you have to settle down, and be an honest man. Don't let me down, son.”

Bones had the biggest shit eating grin. “And you managed to convince the Vulcans, the most secretive and xenophobic race in the entire known galaxy to open trade relations with nothing more than a smile, your charming assets, and the box of avocados I gave you as a gag gift.”

Scotty was trying to hold his sides together. “Aye! And don't forget the part where you've been declared the holy virgin mother for the Vulcan baby Jesus!”

Bones doubled over in laughter. “My god! I'll have to change my nativity scene for Christmas! The baby will need pointy ears!”

Uhura who was recording this briefing for the admirals had added, “Virgin is really stretching it where Kirk is concerned.”
Bones snorted. “I'm more concerned where the second coming of little Vulcan baby Jesus will be coming from. It'll have to be a C-section, for our Holy Mother Jim.”

Spock replied somewhat coolly, “If my mate is pregnant, it will not be a 'virgin birth'. My paternity and the conception should be well established by now. The cultural importance to my people is that our child would be through me of an important bloodline; Surak the father of logic and all that made us who we are and saved us from extinction. Surak himself was born between a t'hy'la pair, as have many of our greatest minds. The parallels that can be drawn from our history make our bond and any children we conceive important to my people. Not to mention the child will be in direct line for the throne, and secure my much debated place as heir without question.”

Gears were starting to turn. Pike's smile faded a little as the political hot potato landed in his lap. “And to a people who have a low opinion of humans and mixing?”

Spock sighed, and through the bond Jim felt a brush of painful lonely memories. “Even with my father's status, I was not immune to being ostracized for my being a hybrid. It is my hope that through this alliance of our two worlds, attitudes will shift. Even now, many Vulcans are battling between their inherent curiosity and old prejudices.”

Pike nodded in understanding. “Humans are the same way. Right now, Vulcans are coming aboard this ship, and helping with repairs, interacting with the crew here. How the Enterprise treats our Vulcan hosts today could determine our future with them. I'm welcome to any all suggestions for a mixer, and with our situation mixing is what's going to happen. We need it to be a stable one and pray that it doesn't turn volatile.”

Jim quirked an eyebrow. “Well, Vulcans love avocados. That's what they'll be going to Earth to trade for. Spock? Maybe your mom, can help us? She was a xenolinguistics expert, and now the most experienced human on Vulcans. Perhaps we can have her be a liaison of some kind.”

“The word you are looking for is ambassador.” Uhura added. “And if Dr Grayson been living on Vulcan the past two decades and a half, I would like to speak to her. If she does work in my field than you can bet that she's kept up her work and has a Vulcan-Standard dictionary laying around.”

Spock nodded. “She has been working for years teaching Earth Standard to Vulcans. Our translators are all equipped with Standard, and I believe she can have Vulcan added to yours.”

Uhura smiled. “That would be wonderful.”

Pike sighed. “The Admirals are really going to shit themselves when we send this briefing out. Kirk, with me and Number One confined to sickbay, you'll be acting Captain and playing host to one of the most significant delegations in Federation history. Earth is at least a week away at maximum warp from our current position, but let's not burn out our new friend's engines hauling our asses. Good luck minding the store while I'm gone, Jim.”
As Pike predicted the Admirals pretty much shit themselves, he wasn't “whistling dixie” as Bones colloquially put it when he said that this would be big. In fact the Vulcans showing up at the Romulan Invasion of Andoria was probably the biggest interstellar conflict since the Battle of Cheron that ended the first Earth-Romulan War. While the Federation's main forces were busy with the Romulans on the border of the Neutral Zone, the main fleet of Warbirds were supposed to take Andoria to gain a permanent foothold in the Alpha quadrant while crippling a major Starfleet power.

The Romulan's invasion plan had fallen apart when the Vulcans entered the game. It was a wildcard that no one on either side could have predicted, like a lightning strike from out of the blue or Winona Kirk showing up heavily caffeinated and drunk at a Starfleet function. From what the Admirals were chattering about, Vulcans playing for their side would be the same monumental game changer as when the Americans entered the Second World War. A lot was riding on Jim's performance as a diplomat, and the Admirals were shitting themselves because at the center of this incident representing the Federation was James T Kirk.

Bones had said that they were like a bunch of chickens (cocks in this case) running around with their heads lopped off. The best part was, since Pike and Number One were in sickbay, that left Jim in charge, and it was Jim that the Admirals yelled at. Especially Komak, who never liked that Jim got off with a medal for cheating on a test. Or Admiral Marcus, whose daughter Jim briefly slept with but was too drunk to remember. The call Jim took in Pike's ready room by himself, and Spock leaning on the door outside like a lovelorn puppy.

The only Admiral who still kept their head, and didn't hate Jim's guts was Admiral Archer, who told Jim that there would be a promotion and medal waiting for him. “Lt Commander Kirk, it looks like Captain Pike was right about you. You followed your gut and took a leap. Now we have an opportunity like none before. If this goes right, we can give the Romulans a serious run for their money. If we're going to do this right, we need to know more about the Vulcans. The Federation is in a tizzy trying to put together a state dinner and a welcome tour of Earth. I've got reporters flooding my doorstep and we've got next to nothing to give them other than reports and an audio log.”

Jim winced. He had his fair share of reporters growing up. Being the son of a dead hero was hell, especially on his birthday. God knows what they'll do now, the Kelvin baby making first contact with the infamous natives of 40 Eridani. “Right now, Spock's ship, the VSS Nakarat, is towing us to Earth. His father, the king of Vulcan is on board, along with his wife, Dr Amanda Grayson. I take it you got my message about her?”

Archer nodded. “Yeah, her family was informed, and they're waiting, along with vultures from the various news networks. We still don't know who these Vulcans are or what they look like.”
Jim dreaded that, no use putting it off now that the computers were completely repaired. Their reports had been text and audio only due to malfunctions, so they waited in sending their video logs and sessions. “Yeah. That might be a bit of PR problem.”

Archer raised a brow. “Why? The Vulcans ugly or something? We the Federation embrace diversity, and don't care if they're stinking piles of green goo. Admiral Thalin is willing to hug the Vulcan commander that saved his home planet from the Romulans, and you know how a suspicious lot Andorians are.”

Jim pinched the bridge of his. May as well show and not tell. “No, it's just... Well keep in mind that Spock looks like a typical Vulcan despite having a human mother. Spock! Come on in and say hello!”

Spock eagerly loped in like a lovelorn puppy and sat next to Jim... very closely. Far more than what could be considered platonic. Jim saw Admiral Archer's jaw drop at the sight of Spock who held up the ta'al for him. “Greetings. I am Spock, son of Sarek, and bondmate of James T Kirk. You represent the Federation?”

Archer's eyes flicked over to Jim's. “Kirk, why does that Vulcan look like a Romulan?”

Jim explained the civil war and the Romulans who left Vulcan to keep their violent ways while Vulcan turned to logic and peace. At the end of it, Archer's lips were drawn into a thin line, and his eyes devoid of the warm humor before. “Funny, your reports didn't mention that part. So Romulans are an offshoot of Vulcans? A black sheep in the family that wandered far from the tree? This is going to be a PR nightmare. You know how this is going to go with people. There's going to be riots and claims of Romulan spies... and did he say bondmate? So that wasn't a joke? You two really are married?”

Jim winced. “Yeah... I'm kinda... Okay, I'm totally married to Spock. Vulcan's current heir to the throne. Sir. As you've gleaned from the last report we sent, it was my marriage and the dilemma of safely producing heirs that drove them from isolation. Not just a desire for avocados, but I would recommend gathering a ton of them for the Vulcan delegation that's coming and to ship out to Vulcan. I told King Sarek I'd get him a trade deal.”

Admiral Archer raised a brow. “Avocados. Really? That wasn't a joke either. Okay, if they want Guacamole, San Francisco has plenty growing south of it. Hell, if they'll agree to help our war efforts with a few ships, we can set up their embassy in an Avocado orchard. Hell, we can even take the king shopping for avocado orchards and let him take the pick of the litter if he wants!”

PR was going to be a real problem. With the revelation that Vulcans and Romulans are biological cousins, there will be backlash. Worse still was that many Vulcans did not differentiate between humans and the Augments that destroyed their culture. “There's also another problem. Nearly two hundred years ago, Vulcan was invaded by Augments left over from the Eugenics War. Their government and their culture was crippled. Worse the Vulcan's highest and most important house
took them in as guests and they murdered their Vulcan hosts in their sleep. Only one survived to continue the bloodline, and because of a Vulcan's naturally long lifespan, it's a tragedy that's still in living memory, so it is isn't ancient history to these people.”

Spock sighed. “My mother spent most of her time on Vulcan to be the prime example of her species. All my life she was known as The Human. It is only after the revelation of Jim being my 't'hy'la that my people are willing to trust humans enough to send our king, and myself, the current heir. If we get attacked my people may get spooked enough to not only remain in isolation but ally with the Romulans. I have heard whispers in certain circles of reunification with The Sundered Ones.”

For the first time ever, Jim heard Admiral Archer cursed. A slew of curse words he had only heard from the filthiest of smugglers. After the rant, something resembling a coherent order was given. “Acting Captain Kirk, your orders are as follows: make the crew of the Enterprise and the Vulcans happy. When those damned cocksucking reporters swarm down on the delegation, I want to see some goddamn handholding and people singing Kumbaya. I want the Enterprise to be the very representation of cooperation, friendship, and peace between worlds. Got it?”

Jim nodded. “Not so sure about Kumbaya, but with the way Lt Uhura and her circle of girlfriends have been eyeing some of Spock's guards, hand holding may be a good possibility.”

Spock blushed. “It would not be surprising for some of my male crew members to be seeking human females as mates. Many are not yet bonded, and there are a few who have had bonds severed are in need of a new mate. Since my father took my mother to wife, humans are regarded as being... very sensual and exotic curiosities compared to Vulcan women.”

In short, Earth girls are easy. Much like how human men regarded Orion women. Unfortunately, while many girls were willing to make the jump to green and double ridged, that left a lot of stilted red blooded male human suitors. Admiral Archer sighed. “Just keep everyone from killing each other. Got it?”

“Got it, sir.”

Admiral Archer cut the transmission, and Jim slumped. Did Pike do this all the time? Jesus, no wonder the guy went gray early. Spock who had never heard such colorful words spoken in Standard, asked, “Jim, was he speaking a different dialect of Standard? He had spoken words I had never before.”

Jim cleared his throat. “Those are just colorful metaphors... To enhance conversations.”

“Are 'Fucking cunt muffin' and 'Cum felching assholes' colorful metaphors as well?”

Jim paled. “Spock I'll do whatever you want tonight if you never say those words again.”
Spock pondered that for a moment. “What is cocksucking?”

Jim blushed and grinned. “You already know that one.”

Spock raised a brow. “I have?”

Jim’s grin widened and he brushed a single finger against the layers of fabric containing Spock’s cock. “The first time I touched you, after you carried me like a Vulcan Stone Age style to your family sex cave. That thing I did with my mouth?”

Spock turned a deep emerald. “Oh.”

Jim whispered into Spock’s ears, enjoying how responsive he was to a whisper and a caress of lips against the pointed tips. “Wanna go back to your quarters for another demonstration of my cocksucking skills?” Jim licked the tip of Spock’s ear, and grinned when the man jumped. “Or do you guys only get interested in sex once every seven years?”

Spock growled and sank his mouth onto Jim’s shoulder, not letting his teeth quite break skin. Jim was pulled flush against Spock’s lap, and he felt his answer. Spock’s eyes flashed with a fire. “I will not wait seven years to revel in the pleasures of your flesh, nor will I walk all the way to my ship when we are alone here.”

Jim moaned as Spock’s hot fingers snuck under his shirt and left trails of heat in their wake. “Well, when you put it like that, how can a guy say no?”

Jim sank down to his knees, and between Spock’s legs. Jim felt Spock’s desire wash over him like a tidal wave of lust through their bond. This Jim understood. Sex. Lust. Desire to merge into one flesh, a beast with two backs. He wasn’t sure about love yet, hell Jim was pretty sure he didn’t know what true love or even what healthy relationship looked like. He never saw it growing up, but Jim could understand lust, and the need for physical comfort just fine and he felt both for Spock.

Spock threw his head back and keened as Jim took him further into his mouth. It was electric. Jim could actually feel what he was doing to Spock. He felt his orgasm as if it was his own. Jim didn’t even need to touch himself to get off, the wetness in his briefs was all he needed to know. Spock looked so beautiful like this, relaxed, and so overcome by bliss. “T’nas’veh th’ly’la... Such pleasure you give me. Never has such a concept been known to me that mating could be like this.”

Jim sat up and sat in Spock’s lap. “What, don’t you Vulcans have oral sex?”

Spock shook his head. “No we don’t. It was only until my father’s marriage to my mother that such... an unusual concept was presented before Vulcans: mating for simply for pleasure alone. Not out of necessity nor for procreation. It is such a human concept, and it is so utterly fascinating.”
Jim never heard a sadder thing in his entire life. “You mean you guys don't do blow jobs? Okay, I know what else Earth can trade with Vulcan for besides Avocados: Blowjobs, and all the creative ways we have sex. Say, ever hear of Earth's many varieties of sexual meditation? Not sure if it's bogus or not, but I've always wanted to try.”

Spock straightened up with unrestrained excitement bubbling up. “You humans have combined mating with meditation?”

Jim had feeling Spock was going to love Earth, and so would other Vulcans. Jim wondered how open Spock would be to doing “research” on a human-Vulcan sex manual. For the purposes of science of course. From the way Spock's eyes lit up, he was more than willing. For the first time since Jim realized he was hitched for life to a near stranger and the lives of billons hung in the balance, he really felt at ease.

Chapter End Notes

Translations:
Toria'tal – Old pre reform Vulcan word for a challenge to the death
Lost in Translation (The Penis Dropping Monster)

Chapter Summary

In which Jim learns the Vulcan word for penis

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter Six:

Lost in Translation

(The Penis Dropping Monster)

With the Nakarat dragging the Enterprise's busted ass home, they were cruising at an easy warp factor five. Which meant three weeks with the two crews from two very different ships and cultures working, living, and eating together. Three weeks with no stopovers at any Starbase until they reach the one orbiting between Earth and Mars for a standard search and safety inspection. Number One was in and out of a coma and suffering from PTSD from her imprisonment and torture, and Pike would need months of physical therapy back on Earth to ever walk again. Jim was on his own in command for the rest of the trip, mostly because Pike was pumped so full of painkillers that he kept giggling at Jim and saying “There's. Something. On. The. Wing. Of. The. Plane!”

Jim relished the little things he had once taken for granted, like the comfort of a men's Starfleet uniform. His new Command gold uniform with a full Commander's strips, and the feeling of being able to sit again without flinching was pretty damn awesome. The Vulcan love slave bikini was stuffed in his closet in a locked box like Long John Silver's buried treasure. Jim would have gotten rid of it, but it was essentially his wedding dress, and he would have to suffer with a heartbroken Vulcan if he tossed it in the garbage. Why did Spock have to have those adorable puppy eyes?

Jim found himself sitting in the mess hall, with Spock sitting across from him. It had become a new routine for them. Because they were both captains of the two ships intimately locked together, they ate together, and usually alone together. People went out of their way to avoid them, and all chattering stopped when they entered a room. It was almost like being “Jim Quirk” all over again like in middle school, except he wasn't alone at the freak table. Spock was with him. The guy was eating a pizza with a knife and fork. Further reminder that, besides the pointed ears, the guy was definitely not human. But despite their differences, Jim could at least say that was not alone up here on the top of the ranks. “So, Spock, how's your garden pizza?”

Spock didn't look up from his PADD. “Adequate.”
Eating together was a quiet affair between the two of them. Jim wondered if this is what Vulcan marriages were usually like. “Spock, any trouble among your Vulcan crew with mine as of yet?”

“None that I am aware of.”

Jim looked around the mess and saw a mix of human, and Vulcan mingling. The Vulcans often came down here to try food from the Earth menu. Often with mixed results. Jim noticed that just like in middle school, the tables were sometimes split into different clicks. Uhura's circle of girlfriends seemed to rule the roost, and far in the distant corner were some of the all-brawn-no-brain gorillas in Security, like Cupcake and Finnegan, who beat their chests and ogled Uhura's table. They were both the two groups most likely to start trouble. The girls for the way some of them want to be a little too friendly with some of the Vulcan repairmen and security force, and Cupcake's crew for starting fights with their Vulcan rivals for the girls' attention.

What disturbed Jim was the fact that usually Cupcake and Finnegan had their own circles they ran in, and never together. It was like an unspoken agreement of territory between two packs of wolves. They each had their own shifts, and departments and rarely ran into each other. However a balance of power shifted. Cupcake and Finnegan, two men who have a history of having James T Kirk as a punching bag finding themselves forced to follow their old punching bag's orders. And in the mess, a new pack of far more dangerous predators showed up: bigger and sexier Vulcan lions. The women were intrigued and the men were shoved aside for a shiny new thing with pointed ears. There was bound to be some resentment, and jealousy.

Jim heard Yeomen Rand giggling with rest of the girls at her table. Uhura, Nurse Chapel, Gaila who was Uhura's sexy Orion roommate at the Academy, Lt M'Ress a Caitian Communications Officer that takes usually takes Uhura's Gamma shift, Lt Angela Martine in Engineering, and Yeoman Tamura. All of them were eying the lone Vulcan male trying different Earth fruits. He was one of Spock's guards and personal security, a V'tosh Ka'tur judging from the side armor and long hair pulled back. Jim couldn't blame the girls for looking. The long hair pulled back in a ponytail with an undercut and Vulcan tattoos on his neck made him look like the bad boy rolling into town on a sexy hoverbike. Jim leaned over to Spock. “Hey who's that guy, the one the ladies over there are drooling over?”

“Sub Commander Sonak. Head of my personal Security.”

Jim caught Sonak glancing once at the girl's table. “He one of those unbonded males you mentioned once before?”

Spock looked up with a flash of jealousy in his eyes, and Jim felt it buzz like a hornet through their bond. “Yes, currently widowed. I know nothing more. We do not further pry into another's personal life beyond the possibility of their status as being bonded or unbonded will interfere with their duties. Why do you ask about another male's marital status?”

Jim placed his hand on Spock's for a moment. “Calm down, I'm not checking him out or even in the market for anybody. We're pretty much married now, remember? But I think your Sub Commander is going to be on the market for the ladies over there. They're interested in whether or not there's a Mrs Sonak, but not sure how flirting works with Vulcans. Especially Yeoman Rand.”

Jim felt relief wash through Spock. “Ah. You ask for a fellow shipmate.”

Jim heard Yeoman Rand pretty clearly from where he was sitting and she was looking at Sonak's way. “You see that Vulcan over there, Nyota? He is so sexy! A lot of the Vulcans are, but that one is by far the sexiest looking one I've seen.”
“He is that, Janice. You calling dibs on that one?” Uhura replied.

Yeoman Rand bit her lip and twirled her hair as she drooled over Sonak like a hot piece of Vulcan meat. “Yup, I think I'm calling dibs on Mr Sexy Vulcan over there.”

Jim saw the guy's pointy ear twitch, and looked over his PADD. Jim wondered for a moment what the guy looked up before it was answered for him in a robotic voice. “Sexy (sexier, sexiest): teporilauk; Vi'le-esh-tor aitlun-tor katelau.”

A Vulcan-Standard dictionary. He was looking up the definition of sexy. Jim bit back a laugh into his food and looked at the show unfolding before him. This was priceless. Yeoman Rand's face was as red as her uniform. “Oh my god, he heard me!”

Sonak straightened up in his seat and looked straight at Yeoman Rand's direction. His eyes flashed with delight and a smile appeared on his lips as he studied the poor mortified woman with appraisal. Jim was pretty sure the guy was single and ready to mingle. With something like Pon Farr as part of their biology, the dating scene must take on a whole new deadly twist for the Vulcans. And most woman aboard this ship didn't know about that little detail. “Hey, Spock. I really think we oughta have a Vulcan-Human Relations Seminar sometime soon. Your men are looking at the women on this ship and vice versa. Might be a problem if they start dragging women like cave Vulcans to their quarters like you did when we met. I was cool with it, but not many like it rough.”

Spock saw the same scene as him but with a lot less humor. “That may be wise. Tell me, do humans deal with rivals for mates with Kal'i'fee, a passion fight?”

Jim shrugged. “Sometimes when two guys fight over a girl there's some violence. Rarely does it get serious, but once in awhile you do hear of a guy murdering a rival for a girl. When that happens the 'victor' gets carted off to a penal colony for life, and no one wins the girl. Everyone loses.”

“That is not so in Vulcan society. When two males both wish to mate with a female, a female may choose one as a mate and reject the other, but a male can choose to challenge his rival in Kal'i'fee. Rarely does a male risk death for a female that rejected him, but it occurs. The one that lives she becomes the property of.”

Jim dropped his pizza. Spock had told him of T'pring and the guy Stonn that she wanted. He heard that Spock fought Stonn to the death, but to hear that fights to the death were considered normal to Vulcans was chilling. “Uh Spock, why do you bring this up?”

Spock shifted his gaze in Cupcake and Finnegan's table who glared at Sonak with naked hatred. He saw them shift in their seats and about to rise. Jim's innate and finely-tuned Kirk-Asskicking Senses tingled. Jim cursed softly. “Better break up a fight before it begins. Go with me on this one Spock.”

Spock raised a brow. Curious to see where his mate was going with this, he follow Jim as he got out of his seat. Jim went between Sonak's table and the girl's table, he put on his best I'm-The-Captain look. “Yeoman Rand! Got a project for you to work on. You are in Communications, right?”

Yeoman Rand went from mortified to something between grateful and curious. “I am. What do you need?”

Jim looked at Sonak. “Actually, I will need to borrow Sub Commander Sonak here as well. I think these two can work on this. That alright Spock?”

Spock cocked his head in curiosity. “Do you refer to the Vulcan-Human Relations Seminar you have spoken of?”
Jim grinned at the look Sonak and Yeoman Rand shared for a moment. “Yeah. Relations of the sexual kind. Humans and Vulcans have different mating and courtship rituals, and I need a memo sent out to both crews of the Nakarat and the Enterprise detailing this. The last thing we want is for relations between Earth and Vulcan to fall apart before Sarek can negotiate for one because of a misunderstanding in the bedroom.”

Spock nodded. “That is wise. Sub Commander, our crew, in particular the unbonded male crew, will need know information on how human courtship works. For example they do not have Kal’i'fee, and similar challenges are illegal and are punishable with life imprisonment. It would be prudent for a Vulcan to know this if he or she wishes to pursue a human mate and avoid causing our trade negotiations with Earth to fail. Not to mention certain... anatomical differences when copulating.”

The room listened with rapt attention. A Vulcan-Human sex manual. Yeoman Rand and Sonak looked at each other and both faces colored. One red, the other green. Jim clapped his hands together. “I will be sending reports on my own personal experiences to get you started. Alright, get on it.”

Spock leveled his eyes at Sonak, making it known that it was an order not a request. “Sub Commander. Go and seek out my mother. Tell her of this project, and my request for information to send out to both crews. Take Miss Rand with you and work with her on this task.”

Sonak nodded. “I come to serve, S’haile Spock.”

“Your service honors us, Sonak.” Spock replied.

Sonak turned to Yeomen Rand. “Shall I escort you now?”

The woman straightened her dress and smiled. “Sure! Escort away.”

Yeoman Rand mouthed “Thank you” to Jim as she followed Sonak out the mess and toward the docking bay that connected their ships together. Jim didn't miss the murderous looks on Cupcake and Finnegan directed at him. It didn't take a genius to know what they thought of him practically gift wrapping a human woman to a Vulcan man who was clearly hotter than them. Uhura, Chapel, Gaila and the other two girls all seemed to approved of Jim playing wingman for one of their own. Uhura surprised Jim with a real not-bitchy smile, and a nod of approval. “See you on the bridge, Captain Kirk.”

Jim nodded back. “You too, Lieutenant Uhura.”

Jim sat down in the captain's chair, once again relishing the feeling of sitting down without wincing. Bones had said that it was sheer dumb luck that Jim happened to have been given an ass of steel that it could take the pounding it did from Spock's Pon Farr. Jim watched Bones turn hobgoblin-green when he replied, “that and the natural lubricant Spock's cock makes! It makes the double ridges go in real smooth!” Bones swore at him, and the nurses jotted down the information with excitement. No doubt Spock's poor male crew members were about to surge with popularity.

It was day five in the long voyage back to Earth, and in the Captain's chair for Jim. Even though they were being towed, they still needed to monitor systems and communications. Which meant the bridge had been turned into a glorified living room. Since the ship had no warp capabilities, Sulu most of the time sat back with a bag of popcorn and watched the newsfeeds that streamed in. At this
point Jim treated the situation as if they on shore leave and docked to a Starbase.

Jim still had some big shoes to fill as acting captain, and he did it all the while Spock never strayed more than five feet from Jim. Spock was like a shadow, constant and silent behind Jim's every step. The bridge crew all looked nervously at Spock, it was obvious that the resemblance Vulcans had with Romulans was unnerving to them. Jim had heard whispers among the crew noting the similarities.

They had just encountered Vulcans for the first time and now they were suddenly working alongside them day and night. It was a reminder of what happened at Andoria; invaded by Romulans, asses kicked and saved in the nick of time by the mysterious inhabitants of Eridani 40: aka the Bermuda Sector. It was a shock that everyone is still reeling from that Romulans and Vulcans share a common ancestry. Jim prayed that problems would be minimal, but he wouldn't bet on it.

Jim had sent off the latest report to Command. They wanted daily reports now, and they had been getting hounded by networks and delegates from all over the Federation. Footage from the Battle of Andoria, as they were calling it, streamed across the Alpha and Beta Quadrants, and all people could talk about was the sudden and unexpected appearance of the Vulcans coming to their rescue. Reports of the Enterprise crew making First Contact with the mysterious Vulcans, and was heading to Earth with a Vulcan delegation had been released by Starfleet. As Jim predicted, the reporters circled HQ in San Fransisco when it was discovered that James T Kirk, the Kelvin baby, was the one that successfully opened diplomatic ties with the secretive Vulcans with a marriage to their crown prince and a box of avocados.

Newsfeeds across the sector exploded, and even here on their busted ship it was effecting them. All of them were speculating on when they would be signing a treaty with Vulcan and when their second war with the Romulans would be over with this new powerful ally. Jim noticed that images of any kind of Vulcans themselves were not being released. Jim knew that the heads of Starfleet were trying to hold off on that awful reveal as long as possible.

As of 0800 hours this morning all the excitement and craze over the meeting with the Vulcans was doused in cold water. Someone released a photo of Jim in Spock's lap wearing that fucking love slave bikini. Starfleet went and had the whole conversation released. Already Jim saw headlines of “The Kelvin Baby: A Brainwashed Sex Slave!”, “A New Romulan Tactic! Are They Really Vulcans Or Romulans In Disguise?”, and the winner of the worst being an article written by some asshole named Harry Mudd: “Vulcans: Little Green Men That Want Our Women!”

Sulu shook his head. “This is ridiculous. Why would Romulans blow up their own fleet?”

Jim sighed with relief. “Thank you Sulu, at least you've got more brains than that asshole. God, these reporters are like dung beetles going to one pile of bullshit to the next!”

Sulu glanced at Spock and back at Jim. “So that article on Vulcans wanting to steal the women... Just the women?”

Chekov was puzzled. “Steal our women? But clearly in photo Jim is not man. His lovely princess outfit hides nothing there.”

Jim snorted. “My main problem with that pile of trash is the 'little' part. There is nothing little about Spock here.”

Spock raised an eyebrow. “Is this one of those sexual innuendos?”

“Yeah, Spock. They're insulting the size of a Vulcan penis.” Jim looked down at Spock's crotch.
“Are you by any chance considered average for a Vulcan male?”

Spock flushed green and bristled a little. “That is a most inappropriate question to ask me in public, Jim. We Vulcans are a very private people. Questions about Vulcan anatomy should be directed at our computers.”

In other words, “go look it up yourself you weird human.” Jim shut up, but knew when he got off his shift he’d be doing a search on the Nakarat with a translator. From the looks on the bridge, there would be more than one person. “Alright. Changing the subject, has your mother uploaded the Vulcan language to our computers?”

Uhura glad for the change in subject, replied. “Dr Grayson has. I worked with her this morning adding it to our computers. She is quite brilliant in her understanding of the syntax, and morphology of such a complex language like Vulcan, and many more.”

Jim thought about Amanda. It sank like Scotty’s rock hard biscuits in his stomach. In the messages to Starfleet, he mentioned that Dr Amanda Grayson, the only survivor of the USS Amelia Earhart was alive and well and coming home. She had been gone for twenty-seven years, was there anyone in her family left? Was there anyone to welcome her home? What about Spock? Jim saw Spock staring at him. He couldn’t feel anything coming from him, he was hard to read at the moment. Jim wondered what Spock would think of Earth, of meeting a whole other side of his family that he never met before. “So, Spock... Excited to see Earth?”

“Indeed.”

“Your mother might have some family waiting. Has she ever mentioned them?”

Spock shrugged. “She seldom speaks of them. I inquired once when I was approximately eight years old, she began weeping, and I never asked again. It was only when reading Terran books to me does she mention how her mother read to her when she was a child.”

Jim perked up, a subject they had in common. “Oh? What kind of books? Any favorites?”

Spock pondered for a moment. “Alice in Wonderland was her favorite. I had some fondness for the works of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, particularly the various adventures of Sherlock Holmes. Mother had once mentioned her family was descended from the author. Father has once commended the fictional character’s use of logic and control of his emotions.”

Jim smirked. “I’ve noticed some Vulcans seem to be all about no emotions and all logic. I can see why a guy like Sherlock Holmes would get along with them. I’ve read all those books, and I’ve even got some paper copies at home if like to borrow them.”

Spock smiled, and then suppressed it. “I would be most gratified.”

Jim felt something flicker between them. Warm and fleeting like a bird, but softer. It passed quickly and Jim was reminded of the immense responsibilities he had in the form of a Vulcan barging onto the bridge. He began speaking to Spock in urgent whispers. Jim raised a brow. “Problem, Spock?”

Spock looked even more confused. “My warp engineer, Turim, says that your Chief Engineer is clinically insane.”

Jim laughed at that, the bridge who knew Scotty quite well did too. “Yeah, Scotty’s mad as a hatter, but he’s the best at what he does. What he do this time? Offer them haggis?”

Turim shook his head. “Negative. First he...” The Vulcan grimaces. “He attempted to clasp
Jim giggled. “That’s called a handshake. It’s how we humans say hello to each other.”

Turim looked positively scandalized. “So what the T’sai Amanda said was true? Your species is so...
tactile.”

Uhura innocently asked. “What does clasping hands among your people mean?”

Turim had a hint of green around his ears. “It is not something one does in public, and it is only acceptable to do with one’s bondmate.”

Jim winked at her. “It’s the Vulcan equivalent of french kissing. I think I included that in my report.
Seriously, Yeoman Rand and Sub Commander Sonak will be putting all of my notes together in an easy to read ship wide memo for the crew. So Mr. Turim, besides trying to become intimate with your hand, what else did Mr Scott do?”

Turim looked a little uneasy, if Jim was reading the Vulcan right. “He keeps a kind of torture machine in engineering that apparently drops...”

Jim noticed the Vulcan swallow visibly. He was one of those Surakian Vulcans that kept their emotions bottled up, judging from those weirdly adorkable bowl cuts they all favored. To see him visibly nervous was saying something. “What was that? I didn't catch that last part.”

Turim cleared his throat and said with as much dignity as he could muster said, “A machine that drops penises.”

Jim blinked, and then laughed. “Oh my god! Seriously?! Okay, there has to be some kind of translation error.” Jim pressed the button for engineering. “Kirk to Scott. What the hell happened down there? I've got a terrified Vulcan engineer that says you have a...” Jim lost the fight to keep his face straight. “A machine that drops penises? Do we need to be worried about engineering being filled with severed and or crushed dicks?”

“What?! What are you havering on about?! I was just showing those pointy-eared lads the Enterprise’s ample nacelles. I have names for them both you know. The left one is the Bonnie Lass Mary Palm, and the right one's the Loch Ness Monster, that's the one that's always giving me problems, mind you. Then all of a sudden one of the plates falls off and all of the Vulcans run oot of engineering. They just dropped everything and bolted oot like the hounds of hell were nipping at their heels.”

Turim stiffened. “He admits it! He calls one of the warp nacelles a lok nes monster! Logically speaking, why else would one call it if it has not earned such a name? Given the state of the entire engineering department it does not surprise me that there have been horrific accidents. It makes me wonder how many men have lost their reproductive organs to such haphazard working conditions.”

Jim heard Scotty devolve into obscure Scottish cursing. It was pretty bad when the man went full Gaelic. He looked at the Vulcan, clearly certain that the warp cores were going to bite him in his green, double ridged dangly bits. “I think something was lost in translation. Hey Uhura, since you're the Communications Officer, can you tell our Vulcan friends what Loch Ness translates to?”

Uhura nodded. “Of course, Loch Ness is the name of a lake in Scotland, an area of Earth. Loch is an old Gaelic word for lake, and Ness is a family name. The Loch Ness Monster is a creature that supposedly lives in the lake and has become a legend, despite no scientific evidence of its existence. No where in the legend does it involve penises.”
Jim had to give Uhura kudos for saying the word 'penis' with a straight face. Scotty interjected over the comm, “Oy! Me granddad swears up and down that he saw her. Besides, Loch Ness has some really lovely fishing there. I've got a cousin that lives oot in Drumnadrochit with a boat that we can borrow and do fishing with some drinks and-”

Jim interrupted him, the guy had a tendency to talk for hours once you get him on a tangent. “Thanks Scotty, we'll get back to you later on that fishing trip!”

Spock raised a brow, seeming to be amused by all this. “I believe I realize the source of my engineer's confusion. You see in Vulcan, Loch Ness is audibly similar to the words for 'penis' and 'dropping'. Needless to say, a machine called a 'penis dropping' monster disturbed him and quite logically brought up images of falling heavy machinery on sensitive organs.”

“Ouch. So that's why those pointy eared lads ran out clutching their crotches. I'd be running too if someone wanted me work on a machine called that. Well tell that Vulcan lad that I promise that Ol' Nessie won't be biting his knob... That's our word for ah... Lok you say?”

Turim looked almost sheepish. “I will report back to repairs, S'haile Spock. Forgive my error.”

“We shall speak no more of it.” Spock replied.

Jim saw the poor man's ears turn a little green and walked back to engineering with his tail tucked between his legs. He couldn't help but bust out laughing. It was one of the funniest goddamned things he's heard in awhile. “Wow! Talk about lost in translation! I've heard some translation error stories, but this one is legendary!”

He laughed harder when he heard Chekov ask Sulu, “We are calling Meester Scott the master of the penis dropping monster, yes?”

Sulu grinned. “Oh yeah.”

Jim smirked. “And maybe for shore leave, Scotty can show us all the beautiful penises in Scotland.”

The bridge erupted into laughter, and Uhura eye rolling at them. Jim noticed that for the most part Spock was rather stoic, but his eyes were very expressive. Jim felt a twinge of amusement leaking through Spock's side of the bond, and Jim saw humor sparkle in his eyes. “Jim, Vulcan also has beautiful lakes to see. Lake Falor in the province of Raal for example is known for its green color and the two ridges surrounding it.”

Jim stared in shock for a moment as his mind tried to process the fact that Spock made a dick joke. He did. Jim could tell by looking into the man's eyes. While his face was placid, his eyes were lit up with mischief. A smile blossomed on Jim's face. His Vulcan boyfriend told a joke, and not just any joke, but *dick joke*. “I bet it is, Spock. It sounds just like the sort of thing I would love, but you know that already, don't you?”


Jim glowed with pride at his boyfriend. “Yes, Spock, yes you did.”

Just like that the tension that was there before on the bridge was lifted. Jim hoped that the rest of the ship was getting along just as well as they were with their new Vulcan friends. It was going to be a long week piggybacking to Earth.
Spock found himself in the early hours alone in the halls of either the Nakarat or the Enterprise. Mostly because his t'hy'la, like his human mother, needed twice as much sleep as a Vulcan. Sharing a bed had been a delight for him who had never shared one before, but had some unpleasant discoveries like his mate's habit of drooling on his pillow, and kicking Spock while sleeping. However the feeling of having his bondmate pressed fully against his body made it more than worth some discomfort. Not to mention the full physical contact, and their sleeping minds, lowered the mental barriers that Spock kept up during the waking hours.

It was exhausting work respecting Jim's need for privacy, but Spock did his best. Until he discovered the nightmares Jim had of Tarsus and his abusive childhood. So on their third night sharing a bed, Spock decided that Jim's health was more important than his need for privacy, and melded with Jim when he fell deep asleep. Jim was his t'hy'la, and therefore their katras were joined as one, divided between two bodies, two minds, and only complete as one. Spock eased the pain of Jim's scarred past, but did not erase it. He would not be Sybok. Spock merely put a cage around it, so it did not overwhelm Jim. Was it wrong of Spock to also frolic a little in the oasis of Jim's dynamic mind while he was there? Perhaps, but Spock could not stop, not after keeping himself from Jim in the waking hours.

After eight days of being bonded to Jim, Spock added new habits to his morning routine. At 0300 hours in the morning he carefully untangles his body and mind from Jim to meditate for precisely two hours. Usually he meditates in his quarters but the incense from his firepot disturbs his mate's sleep, so that has become unacceptable. Now he makes use of a meditation chamber or joins his father, since both of their human mates can't stand the smell of their incense. Lastly he takes his first meal alone and does his work, and when the time comes for his mate to awaken he returns to their chambers to watch Jim open his stunning Volkaya colored eyes. Spock finds the view more breathtaking than Vulcan's sunrise over Mt Seleya.

This morning Spock deviated from his morning routine to take his first meal in the Enterprise's sustenance hall because their replimat had been programmed with several Vulcan dishes and several pleasing Avocado based dishes. Today in addition to his usual plomeek soup and Vulcan spiced tea, he has one avocado on his toasted kreyla bread. A truly delightful twist to his first meal.

Spock does not forget why he does not enjoy eating here because the astounding amount of noise the humans make does not let him. Spock does not know whether it is ignorance or apathy that the humans speak as if he were deaf. Spock remembers that human hearing was not as acute as a Vulcan's. He heard a group of humans that he had caught glimpses from his mate's mind. He did not mean to pry, but they brought up feelings of danger from Jim, so his mate's desire for privacy had to be ignored for his safety. Finnegan and Cupcake were their names and they were speaking with a man named Stiles.

Spock's fingers clenched on his tray of food, causing dents. The first two men had physically harmed his t'hy'la in the past. His instincts as a warrior demanded that he snap their necks and end the threat to his mate's safety. Spock had to reign that in tightly. They were punished for those crimes in the past. Unless they intended harm presently, then Spock was not permitted to kill them. Logic dictates this. It is illogical to kill when it was not absolutely necessary. Spock kept 'an ear out' as the humans say. They did not think that Spock could hear them from his corner.

The one known as Stiles growled in a distinctively aggressive tone, “I'm telling you guys, there's something off about these Vulcans.”

The one known as Cupcake rolled his eyes. “Well duh. They're basically Romulans wearing
different clothes.”

The man called Finnegan agreed. “They're obviously biologically the same. They look exactly alike for Christ's sake! And people are letting their guard down. I'm telling you, we are rolling out the welcome mat for a species that could be just as savage and dangerous as their cousins. I mean you wouldn't be so easy around the infamous murderer Colonial Phillip Green's brother, right? Apple doesn't fall far from the tree.”

Stiles nodded. “Worst still, Kirk is pretty much bending over and handing his ass to them, and he's in charge? Don't get me wrong, the guy's always been a good officer, but what really happened down there on Vulcan? How do we know that he hasn't been brainwashed? Kirk goes down a ladies man and comes back with a boyfriend? I don't buy it.”

Spock's teeth clenched and it took all his self control when the group was joined by another man. This one Spock also recognized from his mate's mind. A man name Gary Mitchell, and they had shared a room and their bodies. The thought of a rival, even one that rejected Jim, made Spock's warrior blood thrum with the pulsing song of Kal'i'fee. Spock's mind thought of the different ways he could kill that human. The man's voice was most unpleasant. “Hey, you guys talking about Kirk?”

The other three looked suspiciously. “Nothing bad.”

Mitchell grinned like a le-matya. “I knew the guy back at the academy. A real nerd. A book with legs. We also messed around, and boy could that guy suck dick.”

Eyebrows shot up in astonishment. Finnegan's whisper was more of a shout. “James Kirk plays both sides?! Huh, just when you thought you knew a guy.”

Mitchell took a seat with them, and his le-matya grin disappeared. “Yeah, but Jim never once bent over for me the short three months we roomed together. I don't bottom either, but that's not the point.”

Cupcake smirked. “What is? You jealous of that dumb hick? You pissed that he dumped you or something?”

Mitchell turned red and snarled, “Hey, I dumped him because he wouldn't put out!”

Finnegan mused, “I heard the rumors and I saw him hobbling down to sickbay. He let himself be buggered for a Vulcan he barely knew, but not one of his fellow humans?”

Mitchell was very displeased. “I know I dumped him, but seriously, what's that Spork guy that I don't? What makes that green-blooded freak so special that Kirk spread his legs for him and not me?”

Spock held his head up a little higher in pride. His t'hy'la rejected this human male's attempts to mate with him. Jim knew that this human male was inferior to the t'hy'la that awaited him on Vulcan. Spock knew that while others had touched Jim, none had truly claimed him in the way that Spock had. It was unusual to be the source of envy, but not an unpleasant discovery. Spock had claim to something, that others desired, but could not have. Jim belonged to Spock now, and his rivals are bemoaning this fact that they lost Jim to another male. Spock's more primitive side was delighted by this fact.

Spock's ears twitched. Listening for more in case this jilted rival attempted to steal his mate. Stiles clenched his fists. “Kirk is not the only one spreading his legs for these Romulan offshoots. Have you noticed how many good, decent girls are going for these Vulcans? An Andorian or an Orion slave girl, I could understand, but a species that may as well be a fucking Romulan by another
The other men seemed to agree. Finnegan most of all. “You hear about Janice Rand snogging one o’ them? Well, she ain’t the only one. Angela Martine down in engineering has been doing a little more than talking with a Vulcan engineer. Two rim jobs is what his name sounded like. Anyways, I saw them holding hands, and she was making feck-me eyes at him. I heard that she's asked him out on a date, and he agreed. Her girlfriends wouldn't stop gossiping about it.”

Turim was courting a human female? Spock silently filed away this piece of information in his mind. He had not known that he was in need of a mate. Spock saw Stiles shudder visibly. These humans wore their emotions so freely. Clearly a prospective mate for one of the aforementioned females. “She was Robert Tomlinson's fiance. He died in a Romulan attack two years ago! What the hell is she doing dating someone who could be a damn spy?! I'm gonna kill him! Robert was my friend!”

Finnegan patted the guy on the shoulder. “Oi! Calm down. We can’t kill them. As much as I hate to admit it, the Admirals are right, we need these Vulcans on our side kicking some Romulan arse. They’ve got the weapons and tech we need to do it. I agree wit ya, allying with them is one thing but marrying is something else. Look, I’ve got an idea. Let Martine’s father deal with this guy, if or when she takes him home. There's no way he'd let his daughter date a Romulan's weird twin brother. Stop by my quarters later, I've got a way to deal with this that doesn't involve getting into a fight with Vulcans, and without getting court-marshaled.”

Cupcake rolled his eyes. “This another one of your harmless pranks, Finnegan?”

Finnegan's grin was like a kirinti spotting an easy meal. “Yup! One of those shipments of medical supplies that was supposed to go to Altair VI fell off the truck. It won’t hurt anyone, but the results will get quite a chuckle, and get someone up a duff, if you know what I mean.”

Spock heard enough. He would speak with Jim of these four humans. Clearly they were distasteful, and while they were not planning any murders, it was obvious they were planning something that will be of inconvenience to someone. Spock would not be like Nirak who didn't tell anyone of the supposed “dust storm” he saw on the horizon. Spock went to go watch his mate wake up, and suggest that someone search Mr Finnegan's quarters for misplaced medical items.

Chapter End Notes

Translations:
Teporilausk; Vi’le-esh-tor aitlun-tor katelau – Exciting; Inspiring desire to mate
Lok – penis
Nes – to drop, dropping
Nirak – Fool, named after a guy who thought an approaching army was a dust storm and didn’t tell anyone and got his people slaughtered while they slept. His name now means fool.
Hot Chocolate

Chapter Summary

Jim has a baby shower and the Vulcans discover chocolate.

Chapter Notes

I never expected for this little fic to be so popular or for there to be so much positive feedback. I made this chapter extra long as thanks for all the kudos and wonderful comments. You guys are awesome!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Seven:

Hot Chocolate

Memo To All Enterprise Personnel

Subject: Vulcan Mating Practices

From the research conducted by Lt Commander James T Kirk and Dr Amanda Grayson

Edited by Sub Commander Sonak and Yeoman Janice Rand

“Stardate... Whatever. This is to be review number thirteen in Jim Kirk's guide to loving the universe... and possibly my last. This week shall be: Vulcans! In previous reviews I said that Orions to be the greatest lovers. I retract that statement. Vulcans at first glance are a contemplative race that pursues logic above the stimulating experiences yours truly chases. Underneath that veneer of cold logic is the Vulcan heart; a burning hot thing pulsing with a deep intense passion that could overwhelm you if not careful...

“Yes folks, let not the boring textbook cover fool you, Vulcans are not emotionless computers, not even the Surakian ones. They are volcanos of fire and passion just bubbling underneath the snow capped surface. They all have an inherent touch telepathy and an instinctive loyalty to one mate, all of it developed and finely honed after eons evolving in a vast hostile world with few resources... If you are lucky a Vulcan will be a strong, intelligent life-long partner that is loyal beyond compare...
and woe to any unlucky bastard that a Vulcan sees as a rival for his coveted mate. Seriously, these guys are around three times stronger than humans... which can be another plus if you're dating one.

“Despite their intense emotions they try to keep caged, and their overly possessive natures when it comes to their mate, they are the best lovers I’ve ever had. Their strength makes wall sex a hernia free activity, their well... the word of the day is 'Lok' kids. The Vulcan male's lok is self-lubricating which is money saver, and the double ridges hit any sweet spot with merciless pleasure. My god their stamina! No refractory periods means they can go all night. Their telepathy gives them the serious advantage here. Two words: Telepathic Orgasms. There will be no faking it here... and they will know just what you want. In my final review I am happy to say I've saved the best for last. I give the Vulcan an eleven out of ten on my sexology scale. From this moment on, I'm going green!”

-Lt Commander James T Kirk, Excerpt from his report of his encounter on Vulcan

“In my twenty seven years marriage to a Vulcan, I'd say that, yes, I am a bit of an expert on Vulcan behavior. I truly love my husband, and honestly I couldn’t ask for a better mate. Sarek has made being the only human on hostile xenophobic planet not only bearable, but enjoyable. To compare, I think Vulcans are a bit like cats... Oh hush, husband! You are a cat! You have pointy ears, you are often aloof and arrogant toward others, you are possessive over everything you perceive as yours, you hate water, and you purr! I've heard you purr when I massage that spot behind your ears just right, dearest husband.

“Oh where was I? Oh yes, an important thing to consider about Vulcans when attempting to court one is that mating cycle that occurs every seven years in an adult male... Sarek stop blushing! Sub Commander Sonak isn't blushing, well he is but that's because for the past ten minutes Miss Rand has been 'accidentally' brushing her fingers against his, Vulcan fingers are quite sensitive you know...

“As I was saying, Pon Farr is a basic biological function and to have perspective human mates of unbonded males remain in ignorance is both illogical and irresponsible... Yes, Sarek, I'm glad you finally see my logic. Pon Farr occurs when a male reaches maturity, and every seven years after like clockwork until they become too old to procreate... Usually around one hundred and forty from what I understand. It is a source of shame for Vulcans because it rips away their logic and higher reasoning, reducing them to the animalistic passions they strive to keep caged, especially the ones that follow the path of Surak. It is during this time they are most vulnerable, with simple animal-like needs and wants, yes in that state they possess an innocence that man once possessed in the Garden of Eden. Because of their inner fires of passion burning and begging for a mate, the consequences of not satisfying this most basic of needs can be deadly.”

-Lady Amanda Grayson, she who is wife to the honorable Sa-te'kru Sarek of Vulcan

“Human females, though often illogical and emotional, are far easier to please than a Vulcan female. They do not require a male to fight another male in Kali'fee or win a sehlat race across the deadly Fire Plains to prove them a worthy mate. Apparently a simple gift of flora and the recitation of ancient poetry is enough. They are even more receptive to engaging in tactile displays of affection such as ozh'esta or ear massages. More research is needed.”

-Sub Commander Sohot, Head of the Nakarat's Security
Jim pinched the bridge of his nose. He knew he would have to deal with some bigotry, but looking at
the conversation Spock neatly typed out from memory was cause for alarm. Hendroff-aka-Cupcake,
and Finnegan he knew were going to be some trouble, but to throw in his ex-roommate-sorta-
boyfriend Gary Mitchell was cause to raise the red alarm in his head. Lt Stiles being involved was
truly unexpected, the guy always seemed decent enough. Came from a good family, most of whom
were Starfleet, so one would think there wouldn't be any xenophobic bullshit from him.

Jim stood outside of Finnegan's quarters with Spock standing protectively beside him and a few
female security officers Jim trusted searching for some "misplaced" medical supplies. Jim glared at
Finnegan, one asshole in a line of them in his life. “Finnegan. What the hell were you planning?
Seriously, we're supposed to play nice with the Vulcans, higher ups said so.”

Finnegan smiled like an angel, if it had its halo held up by horns. “Jimmy me boy, I don't know
what's goin' on. If there's something you need, you only need to ask.”

Jim gritted his teeth. He hated this guy, made his life at the academy hell, from buckets on doorways
to filling his bed with mashed potatoes. Even on the Enterprise the guy liked to sabotage his lab
experiments, and claimed them to be "accidents". The guy was a menace. “I know you Finnegan,
and Spock heard your entire conversation this morning.”

Finnegan's smile fell a little. “Conversation? Just some harmless gab between some friends. I don't
even remember most of it.”

Spock coldly stated, “Since your human brain cannot retain information as effectively as a Vulcan's I
will remind you. You spoke of a plot to do something to a Miss Angela Martine to get 'someone up a
duff' and it involved with medical supplies dropped from a vehicle. I have the entire conversation
typed out for your reading leisure.”

Finnegan opened his mouth to say something, but closed it when he read his entire morning typed
out with the cold accuracy of a computer. Jim smiled. “This conversation was brought to my
attention at the buttcrack of dawn. You and your friends not only failed to keep your bigotry in the
privacy of your quarters, but your talk got damn near mutinous. Need I remind you that this is a
Priority One diplomatic mission, carrying a Vulcan delegation, not Romulans.”

Finnegan shook his head. “I didn't really mean any of it! I was just blowing off some steam! Honest!
Come on, Jimmy boy!”

“That's acting Captain Kirk to you. It would give me no small amount of pleasure to have you
confined to the brig for the remainder of the trip.”

Finnegan was outraged. “You can't do this to me! You have no proof other than what someone
overheard!”

Jim looked at one of the security officers, and she shook her head. “Haven't found anything,
Captain.”
Jim sighed. “For your mouthing off your duties are restricted to grueling low priority clean-ups, and this incident will go on record. Furthermore, since you don't like our new Vulcan friends, you are forbidden from setting foot on the Nakarat. In addition Lt Martine has requested a restraining order against you and your three new friends, which I am happy to give. This is a starship, not the schoolyard where your pranks were barely tolerated if at all.”

Jim turned around and left his bully simmering with rage. He didn't see the guy smirk, but Spock did. The conversation with Hendroff, Stiles and Mitchell was about the same, and their punishments similar. Jim hated the way Mitchell leered at him. The asshole had the balls to tell Jim, “If you get tired of that Vulcan, I'd be happy to let you come back.”

After that little comment a large possessive Vulcan in the form of Spock got Mitchell to back fearfully in a corner. Spock made it very clear that in Vulcan culture it is customary to kill any rivals for his mate and informed Mitchell, “Vulcans are three times stronger than the average human. Tell me, are you considered average?”

Jim looked pointedly at Mitchell's crotch before saying, “From what I remember, Gary there is a little below average. Welp, I'll be putting sexual harassment on his service record in addition to misconduct on a Priority One diplomatic mission. Come on, Spock, let Lt Mitchell think about what he's done and how much he screwed up his possibility of a promotion in the future.”

The look of fear and impotent anger on Gary Mitchell's face had made it worth it. He knew that Mitchell was the type to hold a grudge. Jim would have to keep an eye on him and when Pike was better, to get Mitchell transferred off the ship as soon as possible. Mitchell and his new friends, too. No doubt they will cause trouble later. Jim sighed, as he went down to inform Lt Martine of the situation. She had every right to know.

When they went down to engineering where Angela Martine was working on repairs with some Vulcans. She looked relieved that Finnegan was finally being knocked down a peg. She put both hands on her hips. “Honestly, I don't know how Finnegan managed not to get kicked out as a cadet, much less make it to Starfleet's flagship. How did that asshole squeak past the psyche evaluations?”

Jim snorted. “Probably that uncle of his, Rear-Admiral Finnegan, well no amount of pull from his family is going to save him this time. I wouldn't be surprised if his uncle decided to break out one of those early 20th century paddle boards they used in schools.”

Angela laughed. “Mitchell is just as bad. You'd think their type of machoism would have died out last century, but no. Thanks for dealing with those assholes, Kirk, but what am I going to do? I know I've got a restraining order, but this can be a small ship. What if they corner me?”

Spock thought on that and came up with a solution. “You can stay aboard the Nakarat. They are forbidden from entering it, and a security team is posted at the docking clamps at all times to monitor all that come and go between the ships. I believe I may be able to find room for you.”

One of the Vulcan repair crew stepped forward. Turim the warp engineer. “S'haile Spock, I volunteer my quarters.”

Spock nodded. “Very well, Turim. I shall make note of it and inform the docking security of Lt Martine's new lodgings.”

Angela smiled brightly at him and if Jim wasn't really getting used to Vulcan he would have missed the slight coloring of his ears. “Mister Turim! That's so kind of you! I'm not going to be a bother am I?”
Turim shook his head. “No bother, it is only logical to offer my quarters to you in the interest of your safety.”

Angela beamed at him. “Logic huh? Can’t argue with that... But won’t your wife not like you sharing your room with a woman?”

Turim looked puzzled. “There is no one of relevance to object to your presence in my quarters. I no longer have a mate.”

Angela gasped. “Oh, what happened?”

Turim shifted. “My childhood bond was severed after a... most unfortunate encounter with Romulans. She went into Kolinahr. It is not an uncommon occurrence for my people.”

Angela put a comforting hand on his shoulder. “I’m sorry, I know how you feel... but the memo that went out this morning... Won’t you...you know, need a mate?”

Turim blushed, this time noticeably. “I will, but not immediately. My family was unable to procure me a new mate, given how high demand they are already.”

Angela bit her lip, a saucy gleam lit up in her eyes. “I think I know of a suitable mate who would love to have you.”

Turim's eyebrows shot up, and he stood up straighter. “Oh? Who?”

Angela grinned. “Well, if you would be so kind as to help me move my things into your quarters, I’ll tell you who.”

Turim nodded. “That is most agreeable. S’haile Spock, I will pause in my work here to assist Miss Angela.”

Jim had to keep from chuckling. Angela was pretty damn obvious, and poor Turim was pretty oblivious, but he was so into her. He was dorky, socially inept and emotionally constipated, a common trait for Surakian Vulcans. However, he was in his own way kind of adorable, it was no wonder that Angela liked him... that and the rumor of double ridges and extra strength. Jim had to laugh at the irony of it all. Because of those four assholes' bigotry against the Vulcans, and their plot to break up the thus far nonexistent relationship between her and Turim, they've pretty much ended up being the ultimate wingman for one shy Vulcan. Jim wondered if acting captain gave him the authority to marry people for real. Jim nudged Spock. “Hey, looks like you and your father have started a trend.”

Spock lifted a brow. “What trend is that?”

Jim grinned. “A trend of dating humans.”

Spock shrugged. “With the growing problem of many unbonded males, and not enough available mates for them, finding one outside of their own race with another proven compatible one is only logical.”

Jim laughed. “Compatible. I’ll give you that. Speaking of, Dr McCoy wants to run that test to see if we were compatible enough to get me pregnant. Come on, I think we were supposed to be there ten minutes ago.”
Jim laid flat on his back in the crowded sickbay. It had been twelve days since Jim crash landed on Vulcan and was happily carried off into Spock's family sex cave. Jim tried not to think about how he had sex in the same bed as Spock's father, grandfather, that ancient lady T'Pau, and God knows how far back it went. Now here he was with Spock, Sarek, and Amanda awaiting the results of his tests. T'val, who was apparently both Spock and Sarek's midwife, and her colleague, a middle aged Vulcan women named T'ung, was also overseeing this blessed event.

Spock growled from behind Jim's back. Oh yeah, as if this movie couldn't get any more intrusive. Spock decided to be Jim's exceptionally grabby pillow while Bones examined Jim. Bones grumbled at him. “Jim, tell that royal green-blooded husband of yours to stop growling at me so I can do my job.”

Spock narrowed his eyes at the doctor but did not growl. “You are a male touching my mate. A male who had shared living quarters with my mate in the past.”

Jim rolled his eyes. “Geez Spock. Calm down, he and I are just friends. Yes, we shared a room, but that's because the academy doesn't give you your own room unless you have pretty damn good reason for not being able to share. Besides, Bones is not interested in me. Not like that.”

Bones turned green. If he had pointed ears, he could've passed for a Vulcan. “Gross. Not in a million years, and not for all the Saurian Brandy in the galaxy could make that train wreck happen. He's all yours you possessive pointy-eared hobgoblin. Now shut yer traps so I can tell if Princess Jim here has a bun in the oven.”

Bone clucked his tongue as he looked at the screen showing Jim's uterus in all it's colorful holographic glory like it was an interesting flick. All eyes in the room watching it. Jim groaned, one of his organs has suddenly become more popular to watch than whatever was showing on Monday Movie Night. Bones zoomed in on one tiny area, and broke into a wide grin at one tiny speck. “Congratulations, Jimbo. You are now officially pregnant.”

Spock's arms tightened around Jim at the pronouncement. The atmosphere in the room changed by the sight of what looked like a speck of dirt on the screen. Jim was officially pregnant with Spock's kid. His stomach tightened up as the reality of it sunk in. He was going to be eating for two, not just for him. He was going to be carrying a tiny passenger that an entire planet was going to depend on to run it someday. Holy shit, what the fuck was he thinking?!

As Jim sat in stunned silence, T'val looked closer at the screen, confirming Bones' analysis to her king. “The blastocyst has implanted itself to the walls of the uterus and appears to be developing normally. It appears to have characteristics between T'Sai Amanda's and a normal Vulcan female's uterus. Doctor McCoy, you say this is organ is an implant of Romulan design?”

Bones nodded. “Yeah. They made it from Jim's skin cells and did some genetic engineering to make it incredibly easy to carry Romulan hybrids... or in this case a similar species with copper based blood. Since implantation was successful, that means less chance of the body rejecting it. There's a reason we don't have hybrids running around everywhere in the galaxy. It's a wonder that Spock there was even born.”

Sarek's breath stilled. “The data from my wife's pregnancies... Have you discovered the cause of her miscarriages and why Spock alone survived.”

Bones nodded. “You fine everyone here knowing, Dr Grayson... Err Mrs. Sarek?”
Amanda had tears streaming down her face at the tiny dot on the screen that was going to be her grandchild. “You can call me Amanda, you wouldn't be able to pronounce my married name. Yes, I'm fine with everyone knowing. I've wondered for years... The healers on Vulcan knew so little of humans, and all their previous data was centuries old.”

“Yeah, it shows.” Bones grumbled. “From the differences between a mother with iron based blood carrying a child with copper based blood, to the immune system responses of the mother... There are several complications. I can guess that while pregnant with Spock you were weak and sick quite often, right?”

Sarek put a protective arm around his wife. “She was. The healers were unsure if she would survive.”

Bones nodded. “That was her first year living on Vulcan. Her body was already fighting a new environment that it wasn't designed to live in. Thin air, higher gravity, strange new food... Her body didn't reject Spock outright because it was too weak to do so. After a few years on Vulcan, her body adjusted to Vulcan's environment, and every pregnancy after Spock was rejected due to the difference in the blood types and foreign proteins Vulcans produce. It's much like the complications in an RH factor, easy enough to fix once you know what's wrong.”

It was relief. Years of stumped doctors wondering what was wrong with an alien they had never seen, beyond the ancient lab samples of Augments centuries past floating in jars of formaldehyde. They now knew what happened and had a solution, though a few years too late. Spock tightened his grip around his now pregnant mate. “Will there be problems with Jim?”

Bones nodded. “Yeah, but I can fix them. We've got data from several human-Romulan pregnancies, and with you mother's medical history, and my own familiarity with Jim's history, it should be safe. Even more so since it's a hybrid and not fully human in that implant. However he will need to come to my office to be examined at least twice a week for various hypos. Got to monitor Spock junior there.”

Sarek straightened a little, his chin raised a little higher. “I would like my grandchild monitored everyday.”

Amanda squealed. “I can't believe it! I'm going to be a grandmother!”

Spock looked dazed. “I am to be a father...”

Spock stared at Jim's stomach, as if peering past it to see if he could see the tiny dot that would grow into a baby. Spock rested a hand over Jim's stomach, almost afraid he might break it, as if it was a glass flower. Jim was almost plowed over with the intensity of Spock's emotions. Wonder. Excitement. Desire. Protectiveness. Jim wondered for a moment if he will ever get any privacy ever again. Spock was already overprotective of Jim, and Jim feared how much worse that'll get now that Jim was expecting. It twisted in his gut. “Oh dear god. I'm going to be somebody's mother?! Oh Christ!”

The gruff country doctor laughed his head off, the asshole. “Sweet baby Jesus! James T Kirk a mother! Oh this is too good!” Bones gasped and stared at Jim with the biggest shit eating grin. “You know everyone will want to throw a baby shower. After all, you did deny us a wedding. There'll be no getting out it.”

T'val blinked. “What is a baby shower? Surely it does not mean infants raining from the sky?”

Amanda laughed. “Goodness no! A baby shower means to shower the upcoming mother with gifts
to help her care for her baby. It's a big party with food, and games, and of course presents to celebrate a woman's pregnancy.”

Bones added, “Or in this case a stubborn jackass of a man's pregnancy.”

T'val nodded. “Ah. Similar to a wedding feast or the welcoming of a new child to a clan.”

Sarek seemed to ponder over this idea. “A celebration of the coming of a new life... It is most logical. We will make preparations at once.” Sarek stared at Jim. “You carry a great spark of hope, for my clan and my people. A good cause to celebrate. I trust Spock will be taking excellent care of you.”

Spock's hand never left Jim's stomach, almost glued to it. “I will not leave my mate's side.”

T'val looked at Jim with a knowing glance. “I warn you human, Vulcan males are quite territorial and protective when their mates are pregnant. My own mate nearly ripped off my cousin's arm with my first pregnancy after a misunderstanding.”

Amanda smiled. “When I was pregnant with Spock, Sarek had killed a man in toria'tal when he suggested that Sarek 'push his human whore off a cliff to spare Vulcan the sight of their abomination.' Sarek had also severely injured countless more. I believe one man still walks with a limp to this very day.”

Sarek growled at the memory. “No Vulcan male worth his water would dare tolerate such threats to his mate, especially while she is with child.” Sarek glanced at Jim and corrected himself. “Or while heis with child, in Kirk's case.”

Jim looked at Spock and saw an almost feral gleam take hold in his eyes. Spock growled. “No one will harm Jim while I draw breath.”

For nth time, Jim cursed the asshole that shot his shuttle, and he cursed himself for being so weak in the knees for Spock. Why did the guy have to be so... Spock?

So the in-laws and Jim's friends decided to throw a baby shower in the Nakarat's mess hall. They would have thrown a party on the Enterprise, but their ship was bigger and had room for both tables for food and dancing for at least a hundred people. Sarek got Amanda's help replicating Vulcan food that was acceptable to the human palate, and had Mr Scott replicate a ton of guacamole for the Vulcans who as it turned out, really loved avocados. Banners with the name of Spock's clan in Vulcan calligraphy hung on the walls, and a single banner in pink and baby blue letters, courtesy of Sulu was “Congratulations Jim and Spock!” There were even some pink and baby blue balloons that Chekov had made.

Jim decided to invite both crews to come and turn his baby shower into a mixer party. They were supposed to bring two different cultures together, then Jim shrugged and thought why not make it more of hot mixer? He didn't know anything about baby showers or weddings, but Jim Kirk certainly knew how to throw a sexy party. With sniping comments of Romulan spies, Jim decided that people needed to get a taste of Vulcan culture, and if things went right... a taste of the Vulcan men themselves. Spock at least thought it was “logical to culminate an understanding of my culture.” Logic was a word that these Vulcans really clung hard to.

Sarek was there with a stringed instrument called a ka'athyra playing a duet with Spock. Even T'val
the stern matronly healer of the Nakarat's crew was singing in beautiful, but almost meditative qualities. The atmosphere was less nightclub pulsing rhythms that Jim had hoped for and more stately night at the opera. Since it was a diplomatic delegation they were hosting, Jim had made it dress uniform required, making his baby shower a black tie affair. Chekov was diligently taking holos of the event like a professional photographer. It may not have been his idea of getting people to casually mix together but at least they were talking to each other.

“Congratulations, son.”

Jim turned around and saw Pike being pushed around in a wheelchair by Nurse Chapel. Jim grinned. “Hey Pike! Great to see you up and... well, sitting down and wheeling around. Holy shit are you lucid, too?”

Pike grinned, despite the pain he was in. “Yup, pain meds are wearing off, so appreciate this while it lasts. You know, Jim, I think your father would have been really proud of you. You're doing a great job as Captain.”

Jim put a hand on his stomach where everyone here knew a little Spock jr was growing. “Yeah, my father... I can't believe I'm going to be someone's parent. I don't know how to do that parenting shit... Oh, I should probably stop saying shit when the baby comes. Shit, I said it again.”

Pike laughed. “Don't worry, I have faith in you. You'll get the hang of it.”

Jim looked down. “I never had any good parents growing up. My mom's a train wreak and that asshole that she married...”

Pike understood. “Frank was a piece of shit, and your mother was actually a good one... Up until we all lost George. I'm sorry you never got to see the real Winona, but I'd like to think I did something right when it came to dragging a half starved boy from Tarsus to Starfleet.”

Jim cracked a small smile at the thought, Pike had pretty much taken Jim in and put him through the Starfleet Academy. Like an actual damn parent, unlike the ghost of a mother he hadn't seen since he was eighteen. “Yeah. I guess that's going to make you Grandpa Chris, or would you prefer Pawpaw Pike?”

Pike grinned. “Either will be fine, but listen. I got a gift. I was meant to be your birthday present, but well... Shit happens. Some of your friends pitched in to help me make it since I had the supplies. Picked it up from our last shore leave. With recent events we turned it from a birthday present to a baby shower present.”

Pike nodded and wheeling in on a cart was huge chocolate cake and in blue and gold icing was “Congratulations Jim and Spock!” and had the Starfleet logo as well as the IDIC symbol. Jim broke into a run and squealed. “Real chocolate? Not that replicated shit? This is awesome! Well, what are y'all waiting for? Let's dig in!”

Pike smiled, and Bones came up with a hypo in hand. “Time for your pain meds, sir.”

Pike flinched at the hiss of a hypo. “Well, folks, so much for lucidity. See you when these painkillers wear off.”

Jim saw Pike's eyes dilate and the Captain of the Enterprise was soaring with Lucy in the sky with diamonds. Pike stared at Jim with unfocused eyes, and pointed at him, “William Shatner! No, don't sing Rocket Man again! You can't sing!”

Jim looked at Dr McCoy. “Bones, those are some mighty drugs he's on. Why haven't you shared
Bones glared at Jim and shook his head. “With your luck, Jim you'd be allergic to them. Nurse? Can you take Captain Pike back?”

The nurse nodded. “Of course. Come along Captain.”

Pike started humming some strange song, and as they passed by Spock he shouted up and down excitedly like a kid at him. “Oh boy! It’s Leonard Nimoy! I loved you in that movie with the whales!”


Bones took a swig of the Vulcan port they were serving. “I have no idea. Ramblings of a mad man on Deltan morphine. Hey, this stuff isn't so bad, lot better than that Plomeek soup at any rate. Just when I was beginning to think that these Vulcans were boring, too. Still doesn't beat Tennessee Whiskey.”

A huge crowd of humans, Vulcans, and other aliens had happily gathered round the cake to sample it. The Vulcans were less eager than the humans but elected to try some small slices. That was when the real fun started to begin. Little did Jim know, nor the unsuspecting Vulcans for that matter, was the effect chocolate had on Vulcans. Jim did not pay attention. Instead he was focused on one person; Amanda Grayson, a woman who went nearly thirty years without chocolate and just about every other wonderful human luxury.

Jim had thought it weird at first to be hanging out with a woman who was his mother-in-law. Jim's own view on mothers was a rather shitty one, and he was quickly finding out that Winona Kirk was no where near the best model in the shop. Amanda was actually pretty cool, and when Jim sauntered up to her with a slice of chocolate cake she readily gave up some dirt on Spock. “My god I missed chocolate! They don't have anything like it on Vulcan. They really never did sweets, except for maybe Ameelah, which was remarkably similar to fried bananas. They even look alike, down to the phallic imagery they conjure.”

Jim almost spit out his pla-saavas juice as he burst out laughing. “What?”

Amanda giggled. “Seriously. It does, down to the green color and double ridges. We first gave Ameelah to Spock when he was four and he didn't want to eat it because he thought it was someone's penis coated in nuts, fried in oil and dropped on his plate. Sarek had to take Spock to a garden to see the fruit growing on a tree to be convinced that someone wasn't maimed to make his dessert. It's a shame they don't have Ameelah on board, they aren't in season right now.”

“Mother, why must you tell Jim that story?”

Spock's cheeks turned a little green, as he and his father walked up to their mates. Apparently some other Vulcans were borrowing the ka'aythra to play. Sarek raised a brow. “Wife what purpose does sharing our son's blunders with his mate serve?”

“It's a human tradition, my husband: embarrass your child in front of their mates. If the prospective suitor doesn't run after hearing said blunders, then he's a keeper!”

Jim gave Spock a friendly slap on the back. “Don't worry, I've got worse. Like that that time I drove a car off a cliff, or that costume party I went to dressed like Dr Frankenfurter from the Rocky Horror Picture Show without knowing it was a black tie event. Bones has a picture somewhere in a vault.
Don’t be surprised if he breaks that out to Spock.”

Amanda almost choked on her cake. “Oh dear! That's awful!”

The two humans got twin looks of confusion from their Vulcans. Amanda offered a slice of cake to her husband and son. “Oh! You two have never had chocolate, have you? Well this is another human tradition. Human holidays almost always have cake. Especially weddings. At human weddings, the bride and groom fed each other a slice of the cake.”

Sarek tipped his head in thought. “Our wedding did not have cake. Is this something you desire, my wife?”

Amanda took a forkful of the chocolate cake, and held it out for her husband to take. “I wouldn't mind one bit, my husband.”

Sarek took a bite. “Hmm. A most unusual taste... It is fascinating.”

Jim looked around the room and saw Vulcans examine their own slices of the chocolate cake, and watched them dig in with about as much enthusiasm as he’d ever seen on a Vulcan. Jim gave Spock his own plate of chocolate cake. “You probably don't want me to shove this in your face as is tradition, and I would rather not get chocolate on my dress uniform. Go on have a bite, tell me what you think of it.”

Spock took a forkful, both his eyebrows raising up. “It... tingles.”

“Tingles?”

Spock took another bite. “Hmm. It is pleasant. Sweeter than what I would prefer, but... pleasant.”

Jim laughed. “I was hoping for something more than just pleasant, but coming from you I suppose that's high praise.”

Spock smiled around another forkful of chocolate cake as he stared at Jim with raw lust. He actually smiled and not one of those barely noticeable Vulcan smiles. “It is not as pleasant to taste as you, nor is as appealing.”

Jim blushed, shivering at being pinned by those eyes of his. “Aw, come on. Really? You not just saying that because we're married and you knocked me up?”

Spock looked alarmed. “No! I would never knock you! To harm one's t'hy'la is an unspeakable crime!”

Jim laughed. “No! It's just an expression meaning getting someone pregnant.”

Spock relaxed. “Ah. I see. Yes, that fact is pleasing.”

Jim looked down at his stomach. He never had a rock hard six pack, but it was still a good looking stomach. “God, I'm going to get fat, aren't I?”

Jim was suddenly dragged into a familiar hard chest and Spock's arms came around Jim's midsection, caressing his stomach. Jim turned beet red as Spock nuzzled into the crook of Jim's neck. “Jim... T'hy'la... You are most aesthetically pleasing, you shall be even more so when you are plump with my child.”

Jim felt a tidal wave of lust through their bond. Jim glanced at Spock, his face was less impassive,
and his eyes were glazed over. “Hey, Spock? Are you... actually turned on by the mere thought of me pregnant? God, I'm going to be as big as a whale! You seriously can't be into that, can you?”

Spock nipped at his shoulder. “Yes... Mine. So beautiful...”

Jim noticed the heavy green flush on Spock’s cheek and gasped in alarm as Spock was pressing an erection against his ass. Spock was dry humping him. In public. “What the hell?! Uh, Spock? Are you okay? You seem... drunk. Are you actually drunk?!”

Spock tipped his head. “I do not get drunk like mother does. Vulcan systems metabolize alcohol more efficiently than humans.”

Jim noticed that Sarek had already devoured his slice of cake, and then did a double take. Sarek was nuzzling Amanda, and being as amorous as his son was. Jim blushed. Sarek sniffed his wife neck loudly as he encircled his arms around her, not seeming to notice or care that they were drawing a few stares. “Mmm, wife... What is that most intriguing aroma? It has been most distracting. As is your beauty...”

Amanda gasped. “Sarek! We are in public! Wait... Are you drunk?”

Sure enough as Jim studied his father-in-law's face, an emerald flush on his nose and cheeks, glazed eyes, and no inhibitions whatsoever. The austere and cold king of Vulcan was as drunk as Scotty on shore leave. As Jim looked around the room, he noticed that Sarek wasn't the only drunk Vulcan. He saw a lot of male Vulcans boldly exchanging finger kisses with women, and some were even brazen enough to try out human lip kissing. Jim just spotted Turim carrying a giggling Lt Martine over his shoulders cave-Vulcan style and skipping toward the Nakarat's living quarters. All of them were eating the cake. Jim looked around for Bones, but unable to move due to one drunk horny Vulcan digging it pretty hard into his backside. “Bones! What the hell was in that cake?!”

Bones sauntered up to him with another shot of Vulcan port in hand. He stared at Jim's situation and laughed. “I think you've got a little something stuck to you.”

“Very funny old man. Now tell me what the hell was in that cake.”

Bones stopped laughing and looked around the room. “Hmm, looks like you're getting that sex party you wanted. To answer you, flour, eggs, canola oil, sugar, cocoa powder, and a little bit of butter and milk for the buttercream frosting. That's it.”

Jim looked over to Amanda and saw her being hauled off by Sarek cave-Vulcan style. Bones’ eyebrows shot up. “Well, looks like the king has left the building.”

Jim let out an “Oof!” When Spock picked up Jim and started hauling Jim away, growling at Bones in the process, “T’nash-veh!”

Jim watched as his friends all stared and give Jim the thumbs up. Scotty called out with a wide grin, “Don't worry, Jim! He's already put a wee bairn in ya! What more cannae he do?”

Spock felt like he was floating, or at least his head was. His already shamefully poor control for a Vulcan that was supposed to be a Zahelsu Tu-Surak was gone, but he did not seem to care. He had watched as his fellow Vulcans, both V'tosh Ka'tur and other Zahelsu Tu-Surak alike, all of them give
into baser passions so easily. Ohz'esta in a public setting, even the pressing of lips and palms! Even his proud dignified father made claiming marks on his mother's neck in public! Still it did not even seem to matter to Spock, who should have been embarrassed by his father's inappropriate actions in public with his mother. He passed by T'val who gasped, so scandalized by the “baby shower” and compared it to the hedonistic Rumarie festival of ancient times and revived in rural villages out in the remote provinces of Khomi and Han-Shir.

Still it did not matter what Vulcan propriety dictated, because his mate was so beautiful and even more so with the knowledge that his child grew within him. How can Spock resist such a siren call? Whatever caused this loss of his control and inhibition, Spock neither knew nor cared. He desired and yet he did not burn. A curious and powerful sensation. One which demanded exploration.

Spock had taken his pregnant mate to his own quarters on the Nakarat and laid him out on his bed with fragile care. Spock joined in beside him with less grace than usual. Curious, he usually had adequate motor skills, but his balance has failed him. Would he be able to mate with his t'hy'la like this? Spock attempted to pull clothing off Jim and failed. Jim with his endless compassion took pity on his mate and like their first joining, assisted him in removing their clothes. Spock did not need a mirror to know that his face was as green as Lake Falor. “Oh t'hy'la, how pitiful I must be...”

Jim kissed him in the human way. “You're just drunk, no worries.”

Spock greedily took everything Jim offered. “You are so kind, so generous... You could have anyone, yet you stay with me, you allow me to touch you when it is not necessary. Such pleasures you give me, and now you bear me a child... Never have I known that such a wonderful and exotic being like you would want a loathsome halfbreed like me.”

Jim furrowed his rounded brows in confusion. “I could say the same about you. I'm just a plain ol’ farm boy from Iowa.”

Spock could no longer stand it, and flung his arms around his mate. His mate who must feel such pity for him that he willingly shares a bed with Spock. His beautiful mate who loves the stars and freedom has willingly bound himself to Spock. “You gave up your freedom for me. Why? How can you stand my touch?”

Jim's fingers circled around Spock's back in patterns. “Oh boy, I guess you're coming down from that high now. I think it's that cake talking Spock. Something about it must not agree with green blood and pointy ears. You're not this gloomy.”

Spock pressed his head against Jim's, yearning to link their minds again. Unbidden, his eyes were leaking like his mother's did. He was so wretchedly human. “You pity me. My life was so lonely and tragic, you stay with me, and play the role of my mate. Is that why you do not want to mind meld with me? So that I do not learn the truth?”

Jim's eyes widened. “No! Jesus, Spock! That's- No! Why would you think that?”

Spock sobbed into his mate. “When you learned that I would be executed you agreed to be my mate. When you learned of the lonely life I led, you felt pity for me. Now you are with child, my child. Why do you sacrifice so much? For an alliance between our worlds? Can I not make you happy?”

Jim kissed away each tear, and gently laid Spock back on the bed and laid on top of him. “Spock. I don't know what love is. Or least, I never saw it growing up. My dad died and took my mom's ability to love with him. The asshole she married was an abusive drunk, my mom was never around, and my brother Sam ran away when I was eleven. They shipped me off to a school on Tarsus for delinquent boys without a care. After I got rescued from Tarsus I was flung from one loony bin to
another until I turned eighteen and joined Starfleet on a dare from Pike when he mopped me up from
the floor of a bar. No other living soul knows all the shit I've been through. Not even Bones, knows
my demons like you do, I just met you like two weeks ago and yet I felt like I've always known
you.”

Spock sniffed. He was never so emotional, nor so uncontrolled of himself. “I apologize, I can't
control my emotions in this moment.”

Jim kissed him on the lips. “You really want to mind meld with me? I'm a hot mess in there.”

Spock's ever hopeful heart took control of his head, and made him nod. “Affirmative. I find it akin to
starving, being unable to delve into the oasis of your mind.” A guilty truth bubbled up. “I meld with
you as you sleep, so you do not have nightmares, so I can taste the delights of your mind. It is not a
'hot mess' as you call it. It is Hamlan. Paradise. Please do not forbid me your paradise! I know I am
unworthy, but please! Have mercy! Give me entrance and let this thirsty man drink the sweet waters
of your oasis!”

Jim pulled him into a hug. “Whoa, calm down man! If melding with me means that much, go ahead.
Here's blanket permission.”

Spock blinked. “Blanket permission? What does a fabric or woven piece of cloth...”

Jim silenced Spock with a finger to his lips. “It means you have my consent to dive in anytime, you
don't need to ask. Mi mente es su mente. My mind is your mind. Here are the metaphorical keys to
my brain and a shelf in the mental fridge with your name on it. Just don't break anything in there. It's
already pretty beat up.”

Spock finally understood what his mother meant by tears of joy. It seemed so paradoxical to weep
and yet be happy. “You are truly wonderful. I thank thee Jim! I will not ravage your mind so
carelessly, this I promise.”

Spock moved his heavy limbs, his lok was already wet, erect and eager to join physically with Jim.
“I also wish to mate with you, but...” Spock could not sit up, and flopped back down with no grace
when he made the attempt. “I do not think I can mount you properly.”

Jim smiled. It was as warm and welcoming as the dawn, neither burning like the noon sun nor cold
as the nights. “How bout I make love to you tonight, instead?”

Spock returned Jim's smile with his own. Yes. Lie back and let his mate love him in such a human
fashion. That sounded most pleasing. Jim's fingers trailed down his chest like playful imps, and toyed
with his lok, stroking and grasping with ease. Spock gasped. How easy it was for Jim's hands to
make his lok hard and wet for him? Jim's own lok did not produce lubricant like a Vulcan's. It was so
alien, pink and having only one ridge, and yet still so alluring to Spock in it's own way. He felt moist
fingers find his entrance and penetrated him. A cry escaped his lips as those human hands found
something within him so sensitive and responsive to touch.

Spock wanted more pleasure, more of this feeling the human had no trouble expressing and reveled
in it. “More! Sanu!”

Jim kissed Spock on the tips of his ears. “As you wish, T'hy'la.”

Spock shuddered with a delight that vibrated into his very katra when Jim called him t'hy'la. It was
the first time Jim had called him t'hy'la. Jim gathered more lubricant from his lok to put on his alien
pink one, and positioned himself between Spock's thighs. Spock opened himself for his mate, eager
to be joined in this way, to be claimed by his t'hy'la as he had claimed his t'hy'la. With ease Jim penetrated his defenses, his barriers and found the animalistic passions Spock tried so poorly to keep chained.

Spock's own fingers weaved through Jim's hair, placing themselves on his meld points. He did not ask, did not need to. They were one, and their bodies and minds were joined as one. Over and over in a metronomic rhythm as old as time itself, Jim pistoned into Spock for the first time, and yet like he had done this a thousand times. The Nakarat disappeared and they were under a great tree, connected to so many universes, so many possibilities they could almost see, they were making love. Ah, so this is what it is to make love!

The climax had come, Jim's seed spilled deep into Spock with a few desperate shallow thrusts. Spock's own orgasm ripped through him, and echoes across their joined minds and their entire nervous systems. The world righted itself at last, and Spock did not wish to pull out from their meld, or Jim did not. It was confusing. Where did Jim begin and Spock end? Weren't they always one entity? Yes. No.

Spock drifted from the meld, carefully untangling themselves, and looked up at wide open blue eyes. Jim was panting, water, no sweat it was called, dripping from his skin. “Holy shit. That was intense.”

Spock's lips twitched, and he let the smile come as it wanted to. “Indeed.”

“Can we do that more often? I don't think I can go back to regular sex. Fuck, I can't do non-mind-meld sex anymore! You've spoiled me for anyone else.”

Spock growled and nipped at his shoulder. “Good. I do not share.”

Jim's laughter was warm like the sun, and as soothing as an oasis. “I don't intend to be shared or to share you either. Your my Vulcan.”

Spock laid kisses on his mate's ear, rounded and endearing like a sehlat. “Yes. I am yours.”

Jim yawned and curled up next to Spock, pulling him into the human's chest so Spock could hear the rhythm of the human heart beating so steady and slow. Spock let his eyes drift closed. For the first time in years he dreamed and he was not alone. Jim was dreaming with him. They were under a tree surrounded by a rich blue oasis, and across the edges of the water more smaller trees were sprouting.

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Chapter End Notes

Translations:
Ka'athyra – That Vulcan harp Spock played a couple times in the Original series.
Zahelsu – Follower
Tu-Surak – The Way of Surak
Rumarie – Pagan Vulcan festival involving naked Vulcan men and woman covered in butter and chasing each other and engaging in lots of fun. Not celebrated by modern
Vulcans for that very reason.
Sanu – Please, as in “please make spirk canon!”
Chapter Eight:

Baby Apocalypse

In the two weeks Jim had been married to Spock, and known for about as long, he had never woken up before him. Waking up to find Spock naked, sticky, and still sleeping from last night's activities was a novel experience. His long black hair usually so well groomed had exploded everywhere on his pillow. The gold and silver ornaments that he weaved into his hair made it look like Jim had slept next to a magpie's nest. Usually when Jim woke, he was there fully awake and looking like he went to a hair stylist before crawling back into bed to watch Jim sleep.

To see Spock look so unorganized and messy made him all the more endearing. Now Jim knew for a fact that up until now, the guy had made himself up early every morning and went back to bed just so when Jim woke up he would look all made up for his human husband. Seeing the hot Vulcan mess before him really touched him. Jim brushed away the hair disaster away to find Spock's face, seeing him still snoozing away. Jim leaned over and kissed him on the cheek, taking note of the five o'clock shadow prickling his lips.

Feeling mischievous Jim ducked under the covers and decided to give Spock the most pleasant wake up call of his life. Spock wouldn't say no to a blow job first thing in the morning, right? When Jim reached between Spock's thighs and found some kind of folds where his green double ridged friend should be, he screamed. Spock jolted awake, throwing the covers aside. His head was throbbing painfully, but he quickly ignored it when he found Jim at the foot of their bed, naked and afraid. Spock felt his mate's fear like a sharp knife against his neck. “Jim! What is the matter?”
Jim pointed with a trembling finger at Spock's crotch. “Your penis! It's not there!”

Spock looked down. It was retracted but it wasn't missing. Spock looked at his panicked bondmate, utterly puzzled. “What do you mean missing?”

Jim's eyes boggled. “Oh come on! Look! It's not there!”

“It is retracted. I assure you I still possess all of my reproductive organs.”

Jim stilled, and stared hard at Spock's crotch. “Retracted? Like you fold up your penis and put it in a pouch like a kangaroo or something?”

“I am not familiar with the reproductive anatomy of a male kangaroo, but like all Vulcan males, my lok retracts into my body when not in use. It would be illogical to leave it dangling in a harsh environment like Vulcan's desert. It would dry out too quickly to be of any use and keeping it in a pouch protects it from sand.”

Jim blinked, and poked at the folds, making Spock shiver at the touch. Sure enough Jim's green double ridged friend appeared, extending and unfurling out from the folds until it looked no different from his own. Other than the fact that it was green, had double ridges, was a lot more moist, was slightly bigger, and Spock's testicles didn't hang down like a human's, and... okay there were a lot of differences. But that was what Jim loved about him. “Okay. So how did I not know about your penis pouch until now?”

Spock thought about that. How could his mate miss such an obvious feature about his anatomy? “I am not sure... perhaps my yamareen levels are only now stabilizing. You are most sexually arousing so I have been experiencing more erections since our bonding than I ever have.”

“Yamareen?”

Spock blushed. “Hormone produced in males during pon farr. It had gotten to toxic levels when you found me and finally gave me release. It is only logical to conclude that my system is still recovering, even after fifteen days.”

Jim smirked. “I remember. You ripped your loincloth off and sprang this wonderful green thing in my face.” Jim stroked Spock, enjoying the reaction he was getting. “So, every time I've been seeing you naked, you were up and ready to go?”

Spock's eyes darkened and glazed over with desire. “Yes. It has been quite chafing on my lok to have you so near and unable to simply rip my clothes off and bury it inside you.”

Jim laid back, and turned over onto his stomach, and patted his ass enticingly. “Well, Spock? What's stopping you now?”

“Nothing.”

In three seconds flat, Spock had dragged Jim toward him by his hips and rammed his lok inside his mate. They were not in a public setting, so he could find the sheath he desired for his lok inside of his t'hy'la. As Spock thrust in and out of Jim, he found his hand snaking around to rest on Jim's flat stomach. The knowledge that his mate was now with child, his child, drove him into his mate at a frenzied pace. It awoke some ancient primitive thing inside of him, demanding to protect and strengthen his claim on this most precious creature under him. Spock's other hand found Jim's face and soon their world faded as they fell into the blissful haze of the mind meld.
The morning after the baby shower, Vulcans all over the Nakarat discovered what hangovers were. They also discovered what the human word 'fuck' was for. A lucky few also discovered a naked human in their beds telling them what a good time they had last night. It was after an examination by several of the Nakarat's scientists and best minds the Vulcan Science Academy had to offer that they also discovered the effect an Earth substance known as “chocolate” had on Vulcan biology. About the same time, Sarek had chocolate added to Vulcan's list of contraband and restricted items. Naturally, it will be a very popular item they will be smuggling back.

Sarek sat with as much dignity and grace he could muster, which considering his actions the night before was not much. He had awoken in his quarters with his pounding throbbing head held high, his face bare and belied the pain he felt within. His observant wife called this phenomena a “hangover”. It was a vastly unpleasant experience compared to the vigorous mating he enjoyed with her the night before. A touch of her fingers soothed him greatly. It was a moment of great revelation during their first meal that he realized the source of his wife's most enchanting scents. He paused, taking in the faint scent of the mix of pheromones upon her and yes. That was the smell.

Amanda gasped and giggled with open and refreshing delight. “Sarek! You've been so frisky lately! Not that I mind ashayam...”

“That scent...”

“Oh no, not that again. I keep telling you I've been trying out some new shampoo.”

Sarek shook his head. “No, not that artificial scent. It is something else. A Vulcan male is quite sensitive to chemical changes within his mate. I know this smell.”

Amanda quirked an eyebrow, something she perfected living among Vulcans. “Care to enlighten me, husband?”

Sarek took in a whiff of that scent, and had to control the arousal it induced in him. He whispered into her ear. “My wife... You are fertile.”

Amanda blushed. “Oh. Well... I shouldn't... I mean, Well, lately I've been going through that change in life. Your nose must be off.”

Sarek sniffed her. “No. I am not mistaken. Your body is ovulating. I can smell it.”

Amanda stiffened, and through their bond she knew Sarek felt her arousal. Damn Vulcan telepathy. “You can have some of that later, mister. Right now we have that holo meeting with the Starfleet Admirals.”

Sarek followed Amanda closely, brushing his body against her, keeping his index and middle fingers upon her. His pain forgotten. “Come then, wife. Attend.”

Sarek finished dressing, unable to keep his eyes from roving over his wife's clothed form and wishing that she was still nude. Seldom his wife's logic ruled over his, but on this morning hers did. His people needed this alliance with the Federation, just as badly as they needed Vulcan's assistance. Right now a holo conference would be held, an initial meeting before the peace talks would begin on Earth, and after he could mate again with Amanda.

Vulcans did not do “small talk” but there was logic in informing the Earth leaders of his people's customs, like their reluctance to grasp hands with strangers. No doubt from his observations between
the Enterprise crew and that of the Nakarat, they had a habit of clasping hands with his very private people. As the two of them left their bed chambers, Sarek hoped that the Earth leaders would not force him to “shake” hands with them.

Sarek was pulled from his reverie as he took in the sight of his son and his mate's joined hands. With no more than a raised eyebrow he acknowledged the change in their behavior. Through the familial bond, their 'thy'la bond thrummed and pulsed with life. Sarek basked in contentment, and felt a great tension uncoil and relax within him. They were at last truly bonded to one another and content with each other. To have a pair of 'thy'lara was truly a blessing, and knew his extended family could feel their 'thy'la bond as well. Sarek felt any remaining remnants of his “hangover” disappear, to be replaced with a deep peace and love radiating from their 'thy'la bond. No wonder the old poets extolled 'thy'lara in songs and villages in ancient times deified them.

Jim raised his hand in a sloppy but acceptable ta'al. Still the human was so tense around him. “Good morning, Sarek. Is there anything I can get you before we speak with the admirals?”

“A grandchild.” Sarek replied, feeling a rare flickering of humor.

Jim blinked, no doubt shocked at discovering that Sarek did indeed possess a sense of humor and then Jim patted his stomach where the child was growing with a bright smile. “You'll have to wait about eight and a half more months for one of those. As they say, your order is still cooking in the oven.”

Sarek's eyes lit with amusement. “Indeed.”

Sarek followed Jim into the conference room where they would speak with the admirals and the President of the Federation via subspace transmission. It was obvious that the president, a joined trill woman named Audrid Dax, was happy to welcome Vulcan after centuries of isolation. What made them especially happy is the possibility of a new ally against the Romulans, which was only touched on. The issues of Vulcan joining the Federation would only be discussed after representatives from all the planets arrive in Paris for the vote. Usually it would have been done on Babel, but the war has made that world unsafe.

Sarek was no stranger to politics, but the politics of people so un-Vulcan like was new to him. However, of all the people on his planet he knew he was the best choice they had to represent them. He needed this alliance, and he could see that they did as well. For now it was an interview. Small talk, Amanda had called it. Small talk like Vulcan's preference for hotter climates, a vegetarian diet, and their need for personal space because of their touch telepathy. Telepaths were not completely new to the Federation, the Betazoids were one example of that, and the Federation was curious about how Vulcan telepathy compared. They were also interested in Surak, since he was the founding father of Vulcan laws and philosophy. Sarek found many of the Federations core principles to be similar to some Vulcan ones.

All in all it was a successful discussion as far as Sarek could see. However, something had bothered him. He didn't know what it was. It was a feeling that could almost be called precognition, an ancient instinct of something coming. Sarek would not find out what it was until the medical examination and safety inspection of both crews on Starbase One upon reaching the Earth system eight days later.

Jim had been looking at the Earth from Starbase One's many view ports. After getting his medical
examination and certification to go planet side, he was breathing a sigh of relief. As predicted a few of the press came onto the base, and Jim being the responsible and fearless adult he was, gave the job of dealing with the press to Uhura. She was doing a stellar job, and she didn't even cuss once, not like Jim would have. Jim smiled, and ordered himself a cold glass of Betazoid uttaberry juice from the replimat. Just when he was getting ready to really kick back, Bones had commed Jim, screaming, “Jim! It's a catastrophe! A medical disaster!”

So Jim had reluctantly trudged into Starbase One's medbay where everyone was being screened before going planet side. Jim prayed this wasn't another infestation of Tribbles or Andorian Crotch Rot. When he got there, he saw Bones looking haggard, and T'Val was visibly worn. Sarek and Amanda were both dazed, and Spock looked like a Ferengi that had been told that latinum grows on trees. “Spock you okay? You look pale.”

Spock snapped out of whatever trance he was in. “I do not have any terminal illness.”

Jim was starting to get worried. “Um, great, but-”

Bones's eyes bugged and the man looked ready to have stroke. “Everyone is pregnant!”

“Everyone?”

“Yes!”

"Everyone?" Jim asked again.

"Everyone with a uterus! Almost a third of the Enterprise's crew has tested positive for pregnancy! The medical staff is up in arms trying to figure out the cause!”

“126 crew members of the Enterprise, including the Oveh James Kirk... As well as the T'Sai Amanda.” T'val corrected.

Jim whistled. “Wow, that's... Wow. I'm no doctor but I can guess the cause. Some of the Admirals has been calling our ship 'The Sex Boat' for a reason.” Jim waved cheerfully at Amanda who was still in shock. “Oh, Amanda, Congratulations. No question on who the father is, right? Oh, I guess this means we can be pregnant pals! Spock! This means you're going to be a big brother and a father! Our kid will have a playmate! This is great!”

Bones cursed at him. “Dammit Jim! Are you not listening? A third of the ship is pregnant! Don't you see a problem?”

Jim's eyebrow scrunched together. “Umm, I guess everyone's been getting laid?”

Bones shook his head. “No, Jim. The problem is that everyone on this ship has some form of birth control. Usually a pill or a monthly hypo from me, and others like Amanda should have hit menopause where pregnancy should no longer an issue. The problem is, why the hell did they fail so spectacularly and turn both ships into a bunch of god damned Catholic Tribbles?!”

Jim let out a breath. “Okay, that might be a bit of a problem.”

Bones rolled his eyes. “A bit? We're going to be up to our necks in little pointy ears! Over half of the people that turned up positive on their pregnancy test said that they've been playing patty cake with the Vulcans. I'm starting to wonder what's in the damn water around here!”

T'val raised a brow. “I am wondering that as well. It is a statistic improbability for this many to be pregnant to be naturally occurring.”
Bones jabbed a thumb in her direction. “No kidding. T'val here says one out of ten in the Nakarat's crew is either pregnant or experiencing a fertility cycle. Apparently some Vulcan males have some extra equipment I didn't know about.”

T'val added, “Approximately 9.374 percent of Vulcan males have inherited an auxiliary uterus and ovary. Without medical intervention, like hormone therapy, a male possessing the genetic trait, should not be able to have an active fertility cycle. The male reproductive system always takes precedence.”

Jim's eyebrows shot up. The Nakarat was mostly male, with only a few Vulcan woman who were well past their prime. “Well, there was that one dude, T'gai, Spock's ancestor. He gave birth to Surak. Right, Spock?”

Spock who had been uncharacteristically silent finally spoke. “You are correct, Jim. It was statistical anomaly that he conceived by accident, much less bond with S'chn in the throes of their plak tow. It is a trait that most males in my family possess that has been passed down from S'chn and T'gai's child, Surak. A male Vulcan who carries that trait is usually seen as a descendant and it is considered a mark of honor.”

Jim whipped his head around to stare at Sarek. The man was nursing a hot pad on his stomach and holding onto Amanda like a teddy bear. If Jim studied his face, he could see the strain around his eyes. Jim's brain froze as it tried to process the facts it was receiving. Sarek had PMS. Sarek, the proud, strong king of Vulcan was laid low by menstrual cramps. “Sarek? You okay?”

Sarek actually got snippy at him. “No, I am not okay! I have a headache and sharp abdominal pain!”

Sarek took a deep breath. “I apologize. My emotional control is lax due to the chaotic flux of my hormones.”

Amanda laughed her ass off. “I'm pregnant and my husband has PMS!”

Sarek winced. “I do not have PMS, Vulcans do not...” Sarek shuddered. “Menstruate like you humans do.”

Jim raised an eyebrow. “Vulcans don't have periods?”

T'val answered with less disgust then Sarek had. “No, nor do any animals on Vulcan. We reabsorb the lining at the end of the cycle, which causes a great amount of discomfort. Shedding the lining like you humans do is so inefficient and wasteful.”

Amanda laughed, “Yeah, I know. Humans are weird. Oh, you guys should have seen how Sarek panicked when he discovered that. He rushed me to a dozen different healers to figure out what was wrong with me.”

Sarek winced. “I thought my mate was dying.”

Amanda took pity on her husband and reached out to touch him with two fingers. “I had to explain to each and every single one of them what a period was. I had never seen so many Vulcans so perplexed and horrified at what I considered so normal. They had thought at first that the placement of my heart in the center of my chest to be the oddest feature of human anatomy. They changed their minds after learning about my visits from Aunt Flo.”

Jim laughed his ass off, picturing Sarek panicking and screaming for a healer while Amanda was calmly asking if Vulcan had any tampons. “Wow, yeah. I'm glad I managed to convince the High Command to let me leave.”
Bones whistled. “No wonder. You Vulcans don't know jack about the human reproductive system. Well, Amanda, you'll be happy to know that your in good hands. With the serum I'm cooking up you should have no problems carrying your new passenger, nor should any of the other humans you horny hobgoblins got knocked up.”

Amanda smiled up at her husband. “This must be so overwhelming for you, ashayam. We have been gifted with another child so late in life when we thought we could have no more, and now we have two grandchildren on the way. Our house is going to be bursting with the pitter patter of little feet!”

Sarek relaxed. “Indeed. Truly we are most fortunate.”

Jim straightened. “Two grandchildren? Am I having twins?!”

Bones cracked a grin. “Spock, you had better tell Jim.”

Spock's lips thinned. “Jim...” He paused, straining to get the words out. “I am gestating.”

Jim's brain exploded. He didn't know that he fainted until he felt Spock's arms catch him. Jim shook his head. “Holy shit!” Jim stared at Spock and poked his flat stomach. “Pregnant?”

Spock nodded. “Yes, Jim. I am pregnant with our child.”

Jim sputtered. “You can’t be pregnant! I'm pregnant! We can't both be pregnant!”

Spock raised a brow. “Considering our amorous activities together and our bodies capabilities, I assure you the possibility of both of us gestating is slim, but it still exists.”

Amanda gasped. “Sarek! If Jim, Spock and I are all pregnant, then what are we all going to do in six or seven months? The only person in our family able to bend over and pick up anything is going to be you!”

Sarek's eyes widened by a fraction and took a deep calming breath. “Ah. That is quite true. I will be the only able bodied protector and provider... for three pregnant family members carrying my bloodline. Surak's grace be with me...”

Bones got out a bottle of moonshine, the good shit he kept away from Jim, poured two glasses and offered one to Sarek. “Here, you look like you need this.”

Sarek sniffed it and stared at Bones. Bones shook his head. “It's hooch. Earth tradition for expecting fathers...” Bones gave a cursory glance at Jim and Spock. “And expecting grandfathers. It's to calm the nerves, and boy howdy do you need it. Three pointy eared bundles joy coming your way.”

Sarek looked less than enthused by the brandy, grimacing at its taste. “I assume this is another human ritual to purposely become inebriated? It serves no purpose with me, since Vulcans have been spared those dubious effects, but I will concur that the three children to be added to my bloodline can be described as bringing positive emotions and with a high probability of inheriting proper Vulcan ears given how aggressively dominant Vulcan genes are.”

Bones rolled his eyes. “You could have just said no... Or perhaps asked for a box of chocolates instead to get drunk.”

Sarek stiffened and held his head high. “Perhaps it will be best to remain sober.”

Bones smiled, and exchanged the empty shot glass for a candy bar. Pure dark chocolate with lots of breakable pieces. “I disagree with the sober part. A gift, your majesty. If you ever change your mind
or if you need more copper in your diet. Chocolate is good for both.”

Sarek studied the gift as if it were he were given a box of slugs. Not wanting to cause offense he diplomatically accepted the gift. “It is not a Vulcan custom to give back that which was gifted.”

“Ah, we have something similar on Earth: it's called telling a person 'It's the thought that counts.' Usually said when the gift sucks, but you don't want to break any hearts. If you don't want it, you can give it to your wife. I'm sure she'd appreciate something that ain't from the replicator. God knows the food doesn't taste right, especially the ones on the Enterprise. I don't think they repaired them right.”

Jim and Spock exchanged looks, and a thought occurred to both of them at the same time: how did the entire ship get pregnant? Something could have been added to the replimat system. Something that was supposed to go to Altair VI, but was filched by Finnegan. Medical supplies for a growing colony. Supplies like fertility drugs that were on the list. Spock had both hands clasped behind his back to calm the rage within, and calmly asked Bones, “Dr McCoy. I require a test to be run on all the food produced by the Enterprise's replimat system. Specifically for any kind of fertility drugs that were supposed to be delivered to the Altair VI colony.”

Bones gaped. “I remember the supply manifest. Erosmaxilepus. A concentrate of real potent fertility drugs. They had an infertility problem on the colony, and this stuff was supposedly Barry White levels of bedroom potency... No... What kind of damned idiot would dump that kind of thing in our food?!”

What damned idiot indeed. That was the question of the day, and quickly answered. With one swift word from Jim and Spock, the Starbase security detained four men and the video logs were screened with fine toothed flea comb of that particular morning. Whatever god made the Vulcan brain bless Spock's photographic memory and anally retentive attention for detail. The mystery of how 116 women, and 10 men who were gifted by either nature or Mr Seahorse inc, got pregnant was solved.

What happened according to the recovered video log, was that four men ran around like headless chickens and made the most legendary cock up in the entire history of the Enterprise's two year run. It was deleted, but whoever did it, didn't do a thorough enough job. It showed Finnegan meeting up with Mitchell and Stiles who had warned them, “They searched Hendorff's quarters and they're about to search yours right now! You need to dump whatever stuff you stashed.”

Finnegan panicked, shoving a box in Mitchell's hands. “You know how to dump stuff, right me lad? You dumped Jimmy Quirk well enough when he wouldn't spread his legs.”

Mitchell screeched, like he'd been given a bag of overloading phasers. “Me? Shit! Umm... That replimat! We can dump it in there! The stuff gets disintegrated when programming new meals, right? We just label it something like Shit-burger soup so no one finds it and delete it later. So it appears that someone programmed a dish in wrong, and got rid of it. No trace of the drugs.”

Stiles agreed. “That's sounds crazy enough to work!”

Finnegan pointed to the nearest replimat station and started ripping it apart. “Brilliant! Give it here, you barmy bastard!”

Jim and Spock shook their heads as they watched the three stooges hard at work. “Spock, they're
fucking up the programming...”

Stiles when asked to help had enough sense to back out. “Sorry guys, I ain't doing this. You're on your own.”

Stiles ran away with his tail between his legs. They saw cupcake coming, and heard over the recording the moment Finnegan was to report to his quarters. They watched on the video Cupcake, and Mitchell helping Finnegan program the replimat. Jim cringed. “Dear god, it's like watching a gorilla figure out how to turn on a computer... Shit! No! Not that fucking button! That's the master subroutine!”

Spock winced. “It appears they've instead flushed the entire payload of fertility drugs into the Enterprise's replimat system. Perhaps they would have reconsidered their actions if they knew that Erosmaxilepus like many items cannot be replicated, and their attempts to do so have compounded errors in the replimat's programming.”

Jim shook his head. “Those fucking idiots flushed fertility drugs into every food and drink the replimats on our ship squeezes out.”

Spock watch the whole affair with a raised eyebrow. “It is fascinating how creative even the most cerebrally ungifted can be when attempting to conceal their own mistakes. Their idea, while creative and ingenious, was poorly executed and not well thought out.”

Jim agreed. “Well said, Spock. Ugh, some Moriarty they turned out to be...”

Spock quirked a small smile at his mate. “Indeed. The Napoleon of Crime would have covered his digital tracks more efficiently when eliminating evidence of his wrongdoings. Mr Mitchell's computer skills were most inadequate when attempting to delete this very log we are all viewing.”

The room stilled. The Admirals had watched the video with barely concealed disgust. Stiles, Finnegan, Cupcake, and Mitchell watched silently as they watched the video of them destroying their own careers. Jim had to admire the beauty of watching four assholes who insulted his boyfriend, be mean to Angela for flirting with Turim, and treating the Vulcans like crap just for being a little different, all four of them get a full serving of karma. Three of them had beaten, berated and otherwise made Jim's life hell for years. It almost made Jim believe in miracles.

Admiral Archer glared at the four of them. His prized beagle in his lap, also growled at them as he pet the dog. “I was dragged out of retirement because of the historical significance of our first real contact with the Vulcans, because they needed my experience. The Vulcans are a people so shy and reclusive that we are now only talking to them for the first time. A people, I might add, that humans have been curious about them since we discovered warp and noticed 40 Eridani was inhabited. Now I'm told that four idiots put drugs in the replimat system, after they shot slurs out of their mouths while hosting a diplomatic delegation of the very people we are trying to make friends with!”

Admiral Gorch was pissed, the Tellarite's nose twitching and his tusks bared at them as he railed into them. “First we have a formal complaint from Spock of your xenophobic slurs in the mess hall on the morning in question, and now this. You four poisoned the proverbial well! What were you thinking!? Do you know how much trouble we had to go through to keep you four from being lynched by an angry mob of pregnant people?! I've got men and women out for your blood after this stunt you idiots pulled! You are lucky the Vulcans are not asking for your heads on a silver platter! What do you have to say in your defense?”

Finnegan, the asshole who for years enjoyed pranking other people, and laughed when they cried their heart out over his cruel jokes, was now crying himself a river. “It was just supposed to be a
harmless joke! No one was really hurt!”

Admiral Cornwell was not happy. “Not hurt? What about the emotional distress you caused many people who took measures to prevent this sort of thing? Now those who are choosing to have the child they weren't expecting have to take an extended leave from their careers. Our doctors will need to work around the clock with healers from Vulcan to monitor all the hybrid pregnancies you caused.”

Admiral Thelin was bluer in the face than the usual Andorian blue. “Not to mention the Vulcans who will now need to stay on earth with their pregnant mates while we are still negotiating a delicate treaty with their planet. Their stay on Earth is uncertain, since Vulcan still has non-member status. We don't know if their offspring will have duel citizenship or not because we are still negotiating the alliance! It is a political mess that we now need to clean up because of your little joke!”

Mitchell gulped. “We won't do it again, we promise!”

Stiles shook his head. “I have nothing to do with these three. I washed my hands of them.”

Cupcake pointed a finger at Finnegan. “It was his idea, don't blame me!”

Finnegan panicked, “It was an accident! I sure as hell didn't mean to get 126 people pregnant! You think I'm the kind of man that goes in and dumps his load in the easiest hole and then fecks off?”

The other three just turned and stared at Finnegan and gave him a look. Their appointed defense lawyer pinched the bridge of his nose as his clients broke down like children and started bickering amongst themselves. He advised them to stay quiet. They did the opposite. They tried to point the finger at each other or claim they were under stress or how it wasn't their fault despite the overwhelming evidence mounting up against them. Now even a first year law student could tell that these four were well and truly fucked.

Sarek suddenly stood. The screech of his chair pushed back silenced the four men on trial. Sarek slowly approached the culprits of the pregnancy epidemic. “If I may, Admirals, I would administer a suitable punishment for the crimes against my people and then you may administer whatever punishment you deem suitable for the crimes against your own.”

Admiral Archer, curious to see where this was going, asked, “As long as it isn't a death sentence, I'll allow it.”

Sarek nodded. “Of course. Vulcans are normally a peaceful and logical race. However, in light of my hormonal imbalance due to the fertility drugs effecting my reproductive system, a personal restitution is appropriate in this case.”

Calmly, and with the deadly grace of le-matya surveying a herd of jarel, he approached the four men responsible for his current pain and uncomfortable mood swings, and punched them hard in the gut with the speed and precision of an electrical storm in the Forge. He watched them cough, and writhe on the floor in pain without remorse or joy. No doubt they all had cracked ribs to contend with.

He stated without inflection nor emotion in his voice, “Now you have some understanding of the painful uterine cramps suffered by thirty-six members of the Nakarat's crew and myself. I would advise you to think with logic and reason and not out of fear. Your fear of my people, your fear of being made sexually inferior, your fear of being caught are the cause of you standing on trial now. You four will be forgiven for your crimes against my people on the condition you learn the first lesson every Vulcan child learns: Cast out fear, there is no room for anything else until you learn to cast out fear. This one of Surak's most important lessons.”
Sarek took his seat, and with as much dignity he could muster, and readjusted the hot pad on his stomach. Admiral Archer gave Sarek a nod of approval and turned a hard gaze at the four culprits. “All four of you are stripped of rank and dishonorably discharged from Starfleet. Your pensions will be divided among every man, woman, and other genders you got pregnant because your stunt as child support. Stiles, since you seemed to be the only one with enough sense to back out from helping them, you will be the only one not serving a sentence. The rest of you get two choices: four years community service on the Jupiter Corporation mining ship Red Dwarf as second technicians cleaning latrines or on a penal colony.”

After the court martial hearing was quickly dealt with, the four men were shipped off in shame. Three to the Red Dwarf to call some smeghead named Rimmer boss, and Stiles had his pissed off Starfleet family to go home to. The media was pretty vicious, but understandably so given the ungodly number of violations they pulled on one of the most important diplomatic missions in the last fifty years. A popular news anchor from Vancouver had taken to calling them, “The Four Hoser-men of the Baby Apocalypse.” It stuck, and now everyone was calling them that. It made the worst thing Jim ever did look like sneaking his mom’s snickerdoodles in comparison, this was a cock up on an epic scale.

Jim felt nothing but pity for them, but even more for the people who had a half-Vulcan kid on the way and a possessive and overprotective Vulcan following them and no idea what to do next. Jim looked at Spock, still unsure how to feel at the news of yet another pointy eared child. First he was going to be a mother, but now a father as well. “Spock? What are our kids going to call us? Won't yours get confused by calling you mom, and mine calling me mom?”

Spock lips twitched, threatening to break out into a small smile. “Logically, I assumed that both of our children will call me sa-mekh and you dad. In adherence to my Vulcan heritage and your humanity. It is a matter of preference of course.”

Jim grinned. “Logical. Of course.” Jim paused, thinking on what Sarek had said during the court martial. “Cast out fear... Is that one of Surak’s sayings?”

Spock nodded. “Indeed. ‘Cast out fear, there is no room for anything else until you cast out fear.’ My father taught it to me when I was three when I had an illogical fear of a creature living in my closet.”

Jim sputtered, and balled out laughing. “You were scared of a monster in the closet? Oh come on Spock, that's normal! Every human kid gets scared of that, I got scared of a monster living under my bed, and my closet. Did your father go in your closet and show you nothing but clothes?”

Spock shrugged. “No, he told me to look myself and stood at my side as I did so to bolster my courage.”

Jim was almost envious. A dad that actually helped, that was actually there for you instead of in pictures or in the stories of a heartbroken mother and friends. “Your dad is kinda awesome. Scary, but awesome. You think we'll be as good at parenting as Sarek? Being a parent is scaring the shit out me.”

Spock sighed. “It is my hope that we can be better. Cast out fear, so we can have room for things such as love and wisdom and beauty.”
Jim reached out for Spock's hand and squeezed it. “We'll need it. We go to Earth in an hour. Press will be waiting, your mother's family will be waiting as well. God help us if my mother shows up. By now everyone has seen me in those traditional Vulcan wedding garments streaming on the news networks. Oh well, at least my ass looked good in those.”

Spock had a gleam in his eyes. “Indeed, your posterior appeared most aesthetically pleasing in them.”

Jim laughed. “That's because it gave you a full view and an easy to remove panel to access it!”

Spock's lips quirked up in the hint of a smile. “That is also true.”

“You know, we'll have to do the whole tourist thing when we get down to Earth.”

Spock squeezed back, running his thumb over Jim's. “I look forward to it.”

“Holy crap, I'm going to be a parent.”

It was crazy how when he left Earth, he was some farm boy from Iowa who managed to find his way on the Enterprise with a uniform and a high rank. He was the playboy that drowned his past in sex and booze, and the one your mother warned you about. Now he was married with two kids on the way, and negotiating an alliance that could save the Federation and Vulcan and navigating relations between the two. At least if there was going to be an apocalypse of pointy eared babies, then at least he had Spock to suffer with him. “God we're going to have to go shopping for a lot of tiny socks!”

Chapter End Notes

Translations:
Yamareen – Hormone produced in male Vulcans during Pon Farr causing them to go crazy horny.
T'hy'lara – the plural form of T'hy'la
T'sai – Lady. As in lord and lady, a title of respect for women.
Oveh – The honored one, a title of respect like the knighted honorific of “sir” or “dame”
The moment they beamed down to Starfleet Headquarters in San Francisco, the paparazzi swarmed the Vulcan delegation as they were escorted inside. Jim had to restrain himself from punching some guy's nose at how personal and downright vulgar some of the questions directed at Spock and Sarek got like “Is it true your species has to fuck or die?” and “Did you use telepathy to brain wash your human mates?” Thankfully the interviews they had lined up with Andy the Andorian and Della the talk show host from “Galaxy Gallivant” were bound to be less invasive than Harry Mudd's.

Jim saw Spock beside him look out at the bay with the iconic Golden Bridge on their side in Presidio where Starfleet HQ was at. Jim brushed his fingers against Spock's hand, and felt his thoughts come to the surface. He was amazed at the sight of so much water, and so much green. Jim silently promised a real tour of Earth later. After they get done with making a treaty official. Jim sent a thought through their bond and pointed out Starfleet Academy across the bridge on the edge of Horseshoe Bay. “See that Spock? There's Starfleet Academy where I graduated. It was the first place that felt like home to me, probably because it meant I would be able to see the stars. I'll have to give you a tour of the place later.”

Spock sent a spark of curiosity back through their bondlink. “I would like that very much.”

For now Sarek would be discussing the terms of the Federation-Vulcan alliance with the Admirals, and with the President of the Federation Audrid Dax. Federation membership status for Vulcan would take longer due to the fact that all the Federation worlds were still scrambling to send representatives to vote, and the political hoops one has to jump through. It was going to be a lengthy process.

Rumor mill had it that some worlds were refusing to even consider admission with a world like Vulcan that was still technically hostile. Understandable since Vulcan destroyed any ship that entered their space and refused all outside contact for centuries. They were also leery of a people they barely
knew and happened to be a close biological cousin of their current enemy, the Romulans.

While the Federation bureaucrats like taking their sweet time, Starfleet does not. There is a war with the Romulan Star Empire going on right now, and Vulcan has powerful ships with cloaking technology. Ships that fended off an entire Romulan invasion force dozens strong with just five ships. Jim would bet his vast collection of erotic holo-sims that Starfleet would be speeding things up by drawing up a peace treaty now, and let the bureaucrats bicker over admission later. Jim had to agree, the sooner they can get Vulcan into the fight the sooner they can end the war.

Jim hated politics for good reason. For the most part it was just a bunch of baboons of different shapes, colors, and creeds finding every excuse to gain advantage over the other or fling their shit at someone they didn't like. Jim figured a group of baboons was called a congress for a reason. Jim had hoped that after all these centuries people would figure out how to make politics simple and painless. Jim sighed at that thought. New frontier. New problems.

Jim was grateful that he was just here as emotional support. Sarek as Vulcan's king was going to be the one doing the talking. Jim hoped Sarek would do well. If things fell apart they might try to separate him and Spock, and keep Jim from ever seeing Spock again. Spock picked up on Jim's worry, and linked their two fingers together as he'd seen Sarek and Amanda do frequently. Immediately Jim felt better as waves of Spock's love, and protectiveness enveloped him like a warm comfortable cloak. If things did fall apart, Jim knew that Spock would not be leaving his side.

A closed door meeting at Starfleet HQ was held in secrecy, lest a Romulan spy catch wind of what the tactics they plan to discuss here. In the main briefing room all the admirals gathered, and Sarek was escorted to one end of the huge round black table with the spotlight on him. His wife, his son, and his son's bondmate, as well as some of his most trusted aides were seated behind him. At the other end of the table was a woman named Audrid Dax who was from a curious race known as the Trill. Beside her was Admiral Archer, a human who appeared to be as ancient as his grandmother T'pau. The Trill woman stood with a serene and sure grace he often saw in T'pau. “I am President Audrid Dax of the United Federation of Planets. It is an honor to finally meet Vulcan at last. Welcome, Sarek of Vulcan. It is our hope that at the end of this day a mutually beneficial relationship will blossom between our worlds.” She gestured at Archer, “And this is Fleet Admiral Archer. Him I believe you know.”

Sarek inclined his head in acknowledgment. “Yes, I remember. He and many others here had spearheaded the trial of the four lunikkh ta'vik just yesterday.”

A pause and an eyebrow raise. “Loon Nick taw vic?”

“Lunikkh ta'vik.” Sarek corrected. “In my language it is an invective meaning poisoner of wells. Vulcan is a world not nearly as rich with water as this world appears to be. Water is therefore precious and to ruin it is a grievous crime. You can understand my people's ire at discovering that our food had been drugged. If it were anything but fertility drugs we would have turned our ship around and gone home. I would not be here considering an alliance with your respective worlds if even one of my people were killed.”

Dax nodded, and appeared sympathetic. “Well, on behalf of the Federation, we are happy that you and your people arrived to Earth safe and sound. We also deeply apologize for the actions of a close-minded few. They do not represent the majority of the Federation.”
Sarek inclined his head politely. “I understand. As the Sa'te'kru of Vulcan, I speak on behalf of my world. Here with me are my aides, Soren and Sovel who speak for the Vulcan High Council and the Vulcan Science Ministry. This is my son and current heir Spock, she who is my wife Amanda Grayson, and my son's bondmate James T Kirk. Him, I believe, you should already know.”

Archer smiled, and nodded at Jim. “Commander Kirk, I definitely know.”

Sarek cut to the heart of the matter. “Those of you who I do not already know, have your names clearly written on your plaques, so introductions from you are not needed. Now that introductions are complete, shall we discuss the terms of an alliance between Vulcan and the Federation?”

Dax blinked as did the rest of the room. “You don't do small talk, do you? Okay, we'll get down to business then... Admiral Archer?”

Archer shifted and straightened up in his seat. “What we would like to know is why after centuries, Vulcan wishes to open relations with Earth? From the reports I have received from Kirk, you didn't have a good first impression of humans hundreds of years ago and maintained isolation from the rest of the galaxy. Is your people ready for such a big change? I mean you people did refuse our messages of friendship for centuries, even going as far as attack any ship that came into your space with little provocation.”

Sarek stared impassively, but Jim could see the slightly sharp intake of breath that told him that Sarek was weary. “Vulcan is ready because they must be. Remaining in isolation will only weaken us. If you have read Kirk's rather graphically detailed report, then you know of our tragic story of the events surrounding The Fall of the House of Surak and of the devastation to our society after.”

Jim found it hard to watch a proud man like Sarek ask for help. “Admirals, we were once a society dedicated to logic and peace, and that was disrupted by people from Earth, who spoke your tongue, and proclaimed friendship and peace before murdering our leaders and decimating approximately 42.98 percent of our population which we are still recovering from. Vulcans do not make the same mistake twice. Do you still wonder why we refused contact with your Federation for all that time?”

Dax winced in sympathy as did the other Admirals. Only a human with hard eyes named Admiral Marcus was the only one who looked at Sarek suspiciously. He asked Sarek point blank, “So what changed your mind?”

Sarek stared at Marcus, much like a scientist would a experiment under a microscope. “Necessity, and truth. The people who invaded our world are not accurate representatives of the present humans of Earth nor your Federation. We cannot blame the tragedy that befell our people by the actions of exiles and outcasts that your Federation has long since disowned cast off from their society. To do so would be hypocritical of us. My ancestors have done the same to those who marched beneath the raptor's wing when they refused to relinquish their violent ways for peace and logic. Their descendants now call themselves Romulans.”

Sarek glanced at them, daring them to compare him or any Vulcan to their long sundered kin. “I ask you Admirals, blame us not for the actions of a race of people that are no longer a part of us and we will do the same. If you cannot, then relations between our worlds will not continue. The Nakarat will return home if the Federation decides to treat us as enemies because of a superficial resemblance to another culturally distinct people.”

They tensed up, some more visibly than others. It was pretty much unspoken but understood that the Vulcans would probably take Jim with them. They had probably expected lots of ‘beating around the bush’ as Amanda said, and quickly learned that Vulcans have a talent for cutting straight to the heart of the matter.
Jim cleared his throat and eyes turned to him. “I assume, sirs you all received my complaint on four individuals aboard the Enterprise and viewed their trial? They seem to have forgotten what the Federation stands for, and gave many of our Vulcan friends the mistaken impression that humans are xenophobic.”

Archer had a deadly gleam in his eyes. “Yes, I did. Your majesty, we do apologize if some of our officers have forgotten this. Our core belief is the cooperation and celebration of different cultures and peoples. As you can see here, we come from many different worlds and peoples.”

Sarek had a faint smile. “Kol-ut-shan. Infinite diversity in infinite combinations. That is a key portion of Vulcan philosophy as well. I believe the main source of these human males anger toward us can be mainly attributed to emotions of jealousy. From what I have observed, many females of the Enterprise crew have been quite welcoming of the crew of the Nakarat, particularly of the unbonded males. I believe your respective races also have the occasional argument over females?”

A chuckle erupted, and cut the tension. A common ground between human, Vulcan, Andorian, Trill, Betazoid, Caitian, and even Tellarite: sex is a battlefield. Dax had a warm smile on her face. “Well, your majesty, I cannot say I blame them. From what I see, Vulcans appear to be a rather handsome people.”

Jim slid a hand over Spock's hand, in plain view of everyone. A tint of green blossomed on Spock's cheeks. Sarek's aides also looked at their joined hands scandalously. Jim gave the Admiralty a boyish grin. “Well, sirs, they are indeed a handsome and rather... gifted people. I can see why those guys were jealous.”

Sarek had a small blush as Amanda gave her husband a salacious smile. “Indeed.”

Komack gave Kirk a raised brow, unfortunately the man knew Kirk's reputation well. “Commander Kirk, about the... baby shower incident, did you turn the Enterprise into a sex boat?”

Jim looked away. “Completely by accident sir. We discovered that um... chocolate has a rather similar effect on Vulcans as alcohol does to humans without the anaphrodisiac effects of ethanol. Lower inhibitions without lowering... umm certain bodily functions.”

Archer's brows shot up and he exclaimed with astonished glee, “Vulcans get drunk on chocolate?”

Sarek stiffened. “Intoxicated, yes. I should like it noted that in the future, no chocolate is to be served to Vulcans. It was the chocolate cake served at Kirk's party in addition to the fertility drugs that had be circulating in the Enterprise's food that is the cause of a current delicate issue that must be addressed... Eighty-three people are now pregnant with Vulcan-hybrid children.”

The Admirals stared with interest. Dax smiled. “I myself am quite familiar with children, being a mother myself.”

Sarek continued. “Vulcan is still recovering from a population loss. It is an issue my people are facing. The revelation that my half human son has not only fathered a child with James Kirk, but shares a t'hy'la bond with him has changed my people's isolated views. You must understand that we have strong psychic ties to our families, and unlike some humans we Vulcans mate for life. Thus the reason why bonded pairs cannot be separated. It can have negative impacts on our health if we go long periods of time away from our mate.”

Sarek gestured to Spock and Jim. “Especially in the case of the most revered of all bonds: that of t'hy'la, the strongest of all bonds. My son's mate and t'hy'la, James T Kirk is pregnant. For that reason, Spock cannot leave his side. We Vulcans are usually a peaceful and logical race, but our
instinct to protect our mates, particularly our pregnant mates, often overrides logic.”

Dax nodded. “Completely understandable. Especially from what we saw in Kirk's reports about your people's mating cycles. Pon Farr was it?”

Sarek looked visibly embarrassed. “The Time of Mating. We rarely speak of it among ourselves. It is... a shameful thing to speak of. Normally I would never discuss such a private thing so publicly but necessity does not allow that.”

Marcus didn't back off. “Do Romulans get this mate or die thing as well?”

Sarek nodded. “The Romulan word for it is... It's translation in Standard is far less polite than ours but apt. They do suffer the same seven year cycle that has been since the dawn of time. It is for that reason that there will always be conflict between our peoples. The Plak Tow, the Blood Fever is almost always fatal if not satisfied by mating or ritual combat. The Romulans suffer the same, and for that reason they will go into Vulcan space to take from us our mates to sate their own fires and in the process ruin many families.”

Sarek looked distinctly uncomfortable but still maintained his grace. “Five years ago I had to place a law banning Vulcan females of child bearing years from serving aboard vessels leaving Vulcan space. Many our women that we have rescued from Romulan territory have suffered trauma and underwent Kolinahr as a result. Kolinahr robs her Vulcan husband his wife since it requires the severing of all bonds. As a result there are many unbonded males and not enough available mates to see them through their time.”

Sarek sighed, almost looking weary, but it was barely noticeable. “In ancient times a Vulcan man would leave his village to go on a Psthan-Katelau, a mate-quest, in search of bride. It was how small remote villages avoid inbreeding. Unfortunately the problem is across all of Vulcan, and unbonded males will need to leave Vulcan space to go on their Psthan-Katelau. As I have demonstrated, humans and Vulcans are physically compatible.”

Marcus narrowed his eyes. “So Vulcan needs women? You can't honestly expect us to line up a bunch of our daughters and hand them over on a silver platter, can you?”

Sarek eyes darkened. “What I expect is for Vulcan and the Federation to come together and solve a mutual problem, namely the Romulans. What I also expect is for the Federation to allow their own women to freely choose who she wishes to mate with. What I expect from all of you is that unbonded Vulcans are free to search for brides and husbands outside of their race without harassment from those who believe that one should not mix outside their own.”

Sarek's gaze bored into Marcus for a moment longer before addressed the rest of the room. “I cannot guarantee that all my people will be eager for this alliance, nor can you guarantee the same of yours, but Romulan incursions and the need to protect this rare and sacred t'hy'la bond between my son and Kirk have given my people no other alternative. To protect both of our peoples, we must come together. Can you agree on that at least?”

Silence. The Admirals, particularly the human ones, blushed. They had problems in the past with terrorist human organizations like Terra Prime, who went against interspecies marriages. Like with like, was their slogan. Archer sighed. “We didn't say we were against mixed marriages. We were only concerned with the personal freedoms of our citizens.”

Sarek inclined his head. “I understand. For millennia we Vulcans valued privacy and freedom of the individual. Our bill of rights was written to ensure those freedoms, slavery banned. Unfortunately because of biological necessity many Vulcan women are pressured into marriages they did not want
because of our decline in population. Perhaps I can have a translation of our laws be sent to you? It was based on Surak's teachings on logic and peace to be put before passion.”

Dax smiled. “That would be wonderful. See, we're getting to know each other already.”

Archer agreed. “Perhaps during your stay here on Earth, you'll find all kinds of things us humans have to offer.”

“I intend to do so. We have much to offer you in turn. We possesses knowledge on the Romulans, and advanced ships with superior engines and cloaking technology. We have planets in our system that are rich with resources like dilithium, but lack the manpower to mine. We have truly gifted minds capable of feats that many of you deem impossible, such as our telepathic abilities. We have much to offer you, but what remains to be seen is what you have to offer us in turn... Other than avocados and...” Sarek glanced at his wife. “The people of Earth's friendship.”

Admiral Archer laughed. “I'm sure you can find more than some alligator pears and the... friendship of lovely Earth women to keep Vulcan happy.”

Sarek's lips twitched, almost imperceptibly, as he thought of the many unbonded males who recently decided to follow his footsteps in taking a human mate. “Indeed.”

The discussion went toward how many ships Vulcan had, and where on the frontlines they could be sent. They also discussed how much dilithium deposits Vulcan's sister planet, T'Khut, had. The Admirals were very interested in a potential new source of dilithium. Thelin the Andorian admiral was especially interested when Sarek broke out holographic surveys of T'Khut, showing large deposits deep under miles of ice, and told them, “T'Khut, Vulcan's sister planet, has rich deposits that we have barely been able to tap into, despite the fact that we have been able to travel to the planet for over two thousand years. The environment is wretchedly cold. Vulcan's are built for enduring the conditions of a desert, not ice and snow. T'Khut's temperatures seldom rise above zero degrees Centigrade and the largest deposits are under kilometers of glaciers and the polar oceans.”

Thelin's antennae perked up with delight. “Andor owes Vulcan a great debt of gratitude for your aid against the Romulans. From the data you are displaying, T'Khut's environment is very similar to our home world. We Andorians should be able to get at these deposits.”

Sarek mulled that over. “An arrangement can be made.”

Thelin nodded. “A discussion best left to my people's ambassador, Shras.”

Admiral Nogura added, “It should also be mentioned that we have a similar problem with Simon 128, a world that has been claimed by the Tellerite Mining Corp. It's rich with metal ores we use in our starships like duranium.”

Admiral Gorch scratched his beard. “I know of the situation there well, my brother is one of the miners trying figure out how to mine the damned ore. The planet's environment is hostile to most life, with scorching temperatures, little to no humidity, and dust storms and electrical storms destroying most of our equipment.”

Sarek raised a brow. “Curious. The environment sounds similar to Vulcan. We have long since discovered way of protecting our cities and equipment from hazards you have described.”

Soval who was equally curious commented, “We can send a d'Kyr class science vessel to survey the planet and estimate the amount of labor and manpower that will be needed to mine the deposits.”

Gorch's porcine nose twitched. “For that you must go through Ambassador Gav. I will bring it up
with him. Our people's ships are raided by Romulans, and our payloads stolen. We Tellarites are a proud and industrious people, I suggest the Vulcans tread carefully.”

Sarek nodded. “We shall.”

Admiral Archer clapped his hands together and smiled. “Well, folks. This sounds really promising! I think if we work together we can really enrich our worlds and our shipyards. We'll need it if we're to give the Romulans the ass kicking they need.”

Sarek couldn't agree more. For centuries Romulans would attempt to raid Vulcan and her colonies, taking women to breed more soldiers for Romulus. Now with an alliance with other worlds they will be able to defeat the Romulan Empire. Kol-ut-shan will be their greatest asset against a xenophobic foe like the Romulans who abhor anything different from themselves.

With the Admirals and President Dax they discussed the Romulans current movements. After their invasion of Andor was thwarted by the surprise intervention of Vulcan, the second wave retreated back across the Neutral Zone. Sarek knew with no small amount of certainty that the Romulans were planning on what to do next with this new Vulcan wrinkle in their plans, and how to divide this new alliance. They discussed battle tactics, like how many Nakarat class vessels Vulcan had, and where they can be best utilized. They pushed to share their cloaking technology but Sarek stood firm. A concession was eventually made. Only a few select Constitution ships will be equipped with one, and operated and repaired only by Vulcan officers.

At the end of the day a treaty was signed in public. Vulcan was officially taken off the black list of No-Go worlds and put on the friendly list. The next day the USS Farragut was sent out with a cargo bay filled to the brim with avocados and a few Vulcans from the Nakarat that volunteered to act as a tour guide for Starfleet. Sarek had also sent messages to Vulcan of all the previously unbonded males that had found and immediately impregnated their new human mates. It was thought to be the beginning of a beautiful and intimate “friendship”.

The temporary Vulcan Embassy was in Sausalito while they still decided where their permanent location would be. It was a large manor from the late twenty-first century and was long since renovated and turned into a hotel that Starfleet used for visiting dignitaries. It was cleared out for the Vulcans use and a high fence and extra security put in place. Starfleet pulled out all the stops to make their new Vulcan allies feel comfortable. It was made clear that while on these grounds it was symbolically Vulcan soil. Starfleet got a bunch of raised eyebrows from Vulcans, with many stating that “Clearly the soil composition is native of Earth, and not Vulcan.”

It only took a couple of hours for the Vulcans to move in and make themselves at home while the VSS Nakarat was parked in Starbase One's space dock with just a skeleton crew. With planet visas, and a health screening certification the Vulcans were free to roam and explore. So to speak. The Vulcans who not only had mates, but pregnant ones as well elected to stay Earth-side for at least the next nine months to better see to their mate's needs. Some of those that did not, went back to Vulcan on the USS Farragut to help oversee the transport of goods between Vulcan and Earth, which right now will be several tons of the much desired avocados.

Jim was now sharing a room with Spock at the Embassy, and he wasn't the only member of the Enterprise that he sees here. Since Jim was pregnant with Vulcan royalty, his cheap flat provided by Starfleet wasn't going to cut it. So his friends decided to help move what little Earthly possessions he
had to the Embassy, his home for the foreseeable future. Chekov, Sulu, and Scotty helped boxed up
his crap and was dumping it in his new room. Bones had practically moved into the embassy to
monitor all the Vulcan hybrid pregnancies with T'Val's help. “Dammit Jim, I'm a doctor, not a
mover! What the hell is in here anyway?”

Jim looked at the box. “Sweet! It's my all my books!”

Bones looked inside. “Paper books? Who has these anymore?”

Jim snatched his box of precious books. “I do.”

Spock appeared behind Bones, nearly giving the country doctor a heart attack when he spoke. “I
would be very much interested in your books.”

Bones clutched at his chest. “Jesus, Spock! Wear some bells on your feet! You're going to give me a
heart attack with the way you keep sneaking around!”

Spock raised an eyebrow. “Perhaps if you were not hard of hearing you may have heard me.”

“I don't have pointy ears like you do.”

Spock had an amused glint in his eyes. “A pity.”

Jim smirked. “I don't think Bones would pull off the Vulcan look as well as you do Spock.”

Bones huffed indigently. “Damn right.”

His two best friends were really getting along. They hadn't known each other long but already they
were bickering like brothers. It warmed Jim to see them banter like this, the three of them had some
real chemistry together. It felt like they were always friends. Jim looked around and noticed the three
of them were alone. “Spock, Bones? Where'd the rest of the guys go?”

Chekov, Sulu, and Scotty had disappeared. When they explored they found them downstairs in the
lobby with Janice Rand. Jim waved hello as he passed her. “You move your stuff into Sonak's room
yet?”

Janice nodded. “All that I had on the Enterprise. I still have more in my room at my parents' house.
They just about had a stroke when I told them about Sonak, and our little passenger. I still can't
believe Finnegan was that stupid. I'm just glad Sonak is the honorable and hard working type and
that I had been already been thinking about starting a family. Sonak and I decided to try to make it
work between us. How are you taking it?”

Jim shrugged. “One day at a time. Although the incredible sex really helps.”

Janice agreed. “Oh, god yes. I know! Green has become my new favorite color!” Janice then
remembered something, and pointed at one of the parlor rooms. “Oh yeah, have seen Della? She's
interviewing King Sarek and Dr Grayson!”

Jim looked where Janice pointed and poked his head in. There on a couch was Amanda and Sarek,
and they were speaking with a human woman with a camera drone filming them. Jim and Bones
recognized her right away. Bones gasped, “Wow, you Vulcans are really big news to have Della
make a house call.”

“Who?” Spock asked.
“Della from Galaxy Gallivant.” Uhura answered from behind them.

Bones jumped again. “Not you, too! What is it with people sneaking around?!”

Jim gave her a smile. “You arrange this?”

Uhura gave him an almost Vulcan-like eyebrow raise. “Who do you think you're talking to, Kirk? I'm the Enterprise's Chief of Communications.” Uhura turned to Spock with a pleasant smile, “To answer your question, Prince Spock, Della is a reporter from the Federation New Network. Galaxy Gallivant, one of the most popular news programs, does interplanetary current events, from fluff pieces like the space whale migrations to reporting from war zones being attacked by Romulans or Klingons. Right now, the Vulcan-Federation alliance is big news. The public knows next to nothing about you guys other than you're all a shy lot. Not to mention the news that a woman who had been presumed dead for twenty-seven years, not only survived all that time on a hostile world, but married their king and gave birth to their heir. People are curious.”

Spock's expression was unreadable. “I see.”

Della had been interviewing Jim's friends, but not as much as Amanda Grayson. “So, Dr. Grayson. Back to you. What is it about Earth that you've missed the most?”

Amanda smiled. “So much. Human interaction, human food, the cooler moist climate... Oh and toilets! Vulcan is a hot dry world, so while they may have sonic showers and toilets in their capital city, the rural areas still use sand baths and litter boxes.”

Sarek raised an eyebrow. “Why do you insist on calling litter boxes when they are clearly sand pits?”

“Because they are litter boxes, dear husband. It's basically a box with sand in it and an automatic scooper that buries it. It's just like a fancy litter box for cats.” Amanda giggled. “I really did marry a big two-legged cat.”

Sarek bristled a little. “Sand pits are logical. Why waste perfectly good water that can be used for drinking on your bodily wastes? And the concept of baths... A washcloth wastes far less water. A sonic shower even less. At least sand pits eventually turn sand into fertile soil we can grow useful flora on.”

Della laughed. “Well, when tourism opens up on Vulcan, they'll be warned. Speaking of tourism... When can we expect to book tours on Vulcan, King Sarek?”

“When Vulcan is considered a Federation member world and not an allied one. As of right now travel to the planet itself is restricted to Starfleet and personnel with work permits. My people need time to adjust to the idea of off-worlders coming and going freely to our system.”

Della nodded. “I'll be sure to listen out for when Vulcan will be open. I can't wait to hear more about your planet, it sounds so fascinating.”

Della spotted Jim, and like a leopard spotting a gazelle her eyes lit up when she saw him. “Commander James Kirk. Care to answer some questions?”

Jim shifted, suddenly feeling a little nervous under the robotic eye of her camera. “I guess if it's just a few. I'll answer what I can.”

Spock inched closer to Jim. Della zoomed straight to the personal questions. “Tell me what it's like dating, or rather recently married, to one of the most secretive and elusive races in the galaxy. We've all read that infamous report titled 'Vulcan Mating Practices' but I'd like to know a little more.
Especially with the recent baby apocalypse that's happened. Is your baby going to be a citizen of Earth, of Vulcan, and where do you plan on raising him or her?"

Jim blushed, and glanced at Spock. “Umm, okay lots of questions. We, and every human who's pregnant with a Vulcan hybrid and decided to keep it, will need to stay here on Earth to safely give birth. Vulcan's gravity is higher than ours, the air is thinner, and it's hotter than Satan's armpit. Not to mention dryer than Spock's sense of humor.”

Spock had this puzzled look on his face that Jim adored, and couldn't keep himself from holding his hand in plain sight of strangers. “Spock is wonderful. He's a dedicated and loyal husband, though like most Vulcans that I've seen, he's direct and blunt. Sarcasm and deceit is not something that Vulcans really do. Lying is a difficult skill to learn in a species that are all touch telepaths and extremely observant.”

Della blinked. “Huh, so if ask your Vulcan husband if you look fat in that dress, he's going to be dead honest?”

Spock put a possessive arm around his mate, and pulled Jim flush against him. “Of course. If my mate wears an article of clothing that makes him appear delightfully plump I will tell him so. It would be illogical to tell him anything but the truth.” Spock glanced at Jim, his eyes roving up and down his body intently. “You, my t'hy'la are aesthetically pleasing today, and shall grow to be even more so in the coming months as your belly grows with our child.”

Jim blushed, feeling Spock's honest desire through their bond, and felt his own body react. Jim couldn't help but smile and offer Spock a Vulcan kiss. Spock took it eagerly and when their fingers made contact it was like a jolt through his whole system. Jim then became vividly aware that this will be going on tv, and billions of people were going to be watching Spock fucking Jim with his eyes. Trust a Vulcan to make hand holding so utterly dirty. Della the talk show host was speechless as she looked between the two of them. “Uh... okay, wow. So onto something more PG... Your majesty, King Sarek, are those guys out there practicing some kind of Vulcan martial art?”

Sarek nodded. “Affirmative. Suus Mahna. A defensive form that takes many years to master. You may observe. Step carefully, we are still adjusting to our new accommodations.”

Della and her camera followed Sarek into the backyard where the Vulcans practiced in the Californian sun. They practiced their Suus Mahna, Vish-peh-nath an ancient Vulcan form of wrestling, and dueled with lirpax, a training lirpa with a dulled edged and padded bludgeon. She perked up at the sight of all the fit Vulcan males in their prime going through their exorcises wearing nothing more than loincloths. They all paused and turned when Sarek, came out with a strange female they've not seen before.

Jim spotted Sonak practicing Suus Mahna with another of the V'tosh Katur guards. When he spotted Janice Rand come in, he straightened up, and ever so subtly flex his muscles. His pectoral muscles even did a little dance for her. Janice noticed the show Sonak did for her and giggled. Della drooled. “I have to ask, word on the street is that Vulcan needs women. Is there any truth to that?”

The tips of Sarek's ears turned green. “There is. Due to...” Sarek struggled to find the right word that didn't involve flinging dirty words like Pon Farr around. “...our biology a Vulcan male cannot remain without a mate... or man if he wishes to live a long life. For one reason or another many Vulcan males have been bereft of their mates, many due to the Romulan raids on our ships and colonies that steal any Vulcan female of childbearing years or younger.”

“Those Vulcan women we manage to rescue are no longer psychologically able to be a wife and we cannot force them to due so. Families raise the price of the dowry for their daughters, and women
who under better circumstances would choose their own sex are not able to and kal'i'fee or passion fights have become frequent. As a result not all Vulcan males have mates or are trapped in unsatisfactory marriages. Up until the peace treaty between Earth and Vulcan was signed, they had no adequate alternatives.”

Della's eyes widened as the wheels cranked in her head. She looked at the training yard filled with fit Vulcan male specimens in their prime practicing various alien martial arts. “Are they single?”

“When they left Vulcan, yes, they were unbonded.”

“And you're saying there is hundreds more like them on Vulcan looking for a mate?”

“I cannot give you the exact number due to how private this matter is, but the number is closer to being in the thousands.”

Della cracked into a wide grin. “And are they all that... fit?”

Sarek blinked. “The harsh environment of our home world demands a certain amount of physical fitness. What you see here does represent the higher end of the average majority for their age groups.”

Della gave Jim the impression of a starving woman at an distant colony deli eying all the meat, and the butcher himself. There was something to be said about a woman looking at a butcher like a piece of meat. Jim got the feeling that there will millions of women lining up around the block happily volunteering their services to these poor, sexy, single aliens. “Della, before you get too excited ask Sarek how old he is.”

Sarek raised a brow. “What would be the relevance to such an inquiry?”

Della's curiosity was peaked. “That is a good question. How old are you?”

Amanda gave her husband the play-nice-or-else look. Sarek relented to his wife's silent request. “I am 101.257 precisely by Earth reckoning.”

Della's jaw dropped, and she looked Sarek up and down. The camera zoomed in on Sarek's lower body. He was wearing the fancy warrior armor and loincloth that exposed one side of his torso. It clearly showed off the fact that Sarek was a very fit man who looked to still be in his prime years, if a bit on the upper end. His hair had only a little grey at the temples. Della squawked, “Seriously?! You're older than my grandfather!”

Sarek raised a brow. “But I am not your grandfather.”

Della whistled low. “Obviously. Mine never looked as good.”

Amanda held her fingers for him to touch, giving Della that territorial look that Jim had seen all too often. It was the Bitch-He's-Mine look. “Yes, it is agreed that my husband is impressive specimen of his race. It must be stated that he is considered to be middle aged for a Vulcan. They can live upwards to about two-hundred years, sometimes a few decades more.”

“Woah. Seriously?!”

Sarek raised a brow. “You say that frequently. Do you not believe me?”

Della stuttered. “No, I mean, yes I do, but did you know anyone who lived for over two hundred years?”
“My grandfather, the honorable Sa-te'kru Solkar comes to mind. He lived to be 247.35 years old precisely. He was particularly long lived for our race.”

Spock had remembered his second forefather well, particularly since he suffered from Bendii Syndrome all of Spock’s life and till his death just six years ago. His out of control telepathy had affected Spock strongly, causing him to sob uncontrollably over the deaths of people who had been dead for centuries. “He had a strong will and a vital katra.”

“Vulcan stubbornness, and pride that is relentless even in death.” Amanda added.

Sarek had to agree. It was unspoken but understood by all those that knew him that it was Solkar's anger and hatred for the Augments that massacred his people that kept him going for so long. “Sa-mekh'il still wanders away from his vre-katra to give me unwarranted advice on how to do my job whenever I visit.”

Della turned pale. “Wait. You said your grandfather is dead and you talk like he's still around... How?”

“A Vulcan's katra, the essence of their living spirit, is preserved if possible. When a Vulcan senses that his body's death is near, he or she will mind meld with someone to carry their katra to the priests of Mt Seleya to store them properly in a katric ark. We then put the katric ark in that Vulcan's family shrine where their kin can come and seek them out for their wisdom and knowledge. This has been our way for approximately eight thousand years. It is tradition for a Vulcan to make a pilgrimage to the family shrine when completing a trial of adulthood and during the end of the year.”

Spock stiffened. “Sa-mekh'il Solkar asked me inappropriate questions about my fertility and my ability to mate last End Year. The rest of our ancestors did not wish to speak with me. I do not relish the next visit.”

Sarek firmly replied, “You must. Now that you have a t'hy'la and are producing a new addition the clan, you will have to go there and take Jim with you to meditate and open yourselves to their wisdom.”

Jim paled several shades. Go to a spooky crypt filled with telepathic Vulcan ghosts that hate humans? That was a whole lot of nope right there. “Wait, I need to visit this place?”

Bones clapped him on the shoulder. “Better you than me. Have fun with your trip to Hobgoblin-Poltergeist planet.”

Jim did not think that would be fun. “Uh what if they're hostile? What if they kill me? God, I'll need to take Bones just in case!”

Bones panicked. “Oh, hell no! I'm not going to a crypt filled with actual god damned spooky ghosts! The last thing I want is to get possessed by the ghost of a dead Vulcan! What if something happens to Spock? Oh god! Does this mean your Vulcan boyfriend can stick his soul in my body and use it as a sock puppet!? I don't want Spock's soul in my body!”

Spock assured Jim with a touch. “They will not harm you. At worst they will ignore you. The priests that guard the shrine ensure the dead do not interfere with the living.” Spock gave Bones an almost catty look. “I also assure Dr. McCoy that the chances that I will ever use his body as a vessel for my katra for my final journey to Mt Seleya is almost non-existent.”

Sonak, who went to put away his lirpax, commented, “The crypts of the high clans like S'chn T'gai are well maintained. It is the abandoned family shrines you must worry about.”
The other V'tosh Katur that he was training with shuddered. “Or like the ruins of Da'Kum'Ulcha.”

“What's Da' cum ulcer?” Della asked.

“Da'Kum'Ulcha.” Sarek corrected. “In our language it means City of Shadows. It was a thriving city and Vulcan's first space port up until approximately four thousand years ago an enemy army from Xial slaughtered every man, woman, and child with atomic warheads. The katras of the people were preserved because of the geography of where they had built their city. The rocks there are rich with veins of jasef, a psionically sensitive crystal used in making Katric arcs. However, the crude form of the jasef made their katras poorly preserved.”

Dead silence filled the air, and despite it being late April the humans shivered. Sonak broke the silence. “They are not aware that they are dead. The crude jasef do not allow them to retain any new memories. Those that wonder in, walk out with a parasitic katra that only the priests of Mt Selye or the Kolinaru masters of Gol can remove.”

Sarek cautioned them. “That is why we do not permit entrance into any of our ruins. Vulcans are a persistent and enduring people... even in death. But be assured that most katras remain dormant in their arks and are content to sleep. They usually awaken only to assist their descendants in matters of ensuring that their bloodline will continue or in the preservation of Vulcan as a people and society.”

All the warm lusty thoughts Della had of a sexy Vulcan boyfriend had flown out the window faster than a man fleeing his girlfriend's bloodthirsty father. Her romantic mood was dampened by the fact that Vulcans live for centuries. Then upon learning that their telepathic ghosts still hang around to ask the living why haven't they given them great-great-great grandchildren yet killed whatever desire she had left. Della clapped her hands together and forced her best smile. “Well, this was most informative, and you have give much for my audience to think about. It was such an honor to meet you King Sarek.”

Sarek inclined his head politely. “It was a... novel experience Della of Galaxy Gallivant.”

Della and her camera fled out the Vulcan Embassy. Jim had a feeling that the line of willing volunteers for the single Vulcans would be drastically diminished now. It was just as well since it took a strong will and body to endure Vulcan's heat and Vulcan's xenophobia. Jim and every human who was now hitched to a Vulcan, and had a Vulcan bun in the oven was faced with the downside of having a hot sexy Vulcan boyfriend: said boyfriend's family ghosts judging you and your ability to give them many-greats grandchildren. Jim grimaced at that awful prospect.

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Chapter End Notes

Translations:
Psthan-Katelau – Literally “Mate-Quest”, Psthan being Quest and Katelau meaning mate, as in for copulating with. Together it means a single Vulcan going on a usually long search for just the right bondmate.
Kan-bu – baby
Sa-mekh’il – Grandfather
Meet The Parents

Chapter Summary

Amanda is reunited with her family. Sarek reveals what happened to his first son, Sybok.

Chapter Notes

A warning to my readers, Sybok's fate was a rather sad one, so there's a bit of an angst warning there in the middle.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Ten:

Meet The Parents

After they moved into the new Vulcan Embassy a lot of people on the street stopped to stare at their new neighbors. After Della's interview, the number increased, and poor Soren, Sarek's aide, had his hands full trying to handle all the calls they've been getting. Because they were on maternity leave, Janice Rand and Angela Martine, and a few other girls in the Knocked-Up-By-A-Vulcan Club decided to help handle the messages they were getting. Apparently a lot of them were single profiles sent by people, most of which included nudes. Jim saw Soren pale at one of them, and recoiled a few feet. “Oveh James Kirk. What purpose does those yellow objects serve?”

Jim took a peek and blushed. A woman who looked about Amanda's age had taken a selfie while in the bath and covered her boobs and crotch with rubber duckies. She was attempting some kind of sexy pose, but the dog photobombing the corner of the picture kinda ruined it. The dog was looking at her like he was hoping she'd throw him one of the rubber duckies. In the message the photo was attached to, she had wrote “Oh Vulcan ducky, you're the one!”

Jim burst out laughing. “They're rubber duckies. They're supposed to be bath toys. For children. I'd delete this one. I don't think you're the one for her. Her furry friend there might get jealous.”

Soren stiffened, looking a little peachy, which wasn't a natural color on him. In fact he looked a little queasy. “I think not. I am already bonded with a Vulcan woman, and content with her.”
Jim shook his head and laughed. “Those poor women. They’ll be heartbroken to know that you’re off the market.”

Soren quickly deleted the message, and vowed to delete that image from his mind when he next meditated. He looked at the next message on the ever growing list and was relieved that it was not yet another female offering herself. He looked at the message marked from Starfleet and wondered if it was a deception. If not then there was little time to prepare. “I must go fetch the Lady Amanda.”

Worried, Jim followed. “Soren? What's wrong?”

Soren sped quickly to the dining room where Amanda, Sarek, and Spock were still working on their dinner. Sarek and Spock were kept busy talking with the Vulcan High Command and various leaders of other provinces of Vulcan. Amanda had spent most of the day sorting through the food they had brought from the Nakarat's stasis boxes and putting it in the Embassy's stasis fridges and pantry. With no time to cook anything and their reluctance with eating from a replimat they still hadn't checked thoroughly, Amanda had decided to introduce the Vulcans to time honored Earth tradition to the busy family: pizza delivery.

Boxes of various vegetarian pizza, from garden lover's to tomato and basil from a traditional Earth-style pizza place from down the street sat on one end of the table. Apparently all Vulcans ate pizza with a knife and fork. Amanda did not. The Vulcans were staring in horror as Amanda ate with her hands, and moaned loudly with pleasure at the first real non-replicated pizza she had in decades. “What it is, Spock? I'm a human and I'm on Earth. You are half human as well. Why not indulge your humanity?”

She took another greedy bite, when Soren interrupted her. “T'sai Amanda. A message for you from Starfleet.”

Amanda dropped her pizza on the plate. Soren apparently startled her, and that wasn't anything new. Jim wondered if they needed to put bells on all Vulcans around here. Perhaps a cat collar or elf shoes you see on some of the employees in a Christmas village. They had the pointy ears to fit in with Santa's workshop. Soren handed her his PADD and she wiped her hands off onto her apron before taking it. She scanned the message and her eyes misted up as a smile blossomed on her face. “Oh this is wonderful news! Okay when-” Amanda gasped. “Today??!”

Jim eyed a garden lover's and snatched a slice of it, enjoying the scandalized look Spock gave him as Jim ate with his hands and no plate. Soren wisely left the room, all too familiar with how wild dining with humans could get and elected to take his dinner elsewhere. Jim gave Spock a wink and tore into it. “Come on Spock. When in Rome, do as the Romans do.”

Sarek deeply disapproved. “Eating with your hands is unsanitary.”

Jim gave Spock the salacious smile that he knew made the Vulcan weak in the knees, and held up his slice of pizza to Spock's mouth. “You can eat it from my hands if you want Spock.”

Spock blushed, and Jim felt the temptation rip through him as Spock's mind went to other things. Pizza and Jim's fingers brushed against his lips. Sarek put down his knife and fork. “Spock, rai guv-dau ozh-yoka na'pasu il fa'sular.”

“Oh, what did your dad say?” Jim asked.

Spock looked at his dad rebelliously and then took a bite of the pizza from Jim's hand, and “accidentally” sucked on one of Jim's fingers in the process. “We are not in front of people, and I have seen you and mother engage in some guv-dau ozh-yoka.”
“We were not at the table, nor in front of my parents. We were in our bed chambers where such activity is permitted. It is no fault of mine that you did not make your presence known before entering.”

“I have seen bonded couples here on Earth do far more scandalous things in public.”

“You are the heir of Vulcan’s throne and representative of our people. You must display some measure of control over your lustful urges, and release them only when you are alone with your bondmate.”

Amanda stood up and screeched, “I don’t have time for this! They’re on their way now!”

The men all stopped and stared at Amanda. Sarek reached out to give his wife a Vulcan kiss with his fingers. “Wife? What is the matter?”

A Vulcan guard entered the dining room. “T’sai Amanda. You have guests. They are waiting in the front lobby.”

Amanda gasped. “They’re here, already?!”

Amanda looked like she was going to hyperventilate. Sarek had to pull her into an embrace to get her to breathe properly. Spock was growing concerned. “Mother?”

Amanda looked like she’d seen one of the Vulcan ghosts Sarek had mentioned to Della. “My family is here!”

“T’sai Amanda?” The guard asked, awaiting orders.

Amanda composed herself. “I’ll be out there to greet them properly in a minute.”

Amanda and Sarek looked at each other. Twenty-seven years since she’s seen her family. “Sarek... My family. After all these years.”

Sarek kissed his wife Vulcan style, entwining his fingers with hers. “Go and greet them.”

Amanda kissed her husband on the lips and broke into a run and sped out the room. Spock almost forgot how to breathe. Jim took his hand and squeezed gently. “Don’t worry Spock, I bet they’ll love you.”

Spock didn’t know how to react. He didn’t even know any of their names. His mother rarely spoke of her family beyond a passing mention. Spock looked at his father who silently trailed after her. With both mother, his t’hy’la, and now himself all k’kan, he would watch them diligently in the wake of strangers in his home. Although it is a temporary residence on a strange world, it is still his territory, and his entire bloodline rested under this roof in carrying his future in their wombs.

Spock could feel the tension through their familial link. His father’s instincts roiled at the thought of people he did not personally know going near his pregnant mate, and pregnant sons. Being the only capable warrior in their immediate family on this world so far from the extended clan put yet another burden upon him. While Spock normally would have assisted his father in protecting their family, being pregnant himself no longer qualified him as a warrior who could risk life and limb. Spock, the
only child Sarek had left, now had a life growing within him, and therefore had to be protected and provided for.

Spock followed behind his father, noticing how Sarek tensed when Spock strayed too far out of sight. He hoped that Jim was right and that his mother's family approved of Spock. His father's family barely tolerated Spock and grudgingly accepted him only after Spock fought to prove that he was as capable as any full-blooded Vulcan. What if they disliked him for not being human enough? Spock felt Jim's thumb brush over his hand and felt a wave of warmth and comfort coming from him. “Spock, don’t worry. If they don’t like you, then they suck and aren’t worth your time.”

Spock failed to keep the smile off his face. “I am grateful for your optimism and confidence.”

They reached the front lobby where his mother's voice rang out clearly. “Mom! Dad! Oh my god, Dory?! Is that you?!”

“Mandy! Oh my god! We thought you were dead!”

Spock saw his mother embrace an elderly couple and another human woman who looked to be a few years younger than his mother. They wept so fiercely as they clung desperately to one another, and yet they were happy. Tears of joy, his mother called it, something Vulcans could not understand. It was such an entirely human thing. As Spock studied them, it was clear from the shared similar features that they were genetically related to each other. Spock wondered, did he share any of their features as well?

His mother looked at Spock and beckoned him over. “Spock! My little kan-bu! Get over here! I want you to meet somebody!”

Spock approached cautiously. The other three humans looked at him with equal curiosity and apprehension. “Spock, this is my mom and dad. Diana and Richard Grayson. And this is my little sister, Doris Grayson.”

The little sister smiled at Amanda. Spock noted that his aunt had the same face shape, and nose with his mother. “Not so little anymore, and it’s Doris Applegate now. Mandy, you’ve got so much to catch up on.”

His grandfather, Richard Grayson, had the same jawline as his mother, perhaps similar to his own? He looked at Spock with a smile that was tainted with caution. “Well, hello there. I guess I’m your grand-pappy. It’s nice to meet you.”

His grandmother, Diana Grayson smiled at Spock. She had the same smile as his mother. She also had the same eyes as his mother, and himself. She was also so frail looking. “Hello Spock.”

They were attempting to be friendly. “Greetings Mrs. Grayson. I am Spock.”

Diana Grayson's mouth opened, taken aback by something he said. Was he not polite enough? “He's so formal, Mandy. He knows he can call me Grandma, right?”

His mother giggled. “He's a Vulcan. They're usually like that.”

Doris Grayson-Applegate approached Spock to take a closer look. She was getting very close to him. “Mandy! He's got your eyes. Hi Spock, I'm your Aunt Doris, welcome to the family!”

Doris then enveloped Spock in an unexpected embrace. He froze and panicked internally. He tried to put up his mental shields to protect himself from the barrage of a stranger's mind. His mind was pelted by her strong thoughts of “so weird so weird so weird. He's my sister's son, have to make him
feel welcome, this feels so weird." Spock was too shocked to push her away. A growl from behind them made his mother's sister let go. Sarek put himself between the strange woman and his pregnant son. Doris shrank back in fear. Amanda calmed her husband with a Vulcan kiss. "Sarek, it's okay. Humans hug family and close friends. It's normal."

She turned to her frightened family and tried to reassure them with a smile. The Vulcan guards that appeared seemingly out of nowhere with lirpas and ahn-woons did nothing to erase her family's fears. "Sorry about that Dory, but you can't just hug Vulcans. They're touch telepaths, so any physical contact without their permission is a huge no-no."

Spock was able to breathe again. "Please do not hug me. Especially if it makes you feel weird, there are other ways of making me feel welcome into your family that do not involve physically assaulting my person."

Doris blushed. "You could read my mind?"

Spock did not need to be a telepath to know that already his human family were uncomfortable. "Affirmative."

Doris took a step back. "I'm sorry. I didn't know."

Sarek forced himself to relax, reminding himself that these humans are his mate and child's blood, their kin and meant no harm. "I apologize. I reacted on instinct instead of logic. To embrace another in front of others is usually seen as an attack and not a gesture of affection. Hugs, as you humans call them are seen very differently by my kind."

Richard Grayson stood up a little straighter, hard now that he was really getting on in years. "Can I at least hug my daughter? After all she was trapped on your planet and kept away from her own people for twenty seven years."

Sarek stiffened. "You are my wife's father. She is human, I will allow that."

Richard bristled. "You'll allow that? Oh good, your majesty, I'm so grateful for your generosity! Twenty-seven years our daughter was kept from us! She was just eighteen when she-"

Diana pulled at her husband's arm. "Dick! Be nice!" She smiled at Sarek, trying to make peace. "I apologize for my husband's behavior, King Sarek. Really. It's just been so emotional for us. We thought she was dead for years, and our town still has that memorial of her. She was a child prodigy, you see, loved by everyone."

Amanda blinked. "I have a memorial?"

Doris nodded. "Yeah, for many years we held a candlelight vigil on the day your ship went into the Bermuda Sector. We had a petition going on for awhile to get Starfleet to go in and look for you..." She looked uncomfortably at Sarek. "After a year they had declared you dead officially."

Diana Grayson smiled at her long lost daughter. "But that doesn't matter anymore! You're back home on Earth! We've been arranging a welcome back party for you when Starfleet told us you were alive. It's this weekend."

Doris grinned. "She'll have to meet my husband, and our two boys."

Amanda's jaw dropped. "My little sister has kids?!"

Richard clapped a hand on Doris's shoulder, and beamed proudly. "Yup! Two boys, Jimmy and
Lester. They've heard all about you Mandy, but never met you.”

Doris grinned. “Mandy, say you'll stay the weekend! It can be just like old times. Late nights doing each other's nails, fighting over books, watching classic movies...”

Amanda grinned. “Getting crumbs on the carpet...”

“Your son and husband are invited to come along. We'd like to get to know them.” Diana Grayson spotted Jim and smiled at him. “You are more than welcome to come, Commander Kirk, we've seen you so often on the news these days. After all, you did rescue our daughter from the Bermuda Sector.”

Jim looked at Spock with a sheepish grin. “And I'm married to your grandson as well.”

“Oh, of course. We've seen the uh... broadcast. You were very brave.”

The old woman blushed and Jim knew that she was thinking of that damned Vulcan Sex Slave outfit. Was that stupid metal bikini going to haunt him to his grave? Jim shifted uncomfortably. Family get togethers weren't his thing, and judging from how off guard and awkward the Grayson family looked around the Vulcans, it was probably going to be a train wreck. In other words, something typical of a Kirk family reunion. Yippee.

Jim was sure they all thought he was some brave Starfleet officer who was captured and sold in some kind of Vulcan slave market, and wouldn't talk about it for risk of losing the Vulcan alliance. Jim wouldn't be surprised if they thought Spock bought him off of Vulcan pirates. His poor boyfriend was already dreading this, and he needed Jim. He looked at Sarek who even Jim could tell was not thrilled. “Can't wait. It'll be interesting to see where Amanda grew up, right, guys?”

Sarek gave a strained, “Indeed.”

Spock's answer was at least more enthusiastic. “It will be a fascinating exploration of mother's past.”

The Grayson family had decided to go back to their hotel. Jim could tell they desperately wanted to stay the night, and almost took Amanda's offer, but they politely declined after seeing the Vulcan guards eyeing them with sharp lirpas held tightly in their grips. In the morning they would all take a shuttle up to Washington and see Amanda's home town.

When Friday rolled around, they packed a weekend bag and took a shuttle ride to upstate Cochrane, Washington. It was a small town north of Seattle named after Zefram Cochrane the first human that discovered warp back in the twenty-first century and one of the many boom towns built after Eugenics War and First Contact. When they got off the shuttle people stopped and stared at them. Well, at Sarek and Spock really. Jim figured this town was the kind that rarely saw aliens, and two Vulcans walking around would be talked about for years to come.

Sarek and Spock had elected to wear their heavy formal robes, and wore their long hair loose for additional warmth with only few gold ornaments woven in. Unsurprisingly, it started raining. At first the sight of rain was a novelty to the desert bred Vulcans, until they had to step out of the heated shuttle and into the cold wet shit that this place called normal. They pulled their outer robes closer around them and huddled under an umbrella. While Vulcans were adapted to the night and day extremes of Vulcan's deserts, the humidity was making them miserable. Wet and cold were two
combinations that they were not used to. Jim could see the tips of their nose and the points of their ears turning green.

When Amanda's childhood home finally came into view, she gasped. Tears welled up at the sight of a two story farmhouse she hadn't seen in many years. Amanda rushed out their rental hover and ran to the door. Jim wasn't surprised that when the door opened a crowd of people all shouted, “Welcome home, Amanda!” There were tears of joy and hugs from people welcoming back a woman that was thought to be dead. A woman they loved and thought gone forever.

The three men who tagged along with her were for the most part ignored, but they were welcomed in nonetheless. Sarek and Spock were eager to get inside to dry off. To Jim they looked about as happy as a wet cat. Amanda's family seemed oblivious to their discomfort, but then again they had pretty good poker faces. Jim was probably more welcomed judging from the people telling him, “Hey you're Commander Kirk! I saw you on the FNN last night!”

Some had even asked if they could take a holo with the famous Commander James T Kirk. Jim humored them, it was actually nice to be famous now for something other than being the Kelvin Baby or George Kirk's son. After realizing that Spock and Sarek didn't bite if they were polite and respectful of their physical boundaries were willing to have their holos taken too.

Amanda called Spock over. “Spock! Come here, and meet your cousins!”

Spock padded over to two human men that appeared to be in their early twenties, maybe late teens. “Spock, this is Jimmy, and this is Lester. My sister's children.”

Spock held up the ta'al as they stuck out their hands. “Greetings. Jimmy. Lester. I am Spock.”

Amanda looked at her sister's husband. “And this is Johnny Applegate, who I still can't believe married my little sister.”

Spock stared at the man. He was tall and lanky by human standards. “Is there evidence of marital deception?”

Amanda laughed. “No, my little kan'bu. I knew Johnny growing up.”

The man called Johnny grinned. “And dated for that one summer. Not to mention I took you to my prom.”

Sarek stared at the human called Johnny with new curiosity. “Dated?”

Amanda coughed. “Umm... It's what us humans call courting, ashayam.”

Mrs. Grayson sighed. “Our little Mandy was never a social butterfly. She graduated high school at thirteen and got a doctorates in linguistics when she was barely eighteen. Being a prodigy often comes with a price, but we were so glad Johnny was there to give her something of a social life.”

Johnny laughed. “I did get her into trouble once when I took her out to the beach in old man Pine's land. We literally got caught with our pants down!”

Sarek inched closer to Amanda, and Jim recognized his stance and the vibe he got off of him was the same he had seen on his son on more than one occasion. He was claiming his territory and evaluating the threat of this potential rival. Amanda, knowing her husband for years diffused the Vulcan bomb before he went off with a Vulcan finger kiss. “That was years ago, and we're both happily married to other people. I'm very satisfied with the man I am married to.”
Amanda gave her husband the You-Behave look that Jim decided to start taking notes on. If Spock was as every bit as possessive as his father then Jim dreaded Spock running into his exes and Jim had a long list of them. Sarek bit back a growl, but the sharp hint of it was in his voice. “Yes, I am quite satisfied with my wife as well.”

Sarek didn't drop the finger kiss, in fact his fingers seemed to be glued to Amanda's. Jim scooted closer to Spock, and concentrated on their bond link. “Hey Spock? Has there ever been anyone who could have been what you'd call a rival? For your mother's affections.”

“Not for the right to mate with my mother, no. My father's claim was never challenged. Why?”

“Just wondering what the odds are that your dad might challenge this guy to a fight.”

“High, if he attempts to make a serious claim. My father will be very territorial over mother now that she too is pregnant.”

Jim swallowed. Great, last thing they needed was Vulcan's king beating the shit out of some innocent guy. They were trying to get people to see Vulcan's as being the Romulan's more peaceful and logical cousin. Not a near identical twin with a different name. Thankfully they were saved by the dinner bell. Mrs Grayson called out, “Dinner's ready. Mandy, we made all your favorites for this occasion.”

Jim suddenly felt like he was starving and eagerly followed the crowd to the table. It was by all means an impressive spread. It looked like a Christmas feast, with a beautiful turkey in the center and, holy shit, is that bacon? Jim's stomach growled loudly. As Jim started piling food on his plate and took his first bite of a piece of bacon he made a horrific discovery. “Does this bacon seem off to anyone? It smells funny.”

Spock's other cousin Lester looked at Jim like he was crazy. “No, it smells fine.”

Jim's stomach churned by the very smell of it. In fact all of the meat at the table smelled off and his body refused to let Jim put even one bite into his mouth. Jim wanted to cry. A pile of beautiful maple glazed bacon and his stupid stomach wouldn't go for it. Amanda asked, “Jim, is the smell of meat turning you off?”

“It's like it's the most revolting thing I've ever smelled, but I'm a die hard carnivore! I love bacon. I thought my love was mutual…”

Amanda winced. “You're about four weeks along, right?”

“Yeah... Shit! I'm getting weird cravings, aren't I?”

Amanda nodded. “Yeah, it's that little Vulcan you've got growing in you. Before I became pregnant with Spock, I could not stand fori, raw or cooked, but after a month along with Spock, I couldn't get enough of the stuff. Plomeek soup which had tasted bland to me, became the nectar of the gods. And of course the sight and smell of cooked meat turned me off completely.”

Jim felt something die in him. He was pretty sure it was a part of his heart breaking into pieces like extra crispy bacon. “No more steak? Or chicken sandwiches?”

Amanda shook her head. “I couldn't say.”

Jim sobbed. “No more bacon?! God this is the worst! Spock why did you have to be so damn sexy and virile?!”
Spock tried to comfort Jim. “I apologize, Jim. I did not know that I would cause you so much distress.”

Jim took one look at Spock's adorable face, the Vulcan looked so heartbroken by the death of Jim's carnivore diet, and Jim's melancholy was gone. “Oh Spock, don't beat yourself up. You're wonderful. Sure I'll miss having the occasional BLT sandwich or meat lover's pizza, but Spock Junior will be worth it.”

“Spock Junior?”

Jim nodded sagely. “Or Lump. Or Jim Junior. Or we can take Bones' name suggestion of Lil' Hobgoblin, but I think with how Vulcan names usually begin with an S or a T, I'm partial to either Spork or T'Hump.”

Sarek grimaced at the possibly of calling his grandchild by any of those names, particularly Spork or T'Hump. “Perhaps it will be wise to select a far more suitable and dignified name for the heir to the House of Surak.”

Spock wholeheartedly agreed. “Please do not name our child.”

Amanda lost and laughed her ass off. “It isn't any better than what some of your name suggestions for Spock were, dearest husband.”

“T'Fun is an ancient Vulcan name meaning one who shall always return. Had Spock been female, T'Fun would have been a proper and dignified name for a Vulcan princess.”

Jim was so glad Spock was a man. “I don't think Spock would have had a whole lot of fun with that name.”

Amanda agreed. “Human would have made fun of it.”

Sarek did the Vulcan equivalent of an eye-roll, which was raise his eye brow by a centimeter. “You have made your point, but I stand by my decision to leave the naming of our son's children to someone else. I will not call my grandchildren T'Hump or Spork.”

Mr and Mrs Grayson felt the same. “There's always human names to consider. They'll be part human as well as Vulcan.”

Sarek seemed dead set on Vulcan names, but determined to be diplomatic with his in-laws he wisely replied, “I will consider that option.”

Jim's stomach growled, and he looked at the table for something not-meat. Just rolls and the cheesy potatoes. “Not a whole lot that Junior is going to let me eat.”

Jim looked at Amanda's plate. There was a lack of meat on it. Amanda smiled sadly. “I feel the same. I remember these being my favorites, but I guess I've lost my taste for them completely. I'm sorry guys. I guess my new passenger doesn't like turkey or bacon.”

They all perked up at the mention of Amanda's pregnancy. Mrs Grayson cooed, “Oh Mandy, are you expecting?!?”

“Yup. You can thank the fertility drugs some morons dumped in the Enterprise's replimat system. I'm sure you heard about that incident all over the news.”

Mr. Grayson seemed elated, “I heard of that, I didn't think you would be one of the people effected.
Another grandchild! This will be wonderful.”

Jim coughed. “And great-grandchildren. Spock got me knocked up. And just wouldn’t you know it, Spock had to even the score and got pregnant as well.”

Mrs. Grayson was delighted. “Christmas is going to be packed this year! When are all of you due?”

Jim thought back to Bones's estimation. “Around December, probably Christmas with my luck. We don’t know since Vulcan pregnancies last ten months and not nine. With hybrids, we only have Spock’s data to go on. There’s going to be more part Vulcans being born.”

“Dr. McCoy and Healer T’Val are training other medical specialists to be able to properly assist them with all the births that will be arriving around the same time. I believe Starfleet had called for an emergency medical conference for it. As well as updating your medical databases to include information on Vulcan anatomy and diseases so they can treat Vulcan patients as well.”

Amanda patted her stomach protectively. “I was lucky that Spock survived. I had nothing but miscarriages after having Spock and I had gotten so sick... Many of those on the Enterprise and the Nakarat that got pregnant couldn’t take that risk. I can’t say I blame them. I’m scared I’ll lose this one too, but Dr. McCoy and a team of the most talented minds are working to make sure none of us lose the life we’re all taking a chance on. Sarek and I have been wanting another child for so long.”

Jim put a hand on his stomach where Junior was. As much as being pregnant scared him, losing Junior was an even more terrifying thought. Jim looked at Spock and glanced down at where the life that he fathered was growing. He didn’t want to lose either of them. Spock’s hand sneaked under the table and Jim felt a warm wave of comfort wash over his mind. Spock leaned in closer to him. Jim smiled at Spock. He didn’t need to say anything to Jim, just being there made him feel better.

Jim went back to dinner, or at least look for something that Junior didn't object to, and didn't find much. Jim looked over to his Vulcan boyfriend, and his father-in-law and saw that Spock and Sarek had little on their plates. Just a few rolls and a pile of cheesy potatoes. Jim looked at the table and noticed how few vegetarian options there were. Even the green bean casserole had chicken in it. Mrs. Grayson asked, “Do Vulcans not eat meat?”

“No we do not.” Spock replied.

Sarek elaborated, “Vulcans used to be omnivorous millennia ago but after the reformation we stopped eating animal flesh. The only exception is Vulcan mollusks but that is only because of a technicality.”

Amanda hid her smile behind her hand. “The parts that are eaten are the reproductive organs that are cast off and float to the surface whenever T’Khut, and T’Ruhkemai eclipses with Vulcan’s Sun, Nevasa. Which is about twice a year.”

Jim's stomach turned at the thought of alien fish penises deep fried and served on a platter. “Uh, what does it look like?”

Spock pulled out his PADD, and after a moment showed the entire table a dish of what looked like piercing blue tentacles slathered in butter. “Traditional Vulcan mollusks are always sauteed in Rombolian butter.”

“It looks like calamari.”

“It's not as rubbery. It's actually rather palatable.” Amanda promised.
Doris asked, “So got any other pictures on there of Vulcan foods? I want to know what you guys have been feeding my sister all these years.”

Spock nodded. “I do.”

The table ate while looking with interest at the different foods on Vulcans and Amanda did her best to describe their taste. It got even better when Mrs Grayson went back to the kitchen and brought out a veggie platter and some hummus that the Vulcans and their pregnant human mates could eat.

After dinner, Sarek decided to break out some gifts he had brought from Vulcan with the intention of giving them to his wife’s parents. A belated bride price he had called it. He had brought several bolts of a most prized fabric made only on Vulcan, dr’thelek silk. Which apparently was both breathable in heat and insulating when cold and durable enough to last for centuries. It was also one of many non-replicable substances in the universe and must be made the old fashioned way, thus making it even more expensive.

Among Sarek’s other gifts was a Vulcan copper tea pot made by one of Vulcan’s most celebrated artists, and a clay jar filled with a fine Vulcan spice tea that Amanda was fond of. It became a favorite among other humans and Jim vowed to get more for himself since Junior really loved the stuff.

With a cup of Vulcan spice tea, Amanda’s family shared stories of her growing up. Apparently Amanda was a child prodigy, getting her doctorates in linguistics at eighteen and selected to be a teacher in a prestigious school off-world. Her Universal Translator project she created at only sixteen earned her several awards. Amanda was something of her hometown’s hero, since the local newsfeeds made headlines for weeks that Amanda was alive and married to Vulcan’s king.

Amanda had showed pictures of scenic views on Vulcan. Some of which Jim vowed to go see for himself. Sailing on Lake Yuron outside of Shi’Kahr and walking on their pearly colored beaches. The monuments on the Fire Plains with Mount Tar’Hana and the ancient city of Kir beside them. Sehlat races and the ancient spaceport in Vulcana Regar and the L-Langon Mountains. Not to mention all of the temples, monasteries, and ancient libraries that were thousands of years old. It went pretty well up until Amanda’s father asked, “So how did you end up married to Sarek?”

“It was love at first sight for Sarek and myself.”

“My people call it shon-ha-lock or the engulfment.” Sarek added.

“So my daughter’s escape pod crashed into Vulcan space, and you married her right then and there?” He pressed.

Sarek said nothing. “I made the ancient claim upon her when I first saw her. I married her in the ways of my people three days and eight hours later.”

“What does that all mean?” Doris asked.

Amanda cough awkwardly. “I didn't know how to speak Vulcan and they didn't know Standard. All I knew was that the hostile inhabitants of the Bermuda Sector looked like Romulans but their language and culture were completely different. I held out my hand to greet this strange yet alluring man, and he... Well, Sarek thought I wanted to kiss him. To hold hands is an intimate gesture for
them. After he caressed my fingers in what I thought was some kind of greeting, he then he put both of his hands on either side of my face. I didn't know back then but what Sarek did was make a mating bond with me. He was close to his Pon Farr and had run out of time to find a mate.”

Jim grinned and elbowed Spock. “Spock! That's almost exactly how we got married! Did Sarek carry you off like some wild Cave-Vulcan, too?”

Amanda giggled. “That came later.”

Sarek sat up straighter in his seat. “My comrades had the audacity to take Amanda away from me and imprison her. My father was furious that I attempted to make this alien whose species has proven to be hostile to us, my bride. So naturally I engaged in the ancient tradition of Adun'a Vazgau, or Wife-Stealing, since I had believed at the time she consented to be my wife and therefore it was my right to take what was freely given.”

Amanda smiled and extended her two fingers in a Vulcan kiss. “That night I sat in some hot, dry Vulcan prison, scared out of my wits, and not sure if I would live or die. Then, like a pointy eared angel, who should I see busting me out, but this man. He picked me up and whisked me away from the city on his giant fanged teddy bear steed and we rode off into the desert. He hid me in some oasis in the mountains where he kept me safe from others, and fed me. It was there that we finally got to know one another, and I learned that his name was Sarek and that he wanted to marry me.”

Sarek almost smiled as their fingers touched. “The telepathic mating bond I created between us overcame our language barrier. It did not take long for her to understand my language, she is quite intelligent. She even taught me her language and the various nuances. Months later when we emerged from our underground oasis, she was my wife and pregnant with Spock. My father could no longer deny me Amanda without the threat of me declaring Kal'i'fee against him.”

“We spent four months alone in the Koon-Ut caverns of his family. He would only leave periodically to go get more food for me, and I would struggle to decipher his language. When his Pon Farr came, I did not know what was wrong with him. I only knew that he was being so affectionate and that he wanted to be with me. I didn't say no because he was so handsome, and sweet, and I was so utterly drawn to him. I didn't understand til later that it was how his people married! But after three straight days of passionate love making, Spock was conceived.”

Spock blushed. “Can we change the subject? I have no wish to learn graphic details on my conception.”

Jim grinned. “I kinda do. Hey, was that cave Sarek whisked you to the same family sex cave Spock carried me off to?”

Sarek bristled a little. “They are called the Koon-Ut caverns. Not the family sex cave. They have been sacred ground to my people for millennia and are the place where my ancestors have claimed their bond-mates since before the time of my clan's founding. It is on those sands where Surak himself was said to have been conceived.”

In other words it was not just any ol' family sex cave, it was *the* family sex cave. Mr. Grayson took this information in with less enthusiasm. “So, Sarek. According to Della's interview, you're what? About a hundred and one years old?”

Sarek nodded. “That is correct, Mr. Grayson.”

“So you were seventy-four when you met, married and impregnated my eighteen year old daughter.”
“74.35 years precisely when I met her.”

“My eighteen year old daughter, who was alone and scared on a hostile alien planet. Whose only crime was being on a ship that got caught in a storm. An innocent, impressionable girl.”

Sarek narrowed his eyes. “Are you implying that I took advantage of her?”

“Maybe. I mean, It's obvious that there’s quite an age difference, and you have a lot of experience. Were you married before her? Did you already have children? I just want to know what kind of man Amanda had married.”

Sarek took a deep breath. “It is not logical to lie, particularly to my wife's family. I do understand your concerns and they are valid. Yes, I was married before I met Amanda. It was a political arrangement, and we were poorly suited. T'Rhea, my first wife, had our marriage dissolved by going into Kolinahr and severed all ties to her life, including that of the son she had borne me, Sybok.”

Jim's jaw dropped. “Spock! You have a brother?! Why didn't you tell me?”

Spock stiffened uncomfortably, as did Amanda and Sarek. Spock sighed, and Jim felt a deep sadness ripple through their bond. “Had is the correct pronoun. Sybok is dead.”

Before Jim could ask what happened, Sarek answered him. “The past is the past, and our own business, but we are among family, and Sybok's actions are the reason why Amanda is only now able to reunite with her family instead of fifteen years ago. A failure on my part, for which I apologize to the Grayson family for the lateness of their daughter's return.”

Mr. Grayson's eyebrows shot up. “We could have had our daughter back sooner?! What the hell happened?!”

Sarek sighed, and even Jim could feel a massive weight on his katra. He looked at Jim with guilt in his eyes, even if the rest of his face was as blank as a statue. “What I am about to say must remain within the family. It is because of Sybok, that Spock has only recently found his t'hy'la instead of all those years ago. Spock could have searched for you, James Kirk, instead being forced to marry T'Pring. It was because of my selfish pride that I was blinded by what Sybok truly was, that our lives have unfolded the way they have today.”

Jim needed a drink. A really tall one. After Sarek's long sad tale of his first son, Sybok, Jim really needed to not be sober. He knew he couldn't, he was pregnant. No meat, and no booze. Two of his favorite go-to comfort foods were off the list. The Grayson family had all retired after the tragic tale of Sybok. Amanda's parents looked at Sarek differently. They admitted that at first they thought him a cold, arrogant man with a crown and massively entitled, but then they got a glimpse of the broken man within whose sole flower of joy was his human wife.

Spock was the only child he had left... Jim shuddered at sight of Spock when he first met him and wondered what Sarek was going through. One son executed and his only other child burning in his own Pon Farr. He had come so close to losing everything. Jim looked back at his memory of the sehlat riders who chased him. One of them he recognized as Soren, another wore a black veil over his face, like some kind of bandit... or an executioner, but the swirling lines on the side of his body and his eyes. Jim now knew it was Sarek.
The more Jim learned about Vulcans and their customs, the more questions he had. His escape pod had slipped past Vulcan's sensors and Spock's family sex cave and marriage arena was rather isolated. They weren't there because his ship crashed there, Spock said that the planetary sensors registered his ship as a meteorite. Sarek and those other riders, one of them being his aide Soren, a council member, all were dressed like common desert bandits and on sacred ground, and Jim would bet good money that all the riders were in high places in Vulcan society. What the hell were they doing there that day? And why was Sarek dressed like a Koon-Ut-Kalifee executioner?

Jim felt a sense of cold dread in the pit of his stomach at the possible answer. Spock was dying from the most painful death imaginable for a Vulcan. Sarek had to execute one son and it destroyed him. The other, his last remaining child born from the love of his life had no hope in sight of surviving. His emotional human wife would have been destroyed if by some miracle Spock survived only to have his human heart ripped out by the process of Kolinahr. Would Sarek kill his own son out of some sense of mercy? What if Sarek had reached Spock before Jim did?

Jim didn't want to think about it. The answer didn't matter. Spock was alive. Sarek didn't commit filicide. Jim came and by some great act of God or something, Spock had a mate just in time. A mate that cleared his name and now was giving Spock two children. What does it matter why Sarek was there?

Jim found some carrot cake, and dug in. Sugar. Good ol' bouncing off the walls sugar. Sugar made everything better, even uncomfortable questions like did his father in law try to kill his son in the same way as Sybok? Jim felt before he heard Spock coming padding into the kitchen. “Jim? Do you have any of that to spare?”

Jim fished out another fork for Spock in the drawer, and they playfully fork-dueled a bit over a slice of the carrot cake. Spock looked nostalgic. “This tastes almost like tufeen hushani. Even the texture is similar. It is pleasing, if a bit too sweet for my palate.”

Jim set his fork down. “How could he do that to his own son?”

“Fifty-seven counts of kae'at k'lasa, mind rape. Seven counts of sexual assault because he mated with them after he ripped through their minds and took away their fear and their will. One count of treason because he attempted to take by fear and force more power for his own foolish quest for a myth, and no remorse for any of his actions. People were given the death penalty for less.”

Jim sighed. “I heard... but still. His own son!”

Spock looked away in shame, he loved Sybok. One crime he committed that Sarek didn't mention was betraying his brother by dying and leaving him with no one on Vulcan he could have called a friend. But that wasn't a law on the books. “We did not know the extent of Sybok's madness or that he would go so far.”

Jim couldn't fathom it. “He probably used logic to justify his actions. Thought he was doing the right thing.”

“He did. He was always so brilliant and charismatic. He covered the existence of his cult well. He thought he was going to be the one who brought enlightenment to our people by teaching them to embrace their passions fully. We were already half way there to the days of our pre-reform selves. Sybok wanted to push us all the way there.”

Jim heard that before in human history. “Yeah. Become the next Vulcan Jesus... by what? Stripping people of their free will? Brainwashing them?”
Spock closed his eyes, trying to forget the look on Sybok's face when the Vulcan High Council, with their father as the head, pronounced his sentence. Father had offered him the option of Kolinahr, almost pleading with his first born son to take it. Sybok smiled and said that he'd rather be executed than castrated of his emotions. Sybok, on the fifth day of T'ke'Tas, was executed for his crimes against Vulcan by way of tal'shaya. “I do not know why Sybok chose the path he did. He was so brilliant and charming, and yet he had always been prone to fits of madness.”

Jim swallowed a forkful of cake. “I'm with your father on this one. It goes back to that god-awful match with his first wife. Jesus, how could your grandpa even contemplate marrying Sarek off to his half-sister?!”

Spock grimaced. “It was a matter of honor. Skon was in deep space and unable to go to his mate. The union was short and the bond dissolved before she discovered she was pregnant. To avoid scandal when her children demanded recompense from their sire, a political union was decided and T'Rhea's twin brother Stek was given his position on the High Command. It was a compromise because they wanted the throne Sarek had trained all his life for.”

Jim shuddered in horror. “Your poor dad. How could he stomach it?”

“I do not know. When a male is deep in the Plak Tow it is said that he would mate with anything. Even a Sehlat or a Sha'maii if those rumors about Kren'than farmers are true... Our bond and perhaps my human blood gave me some sanity, enough to refuse to mate with T'Pring.”

Jim wanted curse and scream. “How could they hitch you to your fucking first cousin?!”

Spock remembered. It was the first time he had seen his father shed a tear. It was the first time his father show affection for him, a brief touching of minds so Spock could feel his father's pride for his only remaining child, his love, and his immeasurable sorrow and his desperation to protect what he had left. Had his father looked a little deeper, past Spock's psychic wound from Sybok's loss, past T'Pring's false bond to see the place where Jim always was and always will be... But his father did not. Kaiidith.

“They arranged my marriage to T'Pring because Sybok had been executed and T'Rhea had sought Kolinahr and died soon after. Stek had a valid claim to being the heir to the house of Surak, but all of Vulcan knew he was poorly suited to be sa-te'kru. Marriage was the only logical conclusion to settling a feud without resorting to bloodshed. My claim of having a t'hyla was as believable as your Easter Bunny.”

Jim was starting to hate Vulcan logic and he was starting to hate Sybok for going coo-coo for cocoa puffs. Sarek had declared Sybok his regent and put him in charge while he, Amanda and young eleven year old Spock took a vacation on an off-world colony called P'Jem. They were ten minutes from boarding a small ship in the dead of night and escaping to Earth when Sarek got the call. Sybok had attempted a military coup with his sunshine hippie cult. All so he could take his Woodstock concert to the road to find Sha-Ka-Re, the mythical Vulcan garden of Eden that was supposed to be at the center of the galaxy.

“Damn Spock... I was eight back then. We could have met, grown up together. Maybe even avoid ever meeting Frank or going to Tarsus.”

Spock kissed him. Not with his fingers like a Vulcan, but with his lips. It was such a human action, and the feeling of it still buzzed on his skin where he touched him, where he tasted him. “Kaiidith. What is, is. There is little point on dwelling on what could be more than necessary. It is true we could have found one another, but it is also true that my father and I could have been taken as prisoners or our ship destroyed. I can not say with certainty on the many ways we could have found one another,
but what matters is that we have.”

“Or you could have ended up in Starfleet! Just picture it, Spock! I can totally picture you in Command golds. You as a Captain, and me as your First Officer.”

Spock gave Jim a wiry smile. “The Science track appeals more to me. Calling you Captain feels more natural.”

Jim felt a tingle run up and down his spine. “Ooo! Say it again.”

Spock raised a brow. “Say what?”

“Captain. Call me Captain.”

Spock leaned in, his voice a hot whisper in his ear. “Oh Captain, my Captain...”

Jim felt a brief moment of guilt for having sex in someone else's kitchen, but that moment passed quickly when Spock's lips trailed down his neck, and his nimble Vulcan hands snaked down his pants. All thoughts Jim had beyond bliss had flown the moment Spock decided to try giving Jim a blow job. Sweet merciful God, was Spock a natural!

Jim had been so enthralled with Spock's skilled tongue that it was only when he had come into Spock's mouth with praises on his lips and the jerking of his hips that he finally noticed that they were not alone in the kitchen. Not more than seven feet away, Sarek was making a pot of tea.

“Sarek? How long have you been in here?”

Spock quickly stood and stared. He'd been caught off guard by his father's presence as well. Sarek blinked once at them, placid as ever. “I had been here for five minutes and thirty seven seconds.” He gestured at the tea pot. “Would either of you care for some tea?”

Sarek had been there more than long enough to hear Jim moaning, “Fuck, Spock! You're so good! Yes! Suck me harder! Fuck, your mouth is so hot!” Jim's cheeks were probably burning red. His boyfriend's father had been in here calmly making tea, and overheard his son giving Jim a blow job. “So you heard us...”

“It was not hard to hear. It was in fact hard to avoid.”

Jim really wished he didn't have this conversation with Sarek of all people. “Did anyone else hear?”

“Were this a Vulcan household, yes. Though you humans are hard of hearing in comparison. Your... activities have probably gone unnoticed.”

Spock said nothing, but Jim could feel his desire to have the Earth swallow him whole. He tried to speak but no words came out. Sarek looked almost amused. “My sons. Perhaps next time you wish to indulge in physical pleasures, you will not do so in a public place such as the kitchen. I recommend your bed chambers or the bathroom. Both rooms usually possess doors with locks. Ideal for private moments.”

Spock hung his head in shame, green from head to toe. “I am sorry, father.”

Sarek's mouth quirked in an almost-smile. “In the family all is silence. Nothing more will be said.”

Sarek poured a cup of tea, not looking them in the eye. “Though it should be noted that there is no shame in using the most effective method of calming your distressed mate. In my personal experience, humans are easily calmed from applications of oral pleasure.”
Spock's jaw dropped. Sarek took his cup of tea, and turned to leave. He glance back at them and nodded. “Good night, and sleep well, my sons.”

When he left, Spock blinked. Still in shock. Jim too was trying to process what happened. “Spock, did your dad make himself tea while you gave me a damn good blow job a few feet away and then tell you next time I get pissed off or depressed to just suck me off just like what he does with your mom?”

Spock was at a loss for words. “It appears so.”

“I think I'd like to go to bed, and pretend this didn't happen.”

“That would be wise.” Spock looked at his t'hy'la and glanced down. “Ashayam, your pants are still down.”

Jim looked down, and cursed. His bits and pieces had been dangling out the entire time and still glinting with moisture from being in Spock's mouth. Sarek had seen everything. Jim pulled his pants back up. “Shit. I'm never going to be able to look your dad in the eye again.”

Chapter End Notes

Translations:
Spock, rai guv-dau ozh-yoka na'pasu il fa'sular – Spock, no erotic finger-sucking at the table or in front of people.
K'kan – Pregnant
Adun'a - Wife
Vazgau – Steal
Sha'maii – Vulcan equivalent of goats, yields milk and fine silky wool
Tufeen Hushani – Vulcan dessert kinda like carrot cake.
Kren'than – A village on Vulcan that shuns technology
T'ke'Tas – The eleventh month on the Vulcan calendar.
It had officially been two months since the Vulcans moved into their embassy in Sausalito, and Jim was on week twelve going on thirteen into his pregnancy. His abs were gone and his stomach had a slight softness to it, but it wasn't noticeable not even with a tight shirt on. What was noticeable was all the god damn food cravings he had, and now this morning he had a headache. He had been getting headaches for three days straight now, all accompanied by this weird noise, like a purring sound.

Jim ignored it and tried to listen to Amanda talking. In the fallout of the baby apocalypse and some of the pregnancies being half-Vulcan, all of the human women (and Jim) that decided to keep their surprise were getting lessons on caring for your half-Vulcan baby from the only human expert in the universe: Amanda Grayson. Amanda was all too happy to teach half-Vulcan baby care and being a human married to a Vulcan 101. So they had one of the old parlor rooms in the Embassy was converted into a classroom for her use.

Angela Martine, Janice Rand, and Yeoman Tamura were all here on maternity leave from Starfleet, it was almost half of Uhura's circle. The other half didn't get pregnant for a variety of reasons. Gaila uses condoms, M'ress's boyfriend's species wasn't genetically compatible with Caitans, and to Jim's astonishment Lt Uhura and Nurse Chapel didn't get pregnant because they are dating each other. Though honestly that last bit shouldn't have surprised him given how often they hang around each other.

The rest of the twenty-two women that were here taking Vulcan child care lessons Jim didn't really know personally. They were either staying at the embassy with their Vulcan boyfriends, or with their families in different parts of the world. The Vulcan Boyfriend Club had exploded with members. It went from just Jim and Amanda to twenty-five brave new members who certainly stayed true to Starfleet's motto of boldly going where no one has gone before.
Jim had to admit it was kinda nice to have people to gush on with whenever his Vulcan did a funny-cute thing. Though today they were discussing some serious issues that Vulcan's been having. Apparently during Jim's short visit to the planet he had only seen the tip of the iceberg of problems that they have been having with marriages and birth.

Janice Rand started explaining her reasons for keeping the surprise bun in the oven, “Yeah, me and Sonak decided to keep this little one for that reason as well. His family are traditional Lirpa makers, and he's the youngest member in his line despite being over sixty. Apparently his brother died in the kal'i'fee when his time came and his wife challenged, her champion won. Sonak's parents are begging for a grandchild and Sonak's grandfather is getting arthritis and the doctor says he'll be forced to retire in twenty years. They're overworked as it is, and they can't train someone from outside the family because they'll risk letting their forging secrets out.”

Janice sighed sadly. “Sonak thought he'd have to resign from the VDF early just to help his family's business at least until his own time came. He had no mate, the one that was chosen for him when he was seven died five years ago in a Romulan prison camp. They had talked about having children when her commission was over but her ship was captured, and she was killed when she resisted. Until Sonak announced to his family that his human mate was pregnant they thought that they had no future. What's sad is that this not uncommon.”

Amanda nodded knowingly at Janice Rand. “Family lines that die out also must have their family shrines dismantled and the vre-katra removed and sealed in a temple. The katras of Vulcan families with no living descendant often become malevolent. It's something that priests try to avoid at all costs by trying to find any other living relative in other families. All that knowledge, all that wisdom, lost forever... It is an awful thing to see happen to a culture as ancient and advanced as Vulcan's.”

Yeoman Tamura commented, “Sek mentioned that his father was busy taking down an abandoned family shrine just the other day. His family traditionally served as priests and priestesses in the S'liyatok temple in Raal for eighteen generations. It's something we had in common since my family have been the caretakers for a Buddhist temple in Kyoto for over three hundred years. The parallels between Vulcan meditation and the meditation I'm familiar with are interesting. Not to mention both of our parents have finally gotten off our cases about getting married and giving them grandchildren. Me and Sek are only children and had to face the horrors of our parents setting up matchmaking interviews. I'm thrilled to say good-bye to all the omiai interviews and the 'Christmas Cake' comments from my parents.”

Angela agreed. “Turim's parents had a bride for him but she was what they called ko-ka-ashausu, and openly declared that she would challenge the marriage herself. Turim wanted to release her but with no other mate it would be a death sentence for him. His parents have been trying to dissolve the marriage for years because of them being so unsuitable for each other, but they could not find any other available woman for him. Apparently his parents are sending me an entire treasure chest of their finest dr'thelek silk robes and vokaya jewelry as a bride gift to me and Turim's ex thanked me for getting her released. Apparently she can now marry her girlfriend's husband's boyfriend so they can legally live in the same household and continue their affairs with their respective lovers.”

Amanda nodded. “Vulcan has been having so much problems with bad marriages because being isolated limits their options and the threat of Pon Farr and childless marriages ending ancient lines hangs over them like a noose. It's become a serious crisis. Many ancient crafting techniques in ka'aythra and pottery and Lirpas that have been around for thousands of years were lost because the clans that passed them on died out. It wasn't much of problem before Augments came two hundred years ago, but their attack killed almost half of Vulcan's population and it's still a wound that they are still healing from.”
Amanda glanced at Jim “The S’chn T’gai have many ancient fighting techniques that were passed on to the men of the clan from the time before Surak. For decades we thought that those would die out with Spock, unless by some miracle Sarek’s brother has a son among his gaggle of daughters. They would teach the women but some of the techniques are...” Amanda blushed “...anatomically impossible for women.”

Jim made a mental note to ask Spock about that. Did they have some kind of penis-karate? Just then a twinge of pain blossomed in his head, like a loud ringing in his ears. Jim rubbed his temples trying to make the headache go away. Amanda noticed. “Jim, what’s wrong?”

Jim looked up at Amanda. “Nothing just a headache.”

All eyes in the class turned to Jim in mix of concern and curiosity.

Amanda looked at Jim with excitement. “Oh! That might not be a headache. You're into your fourth month, right?”

Bones had showed up since he was one of the few doctors that had any idea how to care for a human hybrid with green blood. He was here a lot since everyone was past their first month which was usually when the human body rejected the green blooded passenger. He swore up and down that he was not going to be a lamaze coach but here he was teaching them the proper breath techniques. “Twelve weeks and five days. Jim's little hobgoblin's got his daddy's green blood. No idea what those headaches are. How long have you been having those, Jim?”

Jim rubbed his ears. “Three days now. Seriously, does no one hear that purring? No one snuck in a cat into the embassy, right?”

Spock was here as well because apparently he never even held a baby before much less learn how to change a diaper. Apparently Vulcans were protective of their offspring and never let anyone who wasn't their mate or parents so much as hold the baby. Spock turned to Jim sharply, his spine ramrod straight as his eyes bored into Jim's. With little preemptive Spock's fingers were on Jim's stomach. “That noise you hear is our child's thoughts. The thoughts are primitive with barely any awareness, but there is a mind there nonetheless. He is dreaming.”

“He?”

Spock had a hint of a smile. “I can not be sure yet, but I believe it may be a boy.”

Bones eyebrows shot up. “And how do you know that? Got a medical degree?”

Amanda clapped her hands together in delight. “Oh! Spock started talking to me around the same time! Telepathy is strong in the S’chn T’gai clan, and it looks like that little one will be no different. Boys are pretty loud, and if he's talking this soon then it might be a boy. Spock was very active. He always made me eat as much honey as I possibly could get my hands on, and c'torr. Lots and lots of c'torr. Which is funny since Spock hates c'torr.”

“Yes.”

Bones had a shit-eating grin. “I'm sure everyone hear wants to know what Pooh-bear here was like
growing up. Like did he ever get into trouble? Was he difficult?"

Amanda giggled. “Oh yes. My little kan-bu was so inquisitive and always getting stuck in places like Pooh. Unlike human children Vulcan children hardly ever scream or throw tantrums. If they want something they ask questions... constantly and will be very insistant. And they will quietly try to obtain it themselves if you tell them no. For example when Spock was five he wanted to see the inside of a spaceship. So he snuck out of his room at night and got stuck in a window in Vulcan Space Central fifteen kilometers from where we live. Just like Pooh, he got stuck.”

Spock sighed. “It was one small miscalculation, and it would not have happened if you and father had acquiesced to my simple request.”

Amanda shook her head. “Spock was always wandering off. Oh, and the funny little things he did! When he was two he picked up on our pet sehlat's way of showing affection by licking people! He even licked T'Pau when she came for a visit! She was the most understanding since Spock's grandfather Skon, T'Pau's son, was like that as a child as well.”

Jim could feel the humiliation roll off of Spock as his mother recounted in graphic detail of every gross thing Spock did as a baby. From licking his father in public to show affection, to peeing in the garden to help his mother water the flowers so she doesn't waste potable water, and biting people that insulted his mother. Spock took it, because they were both pregnant and had two babies on the way. God help them because neither of them knew how to change a diaper.

“Spock like most Vulcan infants made a sort of yowling cat-like noise when he wanted me to breastfeed him. I had a strong psychic link with him so it made it easy to know whether he needs food, or if he's pooped his diapers, or just wants to be picked up and loved. Oh, and the way he purred and nestled into the crook of my shoulder was the cutest! Here's a holovid!”

There were a round of aww's and one sigh from Spock. “Mother, what was the purpose of recording these inconsequential events?”

“For science, my little kan-bu! I had hoped that Vulcan would reach out and maybe these would help another human who found themselves a Vulcan mate. And look, I was right!”

Spock gave another weary sigh as his mother whipped out more baby pictures to share with the class, even the one of him at approximately six months sleeping naked on I-Chaya's back, his baby butt cheeks standing out most prominently in the image. “And the purpose of this one?”

Jim laughed. “Come on, Spock! It's adorable! Look at those cheeks! You've got the cutest ass ever!”

Angela Martine cooed at the picture. “He's so cute! And what's that big furry thing with fangs he's sleeping on?”

“A Vulcan sehlat. They're basically big fat teddy bears that Vulcans keep as pets.”

Bones grinned. He was eating this all up. “A teddy bear!”

Janice recognized the creature. “I heard Sonak talk about his sehlat that he often rode into the L-Langon mountains. He promised to take me out there after the baby is born.”

Amanda nodded. “Sarek used to take his out there as well. They are loyal creatures, and excellent protectors.”

Speak of the devil, Sarek appeared behind her like a pointy eared shadow. He had his fingers held out for her to touch. “My wife, are you faring well?”
Amanda automatically touched his fingers in ohz'esta. “I'm fine Sarek. But I'm starting to feel like a kept woman in pre-reform times holed up in the tent with all the other pregnant women while the men hunted or readied for war. As beautiful as this mansion and the view is, I'm beginning to feel a little cooped up.”

Sarek's lips twitched in amusement. “I see some similarities, but I doubt Earth has wild chorka or vralt to hunt, nor any need as there is an adequate eatery down the street. Their avocado and red peppers on naan is far more suitable a meal than killing a wild animal.”

Amanda smiled, “Nor do we have to worry about the men getting eaten by a le-matya or falling into the mouth of a tcha'be'she.”

Before Jim could ask what those things were, Spock answered. “Le-matya is Vulcan's largest and most dangerous predator. Quite persistent, and possesses venomous claws. A tcha'be'she is a sandworm is an ambush predator that burrows into the sand and lays in wait for those foolish enough to get too close. The largest recorded tcha'be'she was 52.94 meters in length. More than large enough to swallow a grown Vulcan.”

The rest of the humans in the room paled at the thought of a colossal worm the size of a building. Spock assured them, “They live only in the remote Han-Shir desert in a protected wildlife preserve. The largest one residing there is a female that is only 40.56 meters. She is tamed enough that the villages of Da-Leb and Kwil'inor uses her for public transport to each other across the vast desert. An ancient but still effective method for travel, particularly since hover transports often fail in dust storms.”

That didn't make the humans feel better. In fact the idea of riding a giant man-eating worm across a vast sea of hostile desert made them rather nervous. Jim heard one of the women mumble, “Oh god, my boyfriend's parents live in Da-Leb... I don't want to ride a sandworm...”

Sarek had thankfully changed the subject to something less bracing then sandworm riding. “I have news. Domesticated sehlats have been cleared to come to Earth with proper permits and vaccinations, but there are certain places on Earth they are prohibited from entering and must follow the rules pertaining to all extraterrestrial flora and fauna.”

Spock straightened up. “Does this mean my sehlat will be staying with us at the embassy?”

Sarek inclined his head. “Indeed. You may bring Winnie The Pooh here.”

“Winnie The Pooh?” Jim asked trying hard to keep his face straight.

“Yes, my sehlat...” Spock blushed. “Mother kept calling him that as a cub and he will not answer to anything else... It stuck.”

Bones laughed his ass off. “Winnie the Pooh! You have a giant teddy bear named Pooh! This is the best thing I've ever heard!”

Jim lost the battle in keeping the smile off his face and snorted and laughed. “I can't wait to meet... Pooh.”

Spock narrowed his eyes at the doctor. “One must keep in mind that sehlats are fierce creatures that are highly protective of their family. Winnie The Pooh has fangs that are sixteen centimeters in length and last I checked he weighed 997.9 Kilograms.”

Bones' laughter died at the thought of something with fangs that could put a sabertooth cat to shame and bigger than most polar bears. “Well, if you want Pooh bear, there'll be forms you'll have to pick
up at Starfleet HQ. Scotty can help you, he had to go through hell to get his neutered tribble through customs.”

Jim loved books, but hated paperwork and bringing a relatively new species to the Federation to Earth was a ton of it. After it was done and Jim, Spock and a good number of Vulcans waited in the lobby of Starfleet HQ for the latest shipment from Vulcan and their sehlat cargo. They had been wanting to bring their pets for months now, but was unable to do so and unable to leave their pregnant mates on Earth.

Since the various interviews and a documentary on Vulcan, people were quite curious for anything Vulcan. Including Vulcans themselves coming to Earth on Psth-Telsu to find a special someone they don’t have to kill or risk getting killed for. While Sarek and Amanda were at a diplomatic function, Bones decided to tag along with Spock and Jim to see for himself this so called “Vulcan teddy bear”.

Jim saw Turim and Scotty messing with a holoscreen. “How much are those sonic screwdrivers? I really need to get me one these beauties!”

“It is a T'Lacoya Spanner, not a sonic screwdriver. Since trade between Earth and Vulcan is open, and thriving, you can order one for yourself instead of borrowing mine.”

“Good. If I have it my way, every engineer in my department should have one of these sonic screwdrivers. Maybe finally get that cough out of my Loch Ness Monster...”

Scotty took savage delight reminding the poor Vulcan of his translation error back on the Enterprise. Turim was about to attempt to correct the human again but gave up. “Those frequencies won’t work. Try reflecting the signal from another...”

Turim closed his mouth when the holoscreen changed and showed a vast desert of red sands and Vulcan warriors riding sehlat across the dunes. Scotty grinned. “O ye of little faith.”

Spock perked up. “The K'Sehlat Kal'i'fee. You have managed to receive the broadcast?”

Jim sat up straight. “What is that?”

“An current event on Vulcan that is followed closely, a great challenge with a valuable and much fought over prize. Those men must race across the Fire Plains on their sehlangs to win it.”

Jim noticed that all the Vulcans stared at the holoscreen with avid attention and inched closer to see and hear it. The screen showed ten riders racing desperately across scorching sands, and the camera panned to the landscape ahead of the riders. Pits of lava and a volcano oozing red hot magma down the slopes like an open wound. Scotty fiddled with the transmission and turned on the universal translator. “There we go! Vulcan sports!”

Jim watched the holo for something called the K'Sehlat Kal'i'fee or “Challenge by Sehlat” according to the translated captions at the bottom of the screen. “Huh, Vulcans have races. Never figured you guys would have something like the Kentucky Derby.”
Bones stared, utterly fascinated by the riders racing past pools of lava. “The Kentucky Derby doesn't have lava. Or monster cave bears. Or spouts of fire. Dear god man! Those men could die!”

“Vulcans are more durable than humans, and the prize is well worth the risk for these men. It is safer for the men than a normal Kal'i'fee and is one of the better ways to settle a challenge if there are more than two challengers.”

The landscape became more riddled with more fire and lava, it was not called the Fire Plains because of some explorer named Fire. It resembled the biblical imaginings of Hell from the eyes of humans many centuries past. Over the horizon colossal statues of bronze of Vulcan men and women wearing hooded robes. The red glow of fire and molten earth that bubbled up from Vulcan's core gave all the statues a flickering glow. It made them appear to almost pulse with life, silently watching the tiny figures of the riders that raced past them. Bones asked, “What could possibly justify a dangerous race for both man and animal?”

Turim sat down near them. “Fertile land and a woman. Observe.”

The screen flickered and the announcer showed footage of a desert with gold sand and a copse of red trees and blue water in the middle of a vast sea of sand. “The much disputed property rights to the oasis in the Shival flats. One hectare of potable water and agriculturally suitable land lays on the properties of five different clans and was awarded to...”

Jim was shocked. “That's what they're all fighting for? A couple of acres of land?”

“Land with water and soil suitable for farming.” Spock corrected. “After one of the clans won property rights fifty-seven years ago, their only heir now is a woman without a mate or a child. Because her clan breed sehlats, and whoever her husband is wins the rights to that oasis, it was only logical that she declare K'Sehlat Kal'i'fee. She had ten acceptable suitors to choose from, so she is using this method to eliminate all but the very strongest. It less deadly then a normal Kal'i'fee with lirpas and ahn-woons.”

Jim raised a brow. “What do those sehlats get from this? They're doing all the hard work.”

“They get a herd of breeding partners to choose from and an easy life on rich land for them and their offspring.”

Bones whistled. “All boils down to sex with you Vulcans.”

Spock raised a brow at Bones. “That can be said of all life, doctor. We are born, we struggle for survival, and then we die. Sex is a crucial part of survival. It ensure life's continued existence past the death of the individual. Would you not ensure by any means necessary to pass on your genes and protect your offspring carrying your genes?”

Bones opened his mouth and closed it. Spock continued. “That is what those men are doing, doctor. They are fighting for the chance to continue the survival of their genes with both a mate to bear him offspring and fertile land to feed them. She is doing what she thinks is best by selecting the strongest to sire her children, because Vulcan is a harsh world that does not forgive weakness.”

Jim watched as a spout of fire caught by the wind and spiraled upward in a deadly vortex of wind and flame. Jim watch the lobby crowd with other people watching in fascinated horror of Vulcan's terrifying weather and the brave men and their sehlats braved it. Bones, a doctor that freely wore his bleeding heart on his sleeve thought that this might border on barbaric. “They're risking life and limb and third degree burns. Doesn't mercy or compassion matter any? How about justice?”
Spock shrugged. “The drones that observe and record the K'Sehlat Kal'i'fee can pick up any downed rider, but if he is still conscious and his sehlat able, he will press on. Nature, unfortunately, does not know of either mercy nor compassion nor even justice. Those concepts are an aberration made by us...” Spock's expression softened. “But they are beautiful aberrations. When it is logical, we use those aberrant concepts to overcome nature's brutality. Observe.”

Spock pointed out a man who got pushed off his sehlat and dangerously close to a pool of lava. He wasn't moving, and from the smoke something caught on fire. Medical drones came and scooped him up. “Were we completely like our ancestors before the Reformation, he would have died. With modern treatment he shall live and thrive. At our cores we may be the same animals driven by the same instincts, but with time and experience we have been gifted with logic to overcome all but the strongest of drives. To better ourselves and become something more than animal.”

“One of Surak's sayings?” Jim asked.

“No. Just my own observation.” Spock stated.

Jim looked around and noticed both Vulcan and human gathered around the holoscreen and watching the K'Sehlat Kal'i'fee. People who were waiting on shipments, or for their ship, and even the Starfleet officers who worked here paused, and gathered. As they watched they got into the race. They were all making bets to see who would win, others cursing a guy who made an obvious mistake. “No! Left! Go left!”

“Hey! That's gotta be a foul!”

“In K'Sehlat Kal'i'fee, all is legal.”

“Dammit! Fifty credits down the toilet!”

“Yes! My guy's in the lead!”

“My prediction of Solok's victory is calculated at approximately sixty-three percent.”

“That high? Sek, your logic is faulty, clearly it is only thirty-two percent.”

It was amazing to see. All kinds of people were watching with equal curiosity, and wondering if there can be a Sehlat Cup here on Earth. It seems that no matter the species, whether human, Vulcan, Betazoid, Andorian or Ferengi, all are united by the single concept of watching The Big Game.

Scotty nudged Jim. “Jim! Can you see if the Vulcans can have some sehlat races here on Earth? Like an Earth Sehlat Cup!”

“Where are you going to hold it?! Where on Earth are you going to find a molten hellscape?!” Bones pointed out.

“Death Valley is pretty empty and hot and full of rocks and sand. Vulcans will love it. It'll remind them of home.” Jim answered.

Spock raised a brow when Jim pulled up some pictures off his PADD and showed them to the Vulcan. “Fascinating. The landscape is very reminiscent to that of Vulcan. Why is it called Death Valley?”

“Because it's hot as hell. Temperatures can easily reach over a hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit in the summer.”

Bones shook his head. “Hot as Vulcan should be the new expression.”

Jim looked at the ship arrival schedule. “Hey! Pooh Bear's ship is here.”

Sure enough a voice rang out over the intercom announcing the arrival of the VSS Surak and the live animal cargo would be unloaded on Bay Two. Spock stood up and walked briskly, almost vibrating with excitement to be reunited with his pet. Jim wondered if sehlat's were like dogs and wagged their tail and whined after a long separation or held grudges like cats did for leaving them without proper room service. Spock got his number and looked for the crate containing his friend among the dozen others.

Spock opened the crate and instructed Jim and Bones to stand back. Out from the crate emerged a hulking honey brown creature. It resembled a mix between a bear and a sabertooth cat. Bones paled and jumped about three feet when the monster bear pounced on Spock and gave Spock a big wet lick, making Spock's long hair stick up like a weird mohawk. The sehlat's long lion-like tail swished furiously, wapping repeatedly on the floor. He looked at Spock and made a strange mournful sound. “Bwoooo!”

Bones took a good long look at Spock's “teddy bear” and grinned. “He's just a big dog!”

Bones' grin disappeared when he stared straight at the doctor and snarled. Spock calmed him with a soothing pat. “Rai, Pooh. They are not threats. They are part of our pack now. Jim come, let me introduce you to him.”

The sehlat sat down, and sniffed Jim curiously and looked at Spock expectantly. “Ha, Pooh. This is my mate. He is pregnant with my cub. I am also having a cub. You will have to guard us. Jim, Dr. McCoy. Let Winnie The Pooh sniff you. He will register you as pack and then you may pet him.”

Jim let the sehlat named Pooh sniff him. Then Pooh licked his fingers and wagged his tail. He really was like a big dog. It really reminded him of the Great Dane he had growing up. Big, ferocious, and an utter marshmallow. Jim pet him and was astounded by how soft his fur was. “He’s giant teddy bear!”

“He is a sehlat.” Spock corrected. “Dr McCoy. It is your turn. Winnie The Pooh, sniff. This is a friend. He can be trusted.”

Bones was less than thrilled, and after a good sniff Pooh sneezed on him. Bones gave Pooh the stink eye and the sehlat wagged his tail happily. Bones sputtered and froze, not wanting to anger a creature with six inch fangs and weighing over a ton. When Bones saw the big sehlat's happy fuzzy face and tail wagging happily, he melted and pet the sehlat. “Aww, you really are just a big marshmallow. You're a good ol' Pooh bear, aren't you? Yes you are! Who's a good boy? You are!”

Spock stared at the doctor with raised eyebrows. “He is intelligent enough to know that he is a good boy. You do not need to talk to him in such a strange manner.”

Winnie The Pooh wagged his tail, happy by the great amount of praise he was getting from his new pack members. He hoped they would give him lots of treats. Amanda had lots of treats and talked funny like the McCoy creature did. He looked at his master, Spock, with his question of where his master's dam was. “Do not worry Pooh. Amanda is with Sarek. We will see them soon. Would you like to go explore?”
Winnie The Pooh howled with delight. Yes, he would very much like to explore. He did not like being stuck in that tiny box. But all was well now. He found his master, and had new friends, and now a new place to explore. “Bwoooo! Bwoooo!”

Jim had an idea. “Why don't we go pick up some food at the Galactic Farmer's Market across the bay? I want to get some Andorian ice berries for a fruit salad.”

Bones wiped up snot and slobber. “If you guys promise to take it easy, I need to go home and change. Only god knows how many germs I've got on me.”

Spock nodded. “We shall, doctor. Pooh can help carry us and our groceries. I believe Pooh's harness and saddle is also in the crate.”

Pooh’s ears picked up his favorite words of “saddle” and “Pooh’s” because that meant Spock would be taking him exploring. Pooh raced back into the crate and dropped his saddle and harness at Spock's feet, his tail wagging in excitement. He loved exploring with his favorite Vulcan, and it had been almost forever. Spock picked up the harness and began putting it on. “Yes, Pooh. We shall go explore and gather food to take back to our den. You shall assist, and guard us on our hunt.”

Jim added with a grin, “I doubt we have to worry about muggers with one ton of Pooh bear here.”

Jim pat the sehlat for emphasis. Pooh wagged his tail at the praise he was getting from his new friend. Jim was a weird looking Vulcan, but he likes Pooh, and would be giving birth to cubs that are sure to be new playmates for him, so this Jim-creature was okay. The sehlat knew he was a good boy and would guard his pack well against any predators. He was a fierce and clever hunter like his dam. Pooh wondered if these creatures called mug-gars were as dangerous as a le-matya. Pooh doubted it. Pooh would defeat any dangers that attacked his master. He was a good boy, just like his mighty sire I-Chaya.

Jim was riding bitch on a big bear. Wrong phrasing, he corrected in his head. The sehlat was not a motorcycle, and Spock was too lean and although he's a bit on the hairy side, he was too clean shaven to be considered a bear. However pleasant the image of riding Spock was, it did not apply here, but it was really nice to hold him like this. Sunny skies, and the many stalls of the interstellar farmer's market made for a romantic ride on a sabertooth bear thing.

The people there for some reason gave them a lot of space, a few even ran the other direction. But who could blame them? Pooh was pretty big. He dwarfed even grizzlies and was on the same scale as the extinct cave bear. The long fangs helped the illusion that Pooh had come from an age when mankind's most advanced technology was a stone knife and fire and were still on a lot of animal's menus. Jim didn't pay them much mind, Spock was warm and his neck smelled nice. Probably whatever he used as an aftershave.

Spock halted Pooh with a tug on his harness and a gentle, “Pooh, kroykah.”

“Spock?”

Pooh lowered himself, laying down on all fours. “Jim, could you dismount so I can as well? I need the saddle bags. I see a few vendors with avocados.”

“Didn't Sonak go on a grocery run like two days ago?”
“The avocados have been devoured. Father had consumed the last one.”

“How? He bought a whole crate!”

“We have an influx of Vulcans on Psthan-Telsu from the arrival of the VSS Surak. The Vulcan Embassy is treated like any oasis to the traveling Vulcan before a pilgrimage. They are unlikely to receive the familiar comforts of a fellow Vulcan when they go to explore your world for what they seek.”

Jim thought on that. “Maybe we can buy some for ourselves and hide them in your room or something.”

“Avocado smuggling?” Spock asked.

An image popped into Jim's head of smugglers like that insect from that ancient Earth show Babylon Five doing backroom deals with aliens for his cargo of guacamole, pure Earth grade. Price high. Jim snorted. Spock raised a brow. “Uh, yeah. Let's get you your own stash of avocados so you and your dad don't have to fight over them.”

Spock nodded. “I am amenable to that suggestion.”

The human vendor took one wary look at the Vulcan and the monster fanged bear and with a trembling voice said, “G-greetings, s-s-sirs. Ca-can I help you?”

Jim smiled. “Yes! How much are your avocados?”

“One credit each. Is that thing tame?”

Spock looked vaguely insulted. Pooh looked over Spock's shoulders to see what his Vulcan friend was looking at. Dark green bumpy fruit that smelled interesting. Food? Spock put a hand on Pooh's nose. “Rai, Pooh. This is not yours.”

The vendor's kids gasped at Pooh and the girl asked, “Ooo! Can I pet your teddy bear?”

Spock looked at Pooh. “Winnie The Pooh, will you let the children touch you?”

Pooh looked at the cubs, they were funny looking Vulcans with round ears instead of pointy ones and very short. Definitely cubs. Pooh wanted to play. He had been in that tiny box forever and was bored. He wagged his tail and howled. “Bwooooo!”

Spock looked to the children and nodded. “You may pet him, now.”

Pooh was swarmed by the kids and they all hugged them. He thought they were strange looking Vulcan cubs but he liked them, they played with him and they petted him. “He's so soft!”

“He's fluffy!”

“He's adorable! Dad! Can I have one?”

The vendor looked very much against the idea. Jim decided to help him out. “Vulcan sehlat's require a lot of space, and a vast amount of permits. Not to mention you would have to travel all the way to Vulcan and find a breeder. At least I assume so. Spock could humans actually take care of a sehlat by themselves?”

Spock raised a brow. “Doubtful. Sehlats cubs require a master with telepathic capabilities. A human would not be able to communicate with a young sehlat in the same manner as a Vulcan. It may result
in the sehlat lashing out in frustration with his or her master's inability to understand their need. No doubt the Federation will make owning a sehlat legal only to certain species or people with a high psi rating. As of now, only a Vulcan may have one.”

Jim added. “But you kids have plenty of other... smaller and more manageable creatures to choose as pets that are just as fluffy and cute.”

The kids looked crestfallen and the vendor looked visibly relieved. “Thank you sirs...” He glanced at his kids. The guy looked relieved that he probably won't have to deal with weeks of begging and pleading from his kids who now would be asking for a sehlat. Jim did not envy him. If parents thought getting their kid a pony was a tall order then they haven't met one ton of a sehlat named Winnie The Pooh.

“How many avocados will you be needing today?”

Jim grinned. “We'll take twenty.” Jim looked at Spock. “Think we'll need more?”

“For the rest of the embassy, yes. They have become rather popular. Perhaps thirty given how many pregnant individuals there are residing at the embassy.”

Jim grinned, looking down at Spock's stomach. He wasn't showing at all but he knew he had and extra mouth to feed. Not to mention Spock's been getting odd cravings himself. Lately he'd been putting avocados on everything. Jim shuddered at how he once saw Spock putting guacamole on vanilla ice-cream. “Yeah, thirty might be about right.”

“Here's thirty and an extra on the house.”

“Hey, thanks!”

Spock loaded the avocados into Pooh's saddle bag and they continued getting other produce for the embassy's kitchen and some to stash in their room given how voracious Spock and himself have been getting. Being pregnant was not easy but at least now that they had Pooh they had a ride for when they would get to the swollen ankle stage.

Jim suddenly wondered how they would be having sex if they were both heavily pregnant. The mechanics of it were not going to be easy. Maybe lots of blow-jobs? Jim could put whipped cream on it. And maybe eat strawberries off of Spock's nipples. Or kiwis since they were green. Now Jim was horny and hungry for food. Jim was brought out of his Spock flavored thoughts when he felt a sense of amusement coming from Spock's side of the bond. “Spock, something funny?”

“Just you, my illogical t'hy'la. Your mind is so dynamic.”

Jim forgot that their hands were entwined. Spock probably saw what he was thinking. “I thought you loved my mind.”

“I do. Vulcan minds tend to be static, sometimes to the point of stagnation. A mercurial mind like yours is addictive and pleasant. For example, a Vulcan would not think to eat slices of fruit off their mate's nipples nor apply aerated dairy products to one's penis in order to consume food and give pleasure.”

Jim smiled. “That's a shame.” Jim's eyes wondered to a tea parlor and their sign declaring their daily specials. “Oh! How about we have lunch there! They have outdoor seating so we can bring Pooh, and they've got this avocado salad that sounds good.”

Spock's pointed ears actually twitched a little when Jim mentioned the magic word: avocado. A
growl came from his boyfriend's stomach. Jim grinned. “I'll take that as a yes.”

Spock eagerly followed Jim to the restaurant's outdoor seating. The white Parisian style furniture and flower pots gave it a quaint charm that remind Jim of something his grandmother would like. The waitress looked at Pooh with some apprehension, and Jim had to explain that Pooh was the Vulcan equivalent to dogs. Yes, he's tame, and yes, his name was actually Winnie The Pooh. When asked if the sehlat wanted a smackerel of honey, Spock said yes. Jim burst into a fit of giggles. Of course a giant Vulcan teddy bear called Winnie The Pooh eats honey.

“Seriously Spock that is way too funny. He even eats it just like the cartoon.”

Spock raised a brow at the jar of replicated honey the waitstaff brought for his sehlat. It was misspelled as “hunny” on purpose, so Spock assumed it was an archaic spelling. “Funny?”

“Yeah, look.”

Jim pointed to the sehlat that was holding the jar with both of his enormous paws and stuck his whole snout in the jar and was going to town on that jar of “hunny” with loud snuffling sounds. “How he can get his mouth in there with those fangs of his, I don't know.”

Spock agreed. “It has been a mystery since he grew them in, but given the right motivation he usually finds a way in, but not necessarily out. He gets his head stuck in holes frequently. That was probably why mother started calling him Pooh.”

Jim snorted. “Like how you got stuck in a window at a space port, right Pooh-Bear?”

Spock's cheeks flushed green. “A small miscalculation. And my name is Spock, not Pooh-Bear.”

Pooh raised his head and his ears perked at the sound of his name. Jim patted his head, and noticed that his snout was now covered in honey. Pooh went back to work so as to ensure that not a drop of honey would be left behind in that jar. Jim smiled. Sehlats really were a lot like dogs in personality. “Hey Spock, how is Pooh going to be around children? Our children?”

“If he is like his predecessor, he shall be a proficient nursery guard, though limited in his capabilities to rear Vulcan children. He is also male so will not be like M'Aih-Sehlat and capable of giving milk.”

“M'Aih-Sehlat?”

“From the legend of Xon. A distant ancestor to S'chn and also by that line, myself. He was found as a feral child wondering the deserts with a wild female sehlat who had been nursing him. She was also the steed he rode into war.”

“Cool. So this Xon is like Mowgli or Tarzan?”

Spock shrugged. “In the way that all of them were feral children that were raised by wild animals.”

“What happened to Xon's parents?”

“According to legend, he had been abandoned. His father was killed in battle and his mother needed a new husband to provide for her. So she got rid of her first husband's only son at the behest of her new husband. She left Xon in the desert to preserve herself. A female sehlat had lost her cub and was desperate to have a cub to mother and found Xon by chance. It is from Xon and his sehlat wet-nurse that we have domesticated sehlates. She had other cubs that he helped rear and used them as an advantage in battle for his warriors. Xon became a famous warlord whose lands Shi'Kahr is built on.”
Jim's jaw dropped. “Xon's mother just left her kid in the desert to die?! That's awful!”

Spock took a sip of his tea. “It was in the time before Surak brought logic, and before S’Chn and T’Gai brought peace with their t'hy'la bond. It was war after war for scarce resources.”

Jim couldn't help but compare this Xon guy with himself. Jim's own mother abandoned Jim and his brother to escape into space. Like Xon's mother, Winona Kirk left Jim behind because he was a constant reminder of her first husband. As long as Jim was around, she couldn't move on. Jim looked at Pooh. Jim knew that lots of people got rid of their dogs when a baby came, just like when a foster family got rid of Jim as soon as they got a real child of their own. A dark thought crept in. What if Spock got tired of him? Excitement and novelty only lasted so long. Spock put his hand on Jim's. “I will not tire of you.”

Jim sighed. “We're still only a few months into this marriage. Honeymoon phase'll only last so long. We haven't known each other very long.”

Spock did not hold back his surprise. “Our katras have always been entwined. While we have only met face to face a few months ago, our minds have always touched. Parted from me, never parted. Touching and always touched. You are my t'hy'la as I am yours and soon you shall be the mother of my child as I shall be the father of yours. I will have no other, nor will I want one.”

Jim heard stuff along those same lines before, but its complete meaning was still lost on him. “I really need to learn your culture, and your language. Human relationships are different, for us that soulmate stuff is seen as a fairytale, but for Vulcans it is a reality?”

“T'hy'la bonds are real. Our minds are completely and utterly compatible. The Vulcans who have arrived here on Earth on the VSS Surak will call themselves very fortunate to find a willing mate with a mind that is about eighty percent compatible. Most will not find such a high level of compatibility. They will walk this planet in their long search separated from other Vulcans until they find a mate or the Pon Farr claims their life. The Embassy will be their only tie to their homeland and everything they ever knew, all while they wander your planet.”

Jim felt bad for those poor guys. He was happily married, and a lot of these Vulcans had no one available on their planet or their race and if they didn't find a mate with these aliens his life would be cut short. “Yikes. The last pitstop for miles. Piss now or forever hold it. That's what my mom used to tell me and Sam when we went on road trips to Yosemite and Yellowstone.”

“Sam... Your brother?”

Jim stiffened. “Yeah. I haven't talked to him in years. Not since he ran away when I was eleven and left me to fend off Frank by myself. Last I heard, he was married and living on Deneva as a biologist, and that's from looking a file using my Starfleet access. Only god knows what my mom is doing, and I don't care. They left me, and I moved on and found another family. Any part that still chased after them, to be a family... That died on Tarsus.”

“I grieve with thee.”

Jim got out his PADD. He had been sitting on the message. “I got a message from him a few months ago. It was during that media frenzy of Vulcans fending off that Romulan invasion and my ass in that Vulcan wedding bikini was plastered on every news feed. I never opened it. Didn't want to.”

“Would you like me to read it?”

Jim nodded. “Just tell me what he wants.”
Spock obliged and scanned the message. “He expresses feelings of longing for his younger brother and wishes to visit. He also expresses concern for your wellbeing and wishes to appraise myself as a suitable mate for you. He also wishes to introduce you to his firstborn son, Peter Kirk. I assume he wishes to call forth some kind of Kirk clan gathering to greet the new member he and his mate produced.”

Jim cracked a grin. He loved the weird way Spock worded things. “I'll think about it. He did leave me behind for years without a damn word. He can stew a couple of more months.”

Spock raised a brow, and Jim winced. Spock's older brother left him years ago and would not be coming back. Dead was dead. Jim sighed. “I'll think about it. It would be cool to meet my nephew. Huh, I'm an uncle. I wonder if he's a monkey?”

Spock raised a brow. “A monkey?”

“You know? A monkey's uncle?”

The joke was lost on him. Spock looked adorable when he was puzzled. Jim smiled and gave Spock a human kiss on the mouth, loving the way it made him blush. “Spock. Don't ever change.”

“That will be difficult since the nature of life itself is change.”

“Spock.”

“Yes, Jim?”

“Shut up and kiss me.”

“...”

Their half eaten lunch had gotten cold when they finished making out, and Pooh had long since licked his “hunny” jar clean. Pooh looked at his master and his mate doing some funny thing with their mouth and their tongues. He wondered if it was because they had food on their faces. He leaned in closer and gave them a big lick to find out. They sputtered and shouted. They did not have food on their faces and were now angry for some reason. Pooh was disappointed. He wanted more of this strange not-Vulcan honey. And food. He wanted more food, too.

Chapter End Notes

Translations:
Ko-ka-ashausu – Lesbian
Chorka – An extinct camel-like animal
Vralt – A goat-like animal
Tcha'be'she – a Vulcan sandworm. I automatically think those things from Dune
K'Sehlat Kal'i'fee – Challenge by way of Sehlat. An excuse to see Vulcans riding
sehlats in an exciting race.
M'aih Sehlat – Mother Sehlat. A Vulcan fairytale I made up on the spot just now.
Jim sat on Sam's message for about five more days before Amanda caught wind of it. Spock respected any decision he makes, but Amanda was different. She was human, and now family and therefore no need to respect her son-in-law's privacy if it made him sulk. Jim had reading up on the various illnesses Vulcan children get when she sat down next to him. “So Jim, what's this I hear about a brother, and a nephew?”

“Spock told you?”

“He asked me about human familial bonds. He wanted to know if human brothers were as close as Vulcan ones.”

Jim sighed. “It's complicated.”

Amanda smiled. “I understand. I can't comprehend the family you grew up with and the hardships you faced, but I can understand if you don't want to see your brother... Or your mother for that matter.”

Jim looked down at his stomach. “It would be nice if I could meet Peter. And I guess Spock Junior should at least know who his cousins are. Don't want any accidental incest. Like in the Importance of Being Ernest.”

Amanda coughed and choked on her own laughter. “Oh my god, how do people not talk about that?
Seriously? No one ever noticed until I had pointed out that Jack was her cousin. They get married, and live happily ever after. Never mind that they're first cousins.”

Jim laughed. “I got in trouble in fourth grade when I used incest as my main topic in the book report. They thought I was demented and took me to see Nicole, the school counselor.”

“Nicole?”

“We were on a first name basis given how often I was sent there. Before the incest book report I was sent there for constantly asking the math teacher what on Earth this Bob fellow needs 126 chickens and 56 dogs for. Before that I got in trouble for disrupting history class for asking how Captain Garth could have lost the Battle of Antos IV when he had the superior fleet and the advantage of ion storms for cover.”

Amanda laughed. “You were a smart and special child, then.”

Jim smiled sadly. “I got made fun of a lot. Kids hated me because they thought I was a teacher's pet, and the adults hated me because they thought I was trying to make them look bad. Kids sometimes liked me because I made class interesting. They only read the book voluntarily when I told them how dirty it was. Best test scores the teacher saw that term.”

Amanda giggled. “Oh, that's true for many great classics. Many of them were considered controversial for their time. People seem to forget that. Like Shakespeare. If he were alive he'd be floored that his work is considered high brow and dusty these days.”

Jim grinned. “He made lots of dick jokes.”

“So, what shall you do with your brother?”

Jim's smile fell. Amanda wasn't going to drop the subject. “I guess message him. Tell him to come over for a short visit.”

“You want us there with you?”

Jim thought about how Spock and Sarek had been acting recently. Sarek had been rather insistent on knowing their whereabouts at all times and Spock rarely left Jim's side. It was probably normal Vulcan behavior around pregnant mates. “Yeah. The big cats we're married to might sulk if we don't.”

Amanda rolled her eyes. “Sarek will just stand outside the door and listen in and pretend he's being subtle. Spock is just like his father in that regard.”

“If Sam acts like an asshole, Pooh can toss him out.”

Amanda smiled. “Spock will most likely try to do it himself and Sarek will step in so his pregnant son doesn't slip a disk by accident and while they argue I will have done it for them.”

Jim smiled at that. Amanda was a far better mom than he got. He gave into a rare urge and hugged her. “Thanks Amanda. You're an awesome mom-in-law.”

Amanda hugged Jim back. “And you're a wonderful son-in-law.” Amanda paused and told the two Vulcans behind the corner. “And to my husband and little kan-bu, you can come in and join this family hug if you want.”

Sarek and Spock padded out from behind the corner. Sarek extended two finger to his wife. “I will
Spock pulled Jim toward him and nuzzled his neck. A territorial display to which Amanda rolled her eyes. “I'm not taking him away, my kan-bu. He is still yours.”

Spock nipped at Jim neck and said. “T'nash-veh.”

Jim rolled his eyes. “Yes, Spock. I'm yours. Everyone here knows it.”

Sarek was not surprised. “Spock, if you wish to copulate with your t'hy'la, please do so before his medical appointment.”

Jim laughed. “Bones walked in on us more than once. I think he had a stroke the first time. Said that was more hobgoblin than he ever wanted to see and that what we were doing wasn't sanitary or good for his sanity.”

“What we do behind closed doors is none of Doctor McCoy's business.”

“It is when one of you gets anal tearing.”

Speak of the devil, and there he was. Straight out of Georgia, and looking as grumpy as the devil when he lost a violin contest, McCoy walked in. Spock narrowed his eyes and growled. Bones rolled his eyes back at him. “I can just skip your appointment and come back later. Who cares about prenatal vitamins or checking for developmental defects or even gender. I mean it's only your unborn children.”

Sarek stepped aside to let the doctor through. “Examine their health now. They will not stop you.”

Bones went to work, jabbing Jim with his weekly hypos, and using a tricorder to check the vitals of both Jim and the baby. “Hmmm, Vulcans are hard to tell, but from the Vulcan Science Academy's medical database and T'Val's training... Ah, high levels of testosterone. I believe Jimbo's got a bouncing baby boy.”

Spock's breath hitched. “A son.”

Spock's prediction came true. A boy. Amanda squealed “I knew it!” and Sarek's eyes shone with pride. Pooh padded up to Bones and licked the southern doctor in the ear. The man shrieked. “Ah! Dammit, Pooh! Are sehlets always like this?!?”

“No.” Sarek replied. “They are quite territorial.”

“For some illogical reason Pooh has become fond of Dr. McCoy. There is no accounting for taste.” Spock stated.

“I think I prefer dogs.” Bones mumbled grumpily under his breath.

Jim smiled. He caught Bone rubbing the sehlat's tummy more than once. Jim patted his stomach. “Every boy needs a dog, but I think a sehlat will be even better for our boy.”

“Spock had one as a child.” Amanda added. “In fact Pooh here is one of his cubs. He's just as much as big pile of cuddly fluff as I-Chaya was.”

The name nagged at something in Jim's memory. “I-Chaya?”

“I-Chaya was quite fierce.” Spock said proudly.
“He was only fat because my wife spoiled him so.” Sarek added.

“You got a picture of I-Chaya?” Jim asked. It sounded really familiar.

Amanda nodded. “You've seen I-Chaya.” She sifted through pictures on her PADD and whipped out the infamous butt picture of Spock, only six months old and sleeping naked on a big fat sehlat's back. “Here he is. I-Chaya.”

Spock sighed. “Mother, must you show that picture at every available opportunity?”

“Yes, Spock. My baby's butt is the cutest thing in the world and everyone must know.” Amanda stated as a matter of fact.

Jim said nothing. He simply looked back at the sehlat in the picture. He had one fang and he looked so familiar. It nagged at his memory and finally came to the surface. “That's I-Chaya? That sehlat?”

“Yes. He belonged to my father before I was born and then he was given to me. Mother and I spoiled him so he became quite fat.”

“Pooh inherited his sire's great girth.” Amanda said fondly. “Spock was so happy to find out that our neighbor's sehlat gave birth to a cub that had I-Chaya's distinctive honey brown coat and not the grey brindle from the Raal racing champion he'd been expecting. I-Chaya apparently had paid her a secret visit and it resulted in Pooh's birth. I-Chaya had died eight months prior and Spock had been so depressed since Sybok's death, and then his bonding to T'Pring... Spock was so happy to have I-Chaya's cub. Pooh really helped us through a dark period in our lives.”

Jim remembered what had nagged at his memory. “This may sound like a huge coincidence but I had this imaginary friend when I was four. He looked just like him and his name was I-Chaya. I think I might have those drawings somewhere...” Jim frowned. “I had this dream once that he died fighting this huge green cat-lizard thing. I cried for hours.”

Spock caressed his hand. “T'hy'la. That was no dream. Our katras have always been entwined. I walked with you in dreams just as you have. I-Chaya died defending me from a wild Le-Matya on my kahs-wan.”

Jim's jaw dropped. He had wondered why Vulcan looked so familiar. He had walked those red sands before. “You had dreamed of me since you were a kid?”

Spock looked down. “I did. It drove me to seek out the stars to find you. I dreamed of you you until I was twelve and I was forced to bond with T'pring. Our bond was suppressed but the bond of t'hy'la can not be severed.”

Jim did the math and thought back. When he was eight the dreams stopped and just when his mother was considering taking him to a neurologist to figure out what was wrong with him and his obsession with the imaginary world he felt compelled to go to. It was one of the reasons he went into Starfleet. The stars called to him. Or rather someone had called to him. Jim remembered T'pau's words when she declared them t'hy'la: “They share the strongest, and most ancient bond that I have ever seen. It has survived time, and death, and stretches across realities. They are and always shall belong to each other.”

Jim and Spock shared something truly special. Even before they met they were drawn to one another. Jim wondered for a moment what their lives could have been like. He shook his head. He needed answers. Spock was a part of his childhood and he didn't even realize it. He needed to reexamine everything he thought he knew. “I think I need to talk to my brother. Spock will you be
While on Earth, Spock still kept up with news from home. He even helped his father in state matters fairly often. Despite being on Earth and technically taking a long “respite” to guard over his pregnant mate and heirs, Sarek still remains the sa’te-kru of Vulcan. He handled matters via Subspace communication, and for situations that normally required his presence, his father Skon or his brother Selik could act as his substitute. All of Vulcan understood the importance of safeguarding one’s lineage, and even more so to safeguard the sacred thy'lar during their pregnancy.

To humans, Spock was not showing. To the observant Vulcan, it was obvious. Even the fullness of his dr'thelek silk robes could not hide the life Spock was carrying. It was in his scent. When he entered his father's office, he saw his father look up at him in acknowledgment, and saw his father's nostrils flare. “Father, I come to serve.”

Sarek nodded. “Your service honors us, my son. Come. I would assess the health of thy child.”

Spock padded over and let his father lay a hand on his stomach. Not as prominent as his mate's, but Jim was two weeks and one day further along than him. Spock saw his father's eyes soften. “I sense the life growing within you. Have you felt anything yet from your child?”

Spock shook his head. “No, I have not. I have meditated this morning seek their thoughts out. My child's mind is still hidden from me. I am three months and two day's k'kan, At this point Jim has felt our child's mind from within him. Should I be concerned for our child that is within me?”

Sarek pressed his fingers gently on his son's stomach. “I can sense no thoughts yet. Perhaps it is a female, they are known for shielding before projecting, but it is too soon to tell with certainty. Come, sit. We have matters of the state to concern ourselves with.”

Spock nodded and sat beside his father. “Father? Have the High Command caused any problems yet?”

Sarek nodded. “Stek has been raising his... concerns for the state of Vulcan.”

Spock's lips thinned. “Is he still attempting to pass a law forbidding marriages between Vulcans and Non-Vulcans? It would go against our the foundation of the philosophy of Kol-Ut-Shan.”

“Stek knows that. Before, he had the argument that marriages would produce sterile half-breeds.” Sarek's eyes trailed down to Spock's stomach. “He can no longer support his argument with that now false fact.”

“Then what is he attempting now?”

Sarek sighed “Now he is arguing that Vulcan blood will be diluted and our culture lost if we interbreed with humans.”

Spock scoffed. “As if we have not lost it already? Even he must see that most of us have reverted to old pre-reform ways. You and I wear our hair long like the warriors of old. We revived the Rumarie Festival, and Jarok's followers outnumber Surak's when it used to be that anyone following Jarok
was exiled. We display far more emotion than what would have been acceptable centuries ago, and violence has erupted on a world that used to be one of peace and logic.”

“I know this. In the years following the Reformation and then the events following The Fall of the House of Surak, our people had come close to extinction. We recovered, but it has left scars. Stek will not admit that Vulcan needs to reach out to the stars to save our people. One only needs to look at The Sundered Ones to see the results of xenophobia. They refused to take alien brides, and look at what is becoming of them.”

Spock shuddered in horror. The Romulans were suffering from the results of centuries of a small breeding pool. Some still look like Vulcans, but many were being born with a pronounced V shape to their forehead as a result of inbreeding. Spock has heard from Jim that they were attempting some breeding experiment on Tarsus. It was how Jim was carrying his child now. “They are closer to extinction then we are. Some are trying to correct it now, but it is probably too late for them.”

Sarek nodded. “They were small in number when they were banished from Vulcan, and their violent ways and their culling of our inborn telepathy limited it further. Fear of something that deviates from what they define as normal has halted their evolution. Now I see Stek attempting to take Vulcan down the same path.”

Sarek showed Spock a news article from home. Stek’s debate in The Hall of Voices in Shi’Kahr with a crowd of Surakian and V’tosh Katur Vulcans in the audience. The issue was on wether or not the t’hy’la bond between Spock and Jim was a true Vulcan bond due to the fact that Jim was not Vulcan. Spock looked up at his father in barely contained anger. “He cannot deny my t’hy’la bond. Clan Mother T’Pau confirmed it!”

“I believe he wishes to have your t’hy’la bond legally declared unrecognized by Vulcan law. If he achieves that, he can declare my departure from Vulcan and your marriage illegal and evict us from our seat of power. He will most likely attempt to take it for himself, if my brother does not prevent him.”

Spock growled. “He cannot do that.”

Sarek agreed. “No he cannot. If he continues…” Sarek growled at the thought of this impudent male attempting to challenge what was his. “I will declare toria’tal and break his neck myself as I should have done many years ago.”

A jolt of fear went through Spock. Toria’tal with Stek could result in his father dying instead of his opponent. “Toria’tal is risky. What if you lose? Is there no other way? He may use deception to win...” Spock whispered, mindful of the thin walls and sensitive Vulcan hearing. “It is in his blood, father. We know who his mother was even if the record of it is sealed. It would not be out of character.”

Sarek calmed, and reason prevailed over emotion. The fact remained. He had a mate and two children who were k’kan. All three of them relied upon him to be their klashausu, he could not afford failure. “If Stek does not cease challenging my family over the fact that we chose alien brides, then I will threaten him with what he thinks he desires.”

Spock raised a brow. “You will outlaw Vulcan and non-Vulcan marriages? How will that stop Stek?”

Sarek’s lips twitched with amusement. “My son, I will threaten to declare that all who are not wholly descended from Vulcan citizens will have their marriages considered not recognized in Vulcan law.”
Spock allowed his amusement to show. “Stek and all of his children will be included.”

“Indeed. Romulan citizens are not Vulcan citizens. That includes any children they have with Vulcans. Stek will have his marriage voided and despite having a mate, he will be legally considered unbonded and be removed from his seat. I will not go through with this, but it will make Stek reconsider his argument.”

Spock was proud of his father’s cleverness, but the problem of Stek still was cause for concern. “Stek is still only one of many Vulcans that feel that our race should not mix with aliens. While he himself is half-Romulan, the Romulans are still biologically descended of Vulcan even if many centuries removed. Many have called me inferior due to my mother being human.”

Sarek laid his fingers gently on his son’s psi points and let his feelings of pride and affection for his son bleed through their familial bond. As a child it was rare for his father show any affection for his hybrid son. However it became common after Sybok’s death. Sarek clung to his only remaining child with ferocity, the familial link that had weakened was strengthened and lonely Spock gladly devoured his father’s affection with greed. “Spock, my son. You undervalue yourself. You set a precedent for our people.”

Spock looked up at his father in shock. “Father?”

“According to our healers, you are eighteen percent stronger than the average Vulcan. You resist diseases that prove deadly to our race. You were always at the top of the class with the best scores. Our scientists have theorized that this is due to your Rish-Hakar.”

Hybrid Vigor. It was said more than once in his lifetime. Spock, when he was only eleven, took down Stonn, a boy twice his size. The healers quoted Spock’s Rish-Hakar more than once as the explanation as why again and again, Spock was victorious against his pure-blooded Vulcan opponents. “Father, was that why you said that marrying mother was logical? To create stronger and healthier children?”

Sarek shook his head. “I married you mother because I loved her. Your mother was something new, something fresher than what Vulcan’s ancient dry sands had to offer. True to Surak’s teachings, we created something greater than the sum of us both. We created you.”

Spock finally understood something. A reason for his existence perhaps? Sybok, the product of an incestuous and unwanted marriage was often sickly and had mental health problems. Spock, the half-breed, on the other hand was alive, and quite successful in comparison. Spock’s Rish-Hakar supported Sarek’s decision to diversify Vulcan and to justify his reason for marrying a human woman. Sarek had talent for hiding his love behind a wall of logic. “Infinite Diversity in Infinite Combinations.”

Sarek nodded. “You finally understand what so many of our people have forgotten. The importance of diversity. You will be the one that upholds the foundation of Surak’s very teachings and save Vulcan from ourselves. It is fitting that it is you who has the first t’hy’la bond we have seen in centuries.”

Spock nodded. His human blood was not a hindrance but a blessing and it made him no less Vulcan than his pure-blooded peers. “Thank you father.”

Sarek smiled. A rare sight on the man. It was a small one, but on his staunchly Surakian father he may as well be laughing. “Thanks are illogical. I spoke only the truth.”
Jim let Soren handle his appointments, and go-between, including with Sam. Yeah he was a coward, but he honestly didn't know what to say to Sam after all these years. Finally the day to meet Sam came. Sarek thought it best to keep it a family affair and invited him to dinner. Soren swept in. “Oveh James. Your brother and his family is here.”

Jim stood and went to greet him. Spock followed closely at his side. There in the lobby was a man Jim hardly recognized but was unmistakably his brother. He was a Kirk through and through. Beside them was a blonde woman holding a young boy who couldn't have been much older than four. Jim locked eyes with his brother for the first time in over twelve years. “Jim? Holy shit! It is you!”

Old feelings bubbled up more easily than Jim thought. “Sam!”

Jim burst into a run, and his brother met him halfway in a quick hug and pat on the back. Sam playfully hit Jim on the shoulder. “Snot nose.”

Jim hit back with a grin. “Pig butt.”

Sam grinned. “Jim, you little pest! Why haven't you messaged me sooner? I had to talk to a secretary... a Vulcan secretary! Just to make an appointment to see my little brother! I had to find out on the news feeds that not only did you make first contact with Vulcan, but that you're married to their crown prince, and pregnant?!”

Jim flinched. “Yeah, sorry. I was still angry. You did leave me behind to fend off Frank by myself. Asshole beat the shit out of me and got me sent to a delinquent boy's school... on Tarsus.”

Sam flinched. “I'm so sorry Jim... I didn't know...”

Sam's wife nudged her husband. Sam perked up. “Jim. This is my wife Aurelan, and this is our son, Peter James Kirk.”

Jim smiled at the boy. “James?”

Sam grinned. “After his uncle.”

Jim couldn't contain his glee, and knelt down to his nephew. “Hey Peter, I'm your Uncle Jim.”

Peter smiled. “Hi!”

Peter then hid behind his mother. Jim looked at Aurelan and flashed a smile. “It's nice to meet you. It makes me wonder how my pig butt of a brother managed to have a girl as nice as you as his wife.”

She giggled. “George said you were a charmer.”

Spock inched closer, and Jim pulled his Vulcan closer keeping his hand around his waist. “Sam, this is my husband, Spock. Spock, this is my older brother, Sam.”

Spock held up the ta'al. “Greetings.”

Spock was surprised when instead of a handshake offered a sloppy but acceptable ta'al. “Uh, live long and prosper. I'm doing it right I hope.”

Spock raised a brow. “You are.”
Sam smiled. “Yeah, I've been studying you Vulcans since contact was made. Got pulled off my research on bacteria and fungus to study Vulcan biology. Speaking of, it's nice to finally meet the guy that knocked up my little brother.”

Jim was immediately suspicious. “Vulcans are bit of a step up from slime and molds. Why did Starfleet shanghai you for something so big and multicellular?”

Sam agreed. “They took one look at my last name and the biologist doctorate and made assumptions.”

Jim sighed and for the first time in over a decade he felt he and his brother connect. It was not easy being a Kirk. “Starfleet assumed you had an in with the Vulcans because you're my brother. Damn politics. I may as well introduce you to my in-laws. Dinner's in five minutes, hope you like vegetarian.”

Amanda and Sarek were polite. Sam shared stories of them growing up. Sneaking out at night to star gaze, seeing holomovies they were way too young to see, and Sam beating up some of the bullies that picked on Jim. Sam was also the one who taught Jim how to hack into computers. When Frank was mentioned, Jim stiffened, and he felt a surge of rage and protectiveness come from Spock. 

“Doctor Kirk, is this Frank imprisoned?”

“Got sent to a penal colony for ten years.” Jim answered. “Don't know where he is now, and I don't care.”

Sam winced. “Why don't we change the subject?”

Jim perked up. “Yeah... Listen, Sam I know this sounds crazy but you remember how I went on about my imaginary friend I-Chaya, and the desert world?”

“Yeah... You made drawings of the place... Damn what was it? Takissy? Takei? Takoos?”

“T'Khasi?” Sarek asked.

Sam snapped his fingers. “Yes! That's it! Jim pestered us about his imaginary dream world. Made mom sew fangs and a lion's tail on his teddy bear so it would look like I-Chaya. Why do you ask, Jim? Please tell me you haven't telling your husbands family about that... I'm still embarrassed for you.”

Jim stared at Spock. “All my life... You really were there.”

Spock smiled. “I told you. We are t'hy'la. I am and always have been yours. T'Khasi is what we Vulcans call our world. The world you dreamed of was my world that you have seen through my eyes. Just like I have had dreams of corn fields and watering holes under Earth's skies, long before stepping foot on this planet or even knowing your name. We share the same katra. Parted physically, never parted spiritually. Our katras always touching one another and being touched by the other.”

Sam's jaw dropped. “I have so many questions.”

Jim's whole life took on new meaning. Spock was with him all those years. He played with I-Chaya through Spock, and Spock ran through the same corn fields and swam in the same waters as Jim. And both of their families refused to believe what they knew in their souls. Jim never believed in destiny but he was starting to.
The other reason for Sam's visit became clear around time for dessert. Ameelah, a sort of Vulcan version of fried bananas. As Jim looked at it, he had to keep from laughing. Ameelah when prepared correctly looked like a Vulcan's penis. Sam didn't seem to enjoy his Ameelah as enthusiastically as Jim did. Or as much as Spock did watching Jim eat his Ameelah eagerly. “Come on, Sam. You're supposed to open your mouth and suck on it. Appreciate the full flavor of this Vulcan delicacy.”

Sam glared at Jim. “There are small ears present, Jim.”

Peter looked at the Ameelah and asked Jim, “Uncle Jim? Why is this penis green?”

All the adults stared at Jim. Sam shook his head. “He hasn't known you more than a few hours and already you're corrupting him.”

Jim laughed nervously. “It's not a penis. It's a fruit. Like a banana but green and coated with nuts.”

“Oh.” Peter replied and took a bite and dug in more eagerly.

Sam looked between his son and Jim, and sighed. Jim grinned. “See, this is a boy who can appreciate the finer things in life.”

“Can we please change the subject?” Sam all but begged.

Jim laughed, but looking at little Peter who Jim had a feeling would take after his uncle later in life, and decided that maybe Sam had a point. “Fine, I get it.”

Sam pinched the bridge of his nose. “I can't believe you're going to be a parent soon.”

Amanda being a mother with experience with teenage boys sensed an argument coming and cut it off before it could develop into a sibling war. “Dr Kirk, you mentioned you are working on a project involving Vulcans?”

Sam sighed with relief. “Yes, ma'am I am. I'm on a team that's been working with Vulcan scientists that want to update their biological knowledge on humans, just as we want to update our knowledge on Vulcans.”

Jim snorted. “Our previous knowledge on Vulcan could fill a single small page if you double space and put in a lot of filler.”

Sam agreed. “Understatement of the century. On both sides. I had to correct my Vulcan associates of the differences between normal humans and the augments. Anyway, while comparing notes we've stumbled on a huge discovery that we haven't made public yet. I know you, Jim, are a science officer and I could use your help clearing this mystery. Your husband, too, if he's willing.”

Jim perked up. New discoveries never failed to get him interested. Spock too, a scientist at heart, was very interested. Sarek, a man who was a scholar and scientist before he became a king, looked curious as well. Jim was on the edge of his seat. “What is it, Sam? And don't you dare hold back on me.”

Sam grinned. “Well, from what I hear Spock is supposedly the first Vulcan-Human hybrid.”

Spock raised a brow. “Supposedly?”

Sam nodded. “Once we took a look at Vulcan DNA a centuries long mystery cleared up.”
Jim straightened up and waited with held breath for Sam to drop a huge bomb shell. “We've discovered that Spock is not the first Vulcan-Human hybrid. In fact, he's not even the second, third or fourth.”

Amanda's jaw dropped. “What?!”

Spock was so shocked that both of his eyebrows shot up and he blinked. “What number am I then if not the first?”

Sam grinned with excitement. “Try number sixteen million and one. Jim, there's over sixteen million humans living today with Vulcan DNA.”

Sarek dropped his fork onto his plate with a clatter. “How is this possible?”

Jim was stunned. “Sam, you had better have some damn good evidence of this.”

Sam nodded and got out his PADD, and showed some files he kept encrypted on it. “I do, here. Look at these chromosomes here, here, and here.”

Sarek stood up and hovered over the PADD with Jim and Spock peering at Sam's findings with keen interest. “The first time we've officially met Vulcans face to face was just a few months ago. Before then this huge secret lurked in our genome without us even knowing, it was just something we labeled unassigned or came from Augmented ancestors from the Eugenics War.”

Jim was stunned as he put together the puzzle. “Just like humans in the twenty-first century had discovered that modern humans were a hybrid of another species of humans called Neanderthals that went extinct thousands of years ago and interbred before they disappeared. It wasn't until they sequenced the remains of a Neanderthal that they discovered that modern humans had some of their DNA. Sam, this is more than huge. It's going to be a bombshell.”

Sam nodded. “Don't I know it.”

Spock asked, “How far back does this go?”

“Before the Eugenics Wars in the mid twenty first century. We found some ancient human DNA from an old genetic database that had some pretty high amount of Vulcan DNA, around thirty-one percent who had been born in the mid twenty-first century, but none older. From our research, the Vulcan DNA in humans is from a single Vulcan that... mingled with humans.”

Amanda stared at Sarek. “Dearest, have Vulcans ever been to Earth before now?”

Sarek blinked and searched his memory for the information they sought. “Just once from what I read in a old report in VSA's public archives. An scientific survey crew approximately two hundred and ninety-nine of your Earth years ago had gone to your planet to investigate an artificial satellite you launched that was called by your species Sputnik. Due to a malfunction they crashed landed in a place called Carbon Creek, Pennsylvania. Only two survived the crash, and they were rescued and the wreckage of their ship destroyed. According to the report.”

Amanda swatted Sarek. “Why didn't you didn't tell me sooner?!”

Sarek blinked, confused by his wife's anger. “You did not ask. Why does this upset you?”

Amanda threw her arms up. “Because this changes my people's entire history! First Contact with aliens from other planets happened more than century before what is written in our history books!”
Sarek tried to kiss his wife, sliding his two fingers on her hand, but she pulled back. “My wife, this information has been publicly available in the Vulcan Science Academy’s archives for centuries.”

Amanda gave Sarek the look and he knew he was in trouble. “Looking through those archives is like trudging through a quagmire. You Vulcans organize by date and numbers instead of subject. I looked under human and two million files came up involving pictures of dissections of an augmented human's spleen to videos of Khan's assaults on all of Vulcan's major cities. Not once did Vulcans crashing on Earth in 1957 ever come up!”

Sarek considered his next words carefully. “The report was located under the subject of warp core malfunction incidents and Prime Directive violation incidents. There was a debate by my grandfather, Solkar after The Fall that references the Carbon Creek Crash that uses it as a supportive argument that humans are violent, paranoid, and cannot be trusted. His argument to isolate Vulcan was considered logical and implemented. That debate is also public record.”

Amanda's jaw dropped. “Solkar's argument went on for eight hours! I couldn't stand to watch the whole thing!”

Sarek nodded. “We Vulcans believe in being precise and leaving out no detail.”

“He talked about the color of Khan's vest and concluded that since it was made from leather that his species is so barbaric that they kill animals and wear their skins as decoration and a sign of status!”

Sarek shrugged. “It is rather barbaric to kill animals for their skins when growing vegetable fiber or shearing it harmlessly to spin into thread will suffice.”

Amanda's eye twitched. “Do Vulcans ever skin their mates so they can make a pair of boots out of them?”

Sarek's eyes widened. “Of course not! Even in pre-reform times such an act of sadism was never heard of.”

Amanda curled her lip in disgust. “Fortunately for you, S'chn T'gai Sarek Cha'Skon, neither do humans.”

Amanda turned around and stomped off. Sarek stood and stared after his wife in shock. The room had watch the argument in awkward silence. Sarek stood up and stated with as much dignity as he had left, “My wife appears to be angry with me. Please excuse me while I attempt to rectify whatever misstep I have made.”

Sarek swept hurriedly out of the room, and everyone could hear him calling out with a note of desperation, “Amanda! Wait, Ashayam! Please!”

You could hear a pin drop in the room. Finally Jim let out a breath he didn't know he'd been holding. Spock was the only one who appeared to be calm. “Spock? Have your parents ever argued like that before?”

“Many times. This is not the worst disagreement they have ever had.”

“That wasn't the worst?” Jim asked.

“Of course not. Fifty-six percent of their arguments that I know of end with them agreeing to disagree and they engage in ozh'esta to express their affection for one another. Thirty-two percent of their arguments, mother walks away from father in disgust, and shortly after all is forgiven and they express their affection by copulating. In twelve percent of their arguments, mother walks away from
father and different sleep arrangements are made for a night and forgives him the next day with ozh'esta and vigorous copulation. Only on one occasion did mother threaten to abandon father at his next Pon Farr and run away crying. He was forgiven six months later. They coupled frequently for two and a half days despite the fact my father was not in Pon Farr."

Jim blinked in disbelief. “You're really observant about your parent's behavior.”

“Thank you. Mother was an interesting subject given she was the only one of her kind on Vulcan and the only one I could study. She had explained that the dead samples in the VSA were not really humans but genetic augments grown in a lab.”

Sam shook his head and added, “You speak of your mother like she's an experiment.”

Spock was confused. “She is the second most interesting and dynamic person in my life. There is none like her in all the universe.”

“Second? Who's the first?” Sam asked.

Spock gazed softly into Jim's eyes. “My t'hy'la of course. Jim is most dynamic and fascinating individual. There is also none like him in all the universe.”

Jim beamed brightly. “Spock you're the most romantic soul I've ever met. Kiss me.”

Jim grabbed Spock by the shoulders and kissed him passionately. Spock reluctantly pulled away from the temptation of Jim's talented lips, and glanced at Sam. “Your brother and his family are present.”

Jim looked at Sam with a blush. “Uh, sorry Sam.”

Sam shook his head. “God you never change snot nose. At least you're not getting your mucus on this one. Your technique improved since what's-her-name.”

Jim rolled his eyes. “Her name was Cindy, and yes it has.” Jim felt a rise of jealousy from Spock and added, “And Spock is so much better anyway. The best I've ever kissed. In fact, he's so good that my lips are now solely reserved for Spock's alone. So if you want a kiss, you're out of luck.”

Spock straightened a little with pride. Mostly because he felt Jim speaking the honest truth. Not just words to soothe the wounded ego of a mate. “That is most logical.”

Sam looked between the two of them. “Is his parents going to be okay? Should we check on poor Sarek to see if he's in the dog house?”

“I hope Sarek will be okay. Not that I can blame Amanda for being angry.” Aurelan added.

Spock paused for a long moment before answering. “They are fine now. I believe they are now engaging in coitus.”

Aurelan turned red. “How on Earth do you know that?!?”

Spock stated as if he were commenting about the mating habits of a water buffalo instead of his parents, “My ears are for more than just framing my face.”

Jim was stunned. “You can hear your parents have sex.”

“Affirmative.”
Jim had wondered why Spock knew that his parents fighting usually ended in sex. It was a combination of Vulcan hearing and Spock's bedroom not being far from his mom and dad's. “Wow. That explains a lot. I thought you seemed too good to be a virgin. I guess you couldn't help but pick up on things.”

A disturbing realization came to Jim. “Oh god, does this mean every Vulcan can hear us have sex?”

“That is most likely. These walls are not soundproofed. We are working on building a new Embassy with rooms made with soundproofing and sturdy furniture.”

Jim shrank in his seat, and Sam, that bastard, laughed his ass off. “Oh dear god, they've all heard us!”

Sam finally caught his breath. “Look on the bright side, Jim, at least they all haven't seen you two have sex.”

Spock opened his mouth and wisely kept it shut. Jim sat up straight and looked Spock in the eyes. “Spock...” Jim started with a warning. “You have something to add?”

Spock fidgeted. “It not something you would wish to learn.”

“Spock. Tell me.”

Spock was silent for a moment. “The sacred mating chambers of Koon-Ut have some surveillance equipment installed and the information that is recorded kept solely in the S'chn T'gai private archives and viewable by only a select few... My parents, T'Pau the Clan Mother and the current Hooded Guard of Koon-Ut which is my uncle Selik.”

“What?!” Jim shrieked. “Why would your people record that?!”

“To ensure legitimacy of a marriage in a high clan that holds as much power in Vulcan society as mine does.”

Jim had a sex tape. He had a god-damned sex tape. And that ancient old bat T'Pau had watched it. “You mean to tell me that somewhere there's a recording of the first time we've had sex. And the second. And the third and god knows how many because we were in that room for two days straight doing nothing but eat, sleep and have sex.”

“Affirmative.”

Sam cringed. “Uh Jim, it's really nice catching up with you but I think me, and the wife and...” Sam also gestured to his four year old son who was too young to hear his uncle screaming about a sex tape. “...And little Peter here, really need to go. It's almost his bedtime anyway. I've also got a lot of research to on this whole Vulcans and humans had mixed before the so-called First Contact with extraterrestrials in 2063.”

Sam and his family hurried out, and he told Spock, “Good luck, Spock.”

Spock nodded. “Thank you but luck is illogical. I will send you a translation of the Carbon Creek Crash report to you in the morning.”

“Thanks Spock. Talk to you later.”

With that Sam was gone, and Spock and Jim were alone.

Jim glared at Spock. “We have a sex tape. Your parents, your uncle... T'Pau! They watched us have
sex?!”

Spock looked away in shame. “It is the Vulcan way. It is how marriage is done on my world. Mother said it was different for humans.”

Jim was floored. “So your people watch a couple get married and then have sex in front of the family. That's a level of kinky I'm not really into, Spock, and I've been to key parties and Orion orgies.”

Spock raised a brow. “You equate the bonding of a couple and sex as different?”

“Isn't it?”

“To take a mate is by definition who you mate with.” Spock explained. “The first Pon Farr is the most dangerous time for a Vulcan. You know by my experience how badly it could go wrong. That is why the mating of a couple is observed by the Clan Mother or a priest and a hooded guard. My clan is wealthy so we have a cavern with amenities and some shelter from the elements and it is recorded in case the legitimacy of the marriage is called into question.”

Spock leveled with him. “There have been instances throughout history where a couple betrothed to be married had the bonding interrupted by a rival, or a deception played by both parties to get out of coupling with their intended.”

Jim had to give Spock that one. “Hanky panky switcher-roo. Why marry the guy your parents picked out when you can secret marry your lovers and come back to the village pretending to be married, and raise the kids with different names than their real father.”

Spock nodded. “Bloodlines called into question, and feuds declared over it. Most simply mate in the sands under the open sky with T'Khut and T'Rhukmai watching overhead. Some rural villages make it a public affair for all of T'Khasi to witness the male claiming his mate.”

Jim tried to picture Spock bending him over and sinking his teeth into his neck. Claiming him, all with people watching Spock thrusting into him. Jim blushed. “I'm glad your family had a private sex cave then. Gods knows what would have happened if we fucked in the city square... Probably some nasty sunburn along with everything else.”

Spock looked away in shame. “My mating with T'Pring went wrong... All of the wedding party witnessed my great shame when I become something worse than animal.”

Spock's voice faltered. “I was so deep in the Plak Tow that my memory of it is blurred... But my uncle Selik had subdued me while T'Pau tried to pull T'Pring away, but she was too late. T'Pring was dead. Selik chained me and T'Pau declared me an animal for whom there shall be no mate and left me for dead... Oh Jim! My t'hy'la! You came! Your existence, your willingness to mate with me saved me from death! All that I am is yours!”

Jim choked. He didn't know. Sure having the best sex of his life recorded and viewed by his husband's uncle and grandmother was rather weird, but it wasn't that bad considering what could have happened. With the terrifying biological reality that Vulcans have to live with, exhibitionism was a necessity. Jim gathered Spock in his arms, kissed him on the forehead and sweetly told him, “If our son ever does something bad, we can threaten him with his Making Of Documentary.”

Spock's lips twitched. “My father unfortunately had done the same when explaining to me what Pon Farr was.”

Jim winced. “Ugh... That's gotta be scarring.”
“It could have been worse.”

“How?”

“My father said that his parents and T'Pau refused to discuss the subject of Pon Farr with me. Their marriages were consummated and recorded as well given that they were all concerning heirs to the throne.”

Jim turned as green as Spock at the thought of seeing T'Pau's **sex** tape. “Welp, I think my mood for sex has been killed. I think I'd like to catch up with some work for Starfleet. They've got me doing the work for an Ambassador instead of a Science Officer. I'm a nerd, not social butterfly.”

Spock disagreed. “I think you are well suited for a life outside of an isolated laboratory. You have a very commanding presence. You shall be a formidable leader someday.”

Jim kissed Spock on the nose. “Sweet talker. Fine you've convinced me. Help me with this Vulcan Cultural Expo that the Brass want to put together and there shall be some **coitus** in your near future.”

Spock smiled. “I come to serve.”

“Your service honors us.” Jim replied to the Vulcan phrase and Spock's service was indeed honorable.

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**Chapter End Notes**

Translations:
Rish-Hakar – Hybrid vigor.
T'Khasi – Vulcan. As in the name of the planet
T'Khut – Vulcan's sister planet. It means The Watcher
T'Rhukmai – Vulcan's sister planet's moon. Means The Eye of The Watcher
The next day, Sam came over again with all his notes and took it to Sarek's office and went over the Carbon Creek report. After a few hours of all of them looking through ancient records from that era, and surprisingly some valuable information from Healer T'Val, the story of how Vulcan DNA ended up in millions of humans was pieced together. Jim was floored by the story T'Val told them. “So your great-great grandmother just left Mestral behind, and invented velcro and gave him the credit and the royalties? No one ever went back for Mestral?”

T'Val nodded. “That is the story my mother, T'Pol had told me. As far as we know he died on this planet. No doubt that is the individual that has... interbred with many members of your species. If you wish to learn more, you can ask her yourself.”

Sam gawped at the story of what happened after Mestral decided to stay. “According to old records... He married Maggie and two years later they had a son named George Ny'One and later a daughter named Valdena Maggie...”

“Valdena and Ny'One. Those are the names of Vulcan gods.” Spock said.

Sarek mused, “It has much connotations of his life if he has named his children after Ny'One the god of fertility and Valdena the personification of the emotions of love and joy.”

“Indeed.” Spock replied. “Mestral must have thought highly of his human mate, Maggie.”

Jim looked at old pictures of the guy. There were not many. Eventually they disappear altogether.

“Look at that. He just wore a hat all the time, and people didn't know any better that he was not human. Says here that he had a deformity with his ears because of some accident he had as a child
where they got caught in a mechanical rice picker. And people bought that?”

Sam looked at the kids records. “Says here the kids’ deformities was due to mutations they inherited from their father... Who was born in some eastern European country called... Vulcanistan? Really?”

Jim craned over to take a look. “Mutations from nuclear fallout from Nazis tests and Russian attacks. It's a better lie than a mechanical rice picker accident. But come on, Vulcanistan?!”

Spock shrugged. “In a pre-contact civilization, an alien father would have been a far more far-fetched explanation than a mutant in a remote part of the world known for unsafe hard radiation testing.”

Jim still could believe it. “Oh god, it says here under religion that he's a Surakian Jew! I thought mechanical rice picker accident was a load of bull! But this takes the whole BS cake!”

Sam shook his head. “Yeah, really.”

Sam paused as another thought occurred to. “Look, I know it has been close to three centuries but how did millions of people get Vulcan DNA? He only had two kids!”

Jim gave his brother a look. “Isn't it obvious? Or do I need to explain how sex works?”

Sam rolled his eyes at his little brother. “I know that, Jim. It's just... Are Vulcans related to tribbles?”

Spock looked at the birth records. “This we know of so far. After Maggie's death forty-seven years later after the crash, Mestral of Carbon Creek Pennsylvania disappears. He would have been only eighty-five. Well within a Vulcan male's reproductive years. He either would have died from an unfulfilled Pon Farr or taken another mate. Since there is no death record, wherever his body is, his children kept his death quiet or he died alone and his body never discovered. I would recommend that a search for his remains be conducted.”

Sarek agreed. “This is joyous news. He is of our people and has made admirable contributions to society. A proper Vulcan burial would be desired. I will inform the Council that Xenobiologist Mestral has sired heirs and that they update their records accordingly. Dr Kirk? Did you say that you were also descended of Mestral?”

Sam nodded. “Yeah, six point five of me is apparently Vulcan. Not sure if it's on my dad or my mom's side.”

Spock couldn't help the excitement trill through him. “Then your brother, Jim is of Mestral's blood as well.”

Spock turned to his father and spoke in excited Vulcan, “Sa-mekh! I'ri kup wafu au t'hy'la telsu t'nash-veh! Jim Vuhlkansu!”


Jim looked back and forth between them, completely clueless and wishing he had a universal translator. “Um, I guess if I'm apparently part Vulcan, I really need to pick up the language. I heard my name though. You're not calling me a Denebran Slime Devil behind my back or something, are you?”

Spock gave Jim a Vulcan kiss with his finger. “I will be glad to teach you, my t'hy'la and no, I am not insulting you. Quite the opposite.”

“Good.” Jim kissed him back on the lips, as he pulled up some other old records. “Since you were no
doubt saying how handsome your t'hy'la was, I'll tell you what I just found. I think I know how
millions of people today have Vulcan blood despite it being only three hundred years.”

Everyone craned over to see what Jim found. “Take a look, guys. Some records from a mid twenty-
first century fertility clinic. Look at the most popular donors and who the donors were: the children
of either George or his sister Valdena. Apparently Mestral had a lot of grandkids that donated their
ummm... genetic material.”

Sam wanted to groan. “Of course! The nuclear fallout from World War III. There were so many
infertility problems. Anyone who didn't suffer damage was encouraged to help out families who
suffered and were paid a lot to boot.”

Sarek processed this information with interest. “Logical. Vulcans have a natural resistance to
radiation due to the harshness of our sun. With a natural higher strength, stamina, and intelligence,
the humans who were of Vulcan descent would have been ideal donor candidates, and no one ever
suspected their extraterrestrial lineage.”

Jim nodded. “Up until now, we thought that was from an Augment ancestor, not a Vulcan. Because
of the stigma attached to genetic engineering and eugenics, few ever looked further beyond the word
'Augment', and didn't think it would be anything not of this world.”

Sam whipped out his notes. “Look at this. There's even a strong correlation between people with a
high psi rating and those with higher percentage of Vulcan DNA. This will take years of study to go
through! We will have to rethink everything about ourselves!”

Jim perked up. “Hey, Sam. What's the average percentage? And what's mine?”

Sam nodded. “Around two or three percent. Not sure about you, but I bet it's pretty high since we're
full siblings and mine twice as high as the average.”

“Can you test me?”

“Sure.”

Jim thought on it. “In fact. I think I'd like to get you in contact with a friend of mine. His name is Dr
Leonard McCoy, he's my personal physician. I want to know if a lot of the Enterprise's crew has
some Vulcan blood. He'll have access to their records since he's their physician.”

Amanda raised her hand. “Test me as well! I would like to know if I've got a little Vulcan in me.”

Sarek gave his wife an interested look. “My wife, I believe it is safe to conclude that you do indeed
have 'a little Vulcan' in you. I know, since I am the one who put it there.”

Amanda giggled, and kissed Sarek on the cheek. “You and that dry wit of yours, my husband!”

Sam asked his brother, “What are you thinking, Jim?”

Jim shook his head and some feeling of dread was growing in his stomach. “I'm not sure yet. But I
have this strange feeling. I'm going to give you list of names for my friend to look up since he'll have
access. I just want to know if they have a high amount of Vulcan blood or not.”

Sam looked at the list of nine names. “I see your name at the top. Kevin Riley? Thomas Leighton?
Who are they?”

Jim froze. “They work in Starfleet and McCoy being a Starfleet doctor would have access to their
medical records. Just tell me if those guys and me have an unusually high amount of Vulcan blood running through our veins. It's just a hunch and I hope I'm wrong. If I'm right... I don't really want to think about it.”

Spock felt the twinge of fear running through his mate's mind. The word Tarsus ran through Jim's side of the bond like a poison. From what Spock knew of the experiments that took place on Tarsus IV was that it was conducted by the Romulans, and were what enabled Jim to be pregnant with their child. The more Spock thought about it, the more disturbing a picture was being painted. Spock hoped Jim was wrong too, but it did not look likely knowing the Romulans as well as he did.

A week had gone by since Sam dropped the bombshell on Jim over yet another awkward family dinner. It loomed over them, unforgotten, but it did not hinder their day to day activities. Jim was starting to fear the next time someone asked him to meet their family over dinner. One morning, when Jim was working on his Vulcan syntax and vocabulary with Spock, Bones came storming into the Embassy, he dragged Spock and Jim to their room and shut the door and locked it. “Dammit Jim! Do you have any idea the hell I've been through?!”

Spock raised a brow. “No, we do not.”

Bones carded his fingers through his hair. “Jim, I've been working with your brother about the discovery he made... Jesus Christ. This is going to go off like an easter egg found at Christmas when this gets public and god is it gonna raise a stink. It's not going to look good for Vulcan either.”

Jim put his Vulcan dictionary down. “Bones. What is it?”

Bones handed an encrypted data rod. “This is your brother's research. You were right. Everyone on the Enterprise that got accidentally pregnant with a Vulcan was part Vulcan themselves. It explains so much... Looking at Vulcans and humans, normally they couldn't breed and produce fertile offspring so easily... I think this Mestral guy used equipment from his ship to create his children with Maggie. There were some pregnancies that would have required a special surrogate after the second month. My little serum would not have cut it. Those individuals had no Vulcan DNA in them whatsoever or it was less than a percent.”

Spock raised both brows. “My mother? She gave birth to me with no need for a surrogate.”

“She was part Vulcan like millions of other people. Once a little green blood is introduced, it's easy to add more with very little complication. Mestral had put his green stick in her gene pool as well as Jim's.”

“Double ridged green stick in her gene pool.” Jim corrected.

Bones gagged. “Yes, Jim. Thanks for that image.”

“So if my mother is part Vulcan then... Am I more Vulcan than human?”

“Yup. Fifty-two point eight percent if you ever wondered. You're mother, I've tested is three percent. It was that drop of green blood I think that enabled her to survive as long as she did on that hot hell of planet you call home.”

Spock looked like a man validated. He was told he was only half Vulcan all his life. That was a lie.
He was more than half. More Vulcan than human. His mother who was known as The Human since 
his childhood was like himself. She was not wholly human. She, like her son, was a mix of human 
and Vulcan. Spock was never the only one of his kind, he was just one on a spectrum of so many. 
His mother, his mate, a few people on the Enterprise, many others who he has never met were 
hybrids as well. Spock felt lighter at the revelation. “Jim. I am not a species of one. I was never alone 
in this universe.”

Jim squeezed his hand. “Yup. You’re an interstellar mutt just like me... Well if Sam's got some 
Vulcan in him, then I'm bound to as well, just a question how much.”

“Nine point nine, Jimbo.”

Jim's jaw dropped. “Woah! Seriously?!”

Spock was surprised as well. “Nine point nine percent? That is far higher than average, Jim.”

Jim grinned. “Ten percent! Spock! One out of ten of me is Vulcan! What about me is Vulcan? I don't 
have the ears or the eyebrows... Maybe my ass? Do I have a Vulcan-ish looking ass to you? Spock 
look at my ass!”

Spock craned his head, to look at the beautiful rump Jim was presenting to him. Spock felt his lok go 
wet and hard in response. Spock caressed his mate's backside under the thin pretense of inspecting it. 
“I am not able to determine if your posterior, however round and lovely, is from your Vulcan 
ancestor or not. Who your ancestors are matters not to me, you are my t'hy'la and that will never 
change.”

Bones gagged. “Jesus Christ can you two not fuck in front of me?! If Spock is going to mount you 
like a stallion with a mare in heat, I'm leaving!”

Spock rather liked that idea. Any idea that involves mating with his t'hy'la was always a good idea. 
“Yes, doctor, perhaps you should leave.”

Jim protested. “Wait! Bones don't leave! I have too many questions! Like can I get pointy ears? Ooo 
Spock! How would I look with them?”

Spock tried to picture it. His t'hy'la with Vulcan features. The idea while appealing, the picture he 
painted in his head wasn't a good one. “I think that you are more aesthetically pleasing as you are 
now.”

Jim gave Bones a shit eating grin. “What about you Bones? Millions of people apparently have a 
little Vulcan in them. I bet you've got some Vulcan in you.”

Bone crossed his arms and bit back, “With the way Spock keeps making googly eyes at you I bet 
he'll put even more Vulcan inside of you the moment I leave. Probably in the same way he put 
Spock Junior in there.”

Spock raised a brow. “I assume that is a sexual innuendo, doctor.”

Spock then eyed the soft curve of his pregnant mate's stomach, displaying his fertility and Spock's 
seed growing within. It ignited a primitive urge that he had to fight to suppress. Copulating with his 
t'hy'la was a more then an acceptable suggestion. Spock had to concentrate to keep his lok from 
swelling any more than it did. Thankfully his under-robos hid the spot of moisture he felt from his 
lok's natural lubricant. Spock regained his composure, all while inching closer to Jim. “As vulgar as 
your suggestion is, doctor, it is not without some merit.”
Jim ignored Spock's silent plea to kick Bones out to have sex. Bones was hiding something. Jim egged Bones on. “Come on, Bones, tell us. You one of us?”

Bones grumbled. “eight point nine percent. Happy? I'm not. God dammit, I'm a hobgoblin!”

Jim bust out laughing. This was priceless. Here it was a man who was so un-Vulcan and he had more Vulcan blood than most. Bones glared at Spock. “You hobgoblins stuck your green sticks in the McCoy pool as well. I hope you're happy. It looks like I'm almost as Vulcan as your boyfriend...”

Jim squealed with delight. “Bones! This means we're related! We're cousins! I knew we were family!”

Bones sighed. “Yippee. I could start meditating and repressing my emotions. Maybe cut my hair into those bowl cuts those Surakian Vulcans do... Or I better yet, I could ride sabertooth cave bears like my apparent Vulcan warrior ancestors and drag my women off to the nearest Pon Farr cave.”

Spock did not look happy. His lok which was swelling quite pleasantly had retracted back into his body. So much for mating with Jim. “I find the concept of you adapting to my people's ways to be highly unlikely.”

Bones smiled. “Now that's the first thing you've said that I agree with.”

Jim shook his head. They wouldn't admit it but they bickered like brothers. A thought was born. A beautiful fact now rooted in Jim's mind. He and Bones shared a common ancestor... Albeit quite a few generations back. That made them technically cousins. That meant family. Jim was married to Spock and that made them family. Jim smiled savagely. “Come guys. No arguing. We're family.”

Bones sputtered, and looked like he was going to have a stroke. “Oh dear god, I'm related to you!”

Jim beamed brightly and pulled both men into a hug. “Spock! This makes Bones your in-law! It's a official! We're all going to be one big happy family! Our kids really can call him Uncle Bones!”

Bones' eye twitched, and his face looked like a man haunted. A small whimper escaped as his Kirk-Hobgoblin future flashed before his eyes. “I'm too sober to deal with this shit.”

Spock eyed Bones. This illogical, unstable doctor was blood kin to his t'hy'la.... And distantly to his mother as well. The three of them were now stuck together. Spock sighed and comforted himself with the fact that at least it wasn't worse. At least he wasn't married to any one else.

Spock had decided to make them all tea and tell his parents of Dr McCoy's findings in his father's office. Away from prying pointed ears. Amanda was smug and his father was pleasantly surprised. Sarek had also contacted his brother Selik who had access to the VSA's archive do a search for the Vulcan Xenobiologist, Mestral and his family. As it turned out, Mestral was from an old clan that unsurprisingly, died out when Khan and his Augments. No one survived, Mestral's only sister and her entire family was killed in Khan's first assaults.

Amanda's eyes widened at Vulcan's file on Mestral. “Mestral is of the T'Snovek Maat?! I thought that clan went extinct in The Fall! I've heard priests lament having to bury their entire Vre-Katra shrine. Does this mean they can dig up the katras of Sitar and Selar and Trensu T'Lana?”
Jim wished he could be impressed. “I guess those names are big?”

Amanda gasped. “Sitar the mathematician! Selar, the inventor of the vaccine against The Green Death! Trensu T'Lana, the discoverer of the most effective and safest method of severing marriage bonds! Famous figures in Vulcan history!”

Sarek was quite pleased. “This is indeed joyous news. With the knowledge that many sons have taken the descendants of T'Snovek Maat Mestral as wives, his clan's Vre-Katra can be recovered and absorbed into other family shrines.”

Spock smiled, victory sang through their bond. “This also means that dissenters can no longer declare to my bond with Jim nor to yours with mother as not Vulcan.”

Sarek's lips twitched with amusement. “I suppose Stek will have to be informed personally that your t'hy'la, my wife, and many other so called humans are heirs to the lost clan of T'Snovek Maat.”

Amanda bust out laughing. “Those stuffy old Vulcans on the High Council and the High Command are going to have a stroke when they hear this!”

Jim's time on Vulcan was short but memorable. He remembered how some of the Vulcans treated him as some kind of weird novelty, and others with outright contempt. His grin was savage. “Stek and the rest of those xenophobes are going to have humans on Vulcan getting in touch with their green blooded roots and getting their filthy human feet in all of their cities and learning their culture.”

Sarek took this news with delight. “They will have to put up with increased tourism and boom to our businesses. Nor can they deny my wife the right to access many archives on our world on the grounds that she is not of Vulcan blood.”

Amanda squealed with delight. “Oh I can't wait to go back to the M'Daran library in Kir! I want to shove this in that snooty woman's face who kicked me out because I didn't have any Vulcan blood. T'Sno can kiss my three percent Vulcan ass!”

Sarek raised a brow. “I certainly hope not. That would be most unsanitary... And I thought I had exclusive access to touch your posterior.”

Amanda touched her fingers with his. “You do dear. It's an expression.”

Jim thought this was incredible. For centuries it was taught that Andorians were the ones that made first contact with Earth. Now they were learning that it was mysterious aliens in the Bermuda sector, and not only that but left a lasting genetic legacy in millions of humans across the galaxy. All thanks to one Vulcan biologist named Mestral who decided to leave his green stick in Earth's gene pool. No wonder Jim felt the stars calling to him, it was in his blood to explore strange new worlds.

It was with a sobering thought that Jim remembered one other request he sent to Bones. A list of nine people. His own name at the top. “Hey Bones. Did you get that list from Sam? The list with nine names on it?”

Bones frowned. “Yeah I did. I had to get Pike's help. Now that he's an Admiral he was able to get me access. I had to tell him what you and your brother told me. He already knew about his research, no surprise since's high up on the chain of command now.”

“And?”

“Jim... I don't want to know why the Romulans did those experiments with you and hundreds of boys like you on Tarsus. Every possible explanation is more disturbing than the last. The revelation
that a Vulcan mingled with humans back in the twentieth century actually answered a question. Why us?"

Jim swallowed. His fear was confirmed. “Everyone they selected for those abominable experiments had a higher than average amount of Vulcan blood. Didn't they?”

“Bingo. All of them were above five percent. The Romulans chose the highest they could find that were within the right age range for the implants to take hold.”

Amanda set down her tea cup. “Romulan experiments?”

Jim shivered. “Tarsus IV. A failed colony where half the population died from a fungus. It was a cover for the Romulan Tal Shiar to kill off any undesirable people for their experiments. They somehow found out that some humans had Vulcan blood in them, a species that they split off from. They chose a bunch of kids to be part of their experiments in breeding more Romulan soldiers. Me included. That's how I'm pregnant with Spock's baby right now.”

Amanda hugged Jim. “I'm so sorry, Jim.”

“How did no one discover this sooner? Why didn't anyone tell me sooner?”

Bones sighed. “The differences between Romulans and Vulcans are subtle but there are a lot of them. What little we did discover we thought was a result of the experiments or that it was some error. Millions of people had these same genes, maybe Romulans happened to have those same ones as well? After all, form equals function and all that jazz. How were we supposed to know that a biological cousin to the Romulans interbred with humans centuries ago? The Romulans certainly didn't feel like sharing with us.”

Jim had a feeling. Ever since Sam told him that he discovered the great secret of one Vulcan named Mestral lurking in the blood of millions of people living across the alpha quadrant today. “The Romulans discovered that we were part Vulcan... But why me? Why a bunch of boys? There's plenty of girls out there that were also part Vulcan, why not them? Why change our bodies so drastically?”

Spock tried to soothe Jim, sending comfort through their bond with ohz'esta. “I do not know Jim. I would tell you if I did.”

“I have a theory. However it is only a theory, I am a Vulcan, not a Romulan.” Sarek started.

All eyes turned and looked at Sarek. Bones blinked away his surprise, “Well, your majesty, pardon the pun but we're all ears. Your people know more about Romulans than we do.”

Sarek stiffened at the accusation. “You must understand that this only a hypothesis based on circumstantial evidence and what little I know of Romulan behavior and culture.”

“Stop beating around the bush.”

Sarek sighed. “Very well. I believe they were attempting to breed more soldiers to expand their empire without running the risk of their own soldiers becoming attached to the... breeding stock.”

Spock pulled Jim closer to him and tightly embraced him as a child would a toy someone threatened to take away from him. “They were going to use my t'hy'la like... livestock?”

Sarek nodded gravely. “The Romulans are very xenophobic, more so then many Vulcans. The idea of a Romulan citizen developing attachments to someone of what they view as an inferior species to
the point of desiring a marriage is abhorrent to them. Their ancestor's refusal to follow the path of logic and IDIC is why they split from Vulcan and it why they are now seeing the effects of... as we Vulcans say, not searching for new wells to drink from.”

Bones blinked. “Is that why some Romulans look like Vulcans and other have this pronounced V shaped ridge on their foreheads? Inbreeding?”

Jim grimaced at that. “So Romulus is like your version of Georgia?”

Bones glared at Jim. “I'm from Georgia. You really need to stop watching ancient horror movies from the twentieth century. We aren't inbred racist hillbillies.” Bones paused. “At least not all of us. I do have this one cousin that lives in the Okefenokee that we don't really like talk about...”

“Which one?”

Bones cleared his throat and admitted quietly, “The one with a Make Earth Human Again flag on her front lawn... And goes to Terra Prime rallies.”

Jim grinned as he remembered Bones saying the McCoy family pool had a green stick in it. “And when can you tell the whole family of the green blood in the ol' McCoy tree?”

Bones had a shit eating grin. “She's gonna have a coronary when she finds out us McCoy's ain't a hundred percent human.”

Sarek blinked. “From what I am observing, your species has individuals who disapprove of mixing with outworlders?”

“Yes.” Bones said. “In our history those people who were afraid of outsiders and married only within their own isolated population suffered horrific effects. Like the Hapsburg royal family. That's what's happening to the Romulans? That V shape to their foreheads isn't some cosmetic choice, but a result of inbreeding?”

“Correct.” Sarek replied. “I suppose some Romulans finally admitted that their people have problems associated from too small a well to drink from.”

“But again, why go through the trouble of surgically altering boys to bear children?”

“I assume they chose to enable human males with both a high amount of their Vulcan kin and gave them the ability to bear children so that their masculine anatomy would inhibit romantic attachments. They fear a human wife can be very influential on her husband, even convincing him to leave his world behind for the sake of her children.”

Sarek glanced at his own wife. “Like our common ancestors, Romulans are quite protective of their family to the point of obsession. I do not claim to know the mind of a Romulan but from what I have observed, they foolishly believe that a mate's gender will halt such attachments. All while providing expendable, healthier, but still Romulan, soldiers to expand their empire. Brutally logical but an ultimately flawed reasoning.”

Jim felt like vomiting. “That's sick!”

Spock agreed. “It is... disturbing.”

Amanda looked faint. “That's the most horrible thing I've ever heard.”

Bones turned red with fury. “It's downright evil! Those cold hearted, green blooded, pointy-eared
demons! They also made it difficult to undo so those poor boys couldn't get those implants removed easily.”

Jim shuddered remembering the first time he had felt himself go into a sort of “heat” when he turned seventeen. He had been begging for a dick, any dick to shove inside of him. Thank god he'd been in a Starfleet hospital at the time. They monitored him closely since he was rescued from Tarsus. That's when his mother told him that they couldn't get it safely removed but they could put him on birth control. With hormone treatments he could live like a normal man.

Spock brushed his hand against Jim's and poured all the love he felt for him into their bond. “T'hy'la t'nash-veh. S'ti th' laktra.”

Jim ate it up. “Thanks Spock.”

Bones sighed. “What now?”

“Now?” Jim asked. “What can we do? It happened in the past. We can't undo it.”

Bones shook his head. “No, I mean once word gets out that a Vulcan decided to do the horizontal monster mash with a human and boom, lots of humans are part Vulcan. It was a gross violation of the Prime Directive that changed us, and not all for the better. I can bet good money that the scientists behind the Eugenic Wars got ahold of some of Mestral's descendants and used them as templates to create the Augments.”

Sarek's head snapped around and stared intently at McCoy. “What?!”

Bones stared back. “I'm a doctor, and as such we studied medical ethics. Genetic engineering is banned because of the Augments that treated us humans like slaves, and later attacked your world. We looked at some of the differences in early models. Things you wouldn't see on a normal human. Looking back at the so called defects, the Vulcan template they used should be damned obvious. Hearts where the liver should be... Males with penises that had an extra ridge... An inner eyelid... The list goes on.”

Sarek took a step back. Horrified by the information. “The ones who attacks my world... Slaughtered my people... They were of our blood?”

“Father. Kaiidith. Jim is right. There is nothing that can be done now. We cannot change the past.”

Sarek looked at his son, idealistic at times to a fault. “My son, there will be some who will blame Mestral as indirectly responsible for The Fall if this information proves correct.”

“And it is because of Mestral some will see as the reason that their mateless sons will have brides when Vulcan is deficit of them.”

Bones sighed, “This is why a lot of people are going to be angry.”

“What do you mean?” Jim asked.

“How do you think people are going to take that a Vulcan is responsible for putting his DNA in millions of humans a century before First Contact? That this one Vulcan may be indirectly responsible for causing not only the Eugenics Wars but also the Romulans' involvement on Tarsus?!”

Bones threw his hands up in the air as he continued his rant. “How do you think they'll take it? You think they'll be holding Hobgoblin Pride Day and shout 'howdy cousin!' just like that?!”
Jim looked at Spock and with all seriousness said, “Howdy cousin.”

Spock's eyes softened. “Greetings to you as well... my kinsmen.”

Sarek raised a brow and asked his wife, “Ashayam, what is a hobgoblin?”

Amanda giggled. “A mythological creature that is green and has pointed ears.”

“Then I resemble this creature?”

Amanda laughed. “Not even close!”

“Then why call me a hobgoblin?”

When the humans snorted and giggled, Sarek and Spock shook their heads and agreed that Humans were illogical. Sarek stood and announced. “I must go and speak with Admiral Pike of this. Eventually Dr Kirk's findings will be made public and it will not be long before my people will be made aware of it as well. We must prepare for the eventual fallout. Wife, will you stay or shall you attend?”

Amanda nodded, and connected their fingers in ozh'esta. “I will attend, husband.”

Sarek looked to his sons. “I ask the two of you stay here, and continue our search for suitable location for our permanent Embassy. If you must venture out, take a security force with you.”

Spock nodded. Jim balked a little at being treated like a princess, but a look from Spock and glance downwards at himself and he kept his trap shut. Jim could no longer afford to do the reckless shit he was famous for. His life was no longer his own, the purring in his head cemented the fact that his life was tied to a tiny fragile one. Sarek was being cautious and for good reason. When they left, Jim asked Bones and Spock, “Does Pooh count as his own security force?”

His reply was met with exasperation and a “Jim, we have work to do around here.” and “Dammit Jim, I don't have time for your bullshit.”

Harcourt Fenton Mudd moaned at the injustice of it all. Messages of Cease And Desist, Restraining Orders, and another from his ex-wife's lawyer wondering where her god damn alimony check was. His Newsfeed struggled, he didn't know why. He churned out the best stories, the ones the others wouldn't publish. So what if his sources were a little sketchy? He can't be the only reporter to do his interviews in the men's room of a backwater space station. He needed a break.

Mudd pilfered through his cabinet looking for one more bottle of Saurian Brandy, all he found was some cheap knock off of Klingon Bloodwine. Oh well, poison was poison. As long as it could get him drunk, he didn't care. He looked at his piece on an Andorion Sex Scandal, it didn't do well. The Andorian Minister's Shen wife putting her ovipositor in a Zhen they weren't married to didn't haven't same punch it used to. Blue was last season. This season's color of alien was green.

It was all about Vulcans. Mudd turned on the holoscreen and saw that today's top story was Andy the Andorian's coverage of a baseball game that a Vulcan went to. “And the winner of this game's batter up is... A Vulcan! His name is apparently Turim of the VSS Nakarot and it looks like he gets to try his hand at human baseball!”
The camera showed a Vulcan with a bowl cut stiffly walking up to bat. Baseball games always picked a ticket holder at random to pluck from the audience to see if they could hit a homerun against the professionals. The game commentator asked if they had something like this on Vulcan. To which he replied, “Negative.”

“Are you here with anyone?”

“My mate and her family. She is in that section, seven rows back, third seat to the left.”

The camera panned around to see a fairly attractive brunette blowing the Vulcan kisses and waving at him. The commentator asked. “So Turim, think you can hit one out of the park and win that handmade wood baseball bat? Even though you’ve never played a game of baseball in your entire life?”

Turim’s face was blank. “It a matter of simple physics. I calculate my chances at 82.567 percent.”

Mudd looked at the holoscreen in disgust. “How that lovely piece of ass with him?! That bowlcut is ridiculous! He’s a geek compared to the rest of those big longhaired Vulcans! I bet he’s his planet’s version of a nerdy chessmaster! I stole lunch credits from guys like him in middle school!”

Mudd laughed as he watched the hapless looking Vulcan hold a bat awkwardly as he stepped up to the plate. All the professional players moved in, a few even took out their communicators for texts. Mudd kept laughing. “Ha! That dorky looking Vulcan couldn’t hit the broadside of a barn much less a ball!”

The pitcher threw the ball, and Turim hit it. Mudd stopped laughing. The ball went sailing out of the park, and out of sight. The audience went wild. “Holy shit! The Vulcan hits a homerun! God only knows where that ball is now!”

Mudd stared gobsmacked at the screen. Then he was startled into reality when something crashed threw his office window, and hit him on the head. Mudd stumbled as pain exploded in his head, causing him to trip over a bucket and fall ass first on his own holoscreen. It shattered under the weight of his own ass. “Shit! That fucking hurt! My holoscreen! This is gonna cost me credits! Whoever did this is going to pay!”

Mudd looked down and saw a baseball laying amidst broken glass, and rubbed the large welt growing on his head where it hit him. He went to his broken window, wondering if some kids threw it or something. His jaw dropped. It couldn’t be. It was a live feed. Did that Vulcan really hit a tiny baseball that far? Mudd saw the baseball stadium in the distance and shuddered in horror. If the Vulcan equivalent of a nerd had that much swinging power, then how strong were one of their warriors?

Mudd was brought out of his thoughts with a knock on his front door. He massaged the lump on his head and threw open the door. “What do you want?!”

There was no one. “Fuck, another prankster. My time is valuable I have you kn – “

Mudd was cut off mid sentence when he saw a paper envelope that said “Your biggest story. From a friend.” Mudd picked them up and looked inside the envelope was a data rod and enough credits to see him through the entire year. He grinned like a pig left alone in the pantry.

Mudd saw another piece of paper attached to the credits. It read, “Publish this, and ask no further questions. If you do this then you’ll get the other half after. The Vulcans are not what they appear to be.”
Mudd was floored. There was more credits coming his way? Mudd didn't need to ask. Didn't care. If whoever it was wanted silence so be it. Mudd put the data rod into his computer terminal. If it was a story involving Vulcans, it was bound to sell. When Mudd saw the information in front of him, he made the mistake of drinking more of that god awful off brand bloodwine. He coughed and coughed. “Holy Shit! Is this real?! This will be a bigger scandal then Dr Soong making Augments! Hell, this is bigger than First Contact! I'm going to be stinking rich! This is the story of a lifetime!”

Harry Mudd typed out the headline of his next and greatest article: The Green Stick In The Human Gene Pool

Chapter End Notes

Translations:

T'hy'la t'nash-veh. S'ti th'laktra. – My t'hy'la. I grieve with thee.

Sa-mekh! Tri-kup wafu au t'hy'la telsu t'nash-veh! Jim Vuhkansu! – Father! Now they cannot deny my t'hy'la bond! Jim is Vulcan!

Ha, sa-fu t'nash-veh. Ki'Pak-tor Stek. – Yes, my son. Stek has lost.
Taking Names

Chapter Summary

Jim and Spock escape and make discoveries. Also they finally pick out names for their children.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter Fourteen:

Taking Names

Jim had spent the last hour getting ready for the big Vulcan expo tonight. His dress uniform was not fitting, so he had to find something else. He looked at himself in the mirror and sighed. Even with his green wrap, there was no hiding the fact that he was getting a little round in the middle. Well over four months pregnant, but he didn't look pregnant, not yet. He looked like a guy that had one too many brownies and skipped leg day. “Spock, I'm getting whale sized here. I look fat, don't I?”

Spock, damn him, didn't really show all to much. He still looked like a beautiful skinny little bean pole. Where he was putting it all, Jim didn't know. Spock nibbled at Jim's throat and growled. Jim squeaked when he felt Spock fumbling at Jim's pants. “Spock! What are you- Oh!”

Spock thrust his lok into him without much preamble... or foreplay. Jim felt Spock's hot breath whispering in his ear, “Jim... Mmm, my t'hy'la... I cannot resist you.”

Not that Jim minded this surprise bout of sex too much, but he was stunned by the sheer amount of lust and desire bleeding through their bond from Spock. Jim gasped as Spock picked up his pace, thrusting wildly into him. Both of Spock's hands gripped his temples and Spock melded them together. Jim's mind was washed over by a wave of joy and pleasure. The orgasm came quick, unexpected, and when it was over, Jim was half naked, and his ass was sticky. Great, now there was semen running down his thighs.

Jim looked up at Spock in confusion. “Spock! What was that for?” Jim blushed and mumbled, “Not that I mind, but God! Every time I ask you if I look fat you pounce on me like some horny animal.”

Spock was green from the tip of ears, to the lok that had been rammed mercilessly into his hole. “Forgive me, but I cannot control myself whenever you seduce me.”
Jim blinked. “I was seducing you?” Jim patted his prominent bump. “I was only asking if I looked fat to you!”

Spock had that hungry look on his face again. “Please, Jim. Cease displaying your fertile body to me. We must be getting ready for this exposition, not mating. I am weak to your great beauty.”

Jim was completely confused. “I'm sorry what? My great beauty? I don't feel very beautiful right now. How can I be pretty when I'm the size of a star ship?”

Spock tipped his head, as if Jim had said that Vulcan was snowing. “Your fair hair and the rare color of your eyes would have already made you an exotic beauty and a coveted prize on Vulcan. Now that you are delightfully plump and visibly swollen with my seed, you are most difficult to resist. Many males would gladly risk their lives to steal you from me. Even now I am tempted to simply lock you in my room so no other can gaze upon you and covet what is mine.”

Jim blushed, trying to pull up his pants. There goes his dignity. “I should have suspected that you had a kink like this. Most people on Earth would see my growing belly as ugly.”

Spock pulled Jim and reverently ran his hands on Jim's stomach. “Vulcan is a world with scant resources. Fertility in all its forms is revered. Your soft curves are a delightful contrast to the sharp angles of my world.”

“That makes sense. Come to think of it, I've never seen a Vulcan with a beer belly.”

Spock's hands drifted lower, and disappeared under Jim's waistband. “Spock! I'd love to, but I don't think my body is ready for another round.”

Just as Spock was getting ready to mount and claim Jim all over again, a knock sounded on their door. It was his mother. “Spock! Jim! Are you two decent?”

Reluctantly, Spock made his lok retreat back into its folds, and eyed the tempting curves of Jim's lovely posterior with much longing. Sarek's voice snapped Spock from his lust driven thoughts. “My son, there is an urgent matter to attend to. You can delight in your mate's fertile body later.”

Jim groaned. “Ugh. Sarek's never letting that go is he? One blow job in your grandparent's kitchen and suddenly we're some kind of sexual deviants.”

Jim forgot how good Vulcan hearing was when Sarek replied through the door. “It is within the norm for a Vulcan male to pleasure his mate, and mark his territory, especially during the tumultuous period of pregnancy.”

Amanda gasped. “They had sex in my parents' kitchen?!”

Spock sighed, and help clean Jim up so he looked presentable. When they opened the door, Jim blushed and cleared his throat, pretending that he didn't stink of sex. The way Sarek's nostrils flare told him that he knew Jim was covered in Eu De Essence of Spock. “So, umm... Urgent matter.”

Sarek nodded. “There has been a troubling lax in security, and your brother's research has been divulged to the public.”


“All of it. Including the translations of the Carbon Creek Crash, and the sample of Mestral's DNA from Vulcan's Genetic Database testing positive as the source of the Vulcan strain in millions of humans.”
“When did this happen?!”

“When did this happen?!”

Sarek indicated with his head to follow him, and they padded downstairs to the lobby where the entire embassy was watching a live feed of his brother's discovery. It was being called the worst violation of the Prime Directive in Earth's history. When Jim discovered who had published his brother's findings, he somewhat relaxed. “Harry Mudd?! That sleaze? No one takes him seriously! Where do you think people get the phrase of ‘His name is mud’ from anyway? He never has reliable sources.”

Jim's relief was short lived. Somehow Harry Mudd had copies of his brother research notes, all peer reviewed. It got worse. Research, cold and hard facts, pointing to the discovery and use of Vulcan DNA in the creation of the first Augments. Images of hard copies and official signatures meant to go on the desk of top Starfleet brass. Which meant someone at high up in Starfleet gave this to Harry Mudd. Jim cursed. “This isn't good.”

Spock agreed. “No, it is not. They are accusing Vulcan of using Earth as a breeding experiment. They are even asking if we had something to do with the Tarsus experiments and are blaming us for the Eugenics War.”

Amanda looked like she wanted to cry. “They don't mention at all that Mestral fell in love with humans, and our world. He couldn't have made the Augments.”

“Genetic engineering on a pre-warp civilization goes against our laws.” Sarek added. “But again, he was supposed to only observe, not interact.”

“We will not know unless we find out what became of him.” Spock declared. “We must find out.”

“How?” Jim asked. “Guy must have been dead for centuries. This is one of the coldest cases out there with a three hundred year old trail.”

“We can start by going to Carbon Creek.”

Sarek stepped in. “We are not going anywhere. It is too dangerous for you two to venture out.”

“But what about that expo?” Jim protested.

“In light of recent events, Admiral Archer has decided to postpone it until this matter can be further investigated. We have been receiving multiple death threats... More so then the usual.”

Amanda stepped in between them. “Jim, Spock. Until this blows over, we need to lie low.”

Jim didn't like it. He was already feeling so cooped up. No beer. No meat. No going out without a crowd. No privacy. Now he had no peace because he was once again in the middle of something way over his head.

Being locked up at the Embassy lasted about three days before Jim got bored out of his skull. So he decided to go back to an old habit when he'd been feeling a little too caged. Sneaking out was a time honored tradition for Kirks. Unfortunately, Jim had gotten his leg over the fence long after the sun
went down when he'd been caught. Fortunately, Spock caught Jim before he hit the ground. Jim gave his husband his best winning smile, because he knew he was in deep shit. “Spock! Darling, you're looking mighty fine this evening! As you can see I've been keeping up with my exercises.”

Spock didn't look like he was buying it. “As Doctor McCoy would say, male bovine feces.”

Jim snorted, and choked. “Spock, it's called bullshit.”

“Bull shit.” Spock enunciated carefully.

Jim looked around. There was no one. There had been reporters earlier, but Starfleet officers had broken up the crowd of protestors wanting Vulcans off Earth when they started throwing rocks. “Well, Spock since we're out, how about a walk?”

“You were attempting to escape without me.”

The accusation was a like a stab in the heart. “I'm sorry Spock. I've just been feeling caged. I need some freedom. And I can't just sit here while people keeping accusing you and your people of things they aren't responsible for.”

“I know, my t'hy'la. That is why I am coming with you.”

Spock left no room for argument. Hell, Jim saw that he had ditched his usual robes or his warrior loincloth for those tight pants and a leather jacket Jim bought for him because he looked sexy in them. He was even wearing a t-shirt that he bought himself that said “Save the whales” because he thought they were majestic creatures. Never mind that most whales went extinct centuries ago. He looked less Vulcan and more human.

Jim sighed as he took in Spock's distinctive pointed eyebrows and pointed ears. Hiding for Jim was easy. Throw on a pair of glasses and change his hair color from blond to brown, and it was like he was invisible. Spock on the other hand... “Um, you're going to need to hide your ears.”

Spock took out a black beanie and put it over his head. “Am I sufficiently disguised?”

Jim saw the eyebrows still looked a little off. Jim took out his spare pair of glasses. They weren't for vision, but purely cosmetic. “Here.”

Spock put them on, and Jim did a double take. “Wow, you look like a human. Like one those hipsters.”

Spock looked down at Jim. “You appear different as well.”

Jim grinned. “Being a Kirk ain't easy. Come on, lets go out and discuss battle plans.”

“Battle? Are you expecting to enter combat?”

Jim laughed. “No. Just plans. The battle we're fighting is time, and your dad finding us.”

“Ah. Logical.”

“Come on, I've dug up some old fake ids and I've got more than enough credits for our expedition.”

Spock felt a jolt in his mind coming from his womb, and heard a soft tiny mental mewl crying for food. It felt feminine. Spock's breath hitched. A daughter. “May we procure food first. I believe our daughter is experiencing hunger.”
“A girl? Really?”

Excited he put a hand over Spock's flat stomach. Jim jumped when he felt a kick but not from Spock. It was from within his own guts. “I think Spock Junior agrees with Jim Junior.”

“Then let us go find food.” Spock paused. “And perhaps agree on better names for our children.”

“What's wrong with Spock Jr or Jim Jr?”


Spock turned around and gave his mate a withering glare. “There is a cafe across the bridge with avocado toasted sandwiches that I have a desire to sample. We will go there, discuss names, and plans on where to begin the search for the rest of Mestral's story and clear Vulcan's name.”

Bean On The Earth was designed to be an old fashioned coffee house and had actual wood flooring and furniture and possessed old fashioned coffee presses and machines. Nothing replicated. They even roasted their own coffee beans that was grown on the owner's cousin's orchard in Maui. It had an old world charm to it, and to Spock's delight it was also quite warm. What Spock particularly liked, was that no one was staring at them. For once he could sit together in a public place with his t'hy'la without being disturbed.

“Order for Pine!”

Jim flagged the barista over with their coffee and food. Decaf since they were pregnant. Spock raised a brow. “Pine?”

Jim smiled sheepishly. “I made up false identities before I joined up with Starfleet so I could get into bars and drink. I had one ID that said my name was William Shatner and that I was definitely old enough to drink alcohol, but I was caught. This time my ID and credit chip says my name is Chris Pine. By the way, I made you two IDs just in case. Take your pick, just don't buy anything big with it. They're rush jobs, good enough for bars, and buses but not much else.”

Spock looked at his fake identity cards with his picture, both proclaim the holder was a human student attending Starfleet Academy. It was both astounding and disconcerting how quickly Jim was able to produce false identities for him. One falsely stated that his name was Leonard Nimoy and the other said it was Zachary Quinto, both listed him as Science track in Starfleet. “I am surprised by how normal these names sound.”

“Hey, a fake ID that says McLovin is bound to get caught faster than one that says Chris Pine or Zachary Quinto.”

“Then why are you unable to give our children normal names?”

Jim blushed. “I guess since I'm not Vulcan, and they're going to be raised as Vulcan.”

There was the crux of it. Their children were of a high Vulcan clan and heirs to Vulcan's highest seat of power. Therefore it was logical that he submit to his mate's clan since his own human family was not as powerful nor had obligations in planetary politics. Jim knew little of Vulcan. “Perhaps I can
make suggestions and you can approve of them?”

Jim smiled back. “I do have one last suggestion. I've been thinking pretty hard. I think they'll actually be not terrible.”

“I would like to hear them, t'hy'la.”

“I was thinking for our boy, Xon. Like that wild kickass ancestor of yours, you know the one that was raised by sehlets. For our girl, maybe T'Manda. After your mom, but with a T instead of an A at the beginning since that's seems to be a trend for girl names on Vulcan.”

Both of Spock's brows shot up. Jim looked crestfallen. “I get it, Spock. I suck at names.”

Spock shot his hand out and took Jim's hand. An obscenely intimate gesture among his Surakian kin, but he was disguised as a human so it was one of comfort and affection. Perfectly acceptable in a human establishment. “Jim, my t'hy'la. Those are not terrible. They are in fact, most acceptable. Xon is an ancient name, rarely used, but still one that carries honor to our people and logical for one that will be heir to his namesakes' lands. I am also agreeable to name our daughter after mother. She will be most pleased to have her granddaughter named after her.”

Jim smiled and leaned in closer. Spock closed the gap in a quick chaste pressing of lips. Both of them felt in their minds two tiny purrs echoing through their bond. Jim smiled at hearing both of his children. “You hear them Spock?”

Spock smiled in amazement, hearing them both echo across to each other through their t'hy'la bond. “They are reaching out to each other.”

“I think they like their names.”

“I believe they also wish for more nourishment.”

“Shall we order some dessert? We are eating for Xon and T'Manda.”

Spock gazed softly at his t'hy'la. “Indeed. I believe Xon and T'Manda are in agreement with that. Particularly if it involves this establishment's cheesecake... At least that is what T'Manda seems to be craving.”

Jim laughed. “Cheesecake sounds good.” He patted his stomach and heard Xon purr through their bond. “I think Xon agrees.”

It felt good having names for their kids, even if they still have many more months until they're born. It made them somehow even more real.

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After their midnight snack, Jim decided to hit up on an old friend to help them with their quest, and with Spock in tow. With Spock in disguise, although the beanie and the glasses weren't much of one, the disguise really seemed to make a difference when walking around. Not once did people stop and stare. No one asked for an autograph or to take their holo. No one whispering behind their backs to say awful things about them, thinking they couldn't hear them. It was nice. They held hands in public, and Jim could feel how naughty Spock felt to do something the Shi'Kahr Vulcans consider so intimate in public.
When they reached their destination, Spock asked, “Is this what you mean by old friend?”

Jim grinned. “Yup. Some of my best friends are in here.”

The Public Library. Spock's confusion melted into endearment. Jim blushed. “Yeah, I was a nerd. I was known as The Book With Legs, but I didn't care. Books never judged me or beat me up or abandon me because I'm screwed up.”

Spock was tempted in that moment to do go into Jim's mind to erase years of pain. His fingers itched to touch his psi points and erase the memory of his t'hy'la's pain. “Jim, I would erase your pain if you wish it. I would bear it for you.”

Jim shook his head. “No, I need it. Pain is one of the best teachers. I wouldn't be me if I didn't. Come on, let's do some research. This library has one of the biggest collection of unindexed books from before the Eugenics Wars. We might find something on Mestral, and I have a theory.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah. You know how apparently I have one of the biggest percentages of Vulcan DNA? Well, I was thinking we look at my family's records for any Vulcan traits, like cosmetic surgery for bobbing ears, or a Vulcan middle name or something. This library has a huge section for genealogy, and not all of it has been put into computer systems yet, so I figure it's worth taking a look.”

Jim grinned and playfully nudged him. “We can shake the ol' Kirk family tree and see if any Vulcans fall out.”

Spock beamed with pride at his t'hy'la's cleverness. “Logical. I approve. With the percentage you have, Mestral is likely to be four or five generations back from you.”

Spock followed Jim up the white concrete steps to enter this library, and took a deep breath when he walked through those door. Spock loved libraries. The smell of dust and old paper was the same here as in the great archives of the old temples at Mount Seleya and Mount Tarhana. The silence was also the same. The library was always such a stark contrast from the chaos and harsh reality of the rest of Vulcan with its serene wisdom. There were no desert bandits, no deadly Le-Matya, nor any dust storms in this place of quiet knowledge.

Hours ticked by for them quickly in this place, all doing nothing but reading, and occasionally gazing at one another from behind the cover of an old fashioned paper book. Spock could not restrain the smile when one of Jim's limb brushed casually against him on the couch. Feeling bold Spock rubbed his foot against Jim's leg. Jim nudged back playfully. There were no need for words between them. They had taken to talking completely telepathically through their bond. Spock took the rule of staying quiet while in the library seriously.

“Hey, Spockums, look what I found.”

“Spockums?”

“You have various pet names for me, like ashayam and t'hy'la. I want to give you a pet name too.”

Spock radiated amusement. “I would appreciate it if Spockums was something you never say aloud.”

“Alright Spockums. Well, anyway I think I found something and you are not going to believe it.”

Spock craned over and saw some record from the early twenty-second century on a James Mestral...
Davis. It was his birth record, or at least a record of a corrective surgery on an infant with deformed ears described as being “elf-like”. It was paid for by the baby's grandfather: George Mestral IV. There was a picture, and it was the Vulcan they were looking for, albeit far older than his picture in the VSA record.

Jim wanted to curse. “That's my mother's father. I was named after the guy. I didn't know that was his middle name. I mean, I remember him vaguely, but that's him... His grandfather was from another planet... He never told anyone! Mestral lived into the twenty-second century, he lived to see First Contact. He must have been around two hundred when my grandpa was born.”

“Vulcans can live for centuries. What do you remember about the man you were named for did he mention his grandfather at all?”

Jim tried to wrack his brain. Old memories before Tarsus were faded, especially of his grandfather. “Not much. Just that he was the only one who didn't call me nuts for wanting to join Starfleet. He was one of the first members of Starfleet, even served alongside Johnathan Archer on the very first Enterprise that had warp capabilities. I used to bug him for stories about his adventures in space.”

“Maybe Admiral Archer remembers him?”

“That's an idea.”

Jim looked at the clock. “It's a little late to call him, we'd have to wait til morning. I can send him a message, though.”

Jim took out his PADD and sent a quick message to Admiral Archer asking if his grandpa Jim mentioned his father or his alien ancestry. Short, sweet and to the point. Jim turned to Spock. “So Mestral was my Grandpa Jim's grandfather...”

A horrid thought occurred. “My mom probably knows more about her dad... Oh god, I don't want to have to talk to her.”

“Maybe you won't have to.” Spock felt the pain behind the image of a blond woman who was Jim's mother. Abandonment, resentment, and anger. “Perhaps, Admiral Archer can tell you more of your grandfather.”

“Yeah, I hope so.”

Ding!

Jim jumped a little as he saw his PADD go off. It was a message from Admiral Archer.

*Commander Kirk, I think you and I are overdue for a long talk. Come to my home as soon as you can. I believe I have something of your grandfather's that I think you should have. Admiral Johnathan Archer*

Jim passed it to Spock and then they looked at each other. “Well, Spock. I guess we shouldn't keep the man waiting.”

Jim and Spock took a transport to Admiral Archer's home, a modest house considering how
legendary the guy was. Jim could tell it was his by all the beagle lawn ornaments. The only thing out of place was a white cat with green eyes sitting on the fence. Spock looked back at the creature with interest. “Jim, what is that?”

The cat leapt down and padded up to Spock and meowed at Spock. Jim smiled. “It's a cat. People keep them as pets.”

Spock blinked as the cat rubbed up against Spock's leg and purred. Spock bent down and petted it's head. “It a most attractive creature.”

Jim snorted, and laughed. “I had a feeling you would be more of a cat person. You do have a lot in common.”

Jim and Spock walked up to the door, the cat following Spock. It was so fascinated by Spock. Jim smiled, the cat probably thought the Vulcan was a big cat. He rang the doorbell and had to fight to keep his composure because Admiral Archer shuffled to the door in his pajamas. They had beagles on them, and in his arms was latest model in a long line of beagles he had in his even longer life. “Commander Kirk... And is that Spock?”

Spock's beanie and glasses didn't do much apparently. “Yes. May we come in?”

Archer looked down at the cat, and his beagle growled at it. “No, Princess Buttercup, I don't have any treats today. Go home. Come on in boys, don't mind the cat. She comes here to tease D'Artagnan here, and meow for food.”

“She is yours?” Spock asked.

Archer laughed and shook his head. “Lord no! I'm a dog person. She belongs to my next door neighbors, technically speaking.”

“Technically?”

Archer smiled. “Princess Buttercup is a cat. You don't own them, they own you.”

Jim laughed and Spock didn't get the joke. Jim felt his confusion and got an image of humans enslaved to feline creatures. Jim knew that Spock would be researching these feline slave masters later. Jim watched as Archer shooed the cat and Princess Buttercup stuck her tail up and padded off into the night. Probably off to other neighbors to seek food and affection.

Archer opened the door wider and invited them in. The beagle looked at Jim and Spock, and wagged his tail and bayed. Archer patted the dog's head. “Yes D'Artagnan, these are some friends. Come on in.”

Jim stepped in, taking in the various collection of alien artifacts and photographs of events Jim remembered reading about in school. “Holy crap, that's the founding of the Federation. Is that the famous General Shran giving you bunny ears?”

Archer laughed. “Good friend of mine. Was fond of calling me Pink Skin. His kids call me that too. I still have those cheap Andorian antennae they give to tourists, Shran gave a pair to me and said it made me considerably less ugly. Gave a pair to your grandfather as well.”

Jim watched Archer sit down on a plushy armchair, and grunted as a few of his ancient joints cracked. “Getting old is not for the faint of heart. Sit down, pull up a chair. There's a lot about your grandfather that only myself and our ship's doctor, Phlox knew about him.”
Jim and Spock chose to sit on the couch and D'Artagnan jumped up and made himself at home in Spock's lap. Archer smiled. “He likes you, Prince Spock. He's a pretty good judge of character. Never trust a man this dog growls at.”

Spock inclined his head in acknowledgment. “I will keep that in mind sir.”

“So my grandfather... I found out that Mestral, the Vulcan that crash landed on Earth centuries ago was my ancestor on Grandpa Jim's side.”

Archer nodded. “Yes, I know. He didn't have pointed ears, but his green blood and his heart located in his side made it rather obvious that he wasn't fully human. I had wondered for years...”

“My grandfather had green blood? That can't be!”

“He did.” Archer corrected. “Before Phlox, our ship's doctor performed extensive surgeries to hide it.”

“When was this?”

“During the beginning of the first Romulan War. By chance he was caught, and when they injured him, they began asking questions in Romulan, they thought he was one of their own, and was a deserter in hiding. They didn't see me coming from behind with an iron pipe. It was after we got back to our ship that he told me a story of his grandfather, an alien who fell in love with the Earth. He told me that the Romulans looked like his grandfather but they were so different from what he knew of his grandfather's people and culture. Said his grandfather was from a world called T'Khasi and that his people called themselves the Vulkhansu.”

Jim was floored. “You never said anything until now?!”

Archer sighed. “You grandfather made me swear that I'd take this to the grave. I had debated telling you this and I didn't know how your new Vulcan spouse would react. I don't want to be responsible for ruining your marriage... However, I knew I would have to when your brother found out that millions of people are descended from Mestral. Myself included... I never really connected the dots until recently. I had always kept an eye out for that man's home planet, but we never found it... Until you crashed into it by chance.”

“Jim's grandfather...” Spock spoke up. “Did he tell you what happened to Mestral?”

“Well, he died of course, but I remember that James had this statue that belonged to him. It was a weird looking thing, smaller than a bread box with writing on it that I've never seen before. James said it was a precious keepsake that belonged to his grandfather. James was told by his grandfather to go out to space and find his home world and bring that statue to his home planet.”

Spock sat up straighter. “A statue? Do you know where it is now?”

Archer nodded, and grunted as he got up. “Yeah, I do. Weirdly enough your grandfather gave it to me. He said that he knew where his grandfather's home planet was, but that returning it would be impossible. He would have given it to his daughter, but after your father died on the Kelvin...”

Jim sucked in a breath. “My mom hated Starfleet, space and anything to do with it, and yet she won't stay on Earth. Sam said she snapped after Dad was killed.”

Archer sighed. “I'm sorry. George was a good man, but James didn't give his daughter the statue because it reminded her of the Romulans that took her husband. Granted the figure has pointy ears, but that's because I know now that it's of a Vulcan... A distant relative of the Romulans...”
paused. “Look, I'm more than happy to unload that statue off onto you. It should be yours anyway.”

Jim straightened up. “You have it here? Can I have it now?”

Archer's eyebrows shot up. “You kidding?! That thing's been giving me the creeps for over fifteen years! I swear sometimes I can hear that thing whispering to me at night, so I had it put in a lockbox at the Federation Credit Union. How about I give it to you tomorrow at the Vulcan Expo?”

“I thought they cancelled?”

“They only postponed. Had no choice, ambassadors from Federation worlds arrived and booked rooms. The Betazoid ambassador was particularly adamant and President Dax really wanted to see that concert.”

“Cool. Spock, guess this means I'll have to sit through two hours of Falor's Journey after all.”

“It is a spectacular display of Vulcan literature and musical talent.” Spock stated. “One must hear all 348 verses to appreciate the wisdom the fable imparts.”

Archer groaned. “348 verses huh? Looks like I'll have to bring my special cushion then. Looking forward to it. Well boys, I'll see you tomorrow”

Archer got up out of his seat and escorted them to the front door. “I'll send you a message, Kirk, and give you your grandfather's creepy statue the first chance I get.”

He shot out his hand and Jim shook it eagerly. “Thank you so much, sir!”

“No, thank you. I swear that thing's haunted...”

Spock who was silent until now, had taken out his PADD which was connected to a Vulcan database. “Admiral Archer, did the statue by any chance look like one of these?”

Archer grinned. “Yeah! It was! What is it?”

Spock inhaled sharply. “Those are vre-katra. They contain the living spirits of deceased Vulcans.”

Archer paled. “You mean it has his soul in it?! James gave me a haunted statue?! Of course he did... Now I really want to get rid of it. Now how does that Vulcan salute go?”

Spock watched him hold up a sloppy ta'al, and Spock returned it. “I thank you, Johnathon Archer. Live long and prosper.”

Archer laughed. “I'm already a hundred and forty-four, so I think it's safe to say I already did. Live long and prosper to you too boys.”

After their visit to Admiral Archer, Jim and Spock wondered around, appreciating the freedom of moving about without much crowd. They stopped to look at the Golden Gate Bridge and the lights of the city. It was quite a view, and what made it better was the company. Jim and Spock were alone, holding hands, and no one in sight. Jim smiled at the thought as he felt a particular itch that needed to be scratched just right. “Spock, we could probably have sex behind those bushes over there...”
“Jim! We are still in public!”

Jim waggled his eyebrows. “What public? There's no people around... And I thought you wanted to, what was it? Delight in my fertile body?”

“No.”

“Fuck me.”

“Later.”

“Fuck me, now?”

“Still no.”

Spock stared at Jim, and he could feel both annoyance and lust radiate off of him. Jim knew that his control would snap with just the right shove. It was like playing with fire, but Jim didn't care at the moment. Jim grinned and pretended to stretch, letting his shirt ride up. “That's too bad Spock... Oops, I think I dropped something.”

Jim didn't. He turned around and bent over. He wiggled his ass for good measure, and felt Spock's feeble control snapping like spiderwebs being rammed with a big long stick. Jim wiggled his ass again until he could feel his pants riding down to reveal a sliver of irresistible cheeks. Jim looked over at his Vulcan husband and saw him struggle with every fiber of his being not to pounce on Jim right there and then. Jim delivered the final blow. “How does my ass look?”

Spock snapped and dragged Jim behind the bushes. “You are persistent.”

Jim gasped as Spock attacked his neck, sucking on the skin there hard enough to leave marks. Insistent, nimble Vulcan hands dove into his pants and pulled them down. “You are like a hu'a. Enticing males to indulge carnal pleasures with their soft sweet flesh. You ruin me, and I gladly let you.”

Jim helped Spock pull his pants down and bent over, and pressed up against a tree for support. Jim panted, “Yes, fuck me! Spock I want you so bad! Fuck me, please!”

A rustle of cloth, and Spock rammed himself mercilessly into Jim, thrusting into him at a wild pace. Jim felt Spock's hands find his psi points on either side of his face, and the public park they were in melted and they were under a vast tree reaching out into the cosmos. For a moment Jim and Spock disappeared and were one being. Two newly formed minds reached out from the background, drinking off of their love and connected to each other for single moment.

Jim found his breath again. His vision still danced after the meld, and orgasm. He was no longer standing but collapsed on the cold grass with Spock's dick still up his ass. He could see a few stars and the moon gazing down at them. Spock clung to Jim desperately, panting and still thrusting into him. Jim slid his eyes closed again as he felt Spock's hot seed still pouring into him, and their bond screaming “Mine! Mate! Mine! Child mine! All mine!”

It took a moment more for Spock to come down from his plateau, and the sounds of two mental voices purred across their minds. Jim heard them, and knew Spock heard them too. Jim silently asked Spock to wait a moment before pulling out. Spock acknowledged it, and kept his lok buried in Jim's hole, to keep them still physically connected. They stayed like that for a few more minutes. Until Jim's back and knees were straining from taking Spock's weight.

Spock without pulling out of Jim, pulled him back so that Jim was sitting in his lap, and rested his
chin on his mate's shoulder. He pressed kisses on Jim's neck, and ran his hands over Jim's belly. “Jim, I can't believe you talked me into that.”

Jim laughed. “I can't believe you used a contraction.”

Spock nipped at him. “You seduced me into mounting you in public.”

“Sorry. I guess we should get back to the Embassy.”

“That would mean withdrawing from your warm and welcoming hole. I do not want to do that.”

“Spock, we have to get up sometime.”

“No. I like having my luk right where it is.”

Spock purred and nuzzled Jim's neck. The big possessive cat had Jim in his claws and didn't want to let go. Jim laughed at that picture. “Okay, five more minutes in your lap.”

Spock sighed in pleasure and kept purring. “Ha. T'nash'veh.”

Right. Five minutes of sitting in Spock's lap, in a public park at night, and all with a possessive stubborn Vulcan balls deep in him. Eventually they were going to separate, pull their pants up and walk, or hobble, back to the Embassy. Jim dreaded sneaking back to their room. “How are we going to sneak back in?”

“I suppose we climb back over.”

“You think you're dad knows you're missing?”

Spock paused. “I believe so.”

“How?”

Spock fumbled for his PADD, it was a foot away from Jim's thigh. He held it up so he could read it over Jim's shoulder. “I have twelve messages from father... Oh. He has sent out guards with sehlats to track us.”

Jim looked at his own PADD, he'd been ignoring his, because of the flood of messages he always gets. Sure enough there was a bunch from Sarek and Amanda. “Perhaps we should give them a call?”

“Indeed, you should have.”

Jim and Spock whipped around and standing there were three familiar Vulcans riding sehlats. Sek and Sonak stared at them with blank expressions. In the middle of the pack was Sarek looking down at the two of them with disappointment. Pooh on the other hand looked happy to see them and wagged his tail. Jim gulped. “We're in trouble.”

Spock gulped too. “Yes, we are.”

Sarek hopped down from Pooh’s back and approached them, staring unblinkingly at his son. “Spock, pull your lok out of your mate, and cover yourselves.”

Reluctantly Spock began the painful process of untangling himself from Jim, and to Jim's utter mortification his dick made an echoing pop when he pulled out. Jim winced and grunted as he tried to stand, wobbling in the process. Jim knew better than to say anything. It was stupid goading Spock
into sex, but the freedom of having some real alone time, and weeks of feeling caged came to a boil.

They put their pants back on, all the while Sarek stared at them hawkishly. When they straightened up the remains of their dignity Sarek pulled Pooh toward them. “Get on. I will escort you two back to the Embassy. My wife eagerly awaits your safe return.”

Spock and Jim sighed. Spock got onto Pooh's back gracefully and with ease. Jim struggled to climb on, and ended up having Sarek help him up. Jim grunted when he felt a kick in his guts. “Ow! That hurt!”

Sarek was at Jim's side immediately, “What is wrong? Is it the child?”

“I'm fine, it's just Xon kicking me.”

Eyebrows went up. “Xon?”

“Our son's name.” Spock explained to his father. “We have discussed names for our children. For our son, we have decided upon Xon.”

Sarek turned from disappointed to pleased. “It is an acceptable name. A strong name for one who might one day take my seat. When he is born, he shall be presented to our clan as S'chn T'gai Xon Cha'Spock.”

Jim held his stomach, trying to get Xon from kicking him, and then he figured out what the kid wanted. “Well, Xon son of Spock son of... well you, is craving food. Curry, Samosas, and maybe some coconut curry soup. Yeah, definitely curry.” A purr echoed in his head. “Yup. That's what he wants.”

Spock's stomach made a loud sound, and Jim felt an echo of similar craving. Jim knew T'Manda was demanding they go on a curry run. Particularly for coconut curry soup.

Sarek raised a brow. “We have nourishment at home.”

Jim pointed to his stomach. “You're welcome to try to tell your grandson that.”

Sarek gasped, it was small but coming from the stoic man it was telling. He sharply gazed at Spock, almost pleading. “Spock, may I lay my hand upon your mate and touch thy son's mind?”

Spock nodded. “You may, father.”

Sarek approached Jim like a Faberge egg, and laid his hand on Jim's stomach with care. Jim felt a mind different yet similar to Spock's brush up against his. Then he heard Xon purring and Sarek's joy as he called out to the tiny mind. Xon felt a different mind, one that was not either of his parents, but this new person was familiar. Sarek's mind brushed against the tiny one like a gentle caress, and Xon's mind lit up in awareness as if to say hello to Sarek. It lasted a brief moment and Sarek pulled away. Jim could have sworn it was a trick of the light from the streetlamps or the moonlight but he saw a hint of moisture in Sarek's eyes. The other Vulcans said nothing at this unseemly display of emotion from their king, it was justified. For the first time he touched his grandson's mind.

Sarek gave Spock a look of gratitude, and commanded them all, “We will find curry for Xon, and then we will return to our Embassy.”

Sarek looked to Spock and quietly asked, “When we reunited with your mother, I would reach out to your child’s mind.”
Spock nodded. “Advisable. Mother will want to know T'Manda as well.”

“T'Manda? It is a daughter? You name your daughter after your mother?”

Spock nodded, and Sarek looked like he was in a daze. “A granddaughter and a grandson. Xon and T'Manda. Yes, most suitable names.”

Even Sarek could not suppress his joy, and Jim swore that there was a skip in the man's step. Jim curled up against Spock and spoke across their bond link, “I think your dad's happy.”

“Indeed. I have never seen him so abound with joy.”

“Does this mean we won't be grounded?”

“As you humans say, not a snowball's chance in hell.”

“You mean a snowball's chance on Vulcan.”

Jim grinned into Spock's shoulder, and felt Spock laugh mentally across their bond. Even though they were about to get the grounding of a lifetime, they were happy. Even Sek and Sonak were looking amused. They ended up with a large order of curry that had to be carried on Sonak and Sek's sehrlats.

Chapter End Notes

Translations:
Hu'a – Vulcan mythology. A seductress demon, like a succubus.
Chapter Summary

Shit goes down, for everyone who's seen Journey to Babel, don't be too surprised.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter Fifteen:

When The Pehk Hits The Fan

Things had been quiet. Jim should have known that with the Federation allying itself with Vulcan that it would not be easy. And really, it had been easy so far. Minus a few minor incidents like the fertility drugs and the scandal of Sam's big revelation being dropped on the public too soon. Okay so the news of a Vulcan mixing it up with humans before First Contact was huge, and the public was in shock, but so far no one was killed, just snubbing and general harassment from anti-alien groups.

Other than those two incidents, relations between Vulcan and Earth were going pretty smoothly. The mining operation on T'Khut with help from Andor was padding Starfleet's shipyards, and the Romulans have not been seen since their defeat at the Battle of Andor. Jim honestly should have known that it would not be easy. It was at the Anniversary of the Battle of Cheron when the Federation decided to celebrate their friendship with their new Vulcan allies with a big Expo that the Romulans had struck back.

"Vulcan's membership into the Federation is still pending, but with many recent events many are pushing to rush the process. Particularly for the mining operations in Vulcan's system, and the public's desire to open Vulcan to tourism for those who are neither Starfleet or has a work visa. With the revelation that sixteen million humans are in fact descended from a Vulcan that crashed on Earth a century before First Contact, these people are yearning to see their Vulcan ancestor's home world, and that won't happen until Vulcan is officially a Federation World instead of an allied one. What do you think Andy?"

Jim and Spock stood aside with their hivas milkshakes, one of many dishes and drinks being served at the Expo, and watched Della speak into the camera. She was one of many reporters covering this event. She was speaking with another big name, Andy the Andorian.

"Well Della, I think it is appropriate that one this Anniversary of the end of the first Romulan War and consequently the Federation's birth, that we celebrate the culture of the Vulcans. A people that
came to Andor's rescue by defeating the invasion fleet of their distant kin the Romulans. With an Andorian-Vulcan mining operation on Vulcan's sister planet, Andor is well on its way to rebuilding the fleet it had lost. From what I have heard from my people's ambassador, membership is favored but a call for an official vote has not yet been confirmed.”

Jim pulled Spock with him as they disappeared into the crowd, “Let's get out of here Spock, before they hound us for another interview.”

“Agreed.”

Jim and Spock weaved through the crowd. They were grounded, but since they were holding the Vulcan Expo at the Vulcan Embassy, they were still able to go. After sneaking off in the night after they had been told to stay put, they considered themselves lucky that Sarek hadn't locked them in their room... Not that Jim and Spock couldn't find other means to entertain themselves in their own bedroom.

For the expo they had a Vulcan orchestra playing Falor's Journey, with a celebrated reldai all the way from Mount Seleya's monastery singing all the verses. Potters, lirpa makers, seldom seen Kolinahr masters, all demonstrating their crafts and traditions. One of the most popular exhibition was the sehlat breeders. Scotty had gotten his wish and was working on getting a race set up in Death Valley with some of the nomads of the Shival Flats. The purple sashes seen on many new Vulcan arrivals advertised them as being on a psthah-telsu to find a mate. An exhibition like this was great boon for them.

Jim watched as many non-Vulcan couples dance to the music. He had yet to see any Vulcan dancing. Jim elbowed Spock. “Do Vulcan's dance?”

“As children, but it is... not quite so coordinated.”

“Other people are dancing.”

Spock looked around and sure enough many couples were dancing, slowly moving to the rhythms of the music. It could better be called swaying close together. Being so close to Jim, touching him so intimately was very agreeable. Spock nodded, and eagerly copied the other couples, laying his hand possessively around his mate's waist, brushing close to his posterior. It was he had to admit, wonderful to have Jim laying his head on his shoulder, and to hold him in public so all that observed that Jim belonged to him, and he to Jim.

After a few dances, Jim saw Sarek, with Amanda ever at his side, talking to several ambassadors. Shras the Andorian ambassador and with him was his aide who was a quiet fellow, Gav the Tellerite Ambassador and Glorrianna Troi the Betazoid Ambassador. Shras was alright, but Gav was always stubborn and argumentative. Troi was known in many circles to being... persistent when it came to men who caught her eye. “Hey Spock, let's go check on your parents. Gav looks like he wants to start a brawl and Troi looks like she wants to pounce on your father, and Amanda looks like she wants to punch Troi and claim her territory.”

Spock looked and agreed. “Mother seems to be giving the Betazoid ambassador what she calls... the stink eye.”

As they approached they could hear the bickering.

“King Sarek of Vulcan! I would have your opinion on the Simon 128 mining colony! Are you or are you not attempting to take Tellarite territory for yourself? You Vulcans have all but taken over the whole operation there!” Gav shouted.
Troi hissed at Gav. “Oh who cares about some small colony! What I want to know is how similar telepathic mating bonds are to Betazoid ones. If Vulcans are compatible with humans, they should work even better with Betazoids. Tell me your majesty, when can we get together and... discuss Vulcan and Betazoid compatibility?”

Amanda's voice was polite and hid daggers between her words. “My husband...” She emphasized. “Is quite a busy man. Perhaps you should ask one of the many other Vulcan males here on a psthantelsu? I'm sure one of them is curious enough to find out. Just look for a purple sash tied down the front.”

Ambassador Shras bluntly added, “One would think with Betazoid telepathy that Ambassador Troi would get the hint. Or are you going through... What do your people call it?” Shras turned to his aide and he whispered into Shras's ears. “Oh yes, thank you Thelev. The Phase!”

Troi turned on the Andorian Ambassador. “The nerve! I am a young woman, still in her prime! The Phase is for old women with their fertility drying up!”

Jim snorted, and the noise caused them all to turn and notice that he was there. Jim laughed nervously. “Hey, I'm just here to check on my in-laws.”

Sarek looked visibly relieved for an escape route. Unfortunately the Betazoid Ambassador looked at Spock like a big piece of Vulcan candy. “You must be Prince Spock! I am Glorianna Troi, first daughter of the fifth house of Betazed! It is such a pleasure to make your acquaintance! You are as handsome as your father.”

She gave Spock the ta'al then looked down at Spock's stomach and did a double take. “Is that- Oh! You are with child! I can hear her! Such contentment!” Ambassador Troi looked at Shras for help. “I thought Spock was a he, he is a he, right?”

Sarek repressed the urge to sigh, but it was a difficult task. “My son, like most males in my family is on-kuvsu, and has an auxiliary uterus and a single ovary. It is rarely used, but fully functional in carrying a child. Normally his male hormones prevent him from becoming... receptive, however I am sure you have heard of the incident on the Enterprise involving fertility drugs in their food and water.”

Troi blinked, then smiled. “Oh. That is truly fascinating!”

Jim stepped between them. “I'm sure you'd love to learn more about all the interesting facets of Vulcan anatomy, but I really do have a family matter to discuss with my husband and his parents.”

Sarek eagerly jumped on the opportunity to escape them. “Yes, it is very important. Please excuse us.”

Jim, Spock, and Amanda had all been dragged by Sarek to a quiet conference room, and locked the door behind them. He looked relieved. “I thank you James Kirk. Ambassador Troi was...”


“Yes.” Sarek paused. “Was there an important matter or was it a welcome rescue?”

Jim and Spock looked at each other. Last night they escaped to find out what happened to Mestral. At first it was just a freedom run from the leash Sarek put on them, but they actually did find something. It was swept under the rug at the news that they decided on baby names, and Spock's parents both wanting to feel their grandchildren and start mentally bonding with them. It was heartwarming, and the possibility that Mestral stored his soul in a Katric Ark was forgotten. Now
they were remembering the appointment they made with Admiral Archer at the Expo and they've neither seen hide nor hair of the man. Jim woke up this morning with a gut feeling that something was wrong, and it still hasn't gone away.

“Is there something wrong with T'Manda and Xon?” Amanda asked, worried.

Spock shook his head. “No mother, they are fine, but we were supposed to meet with Admiral Archer. He had something that belonged to Jim's grandfather. Father, I believe this object may be Mestral's vre-katra.”

Sarek's eyebrows rose. “Indeed? If this is true then it is imperative that we must return his soul to Mount Seleya.”

“Let's see if we can find him.” Jim said, but the feeling in his guy persisted. “I have a bad feeling something is wrong... I mean he is pretty damn old.”

“I saw Admiral Pike earlier, maybe he can help.” Spock suggested.

It didn't take long to find Admiral Pike wheeling around in front of the demonstration on Vulcan styles of meditation from Kolinahru Trensu T'Sai of Gol. Due to extensive damage from his time under Romulan imprisonment he would probably never walk again, and god knows the PTSD the man suffered from. It was no wonder he was taking an interest in meditation to find inner peace. Jim would too if he knew he couldn't hold still to save his life. “Hey Pike!”

Pike smiled at the sight of Jim. “Hey Jim! I was wondering when I'd run into you... figuratively speaking, I hadn't seen you in awhile. How's married life treating you?”

Jim cracked a smile, the man may have lost his mobility but not his dry sense of humor. “Well, I can't complain. You probably heard, but I'm having a boy, and Spock is having a girl. We've actually decided on names. Xon for our boy, and T'Manda for our girl.”

Pike grinned. “They'll still be Kirks. Universe had better watch out. God help us if they have that Kirk family instinct and that Vulcan intellect and strength.” Pike whistled. “Quite a deadly combo. I may poach them for Starfleet later down the road.”

Jim laughed. “Oh yeah, you can bet good money that they'll be troublemakers, but they'd be damned good Officers. If Vulcan is willing to part with them.”

Pike looked at Spock. “And you'll be lucky if they inherit Jim's ability to leap forward without looking and still land on their feet. Jim's father could do the same. Vulcan is lucky to have your husband.”

“More than you know, Admiral.” Spock replied softly.

“Admiral, we have a matter that we need your help with.” Sarek cut straight to the point.

Pike blinked. “Sure, if I can help, I will. Shoot.”

Sarek raised a brow at that, and before he could ask, Jim interrupted. “Have you seen Admiral Archer anywhere? Me and Spock were supposed to meet him here.”

Pike's eyes widened. “We'd better take this somewhere less crowded.”

Sarek nodded, and took them to his briefing room. One he used for private communications with Vulcan and discuss issues with his father whom he had named regent during his time on Earth. It
was therefore, soundproofed against even pointed ears. Here they could speak with little fear of being overheard. When the door locked and the computer confirmed that there was no listening devices on. Pike dropped a bombshell on them. “Jim, I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but Admiral Johnathan Archer, one of the key founders to the Federation was found dead earlier this afternoon. Just before he was heading to this Expo in fact.”


Pike shrugged. “He was found at the bottom of his stairs. Preliminary report says he fell, but... Look, right now we’re trying to keep the investigation quiet in case it wasn't an accident and I don't think it was. The man could go another ten years easily, he's not the feeble old man people think he is, despite his extreme age... Though he did have high amount of Vulcan DNA so maybe that explains how he reached he managed to 144 years of age. I shouldn't even be telling you this. What were you supposed to meet him for anyway?”

Jim and Spock glanced at each other. Mentally debating with each other, “Jim can this man be trusted?”

“Yeah, guy is like a father to me. I've trusted him with my life. I can trust him with this.”

“Very well, we will need help recovering the vre-katra.”

“Pike. This is really important, but we spoke with him last night. He said he had something that belonged to my grandfather, James Davis. I was named after him and they served together.”

Pike smiled. “I know. I met him at your parents wedding. Excellent man, wonderful officer. You and your mother have his smarts.”

Jim took a deep breath. “Sir, we think that my grandfather was the grandson of Mestral and inherited his vre-katra. Basically a jar with a Vulcan's soul in it, and Grandpa Jim gave it to Archer for safekeeping. Admiral Archer was going to hand it to us during the Expo.”

Pike would have leapt out of his wheelchair if he could. “Are you serious?!”

Spock nodded. “From what Admiral Archer described, it was indeed a Vulcan Katric Ark. He claimed that he could hear it whisper to him, most likely attempting to reach out to Admiral Archer and the blood relation it sensed in him. Vulcan katras persist even in death and their telepathy allows them to be able to communicate with the living. If we recover it, we could speak with Mestral's living spirit, his katra, and learn everything about his life, and his experiences here on Earth.”

Pike whistled. “All that knowledge... Think of what that guy has seen, the first moon landing, world war III, First Contact... Such a thing would be beyond priceless.”

Sarek warned them. “Such a thing has a mind of its own. We Vulcans impart our wisdom to the living, but usually when it is to assist our heirs or our to continue our life's work. If left alone for long, they have a tendency to... go insane. They are known to take the bodies of the living if they can justify it with logic, and in death logic takes on many variables. Mestral's katra will be no different. It is why his katra must return to Vulcan where he can be handled by those with special training.”

Pike paled. “So you're telling me that if someone found out what this thing was, stole it, not knowing that it has a mind of its own... We could have a vengeful telepathic Vulcan ghost running around possessing people?! Jesus Christ!”

“What does a biblical prophet-”
Spock began to ask, but Jim cut him off. “Remember human expressions, Spock.” Jim looked at Pike. “Sir, who is heading the investigation? Maybe they can help us recover the vre-katra?”

Pike sighed. “Admiral Marcus, and if I know him he'll have that thing locked up and studied. He hasn't made it a big secret that he doesn't trust Vulcans. No way he'd hand over something like that willingly if he can help it. No matter if it contains a sentient spirit that wants to go home and rest with his family.”

“No shit.” Jim replied.

“You will keep us informed, yes?” Sarek asked.

Pike nodded. Before he could say another word. The door opened. In walked in Admiral Marcus and several Starfleet Security officers. Marcus glared down at Sarek and with barely contained hostility. “King Sarek of Vulcan. I am arresting you on suspicion of the death of Admiral Archer.”

Sarek stood up, his anger barely contained. “On what evidence?”

“Admiral Archer's body was found this afternoon, and a street camera saw you on your sehlat at night go by his house.”

Sarek narrowed his eyes. “That evidence is circumstantial. Besides, I was told that it was an accident.”

“It was no accident. The house showed signs of a struggle. At the bottom of his cane we found green blood. Admiral Archer didn't have green blood, so it must belong to the killer. The murderer sprayed the place with a decontaminant, destroying any DNA we could use as evidence, but the blood is unmistakably from a Vulcan. You were at his house around the same time he was murdered and there was Vulcan blood near his body. Put two and two together and you get one suspect named Sarek.”

Jim coughed. “Admiral Marcus, Sir?”

Marcus turned on Jim like a viper, daring him to speak. Jim stared back unmoved. “Sir, with all due respect. Sarek is the head of state of a planet outside of the Federation, and is within his own embassy. Trying to extract him when he is technically on Vulcan soil would be a declaration of war. At least that is what I remember reading in my first year at the Academy.”

Pike grinned at Marcus. “Admiral, even a first year cadet knows that.”

Marcus's lips thinned. “I thought an exception would be made, Admiral,” He practically spat out. “Given that the victim was so high profile.”

“And taking Sarek from his people's embassy is an act of war.” Pike replied.

Marcus puffed up. “I have been given full authority to investigate this death, I can make arrests.”

Pike rolled up between them. “Not in cases where the prime suspect is an allied world's king. Even you don't have that authority to arrest a foreign head of state his own damn embassy. That's the territory of President Dax and the Federation Congress.”

“If he leaves his Embassy, I can.” Marcus threatened.

Pike narrowed his eyes. “Which is where he will be staying until this case is throughly investigated. I believe I have the right as an Admiral to investigate Admiral Archer's death with my own team.”
Pike smiled. “You can't be too careful. It is a very high profile case. It'd be embarrassing if you accused the wrong man of murder, especially if that man is the king of a very strategically important alliance. I will of course be taking this up with President Dax herself, I wouldn't want to go over her head.”

Marcus's lips thinned, and almost curled into a snarl. “Fine.”

Sarek growled. “I believe I have the right to give anyone in my territory, as you humans say, The Boot. Admiral Marcus.” Sarek punctuated. “I suggest you leave now peacefully or my guards will use force.”

Marcus and the security team nearly jumped out of their skin when Vulcan guards appeared out of nowhere with phasers and lirpas aimed at their heads. Marcus swallowed ever so slightly, realizing his misstep. “I will leave... For now.”

Marcus stormed out of the room with his security team muttering curses under his breath. The Vulcan security at their backs with lirpas and phasers aimed at their asses. Jim was half tempted to tell Admiral Marcus not to let the door to his ass on the way out, but the sentiment was made clear.

Pike turned to his wife, Number One. “Dear, get me in touch with President Dax. I want multiple teams investigating Admiral Archer's death.”

“Of course, Chris.”

Pike rolled around to Jim. “Commander Kirk. I am putting you on my investigation team with several other fine members of Starfleet to look into the case of Admiral Archer's death. I believe I'll need Doctor McCoy's fine service to look over the forensics.”

Jim stood at attention. “Yes, sir.”

Pike nodded. “Jim, Spock, if you'll come with me. I'd like to gather Mr. Scott, Dr. McCoy, Lt Uhura, and perhaps Lt Sulu and Ensign Chekov to assist us. King Sarek, I must insist that you lie low until this is cleared up.”

Sarek glanced at Jim and Spock with concern.

He was supposed to be their protector and provider while they were pregnant, and now needed them to clear his name. Wordlessly he let them go, perhaps the hardest thing he had to do. “Take great care, my sons.”

Jim couldn't help but notice that Sarek said sons as in plural. He knew it wasn't a slip of the tongue. Sarek thought of Jim as his son as well as Spock. Jim nodded. He would not let his father-in-law get arrested for something he knew in his gut that he didn't do. It had frame up all over it, and Jim Kirk was going to find out who really killed Admiral Archer. He was a friend to him and his grandfather, which made this personal.

T'Pau sat deep in meditation in her chambers in the palace. She watched in contentment the familial bonds in her old mind like the golden strands of dr'thelek silk in grand web with her at the center. A smile played at her lips as one corner lit up like the sun. The strands grew from that corner, and T'Pau knew that it would thrive. The place where Spock is was once dark and now it draws all
others like a life giving oasis. Much fruit was being borne and at the center of this rush of life were the t'hy'larra, Spock and Jim. Even at this distance T'Pau could sense the pull of life, of her blood expanding. If she stretched her katra far enough she could sense the three new minds joining her clan.

T'Pau felt a shadow flicker at the dark corner. The ones she denies, but blood is blood. She can only look away from it. The kre'nath. The shamed one of Skon, from her firstborn heir, and conceived in the madness of the Plak Tow. She put a barrier over it. It stinks of blood. It was the withered and neglected bond of Stek. A sound of war could almost be heard from it. She knew Stek has tried to deny the t'hy'la bond, no Vulcan blood in one, and thin in the other he said. Stek had no right, being a half-breed himself, son of that Romulan su'lar. T'Pau felt anger, and hate, so much that it bleeds even through this denied bond of blood they share. T'Pau opened her eyes. “What is that fool planning?”

T'Pau commanded her ancient bones to stand, as she saw her Comm was blinking. She went over and could not help the surprise from showing as she read the latest news from her grandson, Sarek. James Kirk currently has the most claim to the T'Snovek Maat's clan. His grandfather had Mestral's katric ark and they plan to recover it from its keeper at the exposition.

The rediscovery of a member of the T'Snovek Maat having heirs among the humans was news met with great joy and shock in equal parts. A son of the lost clan, Mestral, took a human bride and had many heirs. Millions in fact. James Kirk, t'hy'la of Spock, was one such heir. T'Pau smiled. Now they can no longer deny the t'hy'la bond she has seen. It was truly Vulcan, and it was a marriage to a high, if lost, clan.

Already the reldai and the kolinahru were at work unburying that clan's katric arks, and the families whose sons had taken human brides were vying for the clan's estate, long buried and unclaimed. Lands that for two centuries laid in a legal limbo could now be claimed and utilized. Along with Mestral's katric ark, T'Pau would be more than pleased to claim the katric arks of the greatest minds of that clan to add to her clan's shrine.

With this news, a t'hy'la bond between the great clans of S'chn T'gai and T'Snovek Maat the House of Surak would rise from the ashes of their fall like the fabled Haran bird. The knowledge of great Surakian scholars would be resurrected. Were she a century or two younger she would indulge in a dance to express her joy. It was a great wonder to be able to experience in her lifetime.

An insistent knocking interrupted her moment of joy and triumph. T'Pau resisted the urge to sigh. It was night and the only things that should be awake is T'Khut in the sky and the le-matyas hunting below. It was an indecent hour to disturb an old woman. She opened it and saw none other than her own son, Skon, and with him was a man that made her previous flower of joy wither and die; Stek “Skon, son of mine. Why do you disturb me at this hour, and bring him with you?”

Skon bowed his head slightly. “Mother, I bring terrible news. Ministers T'Poon and Stol are dead, in an apparent shuttlecraft explosion, and Administer Solik has been assassinated.”

T'Pau's eyebrows shot up. “Dead? How?”

Stek bowed deeply, but his eyes glinted with disrespect and defiance. “One of the humans from the USS Farragut was witnessed plunging a dagger into Administer Solik's side. The assassin is dead, so there will be no more answers from him. However, we believe he was working with a traitor on the High Command. It is obvious that Vulcan has been betrayed once more by humans from Earth.”

T'Pau stared at her son, silently asking what Stek was doing at her bedchamber doors in the middle of the night. Skon answered her wordless question, “Stek has had an attempt made on him, by the
traitor. Minister Sohot. The VDF is out searching for him as we speak. With circumstances being as they are, Stek has requested asylum with us for himself and his family, as Clan Mother it is your demesne.”

T'Pau's lips thinned. The kre'nath went to the one he sired like a cowardly kiren with his tail between his legs. A kre'nath Stek may be, but he was by blood of the S'chn T'gai and under circumstances she could not refuse protection for any of her blood for any reason short of one who had been declared vre'kasht and Vulcan no more like Sybok had been. T'Pau kept her distaste reined in. “Very well. He and his family may stay. Stek will be guarded and watched at all times. Stek will have a guard everywhere he goes in these walls...” T'Pau for emphasis added, “Including the bathing chambers and the sand pit.”

Stek bristled. “I have a right to some privacy I assume. Surely the palace is well guarded enough as is so I can relieve my wastes without worry. Minister Sohot would not dare enter.”

T'Pau looked down at him like a le-matya. “There is a murderer roaming unchecked. Until he is found, you as a Minister of the High Command must be guarded and watched... Always. Your privacy is a sacrifice to ensure your safety. One would not wish to discover your body slumped over the sand pit in such an undignified position.”

Stek kept his mouth shut. The idea of getting stabbed in the side while taking a shit seemed to knock down any protests. T'Pau after a pregnant pause stated. “If that is all. I bid you good night.”

T'Pau shut the door in their faces. She would have words with Skon later for letting Stek in their home without consulting her first. T'Pau had doubts of Stek truly being the next target or of humans' involvement. This had the markings of the Romulans. Plant seeds of mistrust in their enemies so that they destroy each other. The Romulans have the most to gain if the Federation alliance with Vulcan fails. Convenient that this occurred when the discovery of many humans being heirs to a lost Vulcan clan. T'Pau was no fool. Skon may be blinded by some parental attachment to a child he sired but did not raise, but T'Pau could see clearly.

T'Pau went back to meditate on what her next move should be. Stek was most likely the Romulan traitor who orchestrated this recreation of The Fall where people of Earth assassinate Vulcan's illustrious figures after they had been given hospitality. Stek's mother was a Romulan Commander turned prisoner that Skon relieved his Pon Farr on in his madness. Logically Stek would not be alone and had others working to destroy an alliance between Vulcan and Earth.

T'Pau would need to prove it, and the missing Minister Sohot was the key. T'Pau rose and went to the Comm. If Stek was not alone then most likely there would be more traitors and spies planting seeds of mistrust in Earth soil as well as Vulcan. Sarek must be warned.

Jim had gathered everyone at the Embassy to help out with the case. Scotty, Sulu, Chekov and Uhura were going over the cameras around the neighborhood. Spock, Jim and Bones were going over the forensic evidence. So far, nothing. Jim and Spock left the admiral's house with the man clearly alive, and not long after Sarek riding Pooh came to the house looking for his wayward children. After that the cameras had been knocked out. It was a frame job. Someone wanted it to look like Sarek killed Admiral Archer, and they were doing a good job of it.

Sarek, now trapped in the Embassy came in with more bad news. “I have news from Vulcan. Three
members of the High Command is dead. Stek is currently in my house under protection and Minister Sohot is currently wanted for his apparent collusion with the assassin.”

Jim stood up. “What?!”

Sarek slumped into a nearby armchair. “There is more. The one who assassinated Administer Solik was a human from the USS Farragut. The VDF has the ship impounded and every crew member under arrest.”

Bones' jaw dropped. “What the hell?! There is no way the Federation is behind this! First Archer and now some Vulcan head honchos? At the same time?! I don't buy it, something stinks.”

Jim nodded. “I agree. They sure it was a human that killed Solik? It could be someone else. Romulan Tal Shiar, Klingon Empire, Orion Syndicate, Cardassia's Obsidian Order. Lot of suspects that don't want Vulcan and the Federation to get together.”

Sarek sighed. “Apparently Minister Stek and several guards were there. After the assassin plunged a hidden dagger into Solik’s side, Stek pulled a phaser from his robes and disintegrated the assassin. There was no body to dissect.”

“How convenient.” Spock growled.

Sarek nodded. “T'Pau agrees. With Admiral Archer's death being pointed at me, and the High Command being assassinated by apparently a Starfleet Officer, it is clearly a plot to destroy our alliance.”

“Sa-mekh, we both know Stek is half-Romulan. He could be working with them to destroy this alliance and at the same time draw Vulcan closer to Romulus if war between our worlds is declared.”

Sarek agreed. “Indeed. Proving it is another matter. If Stek is the traitor, we need evidence.”

Bones asked. “What about those Vulcan mind whammy things? Can't you guys just go into Stek's mind and find what you are looking for?”

Spock looked scandalized. “You ask us to rape his mind with little evidence to justify such an enormous violation.”

Chekov sighed. “It is too bad no one saw Admiral Archer's murder.”

Sulu slumped in his chair. “Yeah, can't believe none of his neighbor's didn't see anything.”

“Me and Scotty double checked. No one was awake. Just one neighbor looking for his cat. Apparently it went missing, much like any witnesses we could ask.” Uhura sadly admitted.

Scotty took a swig of some scotch. “No one but the Admiral's beagle. Too bad you can't ask the dog.”

Jim perked up with interest. “D'Artangon? His beagle is okay?”

“Yeah, the wee pup is fine, just a little bruising and scared out of his wits. Cannae say I blame him, poor creature lost his master.” Scotty replied.

Jim grinned and asked Uhura, “Is evidence gained through telepathic means admissible in court?”

Uhura blinked. “Yes. Has been since the case ten years ago involving a Betazoid serial killer. Why? You think you can get a statement from a dog?”
Jim looked at Spock, and Spock sighed. “I can attempt to perform a Vulcan Mind Meld with D'Artangon.”

Uhura paused, taking in that thought. “That may actually work... We'd need another telepath, a neutral third party considering the prime suspect is a Vulcan to keep anyone from making accusations of bias.”

Jim smiled. “We have a Betazoid right here. Ambassador Troi. I bet she can help us.”

Sarek did not looked too thrilled. “Ambassador Troi? Is there not a better option?”

“Sorry Sarek, but considering the high stakes, you need a big player like her. She speaks for Betazed, and has pull. She'd be a big asset in clearing your name.”

“Very well.” Sarek reluctantly agreed. “But can it be made clear that I and my son are happily bonded to others?”

Jim laughed, knowing the woman's man-hungry reputation. “I will inform her myself. Alright, let's call Pike and tell him about our witness.”

“Pike was torn between laughing his ass off and dropping his jaw in disbelief at what he was hearing. Spock nodded. “Yes, Admiral. By performing the Vulcan mind meld with the canine, I can ascertain what D'Artagnon had seen the night Admiral Archer was murdered.”

Pike looked at Jim and the rest of his team. “A mind meld... with a dog.”

Jim nodded. “Yeah, I know this sounds crazy, but telepathic evidence is admissible in court, right? All we need is a Betazoid third party to make sure there won't be any accusations of bias on Spock's part. We called the Betazoid Embassy for their services in this case, I didn't give specifics.”

Pike blinked. “That... Could actually work.”

Jim grinned. “All we need is the dog. Where is he?”

Pike went to his Comm. “The dog is in the custody of Admiral Archer's grandson. I will make the necessary arrangements to protect our...” Pike failed to keep his face straight. “…Key witness. Chekov, Sulu, I'm putting you two in charge. Protect that dog while we make arrangements to get a testimony... from the dog. Here's Mr Archer's address, make sure the dog will make it to the stand.”

Chekov and Sulu left, and Jim heard Sulu mutter, “…Witness protection for a dog?”

“He is wery important witness in a wery important case!”

Pike shook his head and laughed. “I need to call President Dax and let her know about our new evidence in the case of Admiral Archer's death.”

Jim grinned. “Admiral Marcus is going to be barking mad!”

Pike laughed. “And after he had doggedly pursued Sarek, too.”
T'Pau was making arrangements to leave Vulcan and head to Earth. With her grandson Sarek being accused of murder, Skon had commanded the VSS Le-Matya to embark to extract Sarek and his family from Earth. T'Pau would go to speak on Vulcan's behalf. There was too much at stake. She did not want to leave with Stek roaming in her home. Even with a guard watching him, she did not trust him.

T'Pau faced the morning sun and looked out on her balcony overlooking Shi'Kahr. Selik, her grandson, approached her with her usual tea. “Ka-mekh'il? You are troubled, I would assist.”

T'Pau commanded him closer, and touched his psi points. “Son of my son, I would touch thy mind.”

Selik nodded, and gave his consent. Mind to mind, grandmother to grandchild. She knew Selik like his father Skon, and like his older brother, Sarek. In this manner she told him of her fears and of her doubts of Stek that T'Pau dared not say aloud. Anger and fear for Sarek, Selik's friend, brother, and shield-mate in battle. Stek, though he was a half-brother, Sarek was his friend with a bond forged in battle. Selik was his trusted second when Sarek went to steal Amanda to Koon-Ut and consummate his bond with her.

“Ka-mekh'il. I will watch Stek like a teresh-kah watches a k'nurt... But I believe I know where Sohot is.”

T'Pau raised a brow, her curiosity flickered across the meld. “Oh?”

“I too, never trusted Stek. I had my suspicions the moment I heard the news of Administer Solik's assassination. Sohot, I trust. He is my ne ki'ne. We journeyed together in the Forge to seek the path of Surak. Sarek and Soren with us as well, the four of us became ne ki'ne. I do not believe he is a traitor.”

T'Pau felt Selik's thoughts. Four men journeying into the Forge, facing desert bandits, le-matya, and more in a quest so many take but all have so far failed: to seek out the lost katic ark of Surak the wise. T'Pau also saw Selik's memory of Sohot coming to his ne ki'ne in the dead of night, begging him for help. Selik smuggled him to a place that only a few had access to, and Stek was not one of them: Koon-Ut's mating chamber.

T'Pau's thought drifted across the mind meld. “I can take him with me with your hood and your clothes. You and he share the same build.”

Selik agreed. “Sarek may be able to prove his innocence. Sohot had seen the assassin a day before the murder. They spoke, Stek saw them speak. It is how he implicated Sohot.”

“What did Sohot see?”

T'Pau felt hesitance from her grandson. “Sohot recognized the assassin's voice. Ka-mekh'il, the human was a Romulan spy. Surgically altered to appear human, and was given access by someone from inside the High Command. It is not Sohot, so that leaves Stek now that the rest are dead.”

It was not enough evidence for a forced mind meld to get the truth from Stek. She knew that Stek did not want the alliance with the Federation. “How does Sohot know the assassin is linked to Stek? Does he have enough proof for an interrogation?”
“Yes, but it will implicate him in another crime. He has lied about his background and his name. He is willing to sacrifice his career, his reputation if it will stop Stek, but first Sohot needs to leave Vulcan safely. Stek will kill him to silence him, he will not make it into the hands of the Kolinahru.”

T'Pau found this concerning. “Will Sohot submit to a mind meld?”

“Yes.”

T'Pau pulled from the mind meld, aware that out here on the balcony many ears could hear them. T'Pau smiled at her grandson. “I would have your company, my grandson. Join me for a walk to our shrine. I desire to commune with our ancestors before I leave this world to bring back our Sa-te'kru and our clan's cherished t'hy'la pair.”

Selik nodded. “Of course, ka-mekh'il. I shall fetch our sehrlats at once.”

Together they left the palace and journeyed to the Koon-Ut grounds. In Selik's saddlebag was his spare robes as the Hooded Guard. It hid his own face, and would hide Sohot's as well. The desert wind brought cool air, and Las'hark turned red in Vulcan's sky as it sank beneath the horizon to give way to the night. When the time was right Selik would emerge from Koon-Ut when Stek believed his guard had relaxed. As the Hooded Guard for his brother's first Koon-Ut-Kali'fee as well as Spock's he would have justice for the lives of two women Stek had sacrificed in a bad match for power.

Chapter End Notes

Translations:
Reldai – Priestess.
On-kuvsu - Hermaphrodite, or intersexed.
Ka-mekh'il – grandmother
Vre'kasht – Outcast, exile.
Teresh-kah – Silver bird-like predator.
K'nurt – Burrowing desert animal kind of like a rabbit.
Ne ki'ne – Shield warrior/brother. Someone you trust implicitly in the heat of battle.
Las'hark – Vulcan's sun. 40 Eridani A.
The Turncoat Flashes The Public

Chapter Summary

The killer is revealed, and a shocking twist

Chapter Notes

Okay some good news/bad news. The bad news is, I will not be posting chapter seventeen next week, I'll be posting that two weeks from now. The good news is I will instead be posting the sequel to my other spirk fic, Special Delivery From The Stork. It'll technically be a multichaptered fic, but it'll be more like a series of related really long one-shots. Sorry for the inconvenience everyone, I really appreciate and love you all, and the delay will not be forever and I hope you can enjoy the other spirk fic I've got in the meantime.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Sixteen:

The Turncoat Flashes The Public

D'Artagnon the beagle was brought to Starfleet HQ in secrecy to the hearing with President Dax as judge and seven admirals as jury. Sarek was accused of Archer's murder by Admiral Marcus with only circumstantial evidence, and Pike had informed them that there was a key witness that would be brought in, and Ambassador Troi would be acting as telepathic lie detector to ensure the evidence's authenticity would not be called into question. What wasn't said was who or what the witness was.

Jim sat next to Pike with Spock on his other side. Sarek sat nearby with Amanda and several Vulcan guards to ensure his safety. Many of Jim's friends, Bones, Scotty, and Uhura were sitting behind him, praying this crazy move actually works. If this goes bad, Sarek was done for. From what he heard this morning the situation on Vulcan was almost as bad. More than half of the High Command was dead, and the Federation was being blamed. It was a set up from somebody else who really wanted the Vulcans to go to war with with Federation. Everyone was too angry and grief stricken to see that they were being played like a Denebulan Fiddle.
Jim watched in disgust as Marcus showed the footage of Sarek approaching Archer's property, he showed the green blood found on Archer's cane, and lastly the forensic evidence that Archer was dead around the same time Sarek arrived. They couldn't tell the minute, but it was close enough that it pointed in Sarek's direction. Sarek told them that he asked Admiral Archer if he'd seen his sons, then left promptly after Archer gave him directions and cursed because the neighbor's cat slipped into the house. The evidence was circumstantial but it did not look good.

Spock whispered through their bond, “Why is Admiral Marcus so determined to see my father the murderer?”

“Because he doesn't trust Vulcans, and I wouldn't put it past him to see this as an excuse to boot Vulcan off Earth and take all your tech. I'm even starting to think that he might have something to do with Archer's death.”

“Would he go so far?”

“He's a dick and slightly xenophobic, but I doubt even he'd go that far…”

Jim was not sure now, and his doubt bleed through the bond, and he felt Spock's fingers brush against his. Warmth and affection emanated from Spock. They could do this. They could clear Sarek's name and get the one who murdered Archer and possibly took Mestral's katric ark. When Marcus finished, Jim spoke up. “I have new evidence that me and my team found that Admiral Marcus overlooked in our investigation. A key witness who was in the house at the time of the murder.”

Marcus was shocked to say the least. “There was no one in the house. I checked, Commander Kirk.”

Jim smiled up at him. “There was witness who your boys met at the scene.”

“Admiral Archer's grandson wasn't there. He didn't see what happened.”

Jim batted his eyelashes at Marcus, taking savage pleasure at the first hint of fear on Marcus's face. “I wasn't talking about Mr. Archer. Please, bring out our witness!”

Jim watched with a shit-eating grin on his face and smug song in his heart when Sulu and Chekov marched through those doors with D'Artagnon the beagle trotting along in tow. Needless to say Admiral Marcus was pissed that Jim apparently pulled a magic rabbit out of his ass to save Sarek. With the magic rabbit being a dog in this case. Marcus's face took on a rainbow of colors, first white, then pink, and slowly purple with rage. “You can't be serious! Pike! Your key witness is a damn dog?!”

President Dax cleared her throat. “Calm yourself, Admiral Marcus. We are here to ascertain the truth... However strange the source may be. I must admit I find it unusual, but I'll allow it... given you have a method of getting the truth from this... individual?”

D'Artagnon looked at Marcus and growled. Jim blinked. “Admiral Marcus, D'Artagnon doesn't seem to like you too much. I wonder why. I remember Admiral Archer told me and Spock to never trust anyone this dog didn't like.”

Marcus said nothing. Pike wheel forward. “Madam President, Ambassadors, and fellow Admirals, among the Vulcans there is a telepathic technique called the Mind Meld that allows a Vulcan to search a mind. Prince Spock is one such Vulcan that can do this. He believes that he can meld with this dog's mind for the night of Admiral Archer's death.”

Marcus snarled, “Objection! Spock's father is the prime suspect in this murder inquiry.”
A sea murmurs erupted. President Dax raised a brow at Pike. “Admiral Pike, he has a point.”

Ambassador Troi cleared her throat. “If I may? I can act as a neutral third party. I can tell whether they’re lying or not.”

President Dax nodded. “I'll allow it. Go ahead, Prince Spock.”

Marcus sat in his seat with a stoney expression. As Jim looked around the room, all looked with curiosity and interest. However he saw one face looking rather nervous. The Andorian Ambassador's aide, whose name escaped Jim, had gotten up and tried to leave the room on the basis that he had to use the bathroom. His movement caught the dog's eye and he started throwing a fit, barking and snarling at the Andorian. The Andorian sat back down, far from the dog, as Sulu and Chekov held the dog back. Jim saw Marcus stare at the Andorian with an odd expression briefly before keeping his face blank. Interesting was Jim's word of the day.

Spock approached the beagle who looked at Spock with joy and wagged his tail. “Hello again, D'Artagnon. Please allow me to touch your thoughts so we can know what happened to your master.”

Spock held his hand to the dog and blushed when the dog licked his fingers and nudged at his hand. Spock moved his hands upon the dog's head and closed his eyes as he chanted, “My mind to your mind, my thoughts to your thoughts... Our minds together and as one...”

Jim watched as Spock connected with the dog's mind. His expression of concentration flickered to vigorous sniffing and growling. “Arf. Arf. Arf.” Spock said in a monotone voice as he connected his mind with the dog's.

Jim tried not to laugh. Spock sifted through the dog's mind, his voice erratic and anxious. “Cat! Cat! Cat! Always teasing me! Master! Get up! The cat has invaded! She is on the counter! She is eating my treats! I see someone! Look! It is a person! Bark! Bark! Bark!”

Spock kept searching, his breath pitched sharply. “I see a cat. One who always taunts him, who walks into his territory. There is someone else. Someone unknown. This person sees his master, his master.yells at him. He charges at the bad person and sinks his teeth into his ankle. The intruder kicks him back. He yelps in pain. It hurts to move! Still he barks!”

Spock's face twisted in pain, as he felt the memory of it hit him. “The cat hisses at the intruder and runs away. The intruder does not see the master as he beats the intruder with his stick. The intruder takes the stick and shoves back. The master is falling. The master is not moving. The intruder drops something, makes the air stink and his eyes water. The intruder tries to leave, but he trips over the cat. He has dropped something and it breaks. The intruder is yelling and so very angry. He is talking into a magic talking box. Master is not moving. Intruder has hurt the master. He picks up broken thing and leaves. Master is not moving. His favorite person is dead.”

Spock's eyes snapped open and he let go of D'Artagnon. He looked around the courtroom in shock. “I know who killed Admiral Archer. I know what happened.”

The courtroom tensed as Spock revealed the killer, his eyes searching and he pointed at someone. “It was him.”

The Andorian Ambassador's aide in flurry of movement Starfleet Admirals and security officers pinned down the apparent Andorian. In the struggle one of his antennae broke, revealing them to be false and a small silver disc fell out. The Andorian struggled against the men holding him down. He glared at Spock hatefully, gritting his teeth. Spock's eyes widen as he realized that he had taken a
poison. “He's has taken a poison pill!”

The man smiled viciously. “There is no antidote for this poison and you will get no answers from me! Vulcan mind melds won't work well on me half-breed! I will die and you will be left in darkness!”

Spock put his fingers over the murderer's meld points and met with resistance, but he knew what kind of mind it was. He pulled back. “Romulan!”

The Andorian Ambassador's aide, now revealed to be a Romulan, had laughed. “Glory to the Romulan Star Empire! Jolan'tru!”

The surgically altered Romulan spy start convulsing and then he was dead. He took all of that he knew of Romulus's plots against the Federation and Vulcan with him. They would learn nothing from his corpse except for what they already knew. Spock looked at President Dax. “Madam President, I believe an autopsy will reveal that this man was a Romulan altered to appear Andorian, but as you have witnessed I believe you already know that.”

Ambassador Shras was stunned by the revelation of who his aide really was. “Thelev was a spy? I only knew him for three months but... I had friends that vouched for him when I hired him... Unbelievable.”

Jim picked up the silver disc. “It's a subspace transmitter, looks like a Romulan design. No doubt to send information to his buddies on Romulus. Do you all still doubt Sarek's innocence? I think it pretty obvious that we've been had by Romulans from the beginning.”

Marcus went very still. President Dax spoke above the crowd. “It appears this had been a plot to destroy the budding alliance between the Federation and Vulcan by our enemy. If there was ever proof of our need to unite, here it is. I apologize on behalf of the Federation for any distress this ordeal has caused King Sarek of Vulcan.”

“There is another matter.” Spock said. “The Romulan spy was not there alone. Ambassador Troi can confirm the truth of my words when I say that one who murdered Admiral Archer was also a thief. He stole the vre-katra Admiral Archer intended to give to us at the Expo, and broke it in the struggle.”

“Vre-katra?”

Sarek inhaled sharply. “The katric ark containing Mestral. His living spirit, all his knowledge! It is broken?!”

Spock nodded gravely. “It is. The Romulan spy had spoken to someone on a communicator someone who collaborated with this spy. This person wanted the vre-katra, and the spy broke it. The one who hired the spy to take it was not pleased that it was broken. D'Artagnon knew the voice's owner, as do I.”

Ambassador Troi gasped as she whipped around to face Admiral Marcus with a sharp manicured finger pointed at him. “You traitor!”

Marcus panicked in a quick flurry of movement grabbed the nearest hostage he could get. In the years after, many across the universe will learn what Marcus did not, and that was this: James T Kirk is a bad hostage. Jim was ripped from Spock's side and Spock only halted his attack when Marcus pressed a phaser against Jim's head. Jim grunted, “You're gonna regret this asshole.”

Marcus tightened his grip on Jim. “Quiet you little shit! I'm not putting up with you like the rest of
Starfleet does!"

Spock’s voice was deadly even, and his eyes burned with fury. “He is the only thing keeping you alive. Kill him and there will be nowhere in the universe that I will not find you and kill you.”

Marcus pressed the phaser into Jim's temple, switching it from stun to kill. “And I won't hesitate to blow this fat brat's brains out.”

Jim shouted, “Hey! I'm not fat! I'm pregnant!”

“Shut up, Kirk!” Marcus snarled.

“Let him go, Admiral Marcus.” Sarek said evenly. “You have nowhere to run and nowhere to hide. Accept the consequences for your mistakes or you seal your own tomb.”

Marcus dragged Jim back an inch toward the only exit. “Listen to me, all of you! I didn't know he was a Romulan spy! I only used him to take the Vulcan artifact! I thought he was an Andorian! He told me how he didn't trust the Vulcans either! I was pissed that Admiral Archer was just going to hand over one of the most valuable finds in human history to a bunch of aliens that may as well be our enemy's biological brother! He lied to me! How was I supposed to know that he was a fucking Romulan?!”

Admiral Marcus had a crazed gleam in his eyes. “I am a victim as well! You all sleep at night because I'm out there scraping for any advantage we can get over them! The Romulans will not stop until the Federation is dead! They want to destroy every single one of us! We can't afford to be starry eyed idealists! We're at war! We have to destroy them or they destroy us! I am trying to save you al-”

Admiral Marcus's speech was halted mid sentence and transformed into a high pitched screech of pure pain. He fell to the ground as the wind was taken out of him. Jim's mother, Winona, may not have been the world's best mom but she taught her son how to fight and win against any man that may try to take advantage of her son. While Admiral Marcus was distracted, his grip on Jim was loosened enough for Jim to use the patented Kirk move: The Nutcracker Suite.

Jim, as fast as greased lightning, twisted his body and slammed his elbow into Admiral Marcus's groin with the speed and pulverizing force of a sledge hammer. The sound of any hope of reproducing in Marcus's future could be heard across the room like a pair of grapes being crushed.

Jim darted quickly from him, but Marcus's hand was deadlocked on his phaser and pulled the trigger. The shot missed Jim, but it hit someone else. Amanda screamed as the shot went dead center into her chest. “Amanda!”

Sarek caught his wife before she fell on the ground. Spock went for Marcus's throat, wrapping both hands around his neck and squeezing. This monster took his t'hy'la and hurt his mother, and for that he would take his life. Marcus thrashed beneath Spock, and Spock remained unmoved, and watched as he struggled for his very life. Jim's voice rang clear through the rage, “Spock! T'hy'la! Don't kill him!”

Spock snapped out of his rage and moved his fingers to apply the Vulcan nerve pinch. Marcus went limp against the ground unconscious. Jim looked down, eyes wide. “Is he...”

Spock took a deep breath to calm his rage. “Unconscious... Mother!”

Spock turned around and saw Bones was at Amanda's side and barking orders at guards to get her to the infirmary. More medical staff and security came in and took Admiral Marcus away as well. Jim and Spock followed behind Sarek, praying to whatever god that will listen that Amanda would be
Okay.

Jim and Spock sat outside the Surgery room sick with worry for several hours. At first they kept themselves busy talking with Soren for updates and dealing with some of the aftermath of the hearing and Marcus's arrest. Now, they were just waiting. It was probably the worst part. Sarek had been in there and had not come out. No one could tell them anything because they were busy trying to save Amanda and her baby.

Nurse Chapel came in with some herbal tea for them both. “Here. It should help soothe your nerves. Dr McCoy is one of the leading physicians in the world, Lady Amanda will be fine.”

Spock’s hands had slight tremble to them as he took his cup of tea. “What is happening?”

“Dr McCoy is performing surgery to save her baby. Amanda is in the clear, but it's her little one that we’re worried about, but they’ve found a solution that they’re working on right now. The best thing you can do is rest. You have your own little ones to worry about.”

Jim squeezed Spock’s hand. “It'll be okay. Bones is a miracle worker and a doctor.”

“Can I see my mother?”

Nurse Chapel shook her head. “No, Sarek is in there with her using some kind of Vulcan mind technique to save the baby, and should not be disturbed. Dr McCoy is monitoring them both. He told me to tell you two that they will be out for the rest of the night. We have a room with a bed you two can borrow. If anything changes I'll come get you.”

Jim nodded, and thanked her. The room was modest, and comfortable with a window and a potted plant to make it seem more cozy. The bed was a bit on the small size for two people, but it was roomy enough if they snuggled, and right now physical comfort sounded good.

Jim looked out the window at San Fransisco. The weather outside matched their mood. Gray, dreary and rain pattering against the window like tears from the weeping sky. Jim led Spock to the bed without a word, and they held each other. Jim nestled into Spock’s shoulder, and pressed his stomach against his side. The contact seemed to work wonders on Spock’s nerves and he relaxed. “Jim... T’hy’la. I am scared.”

Jim nuzzled his neck. “I am too, but Christine said they're all fine, just resting. Amanda is fine.”

“What if I lose my sibling?”

Jim sighed. “You won't. Sarek won't let it.”

Spock felt some assurance in that. His father had lost one child already. He would not lose another. Spock did not want to sleep but the sound of the rain, his t’hy’la’s breathing, and the sounds of his children purring in their wombs, lulled Spock into a peaceful dreamless sleep.
The next morning some grouchy bear like creature woke them up. The grouchy creature was Bones. “Hey, lovebirds. Your parents are awake if you want to see them. Damn, I need some coffee.”

Spock and Jim leapt from the bed and ran past Bones. There on a hospital bed, wide awake and looking so drained was Amanda. “Spock! Jim! I'm so glad to see you two.”

“Mother!”

Spock in one of his rare moments where his humanity poked its head out, he ran to his mother and threw his arms around her. He halted and stared at her stomach. Her flat stomach. Jim's heart sank. “Amanda! Your baby!”

Amanda was trying to resist smiling. “I'm not pregnant anymore.”

Spock looked at her, completely confused. “But it is far too soon. It cannot survive outside of your womb yet.”

“She had to have a change of address.” Amanda laughed and then winced in pain. “Laughing hurts right now.”

Bones tsked. “You just went through major surgery. Take it easy.”

Jim grabbed Bones by the shoulders. “Bones! Where's Amanda's baby?”

Bones smirked. “Well, after taking a blast like that, we had to move the baby somewhere else while we repaired the damage. Given the difficulty of the change of living spaces, I dare not move the little girl back.”

Spock blinked. “A girl. My sister. I have a sister?”

Bones nodded. “Yup. Your sister is fine in her new home and adjusting pretty well after the move. Y'all are lucky that a good surrogate was nearby. With the difficulty of Vulcan hybrid pregnancies, we needed a Vulcan uterus for her blood type, preferably T negative for her to have a chance. Luckily the perfect candidate was on hand and willing.”

Spock stared. There were only a few Vulcan women on Earth currently and fewer who were of child bearing years. But who would be so generous and sacrifice so much for a child that is not hers? The list was very short. “Who is carrying my sister?”

“I am.” A familiar smooth baritone voice said from the next bed over.

Bones pulled the curtains aside, and there on the bed, with a prominent pregnancy bump that these thin sheets could not hide, was none other than Sarek. Jim blinked. “Sarek... You're pregnant!?”

Spock looked like his brain just shut down as he stared at his father... His now pregnant father. “Samek... You are carrying a child? Your child?”

Jim blinked, his brain froze up and tried to process the two words that didn't go together; Sarek and pregnant. “You're pregnant?! How?”

Sarek looked down at Jim's stomach and back at him with a raised brow. “Did the doctor not explain it clearly enough?”

The gears in Jim's head ground to a halt. Bone rolled his eyes. “Jim, some Vulcan males are born with an auxiliary uterus, your green-blooded husband is one of them in case you forgot. Where do
you think Spock inherited that little gift?’

Jim looked from Bones to Sarek as his brain finally worked it out. “Sarek has a uterus. I forgot! Yeah, now I remember! Back on the Enterprise he got really bad menstrual cramps and spent the whole day hugging a hot pad!”

Amanda laughed when that was brought up. “My husband's very first fertility cycle. He hated it so much.”

Sarek commented, “It is fortunate that had happened. Without going through at least one cycle I would not be able to carry my daughter now.”

Sarek winced, and rested a hand on his belly. He looked at Amanda pleadingly. “Wife. I believe our daughter is attempting to rip her way out of me.”

Amanda was laughing her ass off. “She's kicking, probably attempting to adjust to her new room. Welcome to being pregnant, husband.”

Sarek cringed. “I am beginning to I believe that she is not a Vulcan but a wild animal. Is this normal for her?”

Amanda gave her husband one of the biggest shit eating grins Jim had ever seen. “Oh ashayam, It gets worse from here. Wait until you get weird cravings, swollen ankles, back pain, headaches, and oh! The constant pressure on your bladder!”

Sarek looked horrified. “You went through all of this?”

Amanda laughed maniacally and Sarek looked very worried. “Sarek! With you pregnant I am now our family's klashausu! All of my boys are pregnant and must be protected and provided for!”

Sarek was starting to panic. “But I can still do my duties, can't I?”

Amanda grinned. “Oh no, Sarek. You're pregnant and therefore *delicate*. I'll have to keep you and our boys who are also pregnant holed up like a pre-reform woman in the tent. Don't worry, I'll go out with the rest of the warriors and bring back food for you. You and our sons can sit in and work on your weaving or whatever it is you pregnant men do.”

Sarek sighed. “Yes, ashayam. I believe you have made your point rather clearly. However, I am not a weaver. I am still sa-te'kru of Vulcan. I am pregnant, not useless. Even with this wild beast pummeling my internal organs, I can still perform some of my duties.”

Amanda smiled and reached out with her two fingers. “Now you know how I've been feeling for all these years, my husband.”

Sarek connected their fingers in a kiss. “Taluhk nash-veh k'dular.”

Spock looked like he was about to faint from shock. “Sa-mekh is pregnant.”

Bones patted Spock on the shoulder. “Just think Spock, now you can spend more time with your old man in your lamaze class.”

Jim pictured Sarek attending their class and doing the breathing exercises and listening to the girls gossip. Jim laughed his ass off. “Amanda, is Sarek going to attend our Vulcan child care class?”

Amanda snorted and choked on her laughter. “Of course, he's going to be my teacher's assistant.
Right, ashal-veh?”

Sarek nodded. “I have already refreshed my skills on infant care and I am prepared to impart my own knowledge to others who have need of it. After all, we will welcome two grandchildren as well as another child into our clan.”

Sarek looked to Spock. “My son, while I was incapacitated, what news do you have?”

Spock handed his father a PADD. “I was too emotionally compromised to do my duties as your heir and handed much of the work to be done to Soren. You named him your ne ki'ne and I trusted him to handle many of your tasks.”

“Logical. Soren is competent as well as trustworthy.”

“I wonder... Whatever happened to Admiral Marcus?” Amanda asked.

Jim grinned. “He's been stripped of his rank and shipped off to a max security penal colony where he'll stay for the rest of his life with the rest of the worst of the worst. I hear he's getting a cell next to the infamous Captain Garth and Zapp Brannigan.”

Bones whistled. “Not as bad compared to the damage you left behind, Jim. Dr Piper had not seen a man so destroyed since my divorce. I disagreed with that comparison. Jocelyn may have taken the planet in the divorce, but at least I still have my testicles.”

Amanda's jaw dropped. “Oh my! You mean he's...” Amanda trailed off as her face broke trying to contain her chortling and snorting.

Jim nodded. “Yeah, I hear they had to amputate everything. All but one inch of his... well... I believe the Vulcan word is lok. In all fairness the dick deserved it... Well asshole. Can't call him a dick anymore, since he hasn't got much of one now.”

Bones added. “Nor can you say the man has balls... But at least he can now do the best impersonation of Mickey Mouse anyone's ever heard.”

Jim winced in sympathy. “I heard some of the nurses have a betting pool for what his prison name will be. Some are saying 'Admiral Stubby', others are calling for 'Admiral Mouse' since he now sounds like Mickey Mouse, but my favorite is Admiral Nutless.”

Sarek was both impressed and terrified of his son-in-law. “I had originally intended to demand his head for harming my wife, our unborn child, and you, but I believe at this point killing him would be a mercy for him.”

Spock turned to Jim and asked, “T'hy'la? Where did you learn that move?”

Jim flustered a bit. “My mother. She was not the world's greatest mother but she did teach me the patented Kirk family move: The Nutcracker Suite. Admiral Marcus is not the first man whose balls I've busted. There's been many over the years who didn't know how to take Fuck Off for an answer. I'm James T Kirk, and I am no one's bitch... Except for you Spock, I'll gladly be your bitch.”

Spock shuddered and made a mental note to never anger his mate. “You are most formidable, my t'hy'la.”

Spock's PADD then buzzed, and saw a message from Soren. “Ah. It is Soren. They have interrogated the disgraced Admiral Marcus and took our suggestion of having assistance from our visiting Kolinahr master, T'Sai.” Spock's eyebrows shot up. “He say's Trensu T'Sai had displayed...”
the first emotion she had shown since attaining Kolinahr when she heard Admiral Marcus speak: Amusement.”

Bones bust out laughing. “This just keeps getting better and better!”

“Did they find anything from him?”

Spock nodded. “Admiral Marcus's disgrace has become worse. He was the one to leak Dr Kirk's research to Harry Mudd. He is also a member of xenophobic Earth organization called Terra Prime and has been funding them. The Romulan spy had been feeding his publicly secret xenophobia and the two of them had been working together to break up the alliance with Vulcan and steal our technology.”

Sarek inhaled sharply. “He truly was mad... What of the vre-katra?”

Spock sighed. “They have recovered it. The reldai and Trensu T'Sai says it had been occupied for many years but the katra within is gone. It is no more than a broken, empty vessel. Without a new vessel to go into upon the old one's shattering, the katra is most likely gone. The Romulan spy who broke it is dead, and the other two possibilities are Terran house pets, one of which I mind-melded with. I would have known right away if a Vulcan katra had been possessing D'artagnon.”

Sarek looked down mournfully. “That is most regrettable... All of Mestral's knowledge, all of his experience... Lost.”

Jim regretted that too. A chance to know little more about his grandfather, the only man growing up that didn't think Jim's dreams were stupid, was gone. He even encouraged Jim to reach out to the stars and find his dream world, and probably because he knew the place Jim dreamed of was real. Did his grandfather know Jim had this t'hy'la bond waiting on his grandfather Mestral's home planet? Jim would never know now. “At least it wasn't worse. We could have lost Amanda, and her baby.”

Spock agreed, and pulled Jim tight against his chest. “I could have lost you, my t'hy'la.”

Sarek nodded. “No lives were lost, the loss of one vre-katra does not compare.”

Bones clapped his hands together. “You two can leave tomorrow. I'm going to get some sleep. I've been up for thirty-six hours, and I've been running on twelve cups of coffee and a prayer.”

Bones found the couch that visitors sit in and keeled over and didn't move. Jim was starting to wonder if he should call Nurse Chapel when he heard a sound he hadn't heard since the Academy. Bones only snored like a bear at the end of exam week. Sarek looked horrified that one man could make such an awful sound. “Is he choking?”

Jim laughed. “Nah, he's snoring.”

“I do not think I shall be able to get my prescribed rest.”

“Yeah, try having him as a roommate.” Jim nudged Spock. “I think the two of us can dump him somewhere else. Spock, if you can get his shoulders, I'll get his legs.”

Spock turned his father and held up the ta'al. “Sa-mekh, since you and mother are in no danger, I shall take over your duties as your heir while you rest.”

Sarek returned his ta'al. “Logical. You will also prepare for T'Pau's arrival. The situation on Vulcan has become unstable. With the revelation of a Romulan plot to destroy our alliance, stability can return.”
Jim looked at Spock with unasked questions. Spock grabbed Bones by the shoulders, and said, “I shall explain when we return to the Embassy. Now please carry Dr McCoy's legs. His smell and the sounds coming from his mouth is most unpleasant.”

Jim laughed, and helped Spock carry Bones out of the room. “You think your end is bad? You've not smelled Bones' feet after he pulled a triple shift at the hospital.”

Spock did not complain about Dr McCoy's breath or snoring after that.

The next day Amanda and Sarek had been released from the hospital and they returned to the Embassy. They decided to hole themselves up in their office. Sarek still had much work to do, and needed Amanda's help to explain a human idiom or expression that frequently came up. Amanda was still sore, and couldn't bend over for at least another day, and neither could Sarek. When they needed to pick something off the floor, Pooh became an invaluable tool.

Sarek sighed. Amanda looked down at where her husband was looking. Sarek's PADD was on the floor again. “Pooh! Come!”

Pooh came trotting into the office. Sarek pointed at his PADD. Pooh sniffed it, and carefully picked it up with his teeth. Sarek sighed. It was covered in drool now, and Pooh's nose pressed a few buttons that closed the application he was using. Sarek saw how proud the large sehlat was and patted him on the head. “You have my gratitude.”

Pooh licked Sarek in the face. Pooh liked helping. Amanda giggled. “You're a big help! Such a good boy!”

Pooh preened at the praise. He was a good boy. “Bwooo!”

The door opened. Jim and Spock's heads poked in. Spock whispered to Jim. “I told you they were not engaging in coitus. They are unable to do so with the doctor's restrictions.”

Jim rasped back, “Sex with your parents is something I don't want to see. Even if they do qualify as a MILF... or a DILF in your dad's case... Probably how you turned out so sexy Spock.”

Spock opened his mouth to ask when Jim silenced him with a finger smushed against Spock's lips. “Spock there are some things you don't want to know.”

Amanda laughed, and made a most unlady like snort. “Don't tell him Jim, my kan-bu's poor innocent ears can't handle it.”

Sarek shared a look with his wife, and Jim knew from his own experience with telepathic marriage bonds with a Vulcan that she was probably explaining what a MILF was to him. Sarek blushed, green all the way down to his neck. Amanda giggled at his reaction. “Come on in boys.”

Jim snorted and came in, followed by Spock, ever at Jim's side. Spock still looked at his father's stomach, it was still adjusting to being cut open, having a fetus shoved inside and sealed back up. His father was suddenly shunted into the role of a mother. It was hard to picture. Spock was still awkward around him. “Sa-mekh. Soren has gone to meet T'Pau at the space port and will be bringing them here. She says she understands why none of us can go and meet her in person.”
Sarek glanced down at his stomach. “I am still recovering from the operation, as is Amanda. When will they arrive?”

Heads turned when a soft knock on Sarek's office door sounded. Jim replied. “They're already here.”

“Open.” Sarek commanded.

It was Soren. “Sarek, the honorable Lady T'Pau is here... With your brother?”

Sarek raised a brow. “My brother? You have doubts.”

Soren came in and closed the door behind him. He said in a lowered voice. “I know Selik as well as you. I know all of my ni ki'ne. They wished to speak to you in private. They stressed this.”

Sarek caught Soren glance at Amanda, Jim and Spock. Sarek nodded. “Show them in.”

Soren darted off, and Sarek turned to Amanda. “My wife...”

Amanda glared at her husband. “You're going to kick us out of your office, aren't you?”

Sarek sighed. “Regrettably yes. T'Pau would not request such privacy otherwise.”

Amanda crossed her arms. “She can kick me out herself. You're pregnant with my child, now.”

“I knew that would be your answer.”

Jim looked between them. “Uh... What's going on? If this about that situation on Vulcan I don't want to be left out in the dark. I know some people on the Farragut. They shouldn't be thrown in some Vulcan prison.”

Spock put a possessive arm around his mate. “I will not be kept ignorant of matters that concern our clan and our people. Am I not your heir?”

Sarek sighed. “Very well.”

A knock on the door sounded once and T'Pau entered, behind her was a man wearing the garb of the hooded guard of Koon-Ut. To most he appeared to be his brother Selik, but to Sarek's keen eyes, he was not. Sarek raised a brow. “Sohot?”

T'Pau shushed him and closed the door behind her. Sohot's eyes widened with fear. “Grandmother? What is going on? I was told to expect Selik, not Sohot.”

“Is this room secure?” T'Pau asked with urgency. She glanced down at Sarek's stomach with a raised eyebrow, but said nothing. She merely glanced at Amanda with shared humor in her eyes at Sarek's condition.

Amanda sat up. “What's going on?”

Sohot took off his hood at Sarek's nod. Jim looked at the guy called Sohot, and remembered him from the wedding feast. “Hey, you're the avocado fan! One of the ministers that voted to let Spock take me to Earth! How are you?”

Sohot didn't look so well. “It is good to see you in excellent health James Kirk, but I cannot say the same.” Sohot glanced down at Sarek's stomach with surprise. “I apologize for burdening you with this matter in your... condition, old friend, but it is a matter of life and death.”
Sarek was beginning to tire of how the others treated him. “I am pregnant my old friend, not useless.”

Sohot hesitated for only a moment. “Sarek, you who has named me ni ki'ne and I have in turn named you ni ki'ne. I beg you for sanctuary.”

Sarek stood. “You have it. Grandmother. Explain.”

T'Pau raised a brow. “Have you not heard? Sohot is being blamed for the assassination of Administer Solik, and Ministers T'Poon and Stol. Selik and myself believe Stek is responsible, but there is no proof without... making life complicated for Sohot. It was thy brother who hid Sohot away in Koon-Ut, and I smuggled Sohot with me disguised as thy brother.”

Spock raised a brow. “Ka-mekh'il? I was told that it was a human from the USS Farragut who is being held accountable for their deaths. The ship as well as its crew is currently being held in the Kir prison.”

Sohot corrected him. “That is what is being told to the public. What is not common knowledge is that the assassin had to have been given access to the other ministers with the aide of someone one the High Command. Someone with the security clearance to access the inner chambers. Only a member of High Command and the current Sa-te'kru has access. Sarek was here on Earth and Skon was sitting on the High Council at the time to settle a water dispute. That means one of the ministers of High Command is a traitor, given that three of them are dead, that leaves only two possibilities. Myself and Stek. Both of us witnessed the murder, and yet I am being blamed.”

Sarek stiffened and saw fear in the way Sohot held himself. He had never seen his ni ki'ne so afraid, and yet he still admirably attempted to conceal it and kept it from controlling him like a true Vulcan. “I see... Sohot my ni ki'ne. You are safe here. My wife, my grandmother, and my sehlat will not bring you harm. Neither will my son or his t'hy'la.”

Sohot nodded and Sarek saw relief return to his features. “Sarek. It was not I who murdered Solik. The only culprit it could be is Stek. We both know of his Romulan heritage.”

Sarek shook his head. “One's birth is not enough to condemn a person. You of all people should know that.”

Sohot nodded. “I know... But what of someone actions? Does Surak The Wise teach us that nobility lies in actions and not in name? Stek's actions have been far from noble.”

Sarek's gaze softened at his friend of over fifty years. “And your actions have been most noble.”

Sohot sighed. “But so many do not know, nor can they of my noblest action, and that is for the best... Sarek I know the assassin who killed Administer Solik. He appeared as a human but he was Romulan, and there is no body left to prove it. Stek disintegrated the evidence. Only my word is left. If I tell all before a court why I know he was a Romulan spy it would ruin the life I have built.”

Sarek weighed in on the heavy decision that lay before him. In the eyes of most people Sohot's most noble deed would condemn him, and if Sohot did not testify it would condemn all of Vulcan... Perhaps even the rest of the Federation. “My friend. As Surak teaches us, the needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few.”

Sohot nodded. He was a man of logic, one who dedicated his life to Surak's teachings. “Or the one. I understand.”

Amanda who until now was quiet, could no longer stay silent. “What did Sohot do that's so bad?”
Sohot held his head high, though in his eyes was great sorrow. “I am D'Vel'nahr.”

Spock's eyes widened. “No... Sohot, all these years? You... You are...”

Jim was confused. “What? I'm still working on my Vulcan. What's D'Vel'nahr?”

“Vulcan by choice.” Spock said evenly. “Someone who chose the Vulcan way of life.”

“Is that bad?” Jim asked.

“No, James Kirk.” T'Pau answered. “Being D'Vel'nahr is a noble thing...”

“But I was not Vulcan by birth.” Sohot said. “That is the problem.”

Spock's eyebrows shot up. This man was kin by marriage. His father's ni ki'ne. “Sa-mekh? Did you know?”

Sarek closed his eyes. “Yes, it was a secret kept by myself, Soren, and Selik. We told no one else of Sohot's origins.”

Sohot bit back an old pain. “My birth name was Keros. I was born on Romulus. I was a Commander of my own Romulan Warbird, and the firstborn son the Praetor of Romulus. I left it all behind... Burned everything that was Keros and like the Hamlan bird I was reborn in the ashes as Sohot a Vulcan. I am a Romulan no longer. I chose to be a Vulcan. I am a Vulcan.”

Chapter End Notes

Translations:

Jolan'tru – Romulan phrase meaning both hello and good-bye, semi formal.

D'Vel'nahr – Vulcan by choice
Chapter Seventeen:

The Lok Pinch

Sohot was a Romulan. The revelation stunned Jim, but not as much as it did Spock, who knew this man his whole life. Sohot was his father’s shield brother, his ni ki’ne. This man was like an uncle, a sworn brother to his father and loyalty tested in battle. “You are Romulan. You have deceived us for all these years. Tvi’ok!”

Amanda gasped. “Spock! Language!”

Sarek stood between his shield brother and his son. “Spock. Let Sohot explain. It is a long story, but his deserting Romulus is no lie. I have melded with him, as has Selik and Soren. Sohot truly left Romulus to be Vulcan.”

Spock relaxed somewhat but his eyes burned with fury and hurt. Jim gripped Spock’s shoulder, willing the waves of his love and affection for Spock wash over him. Jim looked at Sohot. The name always sounded funny. Like the weather on Vulcan was Sohot. Now it was a name the guy picked for himself. Jim was really damn curious how a Romulan commander and son of their Praetor, left
everything behind. “How? I mean, aren't Romulans like fanatic about Romulus? Death before dishonor and all that. I saw a guy a couple of days ago, a Romulan assassin that killed Archer, kill himself so Romulus's plot to destroy the Vulcan alliance would succeed. Romulans are crazy about their culture to the point of insanity.”

Sohot sighed wearily and found a place to sit. “That is the reason why I left. I was the first of my kin, sundered from our original home world of Vulcan, to return to our true ancestral home willingly.”

Sarek handed Sohot a glass of Vulcan port, which Sohot gratefully accepted. “You see, after the Vulcans who scorned Surak's way of peace, left Vulcan to continue their violent ways, it became clear that wanton violence would destroy themselves. They were few in number, so instead of suppressing their emotions, they channeled them into deviousness, deception, and an unwavering loyalty to the world they declared their homeland: Romulus. They became so skilled at deception that they deceived themselves. They may give themselves by a new name, a new tongue, and live differently but they are nothing more than Vulcan exiles.”

“But you are still a Romulan by birth, born and raised. You are Keros, not Sohot.” Spock accused.

Sohot's nostrils flared and his eyes burned. “I am not a Romulan! I am a Vulcan!” Moisture shone in Sohot's eyes, and tears threatened to spill. “Romulus is a lie! A lie told to exiles and outcasts to make them feel better at night! To help them forget that they were banished from their real home world and can never go back to it. Keros died long ago when he realized the truth, that the history of his ancestors, of their so-called noble pilgrimage from Vulcan was a lie. Lies and propaganda to cover the truth!”

“What truth is that?” Spock asked.

Sohot looked worn, and pale. “That Romulans are dying as a people and a culture. Life in the Romulan Empire is a life of endless battle, secure victory for Romulus, move up in rank. Glory for Romulus. All for Romulus. We used to have a thriving culture, music, art, literature expressing our passions. The reason for our existence was to live freely with our passions instead of repressing them like our kin who chose Surak's logic. The very reason we left Vulcan, and left our Vulcan tongues and names to become something else was for our passion. That is no longer the case.”

Sohot drank deeply from Sarek's bottle of Vulcan port. “We took the tradition of t'hy'la with us when we left Vulcan. Did you know that?”

Jim and Spock did not know that. Sarek elaborated. “T'hy'la in the time before Surak was not unheard of. It was in fact somewhat common. In those days a warrior had two wives. One at home to bear his heirs, and the other to whom his heart and soul belonged to. His k'hat'n'dlawa, his t'hy'la, the man who fought and died at his side in battle. The one with whom he mated with when his pon farr came while away from home.”

“It was like that on Romulus as well.” Sohot said. “Up until a couple of centuries ago. The Romulan government noticed more and more Romulan soldiers choosing to mate with their t'hy'la instead of their wives to breed. So then they encouraged women to become soldiers and put term limits for how long a male can serve so that eventually he would have to go home to be with his wife. The practice of t'hy'la became unfashionable if it referred to two men.”

“Wait, hold up.” Jim said. “So not only are Romulans xenophobic ruthless conquerors, but they're also homophobic too? Am I hearing this right?”

Sohot laughed, but it was hollow and empty. He looked broken. “Do you know what it is like to live in a dying culture, turned to death instead of creation? A culture that is nothing but corruption,
deception, and an endless battle to live at the top of a mountain of those who had been stepped on?”

“Life on Romulus was a grey and dull one. Nothing new was ever encouraged to grow. Anything different was shunned. If you displayed any of the ancient Vulcan gift of telepathy you were put to death. If you were an alien, you were put to death. If you dared breed good Romulan stock with anything inferior, you were shunned. If you deviated from the norm, the Tal Shiar could go into your home and kill you and your family.”

Jim was always a history buff. He had studied cultures of Earth that fell into decline, like ancient Rome and Germany in the early twentieth century. They were all thriving civilizations, but they culture of endless conquest and fanaticism could not sustain itself. Spock understood this. “They shunned the most sacred of Surak's teachings: Infinite Diversity in Infinite Combinations.”

Sohot nodded. “Have you seen many Romulans? Have you noticed that some are virtually identical to Vulcans in appearance, but there are some who have a pronounced V shaped foreheads?”

Jim did wonder about that. “Is it some kind of ritual self mutilation thing or cosmetic preference?”

Sohot shuddered. “No. It is the result of inbreeding. There were not many of the First Ones by the time they reached Romulus. When you refuse to breed outside of your caste, or even your own people when the options are so limited, the results are not pretty. Not to mention many families prefer that their property and land stay within the family.”

Jim had to suppress his gag reflex. “So Romulans are kissing cousins.”

“Worse. Sibling marriages are legal and not unheard of.” Sarek added.

Jim felt like he was going to be sick. “That's gross!”

Spock shared the sentiment. “As well as being detrimental to future offspring.”

“And now you know why I insisted on marrying Amanda.” Sarek said. “Sybok's mental illness was a result of an incestuous match.”

T'Pau agreed. “I have seen in my lifetime Vulcan declining. We are beginning to witness the first signs of having a limited gene pool that the Romulans now have to live with. Ever since The Fall, we isolated ourselves, all while recovering from a drastic drop in our population. We must go back to the stars and take outworlder mates if we are to survive as a people.”

Sohot nodded. “The Romulan government suppresses information of how sick they are as a people. Even Romulus's sun is in the last stages of it's life. It could go nova as soon as a century, two at most. Any who dare speak such blasphemy, that Romulus is anything but forever is shunned and exiled. My forefather's dream of Romulus was dying as it began, they settled on a world in it's twilight years with only a few millennia left to live. Romulus forever indeed... Romulans may go extinct as a species in the lifetimes of the children in your wombs.”

Jim wondered for so long why the Romulans experimented on him as kid. He wondered what depravity could fuel them to do something so horrible as Tarsus. To destroy a colony with a fungus to weed out the weak, and harvest the strongest. They were probably seeing the same thing Sohot, or rather Keros did: the extinction of Romulus. Death was far kinder compared to extinction.

The last of Spock's anger died away. It it's place, curiosity. “How did you manage to pass for Vulcan all these years?”

Sohot had the hint of a smile. “Fifty two years ago, a young handsome commander of his own
Romulan Warbird crashed landed on met a Vulcan cruiser in battle over a distant world. He was the only survivor of his ship. Despite his beacon lit, the other Romulan Warbirds left him for dead. However this Romulan Commander was not alone. There was a lone Vulcan survivor from the other cruiser.”

Spock raised a brow at Sohot's amusement. “Who was this survivor?”

“Your uncle, Selik.” Sohot seemed to come back to life at speaking the name. “I hated him at first. He distrusted me, and sought to kill me before I could kill him. The feeling was mutual. The planet forced us to cooperate. Between the cold weather, scarce food and water, and the native fauna trying to eat us, we had to work together or die alone. The both of us were stranded and no one was coming back for us. That was the first thing we ever agreed on. The warp coils in my escape shuttle was salvageable but I had no life support. Selik had the opposite problem. We called that miserable planet our home for seven months and thirteen days.”

“Oh, like that old proverb about the two men at the river!” Amanda said, her eyes lighting up. At the blank looks she got, she rolled her eyes.

“There are two men on opposite sides of a river in the dead of winter. One has only flint and the other has only steel. One will have to have to cross the river to get to the other side to survive, neither willing to be the first to do it.”

“I crossed the river it seems. My side was not as attractive as Selik's.” Sohot said after musing on it. “Selik was the one who kept approaching me with his logical solution. After awhile I was forced to decide. Do I die on this miserable planet, forsaken by fellow Romulans or do I live and forsake what it is to be Romulan by embracing the enemy? Selik showed me what it was to be Vulcan.”

Sarek looked softly at his ni ki'ne. “Selik became your friend and he knew your mind. He named you ni ki'ne, and one with whom he wished to name his t'hy'la.”

Spock's eyes widened. “Sa-kuk Selik nam-tor sa-ka-ashausu?!”

Jim blinked. “Um, your uncle Selik be what? I don't know that word. Sa-ka-ash something.”


Jim asked. “So you and Selik are like me and Spock? T'hy'la? I thought that was rare?”

Sohot shook his head sadly. “We Romulans burn once every seven years, like the rest of our ancestors. Driven by our biology to procreate, to seek out a mate. Selik and I share a bond, but it is not strong enough to fight our shared biology. We become complete animals, unable to speak or reason like men. It is dangerous for two males to spend their pon farr together, sometimes they will see the other male as a rival instead of mate and attempt to kill the other.”

Jim was confused, surely there were plenty of Vulcans who preferred their own gender. “So if some Vulcan prefers males and loves this other Vulcan guy, what they do?”

“Jim.” Spock gazed at his t'hy'la. “I am blessed. I was deep in the plak tow, the blood fever. You came and I spoke, I regained some of what was truly me, only a t'hy'la bond is so powerful to
override our biology. In other circumstances I would not speak, I would only take. There would be no gentleness as what we shared. No moments of sanity.”

Sarek looked at his wife with shame. “Even our females do not come away unscathed. It is a marvel that a creature as delicate as a human could service a male deep in his Pon Farr and still live to service him again in seven years.”

Jim paled. If those couple of days of marathon sex was gentle he dreaded what a pon farr looked like for most Vulcans. “So fight or fuck?”

Sohot fought a grin. “Romulans just experience a week of being uncontrollably horny and miserable once every seven years. Centuries away from Vulcan, and not repressing their emotions made it less fatal, but it debilitates them all the same. Exerting control on one's emotions and striving for logic comes with a price. I went through the Romulan version of Pon Farr while stranded. Selik was kind enough to offer himself. It worked, even though I attempted to choke him to death.”

Sohot sighed. “When Selik went through his pon farr, Sarek had to come into the Koon-Ut grounds and pull him off of me and have his childhood betrothed go in. It took me weeks to recover physically. My heart, however, never recovered. We had thought that our bond was strong enough to survive the pon farr and we could marry and truly be t'hy'la.”

T'Pau was empathetic. “We too, thought that the bond between you and Selik would be a t'hy'la one, but it was not to be. I grieve with thee, Sohot.”

Sarek felt Sohot's pain, and that of his brother Selik's. Sarek had hoped that they would be declared t'hy'la. Sarek felt a hiss of pain, but not from himself. It was from his brother. Sohot and T'Pau felt it as well. Selik was in trouble. Soren came in, slightly out of breath, and fear in his eyes. “Sarek! News from home! Selik has been arrested!”

Sohot dropped his bottle and grabbed Soren by his robes. “What happened?!”

Soren gently pulled Sohot off of his robes. “Sohot, Sarek, my ni ki'ne. Selik made a great sacrifice to trap Stek.”

“What sacrifice did he make?” Sarek asked with a slight tremor in his voice.

“Selik forcefully mind melded with Stek. Skon and the palace guards say Selik went quietly and pleaded guilty. Skon was forced to hand Selik over to the Kolinahr masters.”

Sohot sobbed. Soren tried to comfort him. “The good news is that Selik got evidence that Stek did indeed work with the assassin and is the traitor. All of Vulcan knows that it was the Romulans who killed our High Command. Stek has been arrested and handed over to the Kolinahr masters for interrogation and the people of the USS Farragut have been released. They are both awaiting trial...”

Soren looked at Sohot. “However Stek has made accusations of your ties to Romulus and with Selik being taken to the Kolinahr masters... Everyone will know the truth. You cannot go back.”

Sohot sniffed, and attempted to control his grief. Spock tried to give the man he viewed as kin in action, the man he still saw as kin even after finding out that he was a Romulan. “Uncle Selik's actions were logical, he will be not be punished. We will all see to it, right Sa-mekh?”

Sarek nodded. T'Pau sighed. “I will stay here to assist in thy efforts in maintaining this alliance. I just spent four days on a ship and I have no wish to get back.”

Sohot looked torn. “What will happen to me? I cannot go to Selik's side without being arrested. My safety here in this embassy is unknown.”
Jim had an idea. “Hey, we'll go to Vulcan and bring Selik here. Meanwhile I have an idea of who you can stay with.”

Sohot raised a brow. Jim never would have guess the guy was a Romulan. “Who?”

Jim grinned. “A friend of ours, but I warn you, she's... persistent on her hunt for a pointy eared man.”

Glorianna Troi smiled at the handsome new visitor James Kirk and his Vulcan family brought. “James Kirk! Prince Spock! Welcome!” She gazed at Sohot with naked desire. “And who is this tall, green drink of water?”

Spock, Jim, and Sohot were at the Betazoid Embassy. Sohot blinked. “I am Minister Sohot of Vulcan High Command... I request political asylum... At least for a week or so, depending on how the trial goes on Vulcan.”

Glorianna blinked. “Why do you need it?”

The three men all looked at each other, and fidgeted like a bunch of kids being asked “Which of you little shits broke my window?” Jim opened his mouth to say something and closed it. Finally Sohot spoke, “I am being falsely accused of the murders of three of my fellow members of the High Command. I need sanctuary until my name can be cleared.”

“Why not ask one of those Kolinahr people to scan your mind?”

“Because it would make life difficult for me.”

“Why?”

Silence. Then Sohot surrendered. “Because I lied on my birth certificate.”

“What part?”

“The part that say my birth name is Sohot and the part that says I was born on the shores of Lake Yuron just outside of Shi'Kahr. Vulcan's capital.”

Glorianna looked at Sohot, and Spock could tell that he was using every technique to shield his mind from the betazoid. “And the truth?”

“I was born under the name Keros and my mother birthed me in her home on Romulus.”

Glorianna stumbled backwards, and picked up her pink plushy footstool to use as a shield. Much like a lion tamer would while trapped in a cage with lions he forgot to feed that morning. “You're a Romulan?!”

Spock felt Sohot's shields fall as he lost momentary control of his emotions. “No longer! The people of my birth abandoned me like they have abandoned every good principle they had! I am Vulcan! I am one of the Sundered Ones who returned to their true homeland! To Vulcan! I cast away my identity as High Commander Keros and became Sohot! And right now my ni ki'ne and ashayam has committed a grievous crime to catch the real murderer and save me! I cannot even go to his side without throwing away his sacrifice! I am useless!”
A tear escaped, and as he sobbed he scrambled for anything left of his composure and his dignity. “I apologize for my emotional display. I must meditate.”

Glorianna put down her footstool and stared at this rarest of wonders before her. An honorable Romulan. Her telepathy told her a truth that she had trouble believing. This man, a Romulan left everything, became something else out of love, and perhaps... Yes. Pain, yearning for something more than what Romulus had to offer. Glorianna sat back down with her gaze fixed on this unusual creature. “Very well, I'll grant you asylum, but on the condition that you'll follow our customs while you are a guest here at our Embassy.”

“Of course.”

Glorianna smiled. “And you'll be my guest at an upcoming wedding between two betazoids here.”

Sohot agreed. “Very well. I will comply.”

Jim snickered. At getting stares from the other two men, Jim clarified. “Umm, Sohot? At Betazoid weddings, the bride, the groom, the guests, all of them are naked.”

Sohot blushed an interesting shade of green, and stared wide eyed at Glorianna. “I am to attend... nude?”

Glorianna grinned rather cat like. “Oh yes. We believe it to be an act of honesty, trust and our willingness to show the world who we truly are. You did agree.”

Sohot swallowed. “I did.”

Glorianna glanced downward at his crotch, in response the man crossed his legs and covered his lap with his hands. “I do have a question. If I may ask?”

Sohot raised a brow. “I shall answer to the best of my abilities.”

“How physically similar are Romulans and Vulcans to each other?”

“Physically we are virtually identical, except in our brains. The telepathic centers are more diminished in Romulans. Mine is more active because of years of training and livings with Vulcans, and the fact that my grandmother was Vulcan prisoner my grandfather took a liking to. Romulans are also physically weaker because Romulus's gravity is lower than Vulcan. Again, years living on Vulcan has physically changed me to something resembling our common ancestors before they left Vulcan.”

Glorianna perked up. “So could stand as an example of a male Vulcan specimen?”

“I could...” Sohot said uneasily.

“So is it true what they say? About it being green, and having double ridges?”

Sohot swallowed and made an impressive impersonation of a fish. Spock was quite shocked by this woman's audacity. “Ambassador Troi, that is a very personal question to ask of Minister Sohot.”

Sohot sighed. “I am a guest in need of her protection. If she wants to know graphic details on Vulcan anatomy and mating habits, I shall. She can demand far worse of me.”

“Like cloaking technology.” Glorianna added.

Jim patted Spock on the shoulder. “And all she wants to know is how to get it on with a Vulcan
man."

“Very well. I have been sa-ka-ashausu for the majority of my life, it is reasonable to conclude that I know how to please a Vulcan man, and consequently males from species that are similar.”

Sohot said all of this while he got out his PADD and opened up a file from the Vulcan database with an anatomical chart. “Please be prepared to take notes.”

As Jim settled into his seat, eager to learn something new, Spock got up and prepared himself to leave. “Now that I know you are safe, Jim and I can leave. We will update you on our progress.”

Jim was torn. He didn't want to leave what had to be the greatest lecture in history. “But... Sex! Vulcan sex! Hot Vulcan sex with you!”

Spock rolled his eyes. “We are very adept at pleasuring each other. We do not need lessons on mating.”

“There are techniques few Vulcans know of, much less have mastered.” Sohot started. “Like the Lok Pinch.”

Spock started dragging his unwilling mate off when he paused. “The Lok Pinch? I have never heard of it?”

Sohot smiled. “It is mentioned in The Braves of T'Khut. Xan often practiced this with his fellow warriors. Ever wondered what the passage, 'And that night he reached inside his second in command and turned beautiful Sor from warrior to wife and Sor rejoiced as his commander mated with him as he would a woman and together they found a pleasure far greater than the passions of the Pon Farr.' It does not refer to sodomy as some scholars suggest.”

Spock stared as he tried to process this. “So... How did they... I do not understand.”

Sohot started explaining, using gestures with his hands that painted a very graphic picture. “You start by going into your sheath before you are erect and pinch the base of your lok so that your it does not extend and it creates an orifice that your partner can penetrate. Given the number of nerves, lubricating glands and the close proximity to the male's prostate, it can be extremely stimulating for both men, doubly so while in a mind mend. It is a difficult technique to master and it can go horribly wrong, but the pleasure it yields is worth it. Your Uncle Selik and I passed out from the overstimulation of our pleasure centers the first time we tried it. It is an experience akin to discovering paradise itself. Your uncle and I have taken each other in that manner many times, the pleasure never diminished.”

Spock looked both horrified and scandalized by this new information. Jim on the other looked like someone had just told him that magic exists and that he got admitted into Hogwarts. Jim turned to Spock wearing the biggest grin on his face and his eyes lit up with all the magical possibilities. “Spock? Can we...”

Spock flat out said, “No.”

“But Spock! A new way to make love to you! We gotta try it!”

“We have far more important things to worry about, like freeing my Uncle Selik from prison and arresting the traitor and murderer framing a family friend. We can practice this technique when Selik and Sohot are together and are able to teach us.”

Jim turned to Sohot. “Teach me! Please, oh wise master! I can't live without trying it with Spock!”
“I would need to talk with Selik about demonstrating it. The Lok Pinch must be done correctly or it can do serious damage to Spock.” Sohot warned. “But yes, I would be willing to teach you both.”

Jim begged his husband. Spock shook his head. “Once Sohot and Selik are reunited we will discuss it.”

“Please?”

“No.”

Spock picked up his mate and threw him over his shoulder and started marching out. “No! Spock! A new sex position! Noooo! Please!”

Spock glanced at Sohot and Ambassador Troi. “Live long and prosper. We must go and catch our ship to Vulcan.”

Jim wept like a child who had his birthday present yanked from him. Spock marched on resolute. “Jim. You can mount me later, but we are not practicing this Lok Pinch without instruction first. The sooner we help my uncle the sooner he and his lover can teach us this technique.”

Jim sniffed. “I'll have to take that raincheck on our trip to Lok Pinch paradise.”

“Think of it like this.” Spock assuaged. “The sooner we clear their names, the sooner we can learn this technique from two masters of it.”

Jim perked back to life and scrambled and wiggled down from his perch on Spock's shoulder. With Jim's now obvious pregnant bulge, he had impressive speed. “Spock! What are you waiting for?! We have to help your uncle!”

Spock rolled his eyes and he jogged to catch up with Jim. “That is what is motivating you? Sex?”

“Not just any sex! The greatest sex experience ever!”

Soren had decided to stay behind to protect the Embassy and provide help to Sohot if he needed it. Someone had to stay behind and guard the fort. Someone the sa-te'kru could trust not to be a total Nirak. It was not easy when it was his ni ki'ne who was in danger, but his other ni ki'ne did not have guaranteed safety at the Betazoid Embassy. It had been five days since the Nakarat left orbit and headed back to Vulcan for the trial of Prince Selik and Minister Stek. The VSS Le-Matya stayed in orbit, ready to leave at a moment's notice.

Soren watched the holoscreen with other Vulcans at the Embassy for news from home. He spotted Sub-Commander Sonok, come in with his mate. Spock had ordered Sonak to stay behind to assist Soren and the other members of the Nakarat's crew that had to stay behind with their human mates in case things went bad. Soren was grateful for the skilled warrior's presence. If Vulcan decided to cut ties with the Federation, Soren will need Sonak's help in evacuating their people and their human mates onto the VSS Le-Matya.

Sonak found a seat for his pregnant human mate to watch the broadcast. Other male Vulcans were here as well with their own human mates. Soren understood their tension. The fate of the Federation-Vulcan alliance hung on the outcome of this trial. Janice Rand sniffed. “Sonak? What if Selik is
found guilty and Stek gets off? Will Vulcan return to isolation? What will happen to me?”

Sonak attempted to comfort her. “You are my mate and carrying my child. You will have to return to Vulcan with me, as will all the other human brides. Vulcan will not tolerate the separation of Vulcan families, particularly with our population still recovering from The Fall.”

Janice paled. “Live on Vulcan? Forever? Our child won’t be able to see Earth or know my parents?”

“It will not be so bad. My family and I will protect you and care for you. You are after all going to be the mother of their only grandchild. We can move to someplace by Lake Yuron where the cooler temperatures is more agreeable for humans. I hear it rarely reaches above 104 degrees Fahrenheit in the summers. But that is only in a worse case scenario.”

Janice Rand, a girl who was born and raised in New England climates where ten feet of snow was normal, wept at the prospects of living in an oven. She stood and left the room. Janice went outside to get some fresh, cool, moist air. With the chance that she would have to leave, everything on Earth started looking more and more beautiful. The trees, the Pacific ocean, the people, the white cat sitting on the fence...

Janice spied the cat, a fluffy white fur and green eyes. She beamed brightly at the little cat. It looked like one she had as a girl, except Tuffy had blue eyes and was deaf as a post. She smiled and held her hand out to the cat. “Well, hello there.”

The cat leapt down and approached her. She noticed the cat had no collar and looked a little ragged. Probably a stray. Janice carefully picked up the cat when it seemed to beg for her attention. Poor thing was lost and probably hungry. “You poor thing. You're lost aren't you?”

The cat meowed. Janice cuddled with it, looking underneath the tail she corrected herself. “Oh, you're a lady! Well, you can come home with me if you like. I hope you like Vulcans, because my husband is one, and so will my baby. We may be going to Vulcan soon, I wouldn’t mind not being the only Earth creature in the house. Would you like to stay with me?”

“Meow!”

Janice giggled as the caw pressed her soft paw against her temple. The cat seemed to be frustrated after a moment of staring and concentrating really hard. If Janice didn't know any better she'd think the cat was trying to mind meld with her. “You're a funny kitty! Come on, I'll show you to my husband and the other Vulcans. You and the Vulcans have much in common. I bet you'll all get on splendidly!”

The cat perked up and meowed excitedly. Janice smiled, the cat looked so happy, probably because she was no longer homeless and was going to be fed. Janice wondered how the cat like Vulcans would react to a Terran house cat. “I'm going to have to come with a name for you, little lady.”

The VSS Nakarat was called back to Vulcan and arrived at maximum warp less than a week later with Sarek and his family on board. As Spock ordered them to dock at the Vulcan Starbase, Jim's mood had sobered. The USS Farragut was still docked, and the crew he assumed were still detained. Seeing the large desert planet looming ahead he remembered what was at stake. An entire starship with people he knew were being accused of espionage and accessories to murder. His husband’s uncle just forced mind-melded with that dick Stek so that his not-so-secret lover Sohot could be
spared. One of the most severe crimes a Vulcan could commit was the intrusion into another's mind. The penalty was usually banishment or even death.

All Jim knew was that both of them were detained until Sarek could return to try them in Vulcan's court. "I never thought I'd be back here for another trial. Now I'm facing the possibility of staying here for the rest of my life if it goes south. I don't want to be a house wife."

Spock kept his hand at the small of Jim's back. “My people will ensure your comfort.”

Dr McCoy as the physician for the t'hy'la of Vulcan's crown prince was here as well, and griped, “Why did I have be dragged here as well?! I'm a doctor not a camel! I hate deserts! Do you know how much sand I'll have scrape out of all my nooks and crannies?! Dammit Jim!”

Jim grinned. “Aww, Bones! You're my friend and Xon's main physician. You think a Vulcan will be able to perform a c-section on me?!”

“No way in hell! I don't trust those green-blooded hobgoblins to be able to lance a boil on a human much less a cesarian on your unique anatomy, Jim. I had to explain to a Vulcan healer in training that the human penis is supposed to dangle outside the body.”

Spock sarcastically remarked, “It refreshing to know doctor, that I am entrusted the life of my son and mate to a man who cannot tolerate a small amount of sand in his 'nooks and crannies', which I assume to mean your posterior.”

Bones rolled his eyes. “You can kiss my nooks and crannies for all I care! I'm here to keep Jim alive on your hellhole of a planet. Let's get this over with so we humans can go home where humidity and an honest to god mint julep is not some far away a myth.”

Jim followed Sarek and Amanda to the transporter where they all beamed down to the planet. Jim was blasted by the dry heat of Vulcan and immediately missed the cool humid air of San Fransisco's shores. Bones grumbled while Spock took a deep breath of home. Jim felt Xon become active, his mind was curious. He put his hand against his belly and patted it affectionately. “Yes, Xon. This is your sa-mekh's home planet and this will be your home planet too.”

Their party was accompanied by a full honor guard to the Hall of Voices where the trial was to be publicly held, and once again Jim felt like he was on display. His pregnant belly was prominent and Jim felt Spock emotion become a chaotic mix of pride and possessiveness. Spock was proud to have his own fertility on display but did not want others to gaze on what was his. Jim curled his fingers around Spock's. In response Spock dragged Jim into his lap and put his hand protectively over Jim's belly. A public declaration of his claim. Jim went with it, mostly because he could never say no to sitting in Spock's lap. It was really damn comfortable.

The Hall of Voices was an amphitheatre carved from the volcanic rock. It was filled to capacity with both Surakian Vulcans distinguished by their bowl cuts and V'Tosh Katur in long braids and warrior tattoos. The trial of Prink Selik vs Minister Stek was public and would be televised to every Vulcan home that had a holoscreen. Sarek as Vulcan's sa-te'kru would be presiding as judge with a representative from every province to serve as jury. Jim, Spock, Amanda, and Bones sat in front in seats reserved for the clan of the accused. Bones asked Spock, “Hey, how long do these trials last?”

“As long as it takes.” Spock answered.

Bones did not like that answer. Jim looked at Bones sympathetically. “At least you're not the one being accused of mind-rape.”
Jim looked at Selik. He greatly resembled his brother Sarek, but there was a few minor differences. He was usually calm, gentle and warm. Jim remembered that Selik's smiles came easier than Sarek's. Right now he was cold, and if looked closely: terrified. Jim leaned in and whispered to him, “Selik. Sohot is safe and has asylum in the Betazoid Embassy, Soren will be looking after him. He said the two of you would teach us the Lok Pinch, so you have to get your name cleared be returned to him soon. I'll kick Stek's ass myself if I have to.”

Selik glanced at Jim and nodded slightly, giving him a grateful smile. The tension eased, and he sat up straighter. They looked at Stek who sat with his family. Jim saw the Vulcan woman who must be his wife look very unhappy, as did his son. Stek looked nervous. It was hard to tell with Vulcans, but months spent in the company of Vulcans, Jim could pick up all kinds of small micro-expressions. Stek was tense. Jim smiled. That meant there was a good chance that Selik would be freed. Spock told Jim that in certain circumstances, forced mind-melds were excusable.

Sarek sat on the high throne with a ceremonial lirpa in hand. He pounded on the ground with the bludgeon end, and called for silence. The Hall of Voices fell silent. Sarek's voice echoed smoothly over the hall and to the far reaches of the grand hall. “Prince S'chn T'gai Selik cha'Skon, you stand accused of mind-rape against Minister Stek and irrefutable evidence shows that you have done this. What reason do you have in defense of your actions?”

Selik stood firm. “It was logical. Stek has committed treason and murder and seeks to make Minister Sohot pay for his own crimes and destroy an innocent man's life.”

Sarek looked to Stek. “What is your response, Minister Stek?”

Stek was less confident. “He had no right to invade my mind. What he gleaned was illegally taken.”

Sarek narrowed his eyes. “What is, is. A Kolinahr master confirmed what Selik had seen to be the truth as he knows it. Kolinahru T'Sai, is this statement correct?”

An elderly Vulcan woman wearing the gold and red robes of a Kolinahr master stood. “It is. Selik saw in Stek's mind making deals with Romulans to assassinate the High Command, and the House of Surak to become a sa-te'kru of Vulcan that is willing to serve the Romulan Star Empire. Stek has emotional ties to his Romulan mother's home world, and resents his Vulcan father, Skon, for not acknowledging him as his heir.”

The crowd erupted in a sea of harsh whispers. Stek became angry. “As the eldest son of Skon, succession should have fallen to me! Vulcan has grown weak and now its current sa-te'kru, weakens our bloodlines with aliens not of our world. How long will it be before one of these humans and not a Vulcan sits on that throne? First Sarek marries a human and has a halfbreed son, and now that halfbreed son married another human and will be having children more human than Vulcan! Will they take human brides and expect us to still call them Vulcan?”

The crowd looked at Sarek's family, particularly the humans sitting in the seats of the accused. Stek pointed at Jim. “Look what generations of interbreeding has done to the so-called heirs of Mestral of the T'Snovekh Maat! Does Prince Spock's mate even look or act Vulcan to you? He does not to me! His blood is so thin that our scientists had to scan his genetics to find the barest hint of Vulcan in him!”

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Sarek pounded his lirpa and ordered silence. He stared at the crowd. “It seems there is a greater issue to be addressed than that of Stek's crimes of murder and treason. I ask all of Vulcan to remember our Sundered Kin, the Romulans. They too believed in maintaining the purity of their race, and unfortunately they had only a small breeding pool. As a result they are now riddled with deformities, mental illnesses... Stek, while we share the same father, our mothers are different.”
Sarek gestured to his father, Skon who sat with Selik, and to his mother T’Rama. “My mother T’Rama is a Vulcan woman, intelligent and from an honorable clan. She was betrothed to my father at the age of seven, and bore my father his heirs and raised myself and Selik. This is the Vulcan way.”

Sarek stared down at Stek. “You Stek, were born of a Romulan prisoner of war when my father's Time came and he did what he had to survive. You were not raised from birth to take the responsibility the throne requires, you and your twin sister were raised in the Gol Temple. It was you who wanted more than to live as a priest, not your sister. You, not your sister, insisted on compensation from the S'chn T'gai clan. You forced our father to choose between making you his heir or have me marry your twin sister and make you minister to satisfy honor. The marriage you forced destroyed our sister.”

Spock stiffened. Sarek rarely mentioned his first wife. “Our sister T'Rhea, who had bore my eldest son and your nephew, was not fit to rule. Sybok was cursed with mental illnesses that was caused by inbreeding. My other son, Spock, has proven to be more worthy of my seat as sa-te’kru because of his human blood, not in spite of it. Since The Fall our population has suffered, if we do not take mates from Earth we risk falling prey to the same problems the Romulans are facing. There will be changes, but this is logical, change is the nature of life. If we remain unchanging we become stagnant.”

Sarek never publicly mentioned Sybok, most in the crowd remembered that infamous trial and sentencing of the crown prince of Vulcan. The truth of the cause of his crimes rocked them to the core. Suddenly, to everyone's shock, the woman who was Stek's wife stood, and proclaimed, “Sa-te’kru Sarek! I wish to testify against my mate, Stek, and plea to have my bond to him severed, and my surviving child be freed of his name.”

Jim sat up straighter. This woman was the mother of T'Pring, the Vulcan woman Spock was supposed to marry but Spock had killed her in while deep in the madness of the Plak Tow, the Blood Fever. Sarek's eyebrows shot up, surprised by this woman's actions. “Step forward T'Pris, daughter of Snokk and T'Pril, descendant of the clan Sajek Satol. Speak.”

T'Pris stepped forward onto the platform and held herself with Vulcan grace and stoicism. “My daughter, T'Pring, who no longer lives, had no desire to marry your son. It was my husband who insisted on their betrothal. By our laws she could only divorce Spock by Kal'i'fee. She did. Her champion lost, and when she prepared herself to do her duty, she was rejected as a mate. She was killed. I blame not Spock, who only followed his Vulcan nature when his Time came...”

T'Pris glanced briefly at Spock and then her gaze turned colder when she looked at her husband, Stek. “However, I do blame Stek for a match T'Pring had said time and again since her betrothal that it was ill-suited and that Spock's mind rejected hers. T'Pring knew Spock was bonded to another, Stek ignored her warnings and refused her desire to break off the marriage. All Stek cared about was getting one of his bloodline on the throne since he could not take it for himself. Stek is greedy for power and his greed has killed my daughter...”

T'Pris's face twisted with anger before she concealed it behind a mask of Vulcan stoicism. “My daughter who he had made a su'lak between at'hy'labond! I believe Prince Selik had every right to invade my husband's mind to gain the truth and prevent more tragedy my husband had engineered. It is logical to conclude from Stek's past actions that treason is not beyond him. That is what I wish to declare, sa-te'kru.”

Sarek nodded. “Your argument is logical, T'Pris. Vulcan is gratified by your testimony. Live long and prosper.”
T'Pris nodded and left the platform to sit back down. Stek's son stood and Stek stared as even his only child left betrayed him as well. “Sa-te'kru Sarek! I wish to testify against my father, and I plea to have his name removed from mine and the name of my mother's father be given in its stead.”

Sarek nodded. “Step forward, Stelek, Son of T'Pris and Stek, descendant of the clan of S'chn T'gai. Speak.”

Stelek stood on the platform and glared coldly at his father. “I have witnessed my father commit treason and murder, and I am prepared to allow a Kolinahr master entrance to my mind to confirm my words as truth.”

The crowd watched with interest, and Jim saw a sea of raised eyebrows and some gasps of utter shock. The son of a minister wished to testify against his own father. Sarek display surprise briefly before controlling. “Very well. Kolinahru T'Sai will stand with you as you give your testimony.”

The old woman who wore the red and gold stood on the platform behind Stelek and held his wrist. Stelek tensed briefly at the physical intrusion and spoke. “My father stated to me in the privacy of his study that he would soon be sa-te'kru and I, his heir, would someday sit on the throne. This was after the deaths of Ministers T'Poon, Stol and Solik. He implied that he had a part in their deaths. I have also seen him communicating with the very assassin that killed Administer Solik. The assassin seemed to know my father's mother and said that she was and I quote, 'the greatest commander I served under'. Let it be stated that my father's mother was a Romulan commander taken as a prisoner of war and that they both had this conversation in Romulan. The assassin looked human, but I believe he was surgically altered, and with the news of a similarly disguised Romulan to frame Sa-te'kru Sarek for the death of the human called Archer, this is a larger plot to destroy the Vulcan alliance with the Federation and to put my father, who has ties to Romulus on Vulcan's throne.”

Jim couldn't help but grin. Stek was screwed and it showed. Stek looked like a man who had aces and eights and bet everything he had... Only to discover that everyone else at the table had a royal flush. Stek was a dead man. Sarek asked Stelek, “I am curious as to why you would testify against your father.”

Stelek raised an eyebrow. “I thought that rather obvious. I do not want the throne nor do I wish to have the drama his sire's clan is prone to. I desire to live a simple life as a biologist, and continue the VSA's research in reviving extinct Vulcan species that the wars in our ancient past and Khan's people had destroyed. My younger sister T'Pring and her lover Stonn desired this as well. T'Pring would have been a brilliant scientist if our foolish father had not used her as a tool to gain a throne he is not qualified for. My childhood friend Stonn is dead because of my father as well, he would have made an adequate husband and son-in-law. For all of my father's espousing the demerits of Spock's impure blood and lack of interest in T'Pring, he passed over Stonn who was fully Vulcan and truly desired his daughter. My father's illogical and emotionally driven desire for power destroyed many lives. Prince Selik acted logically. My father is a danger to Vulcan and must be eliminated. This is logical.”

After that testimony, and the Kolinahr master proclaiming Stelek's words as truth, Stek was condemned. Sarek stared coldly at Stek who was dragged forward to the platform by strong Vulcan gaards. After the verdict delivered by each of the representatives, Sarek delivered his judgment.

“Stek, son of Skon and the captured Romulan commander Rhean, I name you exile and Vulcan-no-more and you are stripped of your title and position as Minister of High Command. As compensation for the death of T'Pring, I grant T'Pris her desire to sever her bond to you and your lands, your estate and your wealth will be given to her. Your son will now be declared fatherless and inherit the name of his mother's clan. You are hereby sentenced to life in prison in Xir-Tan and declared untouchable.”
Stek fought against the guards spewing curses at Sarek as he was dragged away. Jim asked Spock, “Umm, Spock? What does untouchable mean?”

Spock swallowed. “It means no female is allowed to service him and he will likely be quarantined in the part of Xir-Tan where male sex offenders are kept. A life sentence as untouchable in prison is misleading because of the Pon Farr. He will not last more than seven years. It is in fact a slow death sentence and his execution will be very painful and his executioner will be his own biology. The only mercy he will receive will be from the poisonous Le-Matya berry bushes that grow there. If he chooses to eat them, then his death sentence will be much shorter.”

Jim whistled. “Damn that's brutal.”

McCoy’s mouth hung open in shock. “Brutal? That's most cold blooded thing I ever heard of! And I've seen what the Klingons do to people in Rura Penthe!”

“It is logical.” Spock stated. “Cold and flawlessly logical.”

Jim repressed a shiver. The heat of this planet was sometimes a contradiction to the people that called this hot hell home. Spock scooted closer to Jim, silently comforting him. The Federation had outlawed the death penalty centuries ago and instead sends its criminals to a penal colony or a rehabilitation center to correct their behavior and only the worst get put away for life. This was a level of brutality he was not used to, but hey, the Prime Directive. It's their society and they had no right to interfere. Spock reading his thoughts, tried to comfort him. “At least Stek can no longer harm our family.”

Bones shivered. “Can't believe a man would be so driven by his lust for power that he didn't see what it was doing to his family.”

Jim shuddered at the distant memory of a colony gone to hell. “I've met men like him. Men who keep wanting, driven mad by it. I've seen plenty of it on Tarsus. They want so hard and they throw away important things like their humanity just to get it.”

Spock agreed. “Stek wanted the throne so much he was blind to what he had. He had an important occupation. He once had a sister who would have been a commendable priestess. he had a wife from an honorable clan. He had two children, brilliant and accomplished scientists. He failed to be content with what he had.”

“Now he'll be rotting in prison wanting what he lost, what he pushed away for a foolish gamble.” Bones shook his head. “What a waste.”

Jim patted his belly and gazed softly at Spock, his husband. “A year ago, I just got promoted to Lieutenant Commander, and I had lots of friends that I serve with. I wanted nothing else except maybe to find someone I could have a real relationship, not some one night stand. Now I have that and so much more. I have a husband and two kids on the way. What more could I want?”

Spock smiled and reached out with his hand, and was met with Jim's warm one and they felt their contentment with each other. “I too am content with what I have.”

Bones rolled his eyes. “I for one wouldn't mind a Saurian Brandy and for you two to have a room with sound proofing.”
Chapter End Notes

Translations:

Sa-kuk Selik nam-tor sa-ka-ashausu? – Uncle Selik is gay?

Tvi'okh – Neighbor, used as an invective. Implies a neighbor you'd rather see six feet under the ground rather walking above it.

k'hat'n'dlawa – The other half of my heart and soul. A Vulcan endearment from pre-reform times. Not fashionable after Surak's reformation because of it's emotional connotations.
Chapter Summary

Yes, it really was in the cat. Also, Bones talks to Jim about a fruit bowl.

Chapter Notes

Translations:


Tonk'peh – Hi, hey, the Vulcan equivalent of what's up? An informal greeting.

Qual se tu? – Is that you?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter Eighteen:

Vulcans and Vulcats

It was a long quiet and sober ride to the Shi'Kahr palace. The rest of the family went to attend to business, leaving Spock, Jim and Bones alone in one of the parlor rooms with water and food. The air was dry and the tension thicker than Amanda's plomeek soup. It was Bones that broke the tension. “Jim. I need to rip you a new hole.”

Jim looked up at Bones. “Umm, what I'd do now?”

Bones shook his head. “No, Jim, not like that. I meant rip you a new hole. As in literally.”

Spock growled at Bones. “If you harm my mate, Doctor, I will surely break your neck.”

Bones rolled his eyes at Spock's threat. “I'm not going to hurt Jim, you should know that by now you pointy eared hobgoblin! I'm trying to help both Jim and your son.”
Spock backed down and Jim asked, “So by new hole... You mean... I honestly don't see where you're going with this.”

Bones sighed and grabbed the various plates of fruit and food set out for them to eat. “Okay, see this green Vulcan banana?”

“Lok fruit.” Spock corrected.

“Whatever. Imagine this is Jim's wedding tackle.”

“It is called lok fruit for that very reason, Doctor, but Jim's lok is pink, not green.”

Jim tried to keep a straight face and failed miserably because Bones was holding a fruit that looked like one the many sex toys Jim possessed that were now collecting dust thanks to the green fruit Spock kept between his legs. “Bones? Could you grab that slightly larger lok fruit instead? My penis should be the most magnificent in the fruit bowl. Seriously, did you grab the smallest one on purpose? That really hurts my feelings.”

Bones snarled at the two of them. “Shut up and let me continue!”

They shut up, which put a smile on Bones' face. “Excellent. Now these weird purple kiwis are Jim's testicles.”

“Hirat fruit.” Spock corrected.

Bones simply glared at Spock as he continued to make a fruit model of Jim's fun zone. “And let's imagine this...” Bone paused as he took another fruit, sliced it, carved it into a small star and put it about two and a half inches below the fruit penis and testicle. “No prizes for guessing what that small star shaped slice of hirat there represents.”

Jim's grin was as wide as the Vulcan banana. “Spock's favorite place to put his Vulcan banana.”

“Indeed.”

Bones huffed. “Well, it may be fine and dandy for some fun between the sheets but...” Bone turned and picked up a large white cantaloupe like fruit. “You can't push one of these out of that.”

Something in the pit of Jim's stomach gurgled. It was possibly dread. “Umm is that melon supposed to be Xon?”

Bones had a sadistic grin. “Indeed it is. At about the time for birth, your body is gonna want to squeeze him out the same way he went in.”

Jim knew what that gurgle was in the pit of his stomach. It was definitely dread. “There's no way!”

“Hallelujah! It's a miracle! Jim figured it out!”

“But Doctor, I thought Xon would be delivered via Cesarean.”

Jim looked at his long time best friend nervously. “Bones... Please tell me, I'm not gonna have to need those lamaze classes am I?”

Bones sighed. “Cesarean has risks, especially in your case. The work the Romulans did to you wasn't completed. You were meant to have a new tunnel put in. You've got the hips for it, and Xon is trying to settle where the tunnel should be. Your cervix is in the wrong place. I think it would be less risky to dig out a new tunnel, reroute your cervix and have Xon delivered through a more
conventional means."

Spock felt a sense of dread set in. “Vulcans can enter a healing trance, and in the few cases of male pregnancies it is a survivable ordeal because of that. Human bodies cannot do the same.”

“You're right there. Jim's always been a fast healer but his body isn't equipped to survive childbirth through the back tunnel. That's why a new specialized tunnel built for delivery must be constructed.”

Bones took the one Earth fruit he recognized on the table, an avocado, cut it in half and placed it underneath the fruit models of Jim's testicles. “I can put the tunnel underneath the pair of hirat fruit here, and any incoming bananas or outgoing cantaloupes don't disturb them.”

Jim looked at the disturbing platter of fruit before him. “You want to put an avocado below my kiwis and my banana?”

Bones nodded. “And once construction is complete and I declare it open for business after a week of letting it settle, you'll need to exercise it frequently to build up your pelvic floor muscles.” Bones picked up another lok fruit and pointed it at Spock. “That means Spock will need to help break in your brand new avocado with his Vulcan banana.”

Jim's eyebrows shot up. “Spock's more of a plantain. You see these Vulcan bananas? They're huge compared to our Earth bananas!”

Spock found this to be as fascinating as it was dizzying. “You wish to... implant a keshtan-ur in my t'hy'la and have me... exercise his new keshtan-ur frequently?”

Bones sighed. “At least once a day. I would recommend two or three times a day. Can you manage?”

Spock puffed up. “I can meet all of my t'hy'la's needs. How soon can this be done?”

Jim protested. “Now wait a minute! Don't I get a say? What will it do to me? Will I... lose feeling down there when you... start cutting?”

Bones stood up, and started ranting. “Cutting?! What am I?! A twentieth century butcher?! My God man! I'm not going to cut you open like a barbarian! Honestly this ain't the dark ages anymore! Stitches! Dialysis! Catheters! Needles! Hmph! You will not find such implements of torture in my sick bay!”

Bones calmed down. “I'll be giving you a hypo of micro-replicators that me and T'Val spent the last four months programming them to grow you one and running them through countless simulators. It'll be more Vulcan style than human, meaning you'll have a ring of muscles human women don't have... T'Val says it's for gripping and stimulating the male when he goes in to do the horizontal hobgoblin mash. Apparently they're more sensitive than human females.”

Jim perked up. “So... This will be like having a new sexy toy to play with?”

Bones pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed. “Unfortunately, yes. It will be, but please decide soon. I won't do the procedure when you hit your third trimester at the end of next month.”

Jim almost bounced with excitement as it started to sink in. “And upon your orders you want Spock to have sex with me? Like, lots of sex?”

Bones cradled his face in his hands, and looked like he wanted nothing more to do than to weep rivers of tears. “Sweet merciful Jesus, I'm never going to be able to sleep with these thin walls... Yes,
Jim. As your physician I order you to have sex with your green blooded husband. God have mercy on my soul and my ears.”

Jim looked at Spock and the idea had an equal amount of appeal to them. Jim felt Spock's desire course through their bond. Jim grinned. “I never thought I'd ever in my entire life say this to you with any enthusiasm, but hypo away at me, Bones!”

Bones smiled and went through his bag and found the right hypo, double checking before showing it to Jim. “Here it is. It'll take about three days for it to appear and I'll need to give you a hypo twice a day to help the bioreplicators make your new love tunnel.”

Jim smiled and bore his neck. “I can't wait! New ways to play with my favorite Vulcan! Come on Bones, my neck is ready for your damn hypo.”

Bones grinned with sadistic glee as he held his hypo. “Nope. Guess again. This time, try a little lower.”

Jim gulped and cupped his banana and kiwis.

The Vulcan Embassy, along with the rest of the Federation, watched the trial on Vulcan. It aired on almost every network. When it was over there was a collective sigh of relief. Vulcan would not be isolating itself, the Federation-Vulcan alliance was now stronger than ever, and the real traitor was going to be eating prison plomeek soup for the rest of his days. Sohot was especially happy, because his need for asylum was over.

Soren was glad to take Sohot back to the embassy. When he went to pick up his friend of many years, it took much of his training with the Monks of Mount Tarhana to keep a straight face. “Sohot, you appear to be naked.”

Sohot hid his joy poorly. “Yes, apparently it is the custom here. Have you come to take me back to the Vulcan Embassy? Betazoid women appear to be... fond of the color green.”

Soren's eyes glanced downward briefly and back up. “I see... Come, my friend. We can depart.”

Glorianna was of course distressed to see Sohot go. Soren stifled his laughter as Sohot eagerly put his clothes on. On the ride back to the Embassy, Soren commented, “Does Ambassador Troi know you are homosexual?”

Sohot's face showed no amusement, but he knew that Soren had felt it. “The whole Betazoid Embassy knew of this fact, but it did not stop the ladies... It was some of the overeager men that I had a few issues with.” Sohot shuddered. “They are a most friendly race with many interesting techniques in the telepathic disciplines, but I prefer the harsh, silent beauty of Vulcan.”

Soren agreed. Betazed would be an interesting place for Vulcans wishing to hone and expand their telepathic skills. “With the alliance with Vulcan and the Federation strengthened, we may see some of Vulcan's sons taking a psthans-telsu to Betazed, maybe even someplace stranger.”

“I prefer Selik's company.”

Soren allowed a small smile. “He gladly awaits you.”
Soren and Sohot walked through the gates and saw a crowd in the lobby. Soren raised a brow at the sight. Vulcans and the human brides that were staying here were crowded around a small creature with white fur sitting at Soren's usual desk. Soren noted that the creature had a dignified appearance. Janice Rand, Sub-Commander Sonak's mate, smiled as she showed off the creature. “Isn't she smart?”

“What kind of creature is that?” Sohot asked.

Sonak gave Sohot the ta'al in greeting. “Minister Sohot. My mate calls it a 'cat'. It is apparently semi-domesticated, and it appears to be rather intelligent. She wishes to keep it, I am inclined to agree. It is a rather magnificent and noble looking creature.”

Janice cooed at the cat. “Every home could use a cat and you my dear, have chosen this one, so there's no way we are kicking you out. You can greet people, it's an embassy, you can be a very charming young lady, and smart, too!”

Turim seemed enamored with the cat. “These rather magnificent looking creatures are apparently adept at using sand pits and avoid swimming in large bodies of water. Clear signs of a high intelligence and may do well on Vulcan. I hope to obtain one for further study.”

The Vulcans nodded their head in agreement. Soren was inclined to agree. “I do find myself drawn to it...”

This creature known to the humans as a cat was indeed a rather magnificent and noble looking creature. Soren raised his brow as he saw it attempt to use his computer terminal, but with its paws it was rather difficult. Soren raised both brows as he saw it type out, “Tonk'peh.”

Soren was impressed, and made a mental note to do research into obtaining one as a pet. “Fascinating. This creature appears to know Vulcan. You say it is adept at using sand pits?”

Not even most sehlat's could master the use of a sand pit. Janice nodded. “We call them litter boxes, most cats know how to use them, and yes, it would probably be comfortable with a Vulcan toilet.”

With the commotion and excitement over the new Earth creature in the Embassy, it was not long before T'Pau's meditation was disturbed by it. “Soren, Sohot, what is this commotion?”

Soren and Sohot bowed before the matriarch of the royal house of Surak. Soren answered. “Janice Rand, she who is mated to Sonak is showing us an Earth creature the humans call a cat. They are kept as pets and they are also quite intelligent.”

T'Pau raised a brow as she inspected this Earth creature. “It is rather magnificent and noble in bearing. It is intelligent, you say?”

Soren nodded. “It knows how to use a sand pit, and it knows our language and how to use a computer terminal. Observe.”

T'Pau saw the spelling of various Vulcan greetings displayed on the screen. Apparently the work of the rather noble looking creature. T'Pau stared at the cat. The cat stared back. Then it lifted its paw in some attempt at a ta'al. T'Pau saluted it back. “Greetings to you as well. Fascinating. What are thee called?”

The cat attempted to type at the computer, and onlookers gasped as they saw what the cat carefully typed out, Nam-tor Mestral. Even T'Pau's jaw dropped. Mestral, the Vulcan biologist that was lost on Earth, and ended up siring millions of humans with Vulcan blood. Mestral, whose katra was thought to be lost in Admiral Archer's assassination and now may be before them all in this noble, but small
creature. T'Pau asked, “T'Snovehk Maat Mestral? Qual se tu?”

The cat nodded. T’Pau could hardly keep her joy contained. “We thought thy katra was lost! I am Lady T'Pau, clan mother of the S'chn T'gai clan. Will thou allow me to escort you on thy final journey home to Mount Seleya?”

Mestral looked conflicted and went to the computer and typed painstakingly with his paws, “i'sait.” T’Pau sighed. “Complicated. We must find a better means of communicating with him then watch him struggle with typing.”

Janice Rand had a lightbulb moment. “Oh! What about a universal translator? Nyota and Scotty could probably jury rig something to give Mestral a voice. No need to fumble with a keyboard!”

Soren, Turim and the few other Surakian Vulcans perked up at that idea. “Logical.” Turim said. “Perhaps with a neural interface…”

Angela gasped, “…And jury rig it to a universal translator, it could translate Mestral's thought patterns into speech!”

Turim and Angela shared a smile. T'Pau raised a brow at the idea. “Or perhaps the simplest method available to us: a mind meld.” T'Pau knelt before the vessel containing the katra of an honored elder and offered her hand to him. “Will thou allow me?”

Mestral nodded, and T'Pau put her hand on the cat's head, and failed to repress a smile at feeling the soft fur on his head and the warmth his small graceful body emanated. Then the Vulcans felt a rumble come from the cat, a sound a Vulcan only made when they were content. T'Pau noted to see what she could do to obtain one of these strangely Vulcan-like creatures, and she felt Mestral's thoughts of amusement and agreement in her assessment.

“Mestral? Why can you not return?”

T'Pau felt a wash of loneliness and grief and joy at feeling another Vulcan once more. “I still have so much work to do…”

“Thy life is complete. It is time to take your place among your ancestors.”

“Not until I connect with James, my heir. I must give him answers.”

“James? As in James Kirk?”

Outside the meld, the cat meowed loudly, “Yes!”

“James? As in James Kirk?”

Outside the meld, the cat meowed loudly, “Yes!”

“He is on Vulcan with my grandson. They are mated and share a t'hy'la bond.”

T'Pau felt that Mestral already knew this, brief images came to here of an old man playing with a child with volkaya blue eyes. Mestral's grandson, James, now an old man and had grandchildren of his own was the keeper of Mestral's katra. Then darkness as he sat for years waiting for James's namesake, his descendant to come and claim him. Mestral's descendants were scattered. No one alive was left who knew the truth, of a son of Vulcan who fell to Earth and fell in love with it and could not go back home to share what he learned. T'Pau wept with Mestral. “I grieve with thee.”

Then chaos, Archer, a human who carried his blood was dead by the hand of a Romulan, his vre-katra shattered. In desperation he chose a feline as his vessel to search for James Kirk, his chosen heir whose bond stretched to Vulcan. To home. T'Pau felt frustration from Mestral, and resignation. The vessel he had chosen, the feline named Princess Buttercup was already pregnant with young. The
tiny lives within had bonded with his katra, like all of the children Mestral had with his human wives. To leave before they were weaned would harm them.

T'Pau withdrew from the meld and calmly addressed the room. “Mestral cannot yet leave his feline vessel. The vessel he had chosen to house his katra was already pregnant. The young within have formed a parental bond with his katra.”

The Vulcans all gasped at the ramifications. Janice Rand asked Sonak, “Dear? If Mestral is possessing the cat and the cat is having kittens... What will that do?”

T'Pau answered her. “To house the katra of one of our elders and take them to their final journey to Mount Seleya is a great honor. If this honored task falls to a female heavy with young, the young that are born receive part of that elder's spirit and wisdom that stay forever in their own katra. Even if there is no blood shared, the young are considered children of the elder that has passed.”

Janice blinked. “So these kittens will be part Vulcan or something?”

T'Pau shrugged. “There have only been a few cases of animals carrying the katra of a Vulcan elder. Though in legend there was a case of a Sehlat female carrying the katra of a Vulcan mother seeking to looking after her child after her untimely demise. The Sehlat that gave birth to its litter of cubs were particularly attuned to Vulcans and became telepathically sensitive and more intelligent than the rest of their kind. Not quite animal, but not Vulcan either. It was how we domesticated sehlats.”

Janice giggled. “So this here cat will be having a litter of Vulcats!”

“Vulkittens.” Angela corrected with a giggle. “But they'll grow up to be Vulcats!”

The humans' terrible cat puns were met with little humor by the Vulcans, particularly T'Pau. Turim meekly asked. “Can I have a Vulkitten?”

Another Vulcan raised his hand and asked, “I desire one as well.”

T'Pau shook her head and sighed as more males started fighting over who would be getting a kitten. With a raise of her hand she commanded silence from them. “Mestral's katra is still within Princess Buttercup. None but the kittens when they are weaned from their mother will decide where they wish to go. For now the cat is to be treated as a sacred living vre-katra and protected until the final journey to Mount Seleya can be made.”

“Princess Buttercup?” Janice Rand asked.

T'Pau sighed at the unfitting name for such a fierce and noble creature. “It is the vessel's name, given by her human caretakers.”

Janice tried not to laugh at the idea of a dignified old Vulcan man was now inhabiting the body of a fluffy white female cat named Princess Buttercup, and one that is heavily pregnant to boot. Janice Rand took out her PADD and composed a message for Kirk. He needed to hear this.

The air was dry and the tension thicker than Amanda's plomeek soup. Jim hobbled from Spock's closet wearing one of his robes. He really didn't want to wear pants right now. “Bones, did you have to hypo me in the taint?!”
“Technically I administered it.” Spock corrected. “I could not tolerate the sight of your legs spread for him.”

Spock glared at Bones, who huffed back, “Where else did you think it was going to go? His left nipple? Yeah, that’d be a sight: Man gives birth through a vagina under his left nipple! It would make headlines everywhere.”

Jim rolled his eyes. “It would have been better if you didn't draw a giant X for Spock to hypo me!”

“X marks the spot Jim.” Bones replied with a grin.

Spock tried to comfort his mate. “I apologize if I have harmed thee.”

Jim's anger at being prodded in the taint by a hypo dissipated. “Even if it's a little humiliating and uncomfortable, I want to do this for Xon. If we get this done, it'll be less risky for the two of us.”

Spock relaxed. “I will do my best not to growl at Doctor McCoy in the future.”

“Great.” Bones said. “It'll be easier to perform the delicate operation in three days to hook up the cervix to Jim's new plumbing when I don't have an angry Vulcan breathing down my neck!”

Jim patted Spock. “He won't growl at you anymore. Right, Spock?”

Spock looked like that one cat Jim once had that knocked over everything in the house. Spock looked at Bones like Mr. Bigglesworth looked at a coffee mug on the edge of a table. “I promise nothing.”

Bones glared back at Spock, as if daring him to growl at him one more time. Then the growing tension broke when Bones asked, “Hey Spock, where's the toilet? I gotta piss like a pregnant woman.” Bones glanced at the bulging baby bumps, or slight curve in Spock's case, his two companions were now sporting. “Ah. Excuse me. I gotta piss like a pregnant person.”

Spock merely raised a brow. “There are no toilets on Vulcan, Doctor, at least not water flush toilets.”

Bones looked like he was about to burst a blood vessel. “What?! No toilets?! How do you people pee?! I know you hobgoblins pee!”

“We use sand pits. Follow me.”

Jim laughed and then stifled it because he was a pregnant person and Xon was kicking his bladder again. “Shit, wait up, I need to pee too!”

When Spock took them to one the bathrooms meant for visitors, Jim was surprised. He shouldn't have been, Amanda did warn him about Vulcan bathrooms. Sand pit was actually a Vulcan word for a litter box. The so called “sand pit” looked exactly like one of those fancy litter boxes with an automatic scooper, but bigger. When they all finished their business Bones came out of the bathroom with an even grouchier than usual expression. He found another reason to hate this planet. “It's a litter box. It's a damned litter box! When can we leave?”

Spock shrugged. “Father has much business to attend to. With Sohot's name cleared he can come back to Vulcan and resume his duties as the sole remaining Minster of High Command until elections can be held to fill the four vacant seats. With the crew of the Farragut now cleared of wrongdoings they can now leave as well. I assume with relations now repaired, trade between our worlds can resume. It will take some time before we can return to Earth.”
Jim patted Bones on the shoulder. “Look at it this way, you can do some shopping for Joanna while you're here. Get something special for her. Christmas is only four months away...”

Bones did perk up. “My little girl has been showing an interest in Vulcan culture, like everyone these days. Maybe a dress or some jewelry...”

“That's the spirit!”

Spock commented, “Shi'Kahr has an extensive market. Perhaps mother will wish to come with us. Sash-savas is in season this time of year, and almost five months of Terran food has made me long for some of cuisine of my home world.”

Vulcan restaurants. To Xon, who was turning Jim into a glutton, it was music to his ears. “Sounds great! Let's go! I'm hungry again.”

Spock gave them all robes to shield them from the heat and help blend in and borrowed one of the family speeders. In Jim's case it was a necessity because he was sore in a sensitive area. Since the first round of hypos, he was feeling sore down there and hobbled a lot. Jim thanked the Vulcan engineer that designed these seat cushions. The trip to the market place was a blessed short one.

Shi'Kahr's Bazaar was a thriving market place, reminding Jim of some passages out of One Thousand And One Arabian Nights. It was a Mecca of Vulcan culture, from dark skinned desert warriors from the Shival Flats to Priests from the Gol Mountains and even the pale eyed farmers from the northern most province of Na'am where one of Vulcan's few forests could be found.

Bones of course grumbled and grouched. If it wasn't about the weather, it was about the vast amounts of sand, the multitude of Vulcans, and the lack of mint juleps or even a decent steak. But as always with one of Jim's ventures, he went along with it anyway. Jim saw his best friend perk up when Spock took them to a Vulcan merchant that sold ports and wines from the seaside cities of Raal and T'Paal. Bones sniffed. “Do mine eyes deceive me? Is that hooch?”

Spock resisted the urge to roll his eyes. “Yes, Doctor McCoy, it is. Port made from fermented hivas fruit and honey. It is quite a renowned delicacy.”

Jim remembered seeing this stuff in Sarek's office on his first visit to Vulcan. “Sarek has this stuff. It's really good. I'd compare to something between a stout and sweet red wine... Damn I miss drinking.”

Bones smirked. “Well, I'll be sure to drink for you as well, Jim.”

Bones decided to sample some and from the look on his face, he finally found something to like about this planet. After getting a few bottles of Vulcan hooch, Bones stopped complaining about Vulcan and when he thought Spock was out of earshot he whispered, “Don't tell Spock, but I think I may be starting to like this place.”

Spock called out from behind a wall of pla-savas wine with smugness laced in his words, “I am glad you are liking my home, doctor, and its intoxicants.”

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Jim laughed at Bones. “You forgot about his pointy ears.”

Bones opened his mouth to say something and then closed it. He cradled his bottle of Vulcan Port like a newborn child as they continued to explore the Shi'Kahr Bazaar. As they did, Jim got a message from Earth. After scanning it, Jim elbowed Spock with a grin, “Hey, Spock! Got a vid from Janice Rand! Look! The Vulcan Embassy now has a pet cat! The Vulcans all love it and Janice says it can write in Vulcan!”
Spock looked at the picture of a white fluffy cat standing over a Vulcan computer terminal typing the phrase, “Dif tor heh smusma.” The cat even held its paw up and attempted to give the onlooking Vulcans a proper ta'al, but it's lack of fingers made it difficult. Spock raised a brow. “I recognize that cat. That is the feline creature known as Princess Buttercup. I last saw her in my meld with d'Artagnan the beagle... Fleeing from the scene.”

Jim gawked as some pieces fell into place. “The night of Admiral Archer's murder... Mestral's katric ark was shattered and there were only three individuals that his katra could have inhabited. One was the assassin and the other was Admiral Archer's beagle, but we forgot about the cat. Could his katra have ended up in a house cat? Yeesh, a possessed cat. A normal one's a cat-astrophe by itself.”

Bones blinked and then a smile bloomed on his face. “So we're looking an ap-purr-ition? Or perhaps a Vulcat?”

Jim smirked. “More like a Vulcan Cat-tra.”

Bones and Jim erupted into bursts of laughter. Spock stared at the video of the cat dipping its tail into an inkwell and attempting to write Vulcan calligraphy. Spock raised a brow. “The crown is too big and the tail is too long. Considering the limitations of the body, it is impressive, but far from Snovekh's perfection.”

Jim grinned ear to ear. “You mean purr-fection.”

Spock sighed. “We must inform my father. I surmise my grandmother will wish to escort the Keeper of Mestral's katra herself on the next transport to Vulcan.”

Bones laughed. “A cat with a royal escort. This outta be good. I bet there will be a parade with the cat being carried on a palanquin and treated like a god.”

Jim smirked, thinking of the cats he had growing up. “Isn't that normal for cats?”

Bones laughed harder. “The cat will think so!”

Bones turned out to be not only a doctor, but a prophet. Jim was laying in his bed recovering from the plumbing rerouting job, watching Vulcan tv. Spock was out doing light exercises. Bones had not cleared them for sex, so Spock had to divert his energy and sexual frustration elsewhere. Jim did not want to move, his feet were swollen and his back hurt all the time. Even sex didn't appeal to him right now. The higher gravity here was literally bringing him down. Vulcan television, or what passed for it, was about the only activity left to him.

“What the hell? Is that a cat?”

As Bones predicted, T'Pau came back on the next transport with the fluffy white cat named Princess Buttercup being carried by four Vulcan guards on a royal palanquin. Jim turned up the volume and saw Shi'kahr reporters swarming the ship carrying the latest transport from Earth, this time with the katra of a long lost survivor of the T'snovekh Maat clan; Mestral. There was a knock on the door.

“Come in!”

Sarek of all people came in. These days he favored Surakian robes with his son because of how well they covered baby bumps. “Mestral's katra has returned home at last. Normally he would be taken
immediately to The Hall of Ancient Thought... but there is a complication.”

Jim sighed. “Of course there is. What's the hold up?”

“The vessel he fled into was already pregnant.”

Jim couldn't help but laugh. “Man, is everyone pregnant?”

“My wife isn't.”

“That's what makes it funny.”

Sarek winced and cradled his stomach. “My daughter... She claws at me like a wild Saavik.”

“A Saavik?”

“An extinct Vulcan creature similar to the Terran feline.”

“An actual Vulcat. I'd like to see pictures of one of these Saaviks.”

Sarek then paused and looked down at his stomach. “I see. She has stopped kicking me... I am unsure why.”

Jim never in all his years thought he'd be having this conversation with his own father in-law. “If your baby kicks you, it means they want something. If they stop, it means they got what they want. At least in my experience with Xon.”

Sarek nodded. “Amanda said as much...”

Sarek paused and closed his eyes, and Jim knew he was trying to commune with the baby. “I see... She likes the sound of Saavik. Perhaps we should consider it as a possible name for her. Please excuse me, I must inform Amanda of this. Thank you, James Kirk. I believe I now have a name for my daughter.”

“Umm, glad I could help.”

Sarek took off with excitement in every step. Jim decided to go find Spock and tell him the update on his baby sister. Spock was excited to be having not only a son and a daughter but a sister as well. He had been lonely growing up as the only half-human on Vulcan. Now there were going to be many of them looking up to him as an example.

Jim looked at the screen and the images of the cat being taken to the temple of Mount Seleya in a parade. Jim remembered that Spock was not the first Vulcan-Human hybrid. Mestral's children were, and those children led up to Jim centuries later. Jim hoped that he could speak with Mestral's katra soon. He had many questions for him, like why he decided to have children with a race of people so alien from his own. Jim knew they could not have been oops babies, Bones said that without that small percentage of Vulcan DNA all the now pregnant women on the Enterprise had, making a child would have required medical intervention.

Spock went with Jim and his parents to the Hall of Ancient Thought. Jim learned from Spock that it was a holy site that had been hit by Khan's Augments in The Fall. Only half of the original katras
within had survived the attacks. Jim saw how the monks and the reldai doted on the feline vessel Mestral was within. Mestral was a Vulcan elder from the period from before The Fall and was therefore treated with high reverence. To Jim it looked like a cat sitting on his velvet pillow throne and ruling over his new pointy-eared minions.

Jim saw T'Pau come in with a device that looked like a bulky collar around the cat's neck. Jim was about to ask what it was when he saw other familiar faces in this room. Sonak, Spock's sub-commander along with Janice Rand, and Turim with Angela Martine. Jim wasn't surprised by their presence considered the two woman were married to Vulcans. What was surprising was seeing Uhura and Scotty. Scotty waved enthusiastically with some kind of weird hat with lightbulbs on it. “Jim!”

Jim smiled. “Scotty! You're on Vulcan! What are you guys doing here?”

“We're were working together tirelessly to make a device to give Mestral a voice and I think we've done it. I used a combination of a neural scanning circuit and a universal translator, but the real trick was making it wee enough for tha' cat.”

Jim and Spock shared a glance. An opportunity to speak with Mestral without painfully slow typing or mind melds. “That's great Scotty! Try it out.”

Scotty went over to the cat and carefully put the device on its head and hooked to the translator on its collar. “There! I think I've done it. Try it now uhh Mr? Ms? Umm Mestral.”

The neural crown the cat wore lit up as it spoke in a disconcerting robotic voice. “I prefer male pronouns despite the gender of my current body.”

Jim winced. “Wow, that's a terrible voice. Can you change it?”

The cat looked at Jim and nodded. “I agree, but this voice is better than having none.”

Scotty had a lightbulb moment. “Wait! I can fix tha'! Just give me a tick...”

Scotty fiddled with the collar and turned a dial. “Try it now.”

The voice that came out was a smooth and regal baritone with a distinct British accent. “I am Mestral of Vulcan. Long have I waited to return to the world of my birth... Ahh, this voice is a vast improvement.”

Jim agreed. “Wow, that's much better. What do you have it set for?”

Scotty looked at his PADD. “I just had the computer select an adult male voice at random. It's currently set for... some early twenty-first century British actor named Patrick Stewart.”

Jim nodded. “It isn't bad.”

Mestral agreed. “I concur. Though it is different from my original voice, it is one I would certainly find myself growing attached to, but I digress. James Kirk, grandson of my grandson, James Davis, my last heir and keeper of my katra. I assume you have many questions?”

Jim nodded. “I do. I heard you stayed behind to study humans, but what possessed you to leave your home behind forever when you could have been rescued?”

The cat's eyes seemed to twinkle at Jim. “In the centuries I have lived and died on your world I saw humanity’s potential. In only ninety-six years your species went from taking their first steps on their
planet's moon to breaking the warp barrier. Your species took enormous leaps in development in only a short amount of time, all on your own.”

“You were living on that world. Did you have anything to do with their development? Our race still enforces the law of non-interference.” Spock accused.

“I did nothing but observe. You, being half-human, should know the potential humans have. Humans are quite remarkable in all that I witnessed, the changes your people went through was remarkable. We Vulcans took far longer to develop to the point you have. It took us many centuries to break the warp barrier after taking our first steps on T'Khut and T'Ruhkmai.”

Jim the history buff, scoffed. “You were on our planet when we were at our worst. You landed in the middle of the Cold War between two countries, you saw us nearly destroy ourselves in the Atomic wars, the Eugenics War... We were savage barbarians! How can you think so highly of us?”

“You survived. You grew past your savagery. Bigotry, greed, and strife. You as a species stood up declared that we will be savages no more. You reached a stage of maturity that took Vulcans far longer to achieve. We too were as savage and cruel as the humans of the past I have seen, perhaps even more so. Vulcan emotions run so much deeper than humans.”

Bones could not help but ask one question that had been burning in him. “I have a question.”

Mestral regarded Bones curiously. “I surmise that you would, Dr McCoy. I assume this is about my children?”

“Yeah, from a medical stand point, you would have needed a lot of medical intervention to even blend Vulcan and human together. These pregnant human folk here, are only able to be pregnant with their Vulcan spouses because they were already hybrids to begin with. Before you came, there was no Vulcan DNA in any humans. You were the first to... Well mingle in our gene pool. How’d you do it?”

“The ship I crashed in was never recovered. It was simply left behind and assumed destroyed. An oversight on the Vulcan High Council's part I'm sure. I was able to use my knowledge of biology and my body as a surrogate to carry every child I sired. After the first month of pregnancy I moved the embryo from their mother to myself before their mother's body rejected their copper based blood. I had to make adjustments to my uterus and the placenta to keep the human impurities in their blood from making me ill. Each child I bore was an ordeal, but in the end it was all worth it.”

“How many kids did you have?”

“I had nine children with four different wives. Eventually my body could no longer carry children and I became depressed when I took too long to recover from my last birth. I think it was for that reason that my children and grandchildren decided to donate their seed to various clinics. They saw so many people unable to have children... I believe it was from their actions that an unscrupulous geneticist created the augments. Those foolish doctors never realized the otherworldly aspect of my children's genes, no one outside our family ever realized the truth of myself and my descendants.”

Mestral padded up to Jim and rested his paw on the side of Jim's face. “My body had been long dead when your grandfather got married and had your mother. While all of my grandchildren had scattered and all but forgotten their Vulcan heritage, your grandfather was the only one left that still felt the call of Vulcan pulling at him from the stars. Tell me, my son, did you feel the stars call to you?”

Jim nodded. “Ever since I could remember I dreamed of this place, and of Spock. Even if I didn't
know why, I only knew that I couldn't stay on Earth.”

“I am gratified that something of me felt Vulcan calling. As much as I loved the Earth, it was not home. It did not possess Vulcan's harsh beauty. I thank you... James Tiberius Kirk for uniting Vulcan and Earth. Your grandfather would be proud of you, as I am proud of you. You Jim are one of the best examples of humanity and I am proud to have you as my heir.”

Jim couldn't speak. He knew if he did he would start bawling like a baby and he couldn't blame it all on pregnancy hormones. It was all so ridiculous and moving at the same time. Here he was, having a heart to heart talk with his great-great grandfather and getting answers to questions he had asked his whole life. His Vulcan ancestor who was currently in the body of a fluffy white cat named Princess Buttercup and wearing what looked like a lightbulb hat. Mestral's regal voice was in such a juxtaposition to the adorable kitty currently purring in his hands. “Thanks... Sa-mekh’il.”

Spock saw his t'hy'la crying and went to comfort him. “Jim? Why do you cry?”

“He weeps because he is human.” Mestral answered. “Humans cry when they are sad or when they are happy. They are so expressive and emotional and still are capable of logic and reason. It is part of what makes them so fascinating. The balance between logic and emotion that they can dwell in.”

Sarek stared at the feline and their gazes locked. Immediately they felt a rapport with one another. Both of them were Vulcan that were daring enough to take a human bride and have children of two worlds when their peers thought them insane. Sarek had one of those small smiles. “Indeed, honored elder. Humans are most fascinating.”

The next day, the cat gave birth to a litter of seven kittens and his katra safely transferred into a vre-katra. The chapter of Mestral's saga had finally been closed. Bones, having had a cat back in Georgia, helped the attending reldai and healers for the birth. Bones at first protested, “I'm a doctor, not a veterinarian!” but he relented and delivered the kittens. He fawned over the kittens with the rest of any Vulcan that saw the adorable balls of fur.

The best part was when Bones took pictures of the seven healthy kittens and Jim scared all the nearby Vulcans when he laughed his head off at the picture. The kittens all had black markings on their heads that looked like bowl cuts and pointy eyebrows.

Spock looked at Jim with concern. “Jim? Are you alright?”

“Look! Mestral had Vulkittens! Aren't they the cutest?”

Both of Spock's eyebrows shot up and his cheeks had a dusting of green to them. “I find myself strangely drawn to them. They have a noble and magnificent bearing... And they look somehow familiar.”

Jim had to stifle his laughter. Spock wanted a cat that looked exactly like him. “You want one, don't you, Spock?”

Spock nodded. “Affirmative. They are most attractive creatures.”

Jim laughed and laughed his head off. Apparently Amanda's assessment when she first came to this world was correct. Vulcans really were basically big cats. “So in addition to a brand new Vulkitten,
we're also having two kids between us. We're going to have a full house here, Spock.”

“There is much room here in the palace.”

Jim paused. They never really talked about where they were going to raise their kids. He was only just realizing that Spock was Vulcan's crown prince, and therefore his kids would be his heirs. Xon and T'Manda would have to be raised here on Vulcan. Somehow Jim didn't think he could sit still on this world for very long. “Right. Lots of room in your family palace.”

Spock sensed Jim's unease. “There is something troubling you.”

“Yeah, just not sure if I could call this palace a home.”

Spock caressed Jim's fingers. “I believe I may have a solution. When Doctor McCoy has cleared you, there is somewhere I wish to take you. I believe you may find it more to your liking than the palace.”

Jim perked up. “Okay, I'll bite. Where is it?”

Spock smiled. “I would prefer to surprise you, but it is outside the city, isolated, and would appeal to both of our restless natures. It is also cooler and possesses a source of water.”

Wide open spaces. Away from the big city. Cool and moist. Privacy. So far whatever Spock had in mind sounded really good to Jim. The hint of wanting to wait until Bones cleared Jim's new love tunnel open for business made his lower parts perk up. “Let's go pester Bones.”

Spock's eyes crinkled and his lips quirked upward in a small smile. He was eager to see the doctor's work. “Very well, my t'hy'la.”

Chapter End Notes

I would like to say thank you for your patience and how sorry I am how late I am in posting this. The tumblr purge threw a wrench in my plans and stressed me out to hell. Especially since I had planned to post my own Spirk art. Unfortunately due to how busy Christmas will be, I will not be able to have much time to write and the next chapter probably won't come out until January. I'm also planning/hoping to check the complete mark on this fic at 20 chapters. In the meantime, I have another Spirk fic if you wish to check it out, it's part of a series.

End Notes
Translators:
T'nash'veh T'hy'la, Sos tel-tor k'du? - My T'hy'la, may I bond with thee?
Kroikah komihn! – Stop human/Terran!
Rai – No
Telsu pi'tak – bondmate thief

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