Shore Leave With A Twist

by StellarLibraryLady

Summary

McCoy is so tired and tense that it seems he will stay on the Enterprise and sleep through a much needed shore leave on a recreation planet. So Spock proposes a back massage to relax him. But in order to give the massage, does Spock have to look so damn sexy in that black outfit and does his touch have to thrill McCoy so much? And does that spicy oil that Spock is using have to tingle so smartly as it penetrates McCoy's skin? Especially does it have to burn as it runs down his exposed crack, only to be pursued by Spock's inquisitive, probing fingers into his anus?

And do Spock's burning fingers have to feel so very, very good as they sink lower and lower into McCoy's quivering body?

Not caring where this intimacy may lead them, McCoy desperately hopes that Spock doesn't stop. That's the only thing now that McCoy couldn't take. In fact, he's hoping that Spock uses more than his fingers on him. He's prepared for whatever Spock brings to him, whatever it does to their relationship.

Appeared in Spiced Peaches LVI.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
All that Leonard McCoy wanted to do on this upcoming shore leave was to sleep. He’d held up pretty well during the last few days that the Enterprise had been heading toward the recreation planet. But when its image finally came into sight on the forward viewing screen, McCoy felt his fatigue wash over him in undulating waves. He fought to keep his eyes open as he stood by Jim Kirk in his command chair, but all that he really wanted to do was to give into his weariness and go to sleep.

"Looks pretty good, doesn't it, Bones?" Kirk asked with his own eyes looking a little sleepy. "I think all of us are a long overdue for this shore leave. We've had a rough time of it lately."

"Hmm," McCoy hummed in reply. That's all the energy he could muster to answer his friend and commander.

Kirk frowned up with concern on his face. "Bones? Are you alright?"

McCoy brought himself under control with a jerk and looked down into his friend’s worried eyes.

“I’m okay, Captain. Just a little tired.”

“You should be tired with all the business you’ve had in sickbay lately. I think that everyone needs to get out in the sunshine and fresh air and let ol’ Mother Nature heal them the natural way."

“I feel like I could sleep for a week,” McCoy admitted with a lazy grin.

Kirk returned the grin. “Well, you deserve it. Don’t forget that we’ve got a hot date down at a certain cantina down on the surface. That should clear a lot of the cobwebs outa your head. Rosie and her girls know how to treat a fellow right when he’s got space burnout.” He winked. "And I'm about ready to get my jets blown out, good and proper. I don't care what comes my way, I'll consider it. As long as it's responsive and halfway decent looking, I'll give it a tumble." He smirked. "Hell, amend that. I'll take action in the dark, if I have to. Just as long as I get action and a lot of it. We'll be sore as hell afterwards, Bones, but we'll return to the Enterprise smiling."

McCoy sobered. “I don’t know if I can make it tomorrow, Jim. I really do want to catch up on my sleep.”

Kirk looked worried. “Sorry to hear that. Maybe you’re coming down with something. Why don’t you cut your shift short and get some sack time in your quarters?”

Just the thought of immediate sleep brought the wooziness back to McCoy. “You know, that sounds like the best idea I’ve heard in awhile. Sorry to miss out on Rosie’s tomorrow. Maybe I can join you in a few days.”

“Sounds like a plan. Now, go on. Get outa here.”

“Thanks, Jim,” McCoy murmured as he slapped Kirk’s arm and headed for the turbo lift.

When McCoy finally awoke, he had the feeling that a great amount of time had passed and that he was very alone on this huge ship. He was a social animal, after all, for he missed the presence of his fellow man as the emptiness pressed down around him and made him feel lonesome.

Logic told him that a skeleton crew yet manned the starship as it circled this recreation planet. He wasn’t really alone, just felt it.
He moved his legs, then remembered why he had awakened. His bladder was filled to maximum and threatened to empty if he relaxed abdominal muscles which had been clinching even as he slept. Then the volume had gotten too much for even his taut muscles. They had protested and awakened him. Either that, or he had not immediately responded and the muscles had failed. There seemed to be a few drops of cooling urine on the bedding.

Great! Now he was pissing the bed!

With a mighty thrust, McCoy shoved his blanket aside and sat up. The next moment, he collapsed with another groan back onto the spot of wet urine. He was still tired. But not for lack of sleep. This time, it was because of too much rest.

In fact he was drunk with sleep, he realized as he stumbled toward his bathroom. His full bladder seemed to be leading the way, and it was a good thing. McCoy was weaving like he’d been on a two-day drunken bender.

When he emerged from the bathroom sometime later, his bladder was still contracting from the sudden loss of pressure on it. Damn bladder! he thought. Can’t please it no matter what he did. He was happy that it was working so well and leading him around, though. It seemed to be one of the few parts of him that was operating at peak efficiency.

What always puzzled McCoy was how the bladder could get so full and demanding when he was asleep and not drinking any kind of fluids. He knew, of course, that his inner plumbing kept working even if he slept. Blood kept getting purified by the kidneys, lungs kept changing bad air for good, cells of all types and descriptions kept dying and getting sloughed off. A lot of the responsibility of getting rid of all of that garbage fell on the bladder. And the rectum, of course. At least he’d taken care of all of that disposal. As they say back on the farm, he was clean as a whistle. Now he felt so light that he might float away. But it’d all get filled up again and have to be emptied again. Or else the little McCoy system would get sick.

McCoy yawned hugely. Sometimes, being a doctor had its downside. He knew just too much about the operating procedures of his own body. Sometimes a little mystery is good in life.

He jerked to a halt and stared at his blanket folded back neatly over crisp bedding.

A little mystery like how did clean sheets get on his bed. Bedding doesn’t change itself.

He glanced at the steam curling off a bowl of soup and a cup of coffee on his nightstand and frowned in thought.

Nor does hot food appear out of the blue. Even in the age of replicators, someone has to program in a food request. Food doesn’t appear just because someone thinks that it would taste good.

Or does it, he wondered as he glanced around. How else did it get here then? He didn’t believe in fairies or genies living in magic bottles. Or at least he never had before. Now he was beginning to question even that.

His door slid open and Spock blinked when he saw McCoy.

“Oh. Doctor. I was beginning to wonder if you were ever coming out of your bathroom. I thought that I best check on you if case you were in need of assistance.”

McCoy frowned. “You’re my fairy god mother?”

“Pardon?”
McCoy swept his hand toward his neat bed and the hot food awaiting him.

“I thought that you might appreciate some tidying up and some refreshment.”

“Well, of course, I did! That was mighty sweet of you.”

Praise flustered Spock more than any of McCoy’s ranting ever had. He had no words to thank McCoy. It was kind of cute, actually, McCoy decided, but he wasn’t going to let Spock know that he thought that. Wouldn’t want the Vulcan to think that he’d gone soft or liked him or anything stupid like that.

“What are you doing here, anyway?” McCoy wanted to know, mainly to cover Spock’s embarrassment and his own warmth he’d felt. Just where in the hell had that come from anyway?! “I thought that you’d be down on that planet having a good time.” He sat down on the bed and began eating the vegetable soup that was accompanied by soda crackers and grape jelly. It all tasted good and he realized how hunger that he really was. Famished, in fact. But sleeping long hours and not eating right for several days before that will do that to a body.

“I came back to check on an experiment.”

“That was poor timing to have an experiment on the ship.”

Spock shrugged, in control again. “It simply worked out that way.”

“That still doesn’t explain why you’re in my quarters.”

“The captain asked if I might check on you. He was concerned about your exhausted state. Now that I see you, I can understand why he was concerned.”

“Why?! Do I look that bad?!” McCoy roared as he drank some coffee.

“Of course not. I have seen you look more rested, though,” he replied smoothly.

“Oh?” McCoy flexed his muscles and rolled his neck on his shoulders. “Maybe I slept crooked.”

But Spock thought otherwise. “No, I believe that you are tense,” Spock explained as he neared the bed. “Your responsibilities in sickbay have greatly taxed your reserves of energy. You need to relax.”

“How do you propose I do that? I just slept for hours and I still feel like I’m in knots.”

“Disrobe and I will show you,” Spock said eagerly.

“I beg your pardon!” snapped the indignant McCoy, his eyes wild with justifiable outrage.

Spock drew himself up. “Let me rephrase that, please. I believe that I have made myself unclear.”

McCoy’s nostrils flared. “Damn straight!”

“I could give you a back massage. That should relieve a lot of your tension. Then you could go down to the recreation planet and be able to experience a satisfying vacation.”

“Well, that does sound tempting,” McCoy muttered. He was feeling a little sheepish for acting like an outraged old maid.

“Good,” Spock said, his spirit of wanting to help restored. He grabbed McCoy’s empty dishes. “I
will dispose of these and warm some scented oils.”

“Scented oils?” McCoy echoed.

“They will help you to relax. I’ll just be a moment.” His skin flushed. “You might prepare yourself by removing your clothing and lying on your stomach. Drape a towel over your buttocks, and I will be right back.”

McCoy did as Spock suggested, although it seemed a little unnatural to be stripping.

Come on, he chided himself. It’s just Spock. He’s only trying to help. Be a sport and let him.

McCoy was lying as instructed a few moments later when Spock re-entered his quarters: nude and with a white towel across his buttocks.

“Ah! I see that you have prepared yourself,” Spock said eagerly.

For some reason that caused goosebumps to pop out on McCoy’s back and across the tops of his bare legs. He could feel Spock’s eyes on him and a chill shook him as he wiped his face on his folded hands

“You are chilled,” Spock said and adjusted the thermostat higher.

McCoy glanced at Spock and realized that he shouldn’t have. Spock had removed his long-sleeved tunic and now wore only his black slacks and black short-sleeved T-shirt. The costume gave him a rakish appearance which belied his generally solemn demeanor. Spock seemed almost assertive and in command.

Spock’s muscular fingers set to work on McCoy’s tense muscles in his upper back. After a few minutes McCoy grew accustomed to the sturdy massage. He might have even dozed off because the combination of the strong kneading and the tingling of the warm scented oil as it sank into his skin worked its magic. The oil seemed to burn as it reached into deeper and deeper layers of his flesh. The long strokes down his back were plastering McCoy to the bed and making his body seem to flatten and flow outward. The steady rhythm made McCoy’s eyelids droop lower and lower. The only thing keeping him awake was the tingling awareness of Spock’s commanding hands as euphoria made McCoy aware of his nearly naked state and of Spock looming over him. And then even that awareness faded into a sensuous dream.

McCoy gradually drifted back to consciousness, and he realized why. Spock’s hands had drifted down his back until they were now well below McCoy’s waistline. He felt Spock’s fingers stroke down either side of his buttocks, and that action brought complete awareness back to McCoy. The towel must have moved because it no longer lay across his buttocks but down his crack and between his parted legs.

When had his legs parted?!

And then Spock’s hands slid down his sides once more, and McCoy could feel his relaxed legs parting a little bit more. He was doing it himself!

“Did you doze off, Doctor?” Spock wanted to know in a soothing voice. There seemed to be just the slightest hint of a mocking tone which alarmed McCoy, yet thrilled him, too.

“Yes,” McCoy mumbled back. “I seem to have.”

“Good. That means that you are truly relaxing.” His strong, spread-apart fingers stroked firmly down
the center of McCoy’s buttocks, the thumbs teasing the towel away from his crack.

McCoy could have wept because it felt so good.

And then he knew that the towel had been more than nudged. It had been dragged further down his body to puddle between his legs. The main reason he realized that was because he felt the trickle of warm oil run down his parted crack and pool on his puckered anus.

McCoy wiped his face on his folded hands again. The spices in the fragrant oil were burning his tender skin, but it was a good burn. He was happy that he had recently defecated and emptied his bladder. Otherwise, he would be doing it again, and he did not want to interrupt this delicious massage.

For he realized that Spock’s masterful stroking was not only relaxing him but also lighting fires deep inside him. He wondered idly if Spock fully understood what he was doing.

Then the towel disappeared, and McCoy knew that Spock understood exactly what he was doing to the naked and unprotected man beneath him.

“Are you chilled?” Spock asked close to his ear.

A thrill skilled across McCoy's shoulders. “No, no. Fine, fine.” McCoy did not want to interrupt that marvelous stroking from those magical hands or stop that burning oil from burning between his legs.

Then the stroking did stop, but McCoy didn’t mind because Spock used one of his hands to pull one of McCoy’s hams aside. Cool air hit the oil. McCoy moaned against his hand because Spock could not avoid seeing all of McCoy’s secret places.

He was such a slut! He wanted Spock to see more! He pulled his legs further apart.

“Yes, that is better,” Spock murmured softly, and McCoy could’ve defecated again if there had been anything left in his colon.

Then McCoy felt Spock’s index finger on his hole gently working against the tension in its wrinkles.

McCoy thought for a moment that his colon really wasn’t empty and was prepared to prove that fact to both of the men.

Then McCoy felt that index finger gently entering him. And the sharpness of the spices bit into McCoy's tender insides, but it felt so, so, so, very good!

He couldn’t help it. He moaned.

The finger stopped, but was remained inside of him.

“Doctor?” Spock sounded worried.

“Nothing. N-nothing.” McCoy whispered and willed his muscles to relax. He tried to move his legs to accommodate that finger, but there was no getting away from it.

The finger sank lower inside him.

Oh, Hell! Oh, Hell, that felt good!

When there was no further objection, the middle finger joined the index.
Ah!

And a third finger!

Yes! Oh, hell, yes! Oh, sweet Jesus, yes!

But then the burning of the spicy oil intensified as it followed a trail as the fingers probed deeper.

McCoy squirmed.

“Am I hurting you?”

“Burning!” McCoy gasped. “Burning!”

“A special gift,” Spock murmured as he bent his head and kissed McCoy’s buttock.

McCoy nearly laughed. How many times had he jeeringly challenged someone to kiss his ass, and now somebody was doing just that! Literally and figuratively, Spock was kissing his humble ass. And McCoy was so grateful.

But especially was he grateful for those sinking, burning fingers crammed up his ass. There had been a few times that he’d put out that invitation to some smart character who’d been bothering him, but he never fully had expected anybody to accommodate him. And now somebody was! Heaven on High, somebody was playing with his ass! And he was loving it!

Then Spock extended his fingers and carefully rotated them in a twisting motion.

McCoy went wild. He saw stars and he was nowhere close to a viewing port. He was going to shit for sure! And he didn’t care if he had to clean up his quarters with his nose, this experience was going to be worth it! Twist those magic fingers again, you Vulcan bastard! Then stand back, because the next shit explosion is gonna be coming from my asshole!

“Doctor, you must not jerk around like that. You will injure yourself.”

That grounded McCoy and brought him back to his senses. Spock had part of his hand crammed inside him, and it was starting to feel uncomfortable. He twisted around so that he was glaring at Spock.

Spock, caught off-guard by McCoy’s sudden, erratic movement, traveled with him and squatted to accommodate McCoy’s shifting body.

“Me hurt myself?!?” McCoy snarled with flaring eyes. “Those aren’t my own fingers ramming me up my ass! Why are you giving me a fingerfuck anyway?!”

“I am sorry, Doctor. I will withdraw them if that is what you desire.” He started to pull his fingers out of McCoy.

“Now, what the blue blazin’ hell do you think you’re doing?!”

Spock was confused. He thought that withdrawal of his person was what McCoy had demanded.

“Do you not wish me to leave?” Spock asked.

“No, I don’t wish you to leave!” McCoy retaliated. “And I don’t want you to pull out your fingers, either! Not unless you’re prepared to replace them with another rigid part of you!”
Spock frowned. “Do you mean--”

McCoy struggled to turn over further so he could see between the parted legs of the squatting Vulcan. He grinned. “And from the way that you’re straining against your slacks, you’re more than ready to replace your fingers with another part of you.”

Spock blushed a deep green.

“Oh, hell, I’ve drawn a virgin!” McCoy lamented with a moan of sorrow.

“It is not that, Doctor.” Spock struggled to find the right words. He also struggled to maintain balance as he squatted on his heels and keep McCoy from injuring himself. One of Spock’s hands was, of course, preoccupied as it remained rammed inside McCoy’s rectum. If an alien came storming into McCoy’s quarters now seeking a blood sacrifice, he would find two very compromised victims.

“Well, what is it, man?! Spit it out! Why the hell won’t you replace your fingers for that sledgehammer you’re packing between your legs??”

“It is you who would be the recipient.”

“So? I’m nothing special. I’m just another person.”

“Oh, no, Doctor, you are so much more. At least you are in my eyes.”

“Well, you are in my eyes, too. And I’m beginning to realize that more and more as we progress in this little ‘exercise.’”

"'Exercise?'" Spock repeated with an inquisitive look.

"Yeah, 'exercise,'" McCoy answered impatiently. "Now slip your hand outa my ass and get on with the next part of this dalliance. This is a damned awkward position for me to be in, but it’s nowhere half as awkward as you are. Now, do as I say, darlin,’” McCoy ordered in a soft voice. “But I want some kissing and cuddling before we get to the good stuff.” He winked and grinned. “Okay?"

A smile slowly spread along Spock’s lips and landed in his eyes, making them dark pools of molten tar. “Whatever you say, Doctor. And then maybe we can go down to the surface of the recreation planet.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever you say. But first things first,” he said as Spock’s oiled fingers slipped out of his anus. “Get up here and give me a kiss. Then we’ll get down to proper business.”

“Whatever you say, Doctor,” Spock agreed as he hastily removed his clothing and crawled onto the bed to join McCoy.

McCoy grabbed him. Spock lost his balance and sprawled all over McCoy’s naked body.

"Hello, darlin,’” McCoy said with a knowing grin as he held him close. "I like how you arrive."

"I assure you, Doctor, that it was not of my doing," Spock answered as he struggled to right himself.

"Don’t you be going nowhere. I got plans for you,” McCoy advised huskily as he hooked an arm around Spock’s neck and drew his lips down to his.

Spock was so caught up with McCoy’s urgency that he failed to mention McCoy’s use of a double negative. Semantics was the last thing on either of their minds at the moment. In fact they were quite
“What was that thing you did with your fingers?” McCoy asked after the first deep kiss. He was absently running a hand possessively up and down one of Spock’s arms.

“The twisting motion?”

“Yeah. That. It was almost like screwing. Wasn’t it?”

Spock happily gave him a reproving look. “You are not being very subtle, Doctor.”

“I know what I’m wanting,” McCoy breathed as he reached up to lick one of those damn pointed ears. It tasted as good as he always figured it would. “Did I ever tell you that I’ve lusted after what you’ve got on the tip of your ears?”

Spock smiled. “Have I ever told you that I have lusted what is between your legs as you walk away?”

“Mr. Spock! I am scandalized!” McCoy admonished with false shock.

A grin tickled Spock’s lips as an eyebrow inched up, giving him a wise, knowing leer. “Then get prepared, Doctor. You are about to be shocked worse than that.”

McCoy was more than ready for Spock when he came at him for the main event. It was all that he hoped it would be, and more.

But McCoy didn’t let Spock know that.

Leonard McCoy was standing on the bridge of the Enterprise as the starship flew away from the relaxation planet. He watched fondly as the planet became smaller and smaller on the viewing screens.

“Odd that we’re leaving backwards,” he remarked to Kirk who sat at his elbow. “Generally, we’re facing forward so we can see what’s ahead of us.”

Kirk’s eyes mellowed in warmth as he watched the receding planet, too. “I thought that we all deserved a last look at a place where we’d all had such a good time.” He sighed in remembered pleasure, then shifted his body that was sore in secret places. “I know that I’ll long remember this place.” And a certain six-foot-plus blonde giant with the biggest, uh, attachments that Kirk had ever seen. Or felt.

“Me, too,” McCoy agreed as he smiled in remembrance and rocked on the balls of his feet.

Kirk looked up from his command chair. “Really? I thought that you rarely ventured out of your room, when you finally got down on the planet. I thought that you were going to sleep for a month. At least, that’s what you said.”

McCoy shot a glance at Spock who had his back to Kirk and McCoy. But McCoy could tell that Spock was listening. There was just that extra flinching in Spock’s shoulders that revealed his concern over what was being discussed.

“I said that I THOUGHT that I could rest for that long,” McCoy quickly amended.

“Oh? Well, perhaps I misunderstood you.” But just by the tone of Kirk’s voice, McCoy realized that
Kirk didn’t really believe him.

But before McCoy could come up with something more plausible, Spock turned and said in somber tones, “Our days on that planet were relaxing, no matter how they were spent, Captain.”

“I’m with Spock,” McCoy quickly added. “Great place to relax.”

Kirk looked up with playful eyes and a soft grin playing along his sensuous lips. “I’m glad to hear you admit it, Bones. That’s what I figured, especially the first part of what you said.”

McCoy ran back over what he had just said, sucked in his breath, and blushed a deep red.

I’m with Spock!

Damn that Kirk!

He knew!

And I told him!

At his consul, Spock’s face deepened in color, too, except it was a dusky green. His long fingers even flubbed a control, but he quickly corrected his mistake. What was going on between Kirk and McCoy seemed to be taking a toll on his breathing, though.

Kirk settled back in his chair. Those other two would have to get up pretty early to fool an old country boy like him. When Kirk had boarded the Enterprise from shore leave, he’d noticed the mellow looks between Spock and McCoy and their tendency to stand closer together than ever. There had to be a damn powerful reason for those things, and Kirk figured he knew just what it involved.

Yes, sir, he wasn’t captain of the Enterprise for nothing!

“Bring her about, Mr. Sulu,” Kirk ordered.

“Aye, Captain,” Sulu relayed as the planet began to disappear on the forward viewing screen.

“Bringing about.”

“Warp one, Mr. Sulu,” Kirk said with satisfaction as he looked out into the infinity of stars before him.

“Aye, Captain,” Sulu answered.

Kirk felt the thrust as the Enterprise went into warp one. Oh, how he loved to have this mighty starship bend to his command!

Kirk glanced up to see if McCoy had noted his satisfaction of having so much strength respond to his will.

But McCoy was watching as Spock worked at his consul. A gentle smile softened his face and gave him an almost placid look. That was unusual for McCoy, but maybe something was in his life now that was giving him contentment. And the way he was eyeing Spock with a proprietary air, his new interest seemed to be centered in him.

Ah, well, Kirk thought with just a little twinge of regret and jealousy. It is as it should be.

We all should have our special loves in this life.
End Notes

The title is a pun which I'm sure you understand better now.

I own nothing of Star Trek, its characters, and/or its story lines.

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