Spock brings Jim to New Vulcan (as friend) for whatever reason. Some Vulcans are insulting Jim since he’s human (Vulcans gave Spock a hard time for being half human so just imagine how they would react to a human.) which upsets Spock because Jim is his friend cough and future boyfriend cough. But Jim speaks the current language of the Vulcans and Old High Vulcan (“I got bored with modern Vulcan.”) and knows exactly what they are saying about him.

The insults don’t bother him so he just shakes his head at the Vulcans and plays a dumb blonde human since he likes people underestimating him. (All the while Spock Prime finds the whole situation humorous. Vulcans, in arrogance, are calling his younger self’s t’hy’la dumb when their arrogance makes them blind to fact Jim knows exactly what they are saying.) Then some Vulcan decides to insult Spock and Jim tells them off and insults them back much to everyone surprise (excluding Spock Prime).

The sequel to this fic has been posted.
peace so I decided to try to make it into a fic. The post is in the summary. If anyone wants to beta-read the next chapter please contact me. Hope you'll enjoy.
Chapter 1

This whole situation brought to Jim’s mind an old Earth saying. Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me (unless they're orders for execution from a governor obsessed with eugenics). Jim could still remember the first time he had been told the saying. He had been eight years old.

Ever since marrying Frank, Winona had started taking jobs from Star Fleet that took her off world. It became worse the older Jim got. When Jim turned eight that had been the turning point. His mother spent more time off world then on it. Nobody that lived in the farmhouse liked it when Winona left. When Winona was here Frank was bearable to live with. When she was gone their step father was anything but bearable to live with. Whenever he returned to the farmhouse drunk Sam was the punching bag he took most of frustrations out on.

Until Jim had became eight. That was when Jim had really started looking like his father. Something both Winona and Frank couldn’t stand for different reasons.

Winona couldn’t bare to be around him because Jim started looking just like her beloved dead husband had been when George had been that age. Frank couldn’t stand Jim because he was the reason why the brilliant spitfire of a woman that was his wife couldn’t be at home for more than two weeks.

One night he came home drunk when Sam was still out with his friends from school. Unable to find Jim’s older brother Frank ended up beating Jim instead. It took a few weeks for the bruises to heal while the words Jim had been told that night would haunt him (despite Sam’s best efforts) until a realization he would have when he was boarding a ship that was going to take him to live with his namesake on a colony a week after Sam ran away and Jim drove his dead father’s red Corvette off a cliff to prevent Frank from selling it.

Sam had came home a few hours later to the room they shared to find Jim staring at the wall with a black eye and split lip. Sam had asked him what was going on in his clever head since Jim had simply been staring blankly at the wall instead of doing something or you know anything at all.

Jim told him what Frank had told him earlier when he was hurting him. That it was his fault that their mom no longer stayed at home- on Earth- because he looked just like his martyr of a father. A sad look passed over his older brother’s face before Sam climbed into the bottom bunk that was Jim's.

“Stop glaring at the wall Jimmy. It won't give you answers you're looking for. I will though so look at me in eyes.” Jim glanced up at his older brother. Sam gave him a small smile but eyes were sad.

“Good. A real man always looks in a person's eyes unless it rude to some alien’s culture.” His brother had always had a gift of making him smile. It was because he was the only that actually tried to make Jim happy. “It is not your fault that mom isn’t here. You have no control over the fact you look like our dad there for you can’t be blamed for the fact you do look like him. I’m gonna tell you a secret that you can never ever repeat?” Sam glared at Jim as he waited for Jim to answer.

Jim swallowed the spit that had gathered at the back of his throat. “I promise.”

“When dad and mom plus unborn you were on the USS Kelvin I was with dad’s grandparents. One time I overheard grandma and grandpa arguing over mom. Grandma didn’t like mom since the evening our dad brought her over for dinner. Apparently it didn’t help that mom never wanted kids. Dad had to beg to convince mom to be knocked up. So mom never wanted us. Dad did though then
he died and mom unwillingly got stuck with us. That's why she married Frank Jim. Not because she
loves him - no matter what Frank tells you- but because if she married him she wouldn’t have to take
care of us. So it’s not your fault that mom isn’t here. Mom just don’t love any of us that's why she
always in space. Frank just told you that it was your fault because he wanted someone to blame. And
he probably wanted to hurt you but you won't let him. After all stick and stones may break my bones
but words will never hurt me.”
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

“I wonder if there is a universe where a Spock doesn’t make a Jim want to bang his head in a wall.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sticks and stones may break my bones but words may never hurt me. That was the saying Jim repeated in his head as he pretended to be naive. (Being underestimated was a neat tool to keep in the shed. That was one of the many hard lessons that Jim had learnt on Tarsus IV.

...Jim needed to stop spending so much time with Bones because he was picking up his friend’s habit of using old metaphors. Talk about frightening thought.) Which wow who knew that Vulcans could be such xenophobic bastards? Jim now was more thankful than ever that Spock was a half-blood instead of a snotty pure-blood that believed in Vulcan supremacy.

The slurs directed at him were so bad they managed to upset his stoic First Officer (that right there should tell you all you need to know) who admirably defended Jim’s questionably honor in his mother tongue. They really were becoming friends even after how horribly they treated one and another in their first encounters. If Jim was a female he would admit (okay probably not) that made him feel all warm and fuzzy inside. Jim wasn’t a female though so he would be taking that reaction (along with not needed attraction to Spock) to the grave. To be honest the insults didn’t bother him.

Jim had been used to hateful words since he was a kid. Frank had been verbally and physically abusive to Sam and Jim. Jim had been scorned by jealous girlfriends, boyfriends, and previous one night stands for a good part of his life. Jealous cadets at Starfleet Academy had spread rumors that he either slept with Pike or his professors to have such great grades. After all he was just a dumb hick from Iowa who had sex with farm animals. (Obviously they had never watched the classic movie Transformers or they would know there was more than meets the eye.)

So yeah Jim played dumb blonde human because he liked being underestimated and he didn’t mind the insults since he was use to slander. No one had caught him in his act but the Spock Jim had meet on Delta Vega who (had obviously lied to him) found the whole thing hilarious. (Was it wrong that Jim hoped that one day his Spock would be more willing to accept his emotions?) That had been a memorable conversation.

“Vulcans, in arrogance, are calling my younger self’s t'hy'la dumb when their arrogance makes them blind to fact you know exactly what they are saying.” Why did Jim have a feeling older Spock hadn’t meant to think that out loud?

“What a thyla?”

“I leave that explanation to my younger self.”
“How do you even know that he’ll tell me?”

“He will one day when as you would say ‘gets his head out of his ass’.”

“Why do you have to be so cryptic?”

“I have taken a vow to never give you information that could potentially alter your destiny. Your and my younger self paths while intertwined are yours and his to walk and yours and his alone. But that being said it took many years of knowing my Jim before I dared to tell him what t’hy’la meant.”

“You know that I could order my Spock to tell me what t’hy’la means?”

“There are some things which transcend even the discipline of the service.”

“I wonder if there is a universe where a Spock doesn’t make a Jim want to bang his head in a wall.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all enjoyed it. Am I the only one that loves os!Spock/Spock Prime?
**Chapter 3**

**Chapter Summary**

Hell hath no fury like when you insult a person James T. Kirk cares for.

**Chapter Notes**

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jim never got to meet Spock’s mother, Amanda Grayson, when she was alive. She was just another person Nero had taken away from him before he had the chance to meet them. Jim honestly would have loved to have met her. He had a gut feeling that Amanda was an intelligent hell of woman (she had to be to have married Spock’s father, Ambassador Sarek, who apparently was married before). While Jim had learnt the modern language of the Vulcans (and later High Vulcan) from Hoshi Sato on Tarsus IV Jim had started learning the ability to read inbetween the conscience lines of Vulcans from his time spent with his First Officer. “Logically” his ass. It obvious to Jim that Sarek had loved Amanda and that was the reason it had taken so long to move on and do the logical thing of finding a new Vulcan woman to be his new “she who is my wife” and repopulate New Vulcan with green logical children.

That was actually why Jim was here. Sarek’s new wife, T’Pro, was soon going to be giving birth to Spock’s second half sibling and Sarek had told Spock in the Vulcan logical way that he wanted his only living son to be there. Poor Spock had a hard enough time shallowing the fact he father was marrying again last year so Jim could only imagine what Spock “wasn’t” feeling this time around. The one good thing about Winona’s past husbands (not including his father obviously) was that they never wanted to have kids. So Jim could only relate to having to deal with having your parent remarry but he couldn’t relate to what it was like to have a half-sibling along a new parent that wasn’t your own. So when Spock had asked Jim to come along with him while the Enterprise was being repaired he had agreed.

To say the reactions to him being Spock’s plus one were diverse would be a understatement. While Sarek and T’Pro didn’t approve of him being here they weren’t hostile to Jim. T’Pau seemed to be reserving her judgement of him for now. Her knowledgeable aged eyes watched him when she wasn’t focused on T’Pro and T’Pro’s baby that took up majority of her time. Jim was thankful for that because he had respected T’Pau and he really didn’t want to do something that would insult her. Ambassador Spock, who was under the alias Selek, had somewhat showed his delight that his younger self had brought Jim with him. He also had found humor in fact Jim was playing a dumb blonde human that couldn’t possibly know what everyone was saying when he knew exactly what they were saying.

Then there was the rest of Vulcans who Jim had nicknamed in the privacy of his mind (Jim made sure he didn’t touch anyone with his bare skin) illogical xenophobic bastards. He really should have been surprised by their behaviour but he wasn’t. He had lived through Tarsus; he had seen the worst in people there and no matter how much alcohol he consumed he would never be able to unsee it. Or forget those words: "The revolution is successful. But survival depends on drastic measures. Your continued existence represents a threat to the well-being of society. Your lives mean slow death to the more valued members of the colony. Therefore, I have no alternative but to sentence you to death. Your execution is so ordered, signed Kodos, Governor of Tarsus IV."
There really was nothing new under the sun.

Alcohol couldn’t make Vulcans drunk. (Chocolate did though. That was another lesson Jim had learnt on Tarsus. He had came across a miracle when he had been scavenging for food in the houses of the “unworthy.” A kid’s candy- Jim could still remember his thoughts. He’s probably dead, I shouldn’t feel so guilty. The dead are gone and the living (his kids, not Kodo’s chosen) are hungry.

- stash had given it to his kids to eat; admittedly not the healthy choice but it wasn’t like he had options. One of his kids, Turak, was Vulcan and whoever said Vulcans didn’t feel never got a Vulcan kid - who had recently watched his parents be murdered-

...Jim never made that mistake ever again. 

So Jim could not for the life of him understand why they didn’t keep alcohol. It was just another drink to them like hot chocolate was for humans. They probably thought the liquid was “illogical” to keep since it didn’t make them drunk. There also was the fact (that was more likely) that alcohol didn’t mix with heat well. Since coming to New Vulcan Jim now had an understanding of the phrase “hot as Vulcan.” The heat of New Vulcan however did not deter him from wanting something that was alcholic to him. Jim politely excused himself from dinner to go to kitchen to see what was taking Spock and T’Pro’s three nephews so long to get plomeek soup. Jim walked into the kitchen to see Spock crowded by his cousins in laws who were insulting Spock because he was a half-human. Jim raised an eyebrow (a habit he had picked up from Spock that Bones hated) at the insults as his First Officer took it silently. As he was used to being insulte-

aw hell no.

Jim let out a fake sneeze that had got the attention of Vulcan ears. “I’m sorry,” Jim lied in Vulcan. It probably wasn’t convincing since he was smirking at the three-seconds (yes Jim was counting) that surprise showed on all the kitchen occupant’s faces. “I’m allergic to bullshit.” Jim noted that one of Spock’s eyebrow had raised at the newest lie. “You can ask Bones. He’s my primary care physician and the CMO of my ship or Spock here since he decided to memorize all the known things I’m allergic to fulfil his duties as an amazing First Officer.” Jim’s smirk had transformed into a Cheshire grin. “Spock may not be fully Vulcan or human but he is amazing. An ellexent Starfleet Officer. He’s actually considered the greatest First Officer in the fleet. He is logically not a xenophobic bastard - I can’t say the same for the three of you. Which wow what right do you have for calling him out for not be Vulcan enough when Vulcans cherish logic above pretty much everything else and it would illogical to be a xenophobic bastards. He also was at the time the Captain of the ship that saved all your lives so maybe instead of insulting him in his family’s home you should,” Jim paused to breathe. “I would say kiss the ground he walks on but that would be illogical. So how about you show him the respect he deserves. Also, T’Pro has finished her serving of plomeek soup so how you do something useful like bring the pregnant Vulcan the soup she craving.”

Thankful not a single one of T’Pro’s three nephews pointed out that Vulcans did not crave as they exited out of the kitchen. (If one of them had Jim really couldn’t have been blamed for succumbing to his illogical anger and punching whoever said it.) After watching all three of them exit the kitchen Jim walked over to Spock. Spock’s chocolate eyes looked soft to Jim. He might even have described them as melted.

“Captain,” Spock started but Jim didn’t give him the chance to continue.

“Spock we’re at your family’s house it’s Jim. I know you’re probably-”

“Jim.” Spock interrupted him.
“Disappointed at me for snapping at T’Pro’s nephews but they deserved it fo-”

...Spock had grabbed his hand. Spock was Vulcan kissing him (another thing he had learnt on Tarsus) and Jim’s face was suddenly hot. No that couldn’t be reason why Spock was touching his hand. Spock wasn’t attracted to males- to Jim. He was attracted to females. Spock had been bonded to T’Pring before her death on Vulcan and Spock last relationship had been with Uhura. He must have grabbed his hand to get him to shut up. “Jim have I told you one of the earliest memories I have of my mother?”

“No you haven’t.” And you know that so why are you asking something you already know the answer to?

“My mother was not treated kindly by others on the planet Vulcan. Despite, as you pointed out earlier, it being illogical for Vulcans to be xenophobic but they were to my mother who never responded unkindly to them despite them being unkindness to her. Until the day of ‘Christmas Eve’ when I was six. The previous night my mother had won argument for me not to go to school so I could fully experience the terrain holiday. That day I helped my mother decorate our house with illogical things,” there was balant fondness in Spock’s voice at the last sentence.

“That night my father had invited some members of the Vulcan High Council over with their wives and their children. I, like my mother, was not always treated kindly by those around me.” Jim read between the lines. His suspicions about Spock having been bullied at some point of his life confirmed.

“The children were hostile to me so it was illogical for me to stay in their presence. I went to the kitchen were some of the members of the Vulcan High Council wives were insulting my father in front of my mother. They falsely believed that my father was a sexual creature instead of a logical person- despite the fact that my mother was more logical and intelligent than most humans- because of the fact he had married a human instead of marrying a Vulcan woman. That was the first time I remember of my mother defending herself and my father. I don’t believe she ever told him that she defended him. I hypothesize that she believed my father might be disappointed in her actions.” Spock looked him straight into his eyes. “Jim I am not displeased with your actions. If I was not a Vulcan I would find myself feeling proud of you. For speaking so beautifully in my mother tongue and leaving three adult Vulcans ‘dumbfounded’. And I would find myself honored that you would finally reveal you intelliant by defending my honor when this whole time your honor has been so insulted by those who have no right to insult you.”

Jim shrugged. “What can say? I liked watching you and Selek defending my honor when both of you could have looked the other way. Made me feel all warm and tingly inside.” Jim winked at Spock before getting a solemn expression on his face. “I do have a question you since you're a past xenologist teacher at Starfleet Academy and you're a Vulcan.” Spock raised an eyebrow at him. Jim translated that eyebrow to mean ‘go on.’ “Don’t Vulcans kiss with their hands?” Jim glanced down to confirm the fact that their fingers were still intertwined. If Spock was trying to just get his attention (which Jim was starting to doubt) he could have let go of Jim’s hand earlier in speech. He didn’t though. “Yes they do.” Translation: yes, I am kissing you.

Chapter End Notes

I really need someone to explain why Spock was in a relationship Uhura in the movies when he was bonded to T’Pring. Sorry for taking so long and I hope you enjoyed.
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!