Missing Pieces
by IchabodNasty (Eggfulgent)

Summary

Spock is very young when he loses his leg, he feels like he is incomplete until he meets one James T. Kirk.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Broken

“I still do not understand why my presence is required.” Spock mumbled to his mother. She was telling him of her plan to take him to Earth with her and father, but he was reluctant to go. He had no desire to leave, what would become of I-Chaya? He could not go.

“Spock, honey, I know you don’t want to come.” She smiles at him, it’s one he isn’t used to seeing, it is small and sad. It’s so bizarre, so many ways one can express themselves with a small muscle movement. His father is never so transparent. “You are too young to stay here alone, and both your father and I have to attend.”

“Mother, I will not be alone.” Spock looked over at the sehlat, who in response patted over to him, and his mother laughed. Human’s switched emotions quickly, it was a wonder how they processed them.

“I-Chaya is not a proper guardian, Spock.” His mother answered, after catching her breath. He was about to continue his argument, but his father walked in blank as ever.

“Spock, you are to accompany us to Earth. End of discussion.” Sarek beckoned Amanda, and they took their leave.

He didn’t wish to go to Earth. He could argue with his mother for days, but neither parent would be swayed, and it would be illogical to continue. Instead he began packing his bag occasionally pausing to pet I-Chaya.

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The journey to Earth was uneventful, but it gave him a chance to learn about star ships. He spent most of his free time in engineering learning what he could; so long as his presence didn’t affect the work, he was permitted to stay. He was not avoiding his parents, because Vulcans did not ‘avoid’ however he attempted to keep busy and only returned to their quarters when necessary. He meditated in their quarters when he knew they would not be there. He was never questioned on the behavior, and he was relieved. Their final day on the ship he stayed on the bridge watching Earth approach. His mother had shown him pictures of course, but it was… Bluer than he thought it would be. It was illogical to favor one color over another, but blue seemed favorable at that moment. It was, refreshing.

When they were beamed down to the planet, the sky drew his attention. It was a mix of blue and white, and he could see the moon. Vulcan has no moon. The experience was not horrible.

He didn’t get to see much on their stay, which did not frustrate him, Vulcans do not become frustrated. However, it seemed illogical to take him all the way to Earth, just to leave him alone. He understood his parents were busy, but he could have been alone in a familiar landscape with I-Chaya; rather than in an unrecognizable city with nobody to watch him.

He wanted to leave, to go outside and look at the sky. It was pleasing to his senses. He opted out of disobeying his parents, and instead settled down to attempt meditation.

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It was three days of the same monotonous routine, when his parents finally decided it was time to go out for dinner instead of eating in their room. How were they to know what would happen if they didn’t remain in the safety of the hotel.
The diner they chose was for all types, mostly alien. Human food could be found anywhere in the city, but at their chosen establishment they served all kind. Several menu items were Betazoid delicacies, and a couple of Orion specialties. Most importantly they had Vulcan dishes.

They ate in silence, for it was illogical to do otherwise. Why talk while consuming nutrients? Nobody sensed anything peculiar, and nobody heard the high-pitched whine of a phaser overloading. It triggered a series of explosions bringing the building down on many.

A piece of ceiling favored their table, and suddenly he was screaming. A lot of people were screaming, including his mother. She was moving toward him, but pain was taking over. His entire body was on fire, except his leg. He couldn’t feel his leg anymore. He knew someone was calling him, but whom he had no idea. There was commotion all around him, and it was becoming harder to keep focused. He could feel a warmth on his back, it was wet and sticky, he tried to look down, but it was too blurry. Everything was covered in a thick fog, he didn’t know if he was still screaming, but his mouth was open.

Someone was touching him, and he thinks it’s his father, but he can’t be certain. His eyes are closed, or maybe they are open, all he knows is he cannot see, and he is slipping into darkness. It’s a welcome sort of numbness, and it’s taking over. He can hear voices all around him now, and he doesn’t know how much longer he can stay awake. The warmth from inside his body is instead surrounding it, he’s bleeding and it’s warm all around him. Someone screams his name, his mother, she’s getting quieter. He opens his eyes to look at her, and she looks unhurt. He is relieved. When he closes his eyes again, everything disappears.

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It comes back slowly. He doesn’t exactly know what happened, but he remembers falling, and screaming. He remembers numbness, and fear. He tries to open his eyes, but it’s hard. Like he’s trapped in tree sap, and trying to climb out. A small noise of protest escapes him as he fights off the darkness, he needs to know what happened.

Suddenly someone is in his mind, pulling him to consciousness. It was his father bringing him back, and he was thankful. He was also confused, why did he need assistance in becoming awake. His father gently broke the meld, and he opened his eyes blinking against the brightness.

“You were in a healing trance.” His father explained. Spock tried to ask what happened, but his father silenced him with a hand. “The restaurant was attacked. Due to its dense variety of customers from across the galaxy, it became the target of a xenophobic group. They set a phaser to explode on itself, and rigged several more throughout the establishment to increase the casualty rate.”

He didn’t understand. Cruelty was something he had yet experienced, and now he did not understand how someone could go to such measures to attack innocents. It didn’t make sense. He could feel tears stinging the back of his eyes, and he refused to cry.

“You mother would like to be informed that you are awake. I shall do so now.” Sarek said, and he left Spock alone in the room. He was angry, and he realized that he still couldn’t feel his leg. He wanted to investigate, but was afraid of what he would find, or rather what he wouldn’t be able to find.

His mother came barreling into the room, and was sitting on his bed grabbing his face with both hands. He could feel the relief she was feeling, the love and the fear that still bubbled under the surface. She didn’t know if he would make it. Or if he would ever wake up again.

“Mother.” He acknowledged, and she sobbed pulling him to her, hugging him fiercely. He kept his
arms at his side, refusing to take comfort from her.

“Spock, I am so glad you are okay. We were so worried.” She said, kissing his head. He doubted his father was worried, but he allowed her to indulge in fantasy.

“How long?” He asked, and she stiffened. He waited for her answer, or for her to release him, and she did neither.

“Five days.” His father supplied, it was his turn to stiffen. Five days? What were the extent of his injuries? He would find out eventually, but he knew he didn’t want to know. Part of him already did, but he couldn’t confirm it for himself.

“My leg?” He asked, closing his eyes and trying to keep his breathing and heartbeat at a normal level. His mother choked and pulled him closer, her whole body shaking. He opened his eyes, locking them on his father, who looked away. It took 43.9 seconds for someone to answer.

“Amputated from the thigh down.” His mother whispered into his hair, and he froze. He tried to move the toes that were supposed to be on his foot, and nothing happened. His left leg had been amputated. Removed from his person, his father informed him it had been beyond saving when the paramedics arrived. Crushed under cement ceiling.

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Once he was cleared from the hospital they supplied him with a temporary leg, one he could use until he got a replacement on Vulcan, one suited to his needs. Throughout the whole process, he had a lump in his throat. It was an unfortunate feeling, one he was not properly equipped to deal with.

It was frustrating, learning to walk again. He wasn’t an infant, and he wasn’t helpless. His mother dotted on him constantly, and he felt like he was one step away from snapping; one step was considerably more difficult now when he only had one functional leg.

It didn’t get any easier on Vulcan. I-Chaya sniffed at the fake limb, and whined. He didn’t need sympathy, he was Vulcan, he shouldn’t be feeling the things he was. Kaiidth, what is, is. He couldn’t grow his leg back, therefore he should not mourn the limb.

Returning to school was even more difficult, he was slower getting in and out of the learning pod. He refused to ask for help, and his new leg made it easier to move, but it could never be as functional as the one he lost.

Spock was the first to arrive in the morning, and the last to leave in the evening. He didn’t want any of the other children to know the extent of his injury. It just wasn’t something he could allow to be used against him.

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It was a year after he lost his leg before someone noticed. It was getting easier to climb in and out of the pod, but he still wasn’t as quick as he used to be. He was seven now, old enough to be bonded. T’pring was to be his intended, and at school she watched him carefully. His artificial leg was stiff, and a brilliant white, but to make it his own he had written ‘Kaiidth’ in Vulcan script on the calf. The ink was blue, much like the Earth sky from one year ago.

She did not like him. That much was clear. She preferred the company of Stonn and his group. After the end of the lesson one day they waited for him at the top of the pod. His artificial leg was stiff, and a brilliant white, but to make it his own he had written ‘Kaiidth’ in Vulcan script on the calf. The ink was blue, much like the Earth sky from one year ago.
When he climbed out, his robe revealed his secret to the entire group. None seemed surprised. All blank faces.

“We always knew you were half-Vulcan, but it seems like less now.” T’pring said, tapping her chin.

“Even if that human whore had not sired you, Spock, you still would not be a full Vulcan.” Stonn added.

“Such human eyes, so much emotion.” They all shared a look, and Spock tried desperately to ignore them.

“Before I wondered how much of him felt, it is obvious to me now that it is not all of him that feels. Some parts simply cannot. I wonder how far up it goes.” Savar tilted his head, his eyes following up his leg, and lingering on his middle.

“We could always find out.” Stonn suggested. They shared a look, and then began descending on him, trapping him. Four against one, hardly ideal. Spock lashed out against Stonn first, since he was the closest. He punched him in the nose, barley knocking him backwards, but it would have to do. He used his right leg and brought it down on Stonn’s knee, and driving the other boy down. That appeared to be all he had time to do before T’pring shoved him backwards and into the pod.

His back hit the floor painfully hard, and his head whipped back smacking into the hardness below. T’pring was the first in the bowl, she moved with the grace of a predator seeking prey. Senak more followed her in while Savar remained with Stonn.

She dealt him one swift kick to the ribs, and he fought not to curl in on himself. He would not show any ‘human’ weakness. Then Senak grabbed both his hands and held them above his head. T’pring trailed a finger along his fake leg, lifting the robe with care. She stopped when she saw the ink, and exchanged a look with Senak.

“Kaidith.” Their eyes betrayed them in that instance, like they were laughing at him. They believed he was weak because he needed reminding that he could not help having lost his leg. Stonn and Savar watched with interest above him. T’pring continued to lift his robe until she reached where his knee should be, where the actual skin and bone began.

Then she tore his leg away. She tossed it to Senak, who released him to catch it. They took his leg, and left him in the pit. He watched Senak hand it to Stonn, and they carried it off, leaving him to find his way out.

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He was alone for 2.6 hours until anyone found him.

He was no longer lying flat on his back, after 11 attempts at escaping he had finally curled in on himself. He would not cry, then they would be right. Instead he waited. Soon enough someone would note his absence. He expected a staff member to locate him, but no it was Sarek standing at the lip of the pod.

Spock struggled to look up, he didn’t want to see the disappointment on his father’s face.

His father climbed into the pit, and hefted Spock into his arms despite the protests. He was carried until they located his leg which someone had thrown in the trash. His father allowed him the dignity to put it back on, and walk alongside him back to the house.

“I do not wish to bond with T’pring.” Spock had said, hoping his father wouldn’t need an
“Clearly you are not compatible.” His father paused, “Her family will be displeased.”

“Good.” Was all Spock could contribute to the conversation. He knew it wasn’t an appropriate response, but he wished for her to suffer for her actions. His father nodded, and Spock realized his father was agreeing with him.

“Dinner will commence in 19 minutes.” Sarek said, before striding into the kitchen.

Spock hobbled to his room, his parents had attempted to move it to the main floor, but he had refused. I-Chaya followed him up the stairs, and into the room.

Spock had a lot of time to himself while in the learning pod, and decided to forego meditation, and rehearsed the conversation he was going to have with his parents. He could not be so weak and helpless again. He was going to complete the Kahs-wan.

Usually Vulcans would wait until they were in their teens before venturing out into The Forge, but it was something that needed to be done. Then he would begin training Suss Mahn, and he would become a better Vulcan.

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After dinner he asked his parents to grant him audience, and they remained at the table. It was round so that no one member was more important than another. Something his mother had told him once while he was younger.

“Tomorrow I will be attempting Kahs-wan.” It was easy enough to say, but he knew his mother would fight to keep him from harm. She had failed once, and did not plan on doing so again.

“No. Absolutely not.” She said, slamming her fist down on the table. She never showed anger that extreme since his entire existence, and he had not pictured the conversation taking an angry turn.

“Mother, if you’ll allow me to explain.” He waited, and she closed her eyes taking deep breaths.

“Today I was ambushed while leaving my learning pod at the school, four of my peers came to me after school to taunt me. They saw my leg. It was an unpleasant situation, and I doubt father told you what condition he had found me in. They pushed me into the bowl, and commandeered my leg, depositing it in the trash.”

“Spock-” She gasped, hand flying to her mouth.

“I wish to complete the Kahs-wan so that nobody will question my worth.” He left out the human heritage parts because he did not want to hurt his mother.

“I don’t like it Spock, I don’t think it’s logical.”

“Amanda.” Sarek said. “If our son wishes to do this, we must not stop him.”

Spock would never admit it, but he was grateful that his father had taken his side. His parents retired early, because his mother had said ‘We need to have words Sarek.’ She would not be easy to convince. That is why Spock decided to leave before she could protest.

He left in the night, I-Chaya following him into The Forge.

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The first night was easy, the second also easy. It wasn’t until the fifth night that the lack of food and water started getting to him. He spent longer meditating, and picturing Earth’s blue sky.

The sixth night he came across vegetation, and despite his hunger, he turned away. He wanted to eat, but it was unwise. The Le-matya likely feasted on whatever pitiful creature deemed it safe to eat.

It took a lot of convincing I-Chaya not to indulge. Spock opted to start walking back to his home, and civilization. It took him six days to get this far, and in four days he will have completed Kahswan.

The seventh night was like the night before it: full of hunger, thirst, and meditation.

He didn’t sleep until the ninth night, and it had been a fatal mistake. While he was asleep a Le-matya found him and I-Chaya. He woke with a start, and he saw it’s green skin glowing in the distance. I-Chaya was growling a low warning, but the Le-matya was fearless. It reminded him of T’pring.

Spock was at a loss, again helpless. He had nothing to fight it off with, no weapon. No Suss Mahn training, it was terrifying.

The Le-matya was not going to leave without a fight, and I-Chaya was the one standing between them. Spock did not want to allow the sehlat to fight, for I-Chaya was too fat and old, and was in The Forge without food or water, just like him.

When the Le-matya leapt, Spock had no choice but to watch.

Claws sunk in to flesh, and I-Chaya howled, and bit down on the neck of the beast. Green flesh tore away from shoulder, and blood oozed out of the wound. They were winning. After six minutes of snarling and biting, the Le-matya fell. Spock released a breath he hadn’t realized he was holding.

I-Chaya padded over to him, favoring his right side. When he was close to Spock he took a sniff, and collapsed. Spock wasn’t fast enough. He fell with I-Chaya feeling the fur under his fingers, lifting the heavy head, looking into his only friend’s eyes. They were fading, but looked content.

Spock’s fingers found the psi points, and hadn’t meant to. He had never performed a meld before, it just happened, and soon he could feel everything I-Chaya could. There was no fear in his friend, only happiness. He could see himself as his companion did, and he tried to project his thanks to the sehlat. Thank you, I was not worth your life, but I thank you my friend. I love you, goodbye. I-Chaya whimpered, and he hadn’t realized he was crying. It tickled his face. He felt the moment I-Chaya left, and went where Spock could not follow.

He spent the remainder of the night curled against his sehlat, his whole body shaking with sobs.

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He was reluctant to leave I-Chaya, but knew his time in The Forge was done. He needed to return to his home, and ask if they could retrieve the body.

It wasn’t likely, but it was something he was determined to do. He had left once, and did not intent to do it again.

He did not make it home until late night, his parents should have been asleep, but they were waiting for his return. He was tired. His entire body ached, but he would not eat. There was food set out, and he did not reach for it. His mother looked over his shoulder, and then back at him. She must have seen the grief in his eyes.
“Spock-”

“We must retrieve I-Chaya.” He stood firm in the doorway. His position was clear.

“You require rest.” Sarek said, but Spock could not rest.

“We must-” he started again, but his voice broke and he had to stop himself. His father caught the display of emotion, and his mother rushed forward to hug him. She was stopped with a hand on her shoulder.

“He is a man now, my wife. He must not be coddled.”

Spock knew that meant they would not return for I-Chaya’s body. His heart broke at the thought. His mother had only sympathy in her eyes, but he quickly looked away. His room seemed farther away when he didn’t have I-Chaya nudging him up the stairs.

He didn’t leave his room for three days.

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He thought about returning to The Forge to bury I-Chaya, but he could not bring himself to do it. He knew rigor mortis had begun, and he couldn’t look at his friend as stiff. Not when he had been so soft while he was living.

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After completing Suss Mahn, his peers no longer attempted physical harm on his person. They still spoke, saying things, trying to make him respond emotionally. He was stronger than that now.

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He had thought of going through kolinahr, to purge all emotions. He had asked his mother if that would hurt her, and she had given him a small sad smile, and said she would always be proud no matter what. Now he stood before the Vulcan Science Academy, and waited.

“You have surpassed the expectations of your instructors, your final record is flawless, with one exception; I see that you have applied to Starfleet as well.” The elder spoke.

“It was logical to cultivate multiple options.” Spock said.

“Logical, but unnecessary. You are hereby accepted to the Vulcan Science Academy. It is truly remarkable Spock, that you have achieved so much, despite your disadvantage.”

That was when Spock had stopped paying attention to what he was saying, and read into what he was implying.

“Nobody expected you to succeed because of your human heritage, we were surprised that you maintained perfection; for your blood is far from Vulcan perfect.”

He watched the elders rise, and although he knew the answer, he asked for clarification anyway.

“Your human mother.”

“Council, ministers, I must decline.” He said, looking at his father once before returning his gaze to the speaker.
“No Vulcan has ever declined admission to this academy.” To say the elder was angry was an understatement, but Spock did not care. He could not reach his full potential in a place that expected him to fail.

“Then, as I am half human, your record remains untarnished.” Spock could feel his father’s disappointment, but couldn’t seem to care.

“Spock, you have made a commitment to honor the Vulcan way.” Sarek spoke.

“Why did you come before this council today? Was it to satisfy your emotional need to rebel?”

Again targeting his humanity, further cementing his decision.

“The only emotion I wish to convey is gratitude. Thank you, ministers, for your consideration… Live long and prosper.” He said with a bite. Making eye contact with each one, before turning and leaving the room.

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Starfleet was excited to have him joining them. For the first time in his life he had been wanted. His father cut communications with him after his ‘emotional’ display in front of the council. To say it did not hurt, would be a lie. There was an emptiness inside of him, similar to the feeling he had when he was 6 and lost a vital piece of himself.

He chose not to dwell on it. Throughout the years he was suited with many different legs as he grew out of them. He always kept the one that had gone through The Forge with him, it was illogical to have sentimental objects, but he could not part with it.

His newest leg replacement matched his skin, so he could avoid drawing attention to it. If a pant leg rolled up, then it would look like skin. Kaiidth was also written on this leg, because he had grown used to having the blue ink there. It was… comforting.

Christopher Pike had taken an immediate liking to Spock, and they made time for lunch once a week. To say the man was proud would be an understatement.

He loved the story of Spock rejecting the VSA, his whole body would shake with laughter. It was unusual, to be surrounded by so much joy, and emotion in general. It would take some getting used to.

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A group of cadets, him included, were chosen to view the progress of a starship being built in Iowa. While boarding the shuttle he met a young woman named Nyota. He was surprised to see her use the ta’al as a greeting, and even more surprised by her near perfect Vulcan greeting.

She asked for his name, and introduced herself.

“I am Spock.” He answered in standard. She smiled an easy smile, and they sat with each other on the way to Iowa.

He learned a lot about her, but did not talk much about himself. He learned she speaks 14 languages, 8 earth dialects, and 6 alien languages. It was rather remarkable. Humans were not as disadvantaged as the Vulcan elders believed.
They were bright, and full of life. While they ruled by their emotions, they also chose to educate themselves, to become better while maintaining their true selves in the process. While he had an unfortunate experience in his youth with over emotional, fearful humans, he was glad to know that it was a rare occurrence.

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After watching the ship be built for the day, a few cadets decided it would be fun to parous the local bar. ‘Let loose’ as one man described. Spock was reluctant, but Nyota asked him there personally and found he could not decline.

“I’ll need you there to chase all the drunk boys away.” He had laughed, and he quirked a brow. “Not literally of course. Earth men are reluctant to approach women when they are accompanied by another man.” She explained.

“I will go.” He said, and she had smiled. He of course did not smile, but she at least understood that there was a cultural barrier.

The bar was packed, and it was a rather large establishment. She invited him to a table with a couple other people, and they asked her to get them some drinks.

“Spock, you want to come? I’m going to need the extra hands.” She smiled, and he nodded. He stood, pulling his red shirt down in an attempt to straighten it. He followed her out, and watched her greet people easily, and her smile never wavered. It was refreshing.

She walked right up to the bar tender, and he was immediately paying attention to her. She ordered drinks for her friends, and Spock took a spot next to her. On her right.

“That’s a lot of drinks for one woman.” A man said sliding up to the bar. Spock looked at Nyota, waiting to an indication as of what to do. She had wanted him there so she would not be approached, and yet this man approached her. She ignored him, and ordered a shot of Jack straight up.

“That’s a lot of drinks for one woman.” A man said sliding up to the bar. Spock looked at Nyota, waiting to an indication as of what to do. She had wanted him there so she would not be approached, and yet this man approached her. She ignored him, and ordered a shot of Jack straight up.

“Two shots of Jack, her shot’s on me.” Slurred the man. Spock had yet to look at him, and he finally did as Nyota spoke. He had the bluest eyes Spock had ever seen. He missed what Nyota had said, and found the entire establishment drown out by the color. He never once looked at Spock, instead he focused his eyes anywhere but, eventually looking down at the counter, and Spock had come back to reality.

“Jim, Jim Kirk.” The man-Jim- had introduced himself. Nyota seemed to consider whatever he had said before giving him her last name. He appeared to be under the assumption that she was from another planet, and that they did not have last names there, but she corrected him, refusing to give Jim her first name.

Jim grabbed his beer, and continued the conversation with Nyota. He sandwiched himself between Spock and Uhura, asking about her study.

“Xenolinguistics. You have no idea what that means.” She had assumed, and Spock did not like this side of Nyota.

“Study of alien languages, phonology, syntax, it means you’ve got a talented tongue.” Jim Kirk had replied to her comment in the most surprising way, and Spock felt a small bit respect for the young man. He was smarter than he let on.

“I’m impressed, for a moment there I thought you were just a dumb hick who only has sex with farm animals.” Nyota had said, making Spock very uncomfortable. It was wrong to assume such things
about another person. His presence had continued to go unnoticed throughout the conversation, but it was almost as if he felt Spock stiffen behind him.

“Well… not only.” Kirk had said to Spock over his shoulder.

“This townie isn’t bothering you, right?” A cadet Spock did not have a name for asked Nyota. She had been laughing at Kirk’s joke, so Spock did not understand the sudden hostility.

“Oh beyond belief, but it’s nothing I can’t handle. Believe me.” She took a sip from her drink, and turned back to the conversation. Spock had missed what Jim had said to Nyota, but the cadet seemed to take personal offense.

“Hey, you better mind your manners.” He said taking a step forward.

“Oh relax Cupcake.” Jim had said to the cadet, clasping his shoulder. “It was a joke.” Jim turned to take another drink, but the cadet-Cupcake- grabbed Jim and spun him around.

“Hey, farm boy, maybe you can’t count. There are four of us and one of you.” Cupcake threatened. Spock remembered a similar exchange in his youth, and stepped between Cupcake and Jim.

“I suggest you desist your behavior immediately cadet.” Spock had stood tall and for the first time since arriving at the bar Nyota noticed his presence and nearly gasped.

“Spock-” Nyota began, but Cupcake cut her off.

“Or what?” Cupcake asked, stepping in to Spock’s personal space.

“Or it will be two against four, and you’ll need a couple more guys to even it out.” Jim spoke, taking a step out from behind Spock.

Spock was about to protest that he would not be fighting, but Jim patted Cupcake on the face, and he did not react fast enough to stop it. Jim fell against Spock, and quickly regained a sense of self, and before Cupcake could land another hit, Jim kicked him in the stomach sending him flying against a table.

One of Cupcake’s goons attempted to catch Kirk by surprise, but Spock stepped in the way and blocked the hit, reaching forward and pinching in the correct spot sending him to the ground. Cupcake was up again coming for Kirk while the other two came for Spock seeing him as the real threat. He deflected them easily, and both collapsed after little effort.

When Spock checked on Jim’s progress he noticed with pride that Kirk had the upper hand, only he was getting too cocky. He didn’t see when Cupcake grabbed a glass and smashed it into Jim’s face, and landed another hit on his nose. Jim stumbled back leaving an opening, but Spock was behind Cupcake pinching him too.

Jim’s legs buckled and he fell to the ground amidst the carnage. They were surrounded by Cadets now, watching their movements. Spock bent and placed a hand under Kirk’s arm, helping him off the ground.

“I didn’t need your help.” Jim muttered, and Spock new denial was a human trait.

“If I had not assisted you, the likelihood of you succeeding was 0.2 percent.” Spock helped Kirk over to an empty table, cadets moving out of their way as they passed.

“That good huh?” Jim asked with a bright smile, and at Spock’s confused look, it seemed to
brighten. He laughed and clapped Spock on the back. “And my success with you joining in?”

“74.3 percent.” Spock replied easily. Jim doubled over laughing and allowed Spock to maneuver him into a chair. He had not intended to be humorous, but he was enjoying the effect all the same. When Kirk had finally composed himself, Spock noted the copious amount of blood that had flown from his nose.

“I like you. Your name is Spock, right?” Jim asked, his eyes dancing with mirth.

“Yes, and you are Jim Kirk.” Spock added, taking a seat across from Jim in the booth.

“You can call me Jim.” He said, smirking and winking at Spock. An action, he was admittedly not familiar with. “So Spock, a Vulcan in Starfleet? That’s a first. What are you taking?”

“I am on the science-” Spock began, but Jim cut him off.

“Wait… You couldn’t take science at the Vulcan Science Academy?” Jim snorted, and Spock found himself handing Jim a napkin. Kirk looked as though he didn’t know what to do with it. Spock was about to reach across the table, and wipe the blood for Jim, but stopped himself. It was a strange realization, how he had become so friendly with this man in front of him. “I’ve got to hear that story.” Jim said grabbing the napkin and wiping the blood away.

Spock found that he was not against the idea of sharing that part of himself with Kirk. Only it appeared the universe was working against him, because Christopher Pike strolled up to their table. He looked between the two, disappointment in every line of his body.

“Dismissed cadet.” Pike said, taking Spock’s seat when he got up. Spock tried not to listen to the conversation after that was happening without him, but he had superior hearing and it could not be helped.

“You didn’t have to make him leave, we are brothers in arms now.” Jim seemed to take actual offence to Pike’s actions, and Spock enjoyed having someone to fight with. It was a strange sensation.

“You know I was surprised to find out who you are.” Pike said, ignoring Jim’s comments.

“Yeah? And who are you?” Jim asked defensively, and Pike replied with a full backstory, one Spock had heard before. About serving on the Kelvin, and… Wait, Jim Kirk, possibly the son of George Kirk? That would explain Pike’s surprise, but whatever thoughts he was having was cut off by a strong grip on his bicep. He looked down at the furious gaze of Nyota Uhura.

“What the hell was that about?” She demanded, gripping tighter with each syllable. “I invite you here to avoid men groping me, and you leave with one of them? Are you friends now after causing a scene?”

“He was not groping you Ny-”

“So not the point Spock. Why did you go all heroic and defend his honor?” She dragged him to an empty corner, and cocked a hand on her hip.

“There were four of them, and one of him. I did the math, and the outcome was not favorable. I believe the cadet Jim referred to as ‘Cupcake’ was looking for a fight and-”

“Hold on.” She waved her hand dismissively. “Jim? You are on a first name basis with him? Spock, really?”
“I believe the answer to all your questions is, yes.” Spock said, causing Nyota to roll her eyes, and breathe an indignant huff.

“You just met him.”

“We also only met 16 hours ago.” What he wanted to say was ‘I do not need to defend myself to you.’ It was an irrational impulse to defend himself when it came to Jim. It was true they had just met, but Jim had said ‘We are brothers in arms now’ and that made Spock pause. He likely would never see Jim again after this, Spock went to the academy and Jim lived in Iowa. San Francisco and Iowa were not close, they lived several states apart. He felt the urge to get Jim’s contact information, it wouldn’t be hard, if he was George Kirk’s son; he would likely be easy to find.

Nyota had given up on trying to reach Spock after her argument fell flat. He didn’t owe her anything. He had accompanied her out of courtesy, he did not owe her an explanation. She huffed again, and walked away. He was alone, surrounded by people, but completely alone. He looked around for Jim’s blue eyes, but could not find them. He walked back to the table they had sat together, and he was no longer there. Pike was sitting alone.

“Sit.” He nodded towards the vacant space. Spock complied, he noticed Jim had recently left, the seat was still warm.

“Listen son, I didn’t expect that from you. From what I heard you tried to diffuse the fight, and used minimal violence to accomplish your goal.” That was not what Spock was expecting.

“I assaulted a fellow cadet-”

“You defended that dumb kid, and it could have been a lot worse. The glass to the face was rough, but he was only facing off with one kid. The other three could have done serious damage. Nobody is pressing charges, and neither you or Kirk through the first punch. Dismissed.” Pike commanded, and once again Spock was leaving the table. He hoped to catch Jim on his way out, but he was long gone.

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The shuttle boarded the next day, and he chose a seat at the front in order to avoid the cadets from the previous night. They had chosen the back, Nyota in the middle. He would be the first off, and that’s what mattered. His prosthetic leg was never an issue anymore after years of practice, but he still had the habit of avoiding uncomfortable positions. He chose the isle seat on the left hand side, it was the optimal position if he wanted to be the first off.

He heard the roar of a motorcycle, and he wondered which cadet acquired a motorcycle. It was strange. He imagined Jim drove one, it would explain how his hair stuck up like it did.

When Jim walked on to the shuttle he had to blink a couple of times. It wasn’t normal, perhaps he was hallucinating. Even an eidetic memory couldn’t replicate the life in those eyes.

“Spock!” He smiled walking forward, right in to a low hanging part of the ceiling. “Whoops” he muttered to himself, and rubbed at his forehead. “Glad to see you saved me a seat.” He moved beside Spock and tucked himself in. Their eyes met and Jim was smiling, but their moment was interrupted by a man in his thirties causing a commotion.

“I told you people I don’t need a doctor, dammit! I am a doctor!” They both turned towards the woman ushering a man to any seat.

“You need to take a seat. You need to get back to your seat, now!”
The man tried to explain to her he was afraid of flying, or rather dying because of flying and Jim watched carefully. Spock watched Jim, and then the stranger. The man sat next to Jim, and hastily fastened his safety belt. That is when he leaned over to Jim and said:

“I may throw up on you.”

“I think these things are pretty safe-”

“Don't pander to me, kid: one tiny crack in the hull and our blood boils in thirteen seconds -- solar flare might crop up, cook us in our seats -- Hell, some of the damn passengers are blue. And wait'll you're sitting pretty with a case of Andorian shingles, see if you're still so relaxed when your eyeballs are bleeding-- space is disease and danger, wrapped in darkness and silence.” The man began fishing in his pockets, and Spock watched the interaction.

“I hate to break this to you, but Starfleet operates in space.” He seemed contemplative for a moment, and Spock wondered how Jim was there with them. The stranger pulls a flask out of his coat, and unscrews the cap.

“Yeah, well my ex-wife took the whole damn planet in the divorce, all I’ve got left is my bones.” He took a swig.

“Jim Kirk.” He introduces himself.

“McCoy, Leonard McCoy.” He passes Jim the flask who takes a drink.

“Oh, this is Spock.” Jim says, leaning back to reveal Spock sitting beside him. Spock nods and McCoy who nods in turn.

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The shuttle ride consists mostly of Nyota staring at Jim, and Spock with confusion. Spock still doesn’t know why Jim was there, but he was glad. Leonard and Jim spend a lot of time talking, Jim takes to calling McCoy ‘Bones’ and Spock listens to them tell each other stories. Jim invited him in to the conversation a handful of times, nine times, but Spock always finds a way out.

When the shuttle arrives in San Francisco, he is reluctant to get off first, but does so anyway. Jim is caught up in telling McCoy that none of what he said happened. There were no solar flares, or Andorian flues. McCoy just snorted as Spock walked away. He was 2.4 meters away from the shuttle when Jim called his name.

“Spock! Wait up!” He jogged up to Spock, smiling and rubbing the back of his neck. “Bones had somewhere to be, Starfleet medical gives you no breaks I guess.” He laughed. “So where are you headed in such a hurry, not trying to get away from me are you?” He asked.

“No.” Spock said, and Jim smiled again. It was something that seemed to come easily to him.

“Well then, would you be opposed to accompanying me to lunch? You still haven’t told me why you aren’t at the Vulcan Science Academy.” Jim’s eyebrows did a little dance, and Spock was at a loss to explain the meaning behind the movement. He chose instead to ignore it.

“I am not opposed to that idea.” He said, and Jim linked an elbow with his own. The touch was not unwelcome. It was innocent enough.

Spock ended up picking their destination since Jim had never actually been to San Francisco since he was very young. He chose a restaurant just off campus, a 12 minute walk from his quarters. It was a
19 minute walk from the shuttle bay, and after about 4 minutes of walking Jim dropped his arm, using his hands to explain a story.

It was comfortable. To talk easily to someone like Jim. He had yet to divulge in the story of denying the VSA, he was saving that for when they were sitting. He had a feeling Jim would enjoy the story a little too much.

The restaurant was not unknown, but since it was not actually lunch time, and 3pm, it was not very busy. They were seated in the back, and Spock told Jim after they ordered their food.

“While I was standing in front of the council, awaiting their verdict, they praised my grades, and seemed to be under the impression I had a disadvantage to my full Vulcan counterparts. They implied my human heritage was a disadvantage, and that I was not expected to succeed.” Jim was staring at him, cupping his chin in his hands, elbows on the table. “I told them I declined entry, and that their perfect record was not tarnished since I am only half-Vulcan.”

“So you are half human?” Jim asked, and Spock cringed. He did not tell Jim that information prior to the story and wasn’t sure how he would react. Experience had him awaiting the worst, but he swallowed the lump in his throat and nodded. “That is so cool!” Jim smiled brightly. “And good for you telling those guys to suck it.”

“I did no such thing.” Spock quirked an eye brow, and Jim lost it.

“Could you imagine their faces!” He wheezed. “The blank face, oh man I bet they were peeved.”

“Indeed. Peeved does not quite capture it.” His lip quirked upward, and Jim paused to look at his lip.

“You are so proud of yourself.” Jim smiled. “Good, you defended your-”

“My mother.”

“Awesome.”

His late lunch with Jim was the best he had since moving to Earth.
After late lunch with Jim, things in the academy sped up for Spock. Due in part to his own Vulcan heritage, and insisting a heavier course load. He took on several side projects in the science labs, along with occasionally assisting professors with grading papers. Academic advisors had been hesitant allowing him to take on so much, he had insisted that it was nothing compared to the education system on Vulcan, which got them to back down. Now, however, he was regretting the decision.

Never before had Spock been privy to a social life, it was practically unheard of on Vulcan. Social calls were something to sate emotionalism, and was a void practice. He rarely had free time, because he had seen no need for it before enrolling. After meeting Jim, he found he desired the company, and often caught his thoughts straying to the bright smile, and blue eyes.

James had enlisted late in the semester, and Spock reasoned that the cadet had catching up to do, and very little free time as well. He did not know if the thought made him feel better or worse about the entire situation.

He and Jim had not exchanged contact information, a serious lack of forethought on Spock’s part. He wondered if Jim owned a personal communicator. It wasn’t likely, based on what Spock had observed. Spock attempted to put all thoughts of Jim from his mind, Kaiidth, he and Jim would find each other again, he did not need to be worrying himself needlessly on things that could not be changed.

It should have been difficult to miss someone that only briefly stepped into your life, but Spock silence to be almost uncomfortable. He missed Jim’s easy laughter, and carefree attitude. Even when he did not speak, his feelings were written clearly on his face. It was never silent when Jim was present.

Three weeks past and he had heard nothing of cadet James T. Kirk, not that he was checking.

He thought he had finally lost his mind while sitting alone in Medical Lab 3. It was quiet in the lab while he researched the effects of ancient Earth medicine on the Romulan flu, when he heard it. The cascading lyrical laughter he had come to associate with Jim echoed through the empty lab. Spock double his concentration efforts, believing it to be an auditory illusion conjured by his hybrid mind. It was an illogical thought, but he would not allow himself to hope.

When the laughter echoed through a second time, he hadn’t realized he’d been listening for it. The experiment was abandoned, and he felt an odd flutter in his side. His Vulcan hearing was more acute than a human’s so it was not hard to believe that Jim was indeed in the hallway.

In the hall, he was pleased to see that he was not losing his mind. Jim was standing outside of Medical Lab 6, the man -Leonard McCoy- from the shuttle standing with Jim. In his haste to see Jim, he did not formulate a plan to approach. He did not desire to interrupt, or intrude on the conversation. He also did not wish to walk away, he had not seen Jim for nearly four weeks, and for some reason that bothered him. While reaching a conclusion on how to best handle the situation, he overheard snippets of conversation.

“C’mon Bones, lighten up. I even brought you a sandwich.” Spock watched Jim hand the older man
“Dammit Jim, you’re supposed to be in class, not babying me.” ‘Bones’ grumbled taking the offered bag.

“Relax.” Jim smiled, clapping a hand on McCoy’s shoulder. “The stuff we are covering, I already lived through. I don’t need it played over on slides.” Jim shrugged, and at his easy confession McCoy seemed to pale. Jim waved off whatever the Doctor wanted to say quickly adding “It’s fine Bones, I’m not going to cry about it. I came to terms a long time ago.”

Spock knew that what he was hearing, was not for his ears. He turned and quickly retreated into the Medical Lab he had been assigned to. He swiftly returned to his project. Curiosity was unbecoming for a Vulcan, and yet he could not pretend that he was not curious. It was a conversation he was not meant to hear, and he had listened for too long.

“Spock.” Jim breathed, far too close to the sensitive shell of Spock’s ear. He did not startle, because that was something Vulcans did not do. He did stiffen every muscle in an involuntary response to the surprise, and wondered how Jim managed to sneak up on him. Jim’s laughter helped his muscles relax, but he was still hyper-aware.

“James.” Spock acknowledged, refusing to look up from where he was writing his findings.

“Ouch.” Jim said, breathlessly. He took a seat on the desk alongside Spock’s work. “The third degree I expect from Bones, but you Spock” Jim shook his head. “Is that any way to greet an old friend?”

Spock could have replied any number of ways ‘Jim, 21 days 16 hours, and 27 minutes is hardly enough to qualify our relationship as old.’ Or that to be friends, both parties had to be aware of the arrangement. Unsure of how to proceed, he ignored Jim.

“C’mon Spock, even the third degree is better than nothing.” He whined.

“On the contrary, I believe that no burn is most definitely preferred to that of the third degree; which is rather unpleasant.” Whatever Spock had said, it was apparently the right thing if Jim’s bout of laughter was any indicator.

“Hey, what do you say we get out of here-”

“Unlike you, James, I value my education.” Spock replied, unsure of why he said that. He would gladly abandon his project to spend the afternoon with Jim.

“Oh, so you heard that…” Jim sounded very small, and Spock was not sure he enjoyed being the cause of that. The young man shifted uncomfortably, and for the first time since he walked into the lab, Spock looked at him. His eyes were glazed and distant, lost in a memory, but when Spock spoke they focused on him immediately. The cold distant stare becoming warm within an instant.

“Indeed, however, as I am finished my project and have no plans for the remainder of the evening; It would only be logical to spend the afternoon with you.”

“Great!” Jim beamed, “And hey maybe you can help me study Xenolinguistics, since you care so much for higher education.” Jim teased, getting to his feet. He moved out of Spock’s way while he cleaned the station.

“You enrolled in a Xenolinguistics class?” Spock inquired, Jim piquing his curiosity once more.
“Well yeah, if I am going to captain a ship one day, I should at least know the basics. Not to mention the look on Uhura’s face when I walked into the lecture hall.” He smiled, conjuring the memory. Spock indulged in a flicker of amusement at the idea.

“Am I to believe you enrolled in Advanced Xenolinguistics out of spite?” His eyebrow quirked. Jim would not encounter Nyota in any regular linguistics course, and to be a captain he would only need basic language training.

“Well when you put it like that.” He shrugged, and Spock finished up. They walked together, neither setting a specific destination, Spock followed Jim’s lead nonetheless.

“What language do you need assistance with?” Spock asked. “I am not familiar with many languages.”

“Right now, Vulcan. Mostly in the Calligraphy. Understanding how things are written versus our own alphabet.” Jim shrugged, once again scratching the back of his head.

“That, I believe, I am qualified to help you with.”

Jim smiled, looking up at Spock with an unspoken thanks, and Spock offered a small quirk of the lips in response.

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Jim had walked them to his dorm, and stopped short of the door. He seemed momentarily unsure of himself, but quickly shook off his hesitation, and keyed the door open. Spock knew it was likely muscle memory that walked them there, but Jim was content with pretending it was intentional.

“Sorry about the mess.” Jim sighed. “We don’t usually have company.” The blush that covered his cheeks and neck was enthralling. Humans were so peculiar with their physical manifestations of their emotional state.

Spock turned from Jim, and surveyed the room. Indeed, it was in a state of disarray, clothing littering the small space. A curious pair of Galactica underwear caught Spock’s eye, and he heard Jim make a choking sound behind him. The blond dashed forward, scooping up every article in his path, and disappearing with the bundle.

“We?” Spock asked, wondering who Jim was rooming with. He glanced at the beds positioned next to each other, one made, the other was not. He looked back at Jim, who’s blush had yet to dissipate.

“Me and Bones, uh Doctor McCoy. We both joined late, and got stuck together.” Jim laughed.

Spock nodded, remaining in the doorway. His eyes fell on an old wooden chess set sitting on the coffee table. It was old considering it was made from real wood, but seemed well cared for.

“You play?” Jim asked following Spock’s gaze.

“Not for some time,” He took a couple of cautious steps toward the board. He picked up a rook, tracing the edges of the aged wood.

“Well then, since you are out of practice; take white.” Jim said, taking a seat in front of the board. He angled it so when Spock took a seat next to Jim, the white would face him. Spock internally huffed. Despite being out of practice he would not need white. The advantage would only make the defeat more swift, but he could not refuse Jim; he set the rook back on the board and took his seat.
The game lasted one hour and forty-two minutes, longer than he had ever experienced with a human. It was fascinating. In the end, it was Jim who had Spock checkmated, though he seemed to abandon logic completely halfway through the game. The human in front of him never ceased amazing Spock. He was brash, yet humble; outspoken, yet tactful. It was rather intriguing.

Spock must have been quietly thinking for longer than necessary. He was not -as humans would say- ‘Zoned out’, but he was distracted. Jim snapped his fingers in front of Spock’s face a couple of times to draw him back to the conversation. Spock’s eyes found Jim’s, he had a crooked smile, and his eye lids were half closed.

“If I had known beating you would break you, I wouldn’t have suggested we play.” Jim said easily.

“I am not ‘broken’,” Spock said, looking down at his leg. “At least, not in the manor you speak.” Spock felt an old ache begin, when his eyes met Jim’s a look of confusion was written clearly on his face. He shook it off, deciding not to ask, and Spock absentmindedly clutched his prosthetic.

“But you are surprised I beat you.” Jim pointed out, his eyes never leaving Spock’s.

“While I was not expecting defeat, I cannot say that I am surprised. You continue to excel where least expected, and this is another example of your uncanny ability to astound me.” Spock offered.

“Wow… Spock… Thanks.” Jim recovered from the serious moment quickly, flashing Spock a smile. Spock took to resetting the board, breaking the eye contact.

“You said you needed assistance with Vulcan calligraphy, and while I am beginning to doubt that, I suggest we start.” Spock said, after returning the last piece to its place on the board. He looked up at Jim, who’s eyes were on his hands.

“Uh, yeah.” Jim stood to retrieve his notes, keeping his eyes downcast.

He returned with a sheet full of Vulcan calligraphy, and a book written completely in the language. Spock briefly wondered if he had done something to upset Jim, but he gave Spock an easy smile upon returning.

“We are supposed to read this and find any errors in translation. It wasn’t written by a Vulcan, I don’t even think it was translated by one, but the book is a Betazoid love story. So obviously, some things won’t translate… Anyway, here is what I have so far, I could use an expert’s eye.” Jim handed Spock all his personal notes, and his copy of the novel.

Spock glanced at Jim’s notes and found the proper passages, Jim was being humble when he enlisted Spock’s help. The blond had only made three mistakes so far, two missed translation errors, and one in his own writing. It was… fascinating.

The book itself was a Betazoid fairly-tale about a stone and a prince. The stone held the essence of a farmer’s daughter, trapped there when he father could not pay a debt, it was only the Prince who could sense and communicate with her while she remained in the stone.

Why anybody would translate such a story to Vulcan was beyond his reasoning. An illogical tale told of soul mates, and always being able to find one another. It was humorous at best.

After Jim had made the necessary corrections, they practiced pronunciation. Hearing Jim speak in his native tongue was sending warmth throughout his veins, settling in his side. They were seated beside one another, their shoulders almost brushing. The moment was broken when the door chimed, bringing them back to their surroundings.
Jim’s brow furrowed, and he frowned. He excused himself, and Spock came to the conclusion he was not expecting anyone. Spock remained on the couch watching Jim approach the door. It hissed open, and a middle-aged woman stood in the doorway with a messy head of blonde hair.

“Mom?” Jim asked, his voice small, and laced with confusion. Spock fought the urge to stand beside Jim, and watched with uncertainty as Jim’s mother assessed her son. He saw none of the warmth that his own mother harbored, and it was discerning.

“Jimmy, what was I supposed to think when you just left? You just disappear without another word, like Sammy did, why didn’t you say anything?” She asked sounding more angered than worried.

“Well it’s not exactly like you made it easy to contact you.” He hesitated for a moment before continuing. “Y’know, being off world, ignoring my existence.” He stated calmly, devoid of any emotion.

“Jimmy-”

“No, not here, not now. You really think you can do this after all this time? I’m busy, so just leave.” The last word sounded so painful to say that Spock clench his fists. He did not want Jim to be in pain, or have to explain things. He should not be intruding, yet he knew Jim may need him after.

“Too busy for your mother?” She demanded, a note of hysteria in her voice.

“If I’m going to be a better captain than him? Then yeah, I’m too busy for you.” There was a loud crack of skin on skin, and Spock got to his feet, ready to defend Jim.

“He was a hero.” She whispered, holding her hand. Spock stilled, he would not intervene until he needed to.

“He was a coward!” Jim’s calm dissipated, quickly becoming anger. “You wouldn’t understand, because you never had to live in that shadow. ‘You have his eyes’ they all say, is that why you never came home? Because I remind you of what you lost? Lost a husband, gained a son, but you couldn’t see past-” He stopped himself, taking a steadying breath. “Nevermind, don’t answer that. Get out.”

Wordlessly his mother retreated. Jim closed the door, but lingered, not turning. Spock waited 54 seconds before approaching Jim.

“Just… Don’t ask. Okay?” Jim deflated, and turned to meet Spock. His cheek an angry red, instead of the pleasant blush.

“As you wish.” Spock replied, earning a small smile from Jim. “If I may say something…” Spock paused, and took Jim’s nod as permission to continue. “My peers often bullied me, for many reasons as you know… One of which was my human heritage. They would often make remarks on my human eyes, my mother’s eyes.” He swallowed. “I should not have been ashamed, but I was.”

“Thanks Spock, you don’t have to continue. I know what you mean.” Jim laughed, heading back to the couch. “Sorry you had to see all that.” He sighed. “Hey, what do you say we watch a movie?” Jim asked, reaching for the remote.

He showed Spock a movie called The Princess Bride. Jim chuckled every time Spock muttered ‘Illogical’ to himself. At some point during the film, Jim’s head found Spock’s shoulder. Jim’s breathing was evened out, and he was clearly asleep. Spock took in to consideration many factors, it was still early in the evening, 7:48pm San Francisco time, Spock let him sleep. He must have been tired, and Spock continued watching the film.
The movie ended, and Spock began watching Jim instead. Five minutes later the door opened, startling Jim awake. Doctor McCoy walked in ignoring the occupants, and he collapsed into the tidy bed. Jim looked guilty, and put a finger up to his mouth, indicating Spock remain silent. He nodded, and they both journeyed out into the hallway.

“Sorry, he usually doesn’t come home so early. When he does it’s better to let him sleep; he needs as much as he can get.” Jim rubbed the back of his neck.

“I understand.” Spock replied, and Jim looked guilty again.

“I’ll walk you home.” Jim decided motioning for Spock to lead the way.

“Appreciated, but unnecessary. I suggest that you remain here, and follow Doctor McCoy’s example. You require rest.” Spock watched Jim shake his head and smile ruefully at Spock. His eyes drifted to Spock’s shoulder.

“So.” He clapped his hands together. “Where to?” He asked casually. Spock carefully repressed a sigh, and led the way. Jim matching his strides, and linking their arms together. It was… pleasant.

Spock lead him across campus, and into the building. He paused at the door, and wondered if he should invite Jim in. The young man was tired, but courtesy was something humans appreciated.

“Would you like to come in, Jim?” Spock asked carefully. Jim nodded offering Spock a smile as the door slid open.

“You don’t have a roommate?” Jim asked surprised at the single bed suite. “How’d ya swing that?”

“I assure you, I did not swing anything.” Spock quirked a brow as Jim made his way inside. “Due to my Vulcan heritage, there is a certain need for privacy and solitude that is not offered with a roommate.”

“Ah.”

As Jim surveyed the room, Spock fought the urge to squirm. After taking in everything Jim let out a low whistle changing pitch momentarily, and spun to face Spock. Something caught Jim’s eye during his second sweep of the room, and he approached the object gingerly.

“I didn’t know you were a musician, Spock.” Jim’s fingers found the strings, and Spock could hear the smile in his voice.

“Learning an instrument takes discipline.” He said automatically defensive. For whatever reason, he did not know.

“Well, I’d love to hear you play sometime.” Jim said earnestly, looking back at Spock. He was completely genuine.

Jim walked back towards the door, and Spock followed. The issue of communication was not brought up, Spock unwilling to break the moment. Jim standing in the doorway, eyes trained on Spock’s lips. Jim’s pupils seemed to dilate, his breathing becoming slightly elevated. They remained like that for 43 seconds before Jim’s droopy gaze met Spock’s. They were closer than necessary, and Jim came back to himself first.

“I should go.” Jim said.

“Indeed.” Spock breathed. Jim’s gaze returning to Spock’s lips for a moment, Spock looking at Jim’s
lips. A pink tongue darted across the bottom lip, leaving a trail of moisture behind.

“Yeah.” Jim lingered, and then the spell was broken. He turned and quickly retreated down the hallway. He shouted a “Goodnight Spock!” Over his shoulder.

“Goodnight Jim.”

~~

The next time Spock saw Jim, they were in the cafeteria. Jim and his doctor roommate were seated together, and Spock wondered briefly if his company would be welcome. Upon servicing the rest of the cafeteria, his gaze met Nyota’s and she waved him over. Her table only a meter away from Jim’s. He hesitated for 4.3 seconds before joining her.

“Hey Spock.” She greeted, and as he glanced around he met the curious gazes of several other people. “Everyone this is Spock, Spock this is Hikaru Sulu.” He waved, and she continued introducing the rest of the table’s occupants. “Janice Rand, Gary Mitchell, and Christine Chapel.”

Throughout lunch Spock tried to remain silent, it was proving to be difficult since many questions were directed at him. He kept answering as vaguely as possible hoping to deter Christine from her pointless queries. Most of the table had taken the hint, but she was persistent.

“What is it like on Vulcan?” She asked.

“One could liken Vulcan to that of a Terran desert.” He replied.

“Are you currently seeing anyone?” Christine inquired. He raised an eyebrow at the intrusive question.

“My vision is currently adequate, and I am seeing several persons.” Spock replied easily, and he heard a chortle of laughter from behind him. He turned to meet Jim’s gaze. Jim had not been laughing at something Doctor McCoy said, but rather Spock’s dismissal of Christine. Spock quirked a brow at Jim, and the blond took it as an invitation; picking up his replicated food and bringing it over to Nyota’s table.

McCoy followed, after Jim elbowed him, Spock looked at the seating around the table. Nyota was seated to his left, a space between them, and Gary to his right, also a space between them. They had taken in to account his telepathy and gave him extra room. He moved a seat over clearing a spot for Jim and McCoy to sit next to each other. Nyota looked curiously between Jim and Spock, but she didn’t seem to mind the extra people.

Jim took a seat next to Spock, and McCoy seated himself next to Gary, a scowl on his face.

“Hey, Leonard, right?” Christine asked the doctor, and he grumbled something under his breath before sighing and introducing himself.

Everyone exchanged names, only Nyota introduced herself as Uhura to Leonard.

“Just Uhura?” He asked, and she gave him a genuine smile, then shot a glare at Jim.

“Just Uhura when Kirk in around.” She shrugged, and McCoy nodded in understanding.

Lunch was far more pleasant after that. Sulu was the first to leave the table, claiming to have a ‘date’ with the botany lab. More likely the technician Ben, according to Janice. After his departure, Rand was the next to leave, giving no excuse. Much to Spock’s relief Christine was the next to leave, her
presence required in the Medical Labs, along with McCoy.

Gary and Jim were getting along, and Spock remained silent for most of the conversation. Nyota departed next, giving Spock a sympathetic look before she disappeared into the crowd.

“So, Jim, think we should take this back to my place?” Gary asked, leaning closer to Jim, leering. He seemed to have forgotten that Spock was still present.

“Gary, it’s lunchtime.” Jim laughed off the offer, Spock wondered briefly if he should excuse himself.

“Yeah, so what? I’m hungry.” Gary winked, licking his lips his eyes roaming over Jim’s body. Spock looked away from the display, his fists clenching under the table.

“What about Spock?” Jim asked, turning to look at him. For the first-time Gary looked at him, and gave him the same assessment with his eyes he gave Jim a moment ago.

“Now that would be interesting.”

“Actually, I must be going.” Spock stood, avoiding eye contact with Jim. “I have classes I must attend this afternoon.” He said, excusing himself and leaving quickly.

“Okay.” Jim said, staring off after him.

~~

That night Spock tried desperately not to think about what Jim and Gary had done after he left. Whenever his mind drifted to thoughts of them together, his side constricted painfully, and his stomach recoiled. Luckily for him, if one could call it that, the door chimed interrupting his thoughts. He was clad in a standard grey t-shirt, and blue plaid pajama pants. His bare foot slapping against the ground as he hurried to the door.

When he opened it, he was surprised to see Leonard McCoy standing in front of him. The Doctor pushed his way in not waiting for an invitation.

“Are you out of your Vulcan mind?” Leonard said, turning to Spock.

“Perhaps.” Spock replied, too tired to filter his responses.

“Wha- wait… Nevermind.” The doctor paused, searching for words.

“What is the nature of this impromptu visit?” Spock supplied, giving Leonard incentive to continue.

“You left Jim alone with Gary Mitchell, he tried to use you as an out, and you left him hanging.” The doctor ground out.

“I do not understand-” Spock started.

“No of course you don’t.” McCoy deflated, sighing and rubbing a hand over his haggard face. His eyes fell to the floor. “What-”

Spock’s eyes followed the path of Leonard’s, and they settled on his left foot. Or where his left foot should be. Leonard was a doctor, so Spock did not doubt he already knew exactly what he was looking at.

“What happened?” He asked, changing in an instant from defensive to sympathetic. “I never thought
Vulcan was that dangerous, I mean I know it’s a death planet, but-

“I assure you Doctor, I did not attain this injury on Vulcan.” Spock stopped his rant before it got out of hand.

“Dammit, I knew space was dangerous!” The doctor began again, pacing Spock’s living room.

“My leg was lost on Earth, Doctor.” Spock said calmly. While he didn’t like people knowing of his weakness, he also came to terms with it years ago. It was something to be kept private, but it was not secret.

“Well then how the hell?”

“I was six Terran years old. My father -an ambassador to Earth- my mother and I were on the planet. My father had business on Earth, we went as a family. One night we went out for dinner, a place known for the most unique dishes from dozens of Federation planets. The xenophobic group known as the KEHL overloaded a phaser, triggering several explosions. My leg was crushed by a piece of cement ceiling.” Spock watched McCoy carefully, the man had paled, and swayed a bit on his feet.

“Jesus.” He whispered, eyes lingering leg. “How much was lost?” Medical curiosity taking over. Spock pointed to the juncture where prosthetic ended, and flesh began. “The KEHL, Keep Earth Human League… Bunch of ignorant Bastards.” McCoy grumbled. His personal offence was… touching.

“Indeed.” Spock gestured to his couch, and McCoy took the hint sitting heavily on the cushions.

“Sorry.” Leonard supplied, and Spock felt warmed at that.

“Would you like some tea, Doctor?”

“Yeah, thanks. Whatever you make, I’ll drink.”

Spock brewed a Vulcan tea, bringing McCoy a mug, and sitting himself down beside the doctor. Spock waited, watching Leonard take the first sip out of the corner of his eye.

“This is damn good tea.” Mumbled McCoy, if Spock were human he would not have heard the quiet proclamation.

“Why thank you Doctor.” Mouth quirked, Spock watched McCoy jump in surprise.

“Damn hobgoblin hearing.” He said a little louder. Spock fought the unnatural urge to roll his eyes. When the doctor was halfway through his tea, Spock spoke.

“How is Jim?” He asked, bringing their conversation back to the reason Leonard was there. McCoy sighed heavily, and set the cup down.

“You wouldn’t know this, because your damn Vulcan blood makes gossip impossible, but Gary has a reputation… He’s known in the Medical wing as ‘carrier.’ Which implies that most of the crazy STD’s we encounter, all come from him. He’s a bit of a run-around-sue, if you catch my meaning. Jim, he’s a pretty-boy and he knows it, he’s also got an allergy list as long as Nevasa. If he had gone off with Gary… Thinking about it gives me premature ventricular contractions.” McCoy rubbed his chest.

“He did not go to cadet Mitchell’s dwelling?” Spock asked keeping the note of hope out of his voice.
“Yeah, no. He was trying to avoid that outcome. That’s why he tried to use you as an out. Lucky for us he’s smitten with someone else, and well… hell, he seems to take it seriously.”

“I still do not understand why you are here.” Spock tilted his head, watching Leonard carefully.

“Neither do I.” The doctor rubbed his neck, looking around the living room. He stood, dusting himself off and walking himself out. Before he left he called over his shoulder “Be careful with him.”

Spock washed, and dried the cups, then returned them to their place in the cupboard. Once he completed the task, he retired for the evening pondering everything that was Leonard McCoy. A curious man. Spock was glad Jim had someone in his life willing to protect him like that. Spock allowed himself a small smile, Jim did not go with Gary.

Chapter End Notes

This was a pretty short chapter, but _\( ૮(°)/ʃ_ 

The next/last chapter will be extra long to compensate. I thought I’d end this chapter with some McCoy/Spock bonding. 
Hope you enjoyed it.

Also the mention of the KEHL was borrowed from a novel by A.C Crispin, the book is called Sarek; it is pretty good.
“Spock?” Jim asked, his eyes widening and his voice raising an octave. He was surprised, and that was exactly what Spock had sought to do.

“James.” Spock said formally, tilting his head in acknowledgement. It had been 18 days since Doctor McCoy’s impromptu visit, and he had hardly seen Jim since. They had drastically different schedules, and attempting to see Jim had become a challenge.

It had been 13 days since Spock had identified the feelings he had toward the situation. He was frustrated, illogically so. Both he and Jim had taken on extra course work, and there was nothing to be done. He strongly desired Jim’s company, and missed him.

It had been six days since his resolve broke, and he figured out a solution to his problems. Doctor McCoy and Spock had several classes in the same building, unlike he and Jim. So he sought the doctor out.

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“Doctor, if you are not currently occupies, I would like to speak with you.” Spock had said, approaching the doctor in the medical building. He was an easy man to find.

“Oh you’d like that would you?” McCoy drawled. “I didn’t think Vulcans liked to do anything.” The Doctor chuckled, looking over some reading on a tricorder.

“I was simply using human venicular to express myself in a way you would understand.” He straightened his spine, ignoring McCoy’s once over on his person.

“Well, what is it then?” He asked, crossing his arms over his chest. Spock looked around at the slightly crowded room, and back at the doctor. McCoy grumbled, sighed, and then led Spock out of the room into an empty office; quickly switching the privacy on.

“I wish to surprise Jim, and I cannot do so if I do not know when he will be home.” Spock said quickly, suppressing the blood flowing to his cheeks.

“What kind of surprise?” McCoy’s eyebrow lifted, as he began scrutinising Spock.

So Spock had told him of the surprise, and all he had planned. The Doctor seemed shocked, like he didn’t believe Spock capable of something like that. He appeared thoughtful for 43.7 seconds, and finally nodded.

“I think something can be arranged.” He drawled. Spock stiffened, and hoped he had not made a mistake in coming to the doctor.

“Thank you, Leonard.” Spock tilted his head, watching the man go red.

“You can call me Doctor, or McCoy.” He grumbled. “We’re not friends Spock, I’ll do this for you, or for Jim… Just don’t get too familiar with me. It’s weird.”

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“What?” Jim started, but seemed to think better of it, and shook his head. “Come in.” He opened the door and stepped out of the doorway and into the apartment. Spock walked in past Jim and then turned to face him.

His blue eyes sparkled under the lights, and he sported a drowsy smile, he looked like a content cat lazing about in the sun. Jim was wearing loose sweat pants low on his hips, and a well worn grey t-shirt. The sight stole the words out of Spock’s mouth, and he felt his heartbeat quicken, and heat rise to his cheeks.

“So… What brings you to my neck of the woods?” Jim asked, bringing Spock back to the present.

“I wished to surprise you.” Spock answered, his voice lowered on it’s own. His hand gripped the strap on his shoulder, and Jim’s eyes followed the strap to the case on his back.

“Well it worked.” Jim chuckled. “I didn’t take you for the spontaneous type.”

Spock did not think the meeting was at all spontaneous on his side. He spend days planning, and working his schedule around the time Doctor McCoy supplied to him.

“What did you bring?” Jim finally asked, still looking at the case peeking over Spock’s shoulder. Spock motioned to the seating area and Jim moved to take a seat while Spock removed his Lyre from it’s case. He took a seat next to Jim, and looked up into those blue eyes.

“You expressed a desire to hear me play. I wish to do so.” Spock admitted, and was rewarded with a brilliant smile that caused his heart to clench. Not a completely uncomfortable sensation.

Spock had learned three terran songs in preparation for this meeting. They were not the only songs from earth he knew, but he sought to teach himself something new for him and Jim to experience together. They sat together on the couch, and Spock prepared himself, recalling the proper notes. Jim waited eagerly, bouncing on the seat. His smile never left his face as he waited. Momentarily Spock hesitated, did Jim know the songs he prepared? Did he like them? He mentally scolded himself. It did not matter, they could appreciate it whether Jim knew of the songs or not.

He began strumming the first chords in Fly Me To The Moon by Frank Sinatra. Recognition lit up Jim’s features, and the man chuckled, and the corner of Spock’s lip twitched upward. Jim began humming along, warming Spock’s entire body.

The next song was a little quicker and more challenging, so he could not focus on Jim’s reactions as much. It involved occasionally hitting his wrist against the wood to create a drum sound. I Will Survive by Gloria Gaynor. Jim hummed along to this song as well, but three quarters through the song, and he began singing along.

“Go on now go, walk out the door!” He exclaimed loudly with a smile on his face. “Just turn around now, ‘cause you’re not welcome anymore!” As if he hadn’t realized he’d been doing it, Jim quickly closed his mouth, and his cheeks colored immediately. The song was over, and Jim stared down at the floor.

“I listened to that a lot when I was a kid.” He shrugged sheepishly. Spock placed a hand on Jim’s right knee, their eyes meeting a second later. Jim’s eyes were wide with shock, and Spock withdrew his hand.

“I was pleased with your performance Jim.” Spock said simply. The color in Jim’s cheeks became a darker red, before the embarrassment slowly drained away. He offered Jim a small smile, and brought his hands back to the instrument.
The last song he prepared was from the musical score of the Princess Bride. I Will Never Love Again by Mark Knopfler. It was not a lyrical song, so Jim just watched Spock play.

“All of those songs were from Earth?” Jim asked after Spock had finished. Spock nodded. “Why don’t you play a Vulcan song? I don’t think I’ve ever heard any Vulcan music before.”

“As you wish, Jim.” Was Spock’s reply. He watched something flicker in Jim’s eyes, but it quickly disappeared. He tensed at the implications of his words and their effect on Jim, but quickly brought focus back to the music, strumming the chords he learned in childhood.

He remembered learning the song in secret, not wanting his father to know he learned something so full of emotional undertones. It was a song from the time before Surak, a beautiful and haunting melody that’s meaning was lost with time. The meaning to him however was not so easily forgotten. His father would have never approved of him learning the song.

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The air was crisp, the desert calm, Spock sat looking out into the vastness of The Forge. He was old enough now that neither parent worried while he was gone. Not that Sarek ever worried. Spock had taken his Lyre out to play where he wouldn’t be heard or disturbed. He strummed the first few notes, they sounded like the howls of the Le-Matya. He imagined the warriors of Vulcan’s past playing to mourn the loss of a fallen brother, a comrade. He imagines I-Chaya being there throughout his life, and then no longer being a constant. Because of him he lost the only friend he had. The memories still hurt, no matter how illogical he told himself it was to regret. Kaiidth. Even after years, he plays for I’Chaya. Remembering his friend.

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Now in front of Jim he plays, offering a piece of himself to the man beside him. He wondered momentarily what Jim’s impression of the song is. He looked up, and his friend’s eyes were glittering with unshed tears. He wondered if Jim was truly his friend, or if his affections were that of another nature. He did not have much experience in the area, but he longed to reach out, and touch Jim’s cheek.

As the last note hummed, Jim seemed to return to himself, looking up at Spock. He was once again smiling. “I didn’t know Vulcan music could be so… Emotional.” Jim admitted, fondness in his expression.

“Indeed.” Spock quirked an eyebrow, the corners of his mouth moving upward.

That was when Jim placed a hand on Spock’s knee, his left knee. Every muscle in his body froze at the contact. His mind screaming to get a grip. Confusion etched in Jim’s features, and the hand squeezed prosthetic.

“What is-”

“I believe I must depart.” Spock stood abruptly dislodging Jim’s hand. Quickly he packed away his Lyre, and showed himself out. He wasn’t sure why he was reacting this way, surely Jim would understand as McCoy had. Something in Spock told him the opposite was true, someone like Jim could not accept someone like Spock. He had no place in the universe, no place with Jim. He wasn’t even a full being. Was the air getting thinner? Why couldn’t he breathe. Spock’s feet continued to carry him away from Jim, and he was somewhat aware that he was being followed, and that Jim was calling his name.
When he made it into the safety of his home, he lit incense and collapsed on his meditation mat, calming himself. The pain in his chest was overwhelming, but it was of the body. He was better than that, he just needed to focus.

~Jim POV~

He’d practically chased Spock all the way back to the half-Vulcan’s apartment. If Spock needed to escape Jim that was fine, he ignored the pain in his chest. He looked down and realized he wasn’t wearing any shoes. He was in such a hurry to catch up to Spock that he neglected to dawn footwear, or a jacket. Now he was walking back to his dorm, the morning air biting his arms. A whistle drew his attention away from his feet, and his gaze locked with Gary, and beside him Uhura.


“Not really, there is no shame in taking a stroll early in the morning. Just felt… Right.” Jim shrugged. Uhura watched him carefully and he repressed the urge to squirm. He didn’t need her pity, not now. Gary seemed oblivious to his attire, but that wasn’t new for Gary.

“I guess you were playing hard to get for me huh? No shame in coming back to my place, already prepared I bet.” Gary leered, and Jim shot him a look of disgust.

“Even my standards aren’t that low Mitchell.”

Gary went red with anger, and Jim wished things could have been different between them. Gary seemed nice enough at first, very friendly; but in the end he just wanted Jim to come to bed with him. It’s why Jim liked Spock so much, the Vulcan would never try anything like that. Spock was different. Jim had known it from their first meeting.

~~

Jim watched a dark haired beauty slide up to the bar ordering a number of drinks, and he saw an opportunity to wow the pants off of her. Literally. He was a little tipsy, and thinking back it wasn’t the best plan he’d ever had.

The conversation was going nowhere and fast, so he sandwiched himself between an incredibly warm body, and that of Uhura. Of course being a Kirk trouble was bound to find him, and trouble was named Cupcake.

“There are four of us and one of you.” The bigger man had said, and Jim knew a fight was coming, but then someone stepped between Jim and Cupcake.

“I suggest you desist your behaviour immediately, cadet.” Tall dark and handsome(?) said. His voice was deep and pleasant.

“Spock-” Uhura began, but was cut off. Was that this tall, warm stranger’s name?

“Oh what?” Cupcake asked, and stepped up to the stranger.

“Or it will be two against four, and you’ll need a couple more guys to even it out.” Jim said, taking a step out from behind the man. He walked up to Cupcake and patted him on the face, which seemed to be a mistake, because next thing he knew he was being held up by a warm body, and had an ache in his face. He used the body behind him to his advantage and kicked Cupcake using the stranger as a wall to keep himself upright.

They fought together, mostly the stranger-Spock?- stepping in to prevent Jim from getting ambushed.
Jim dodged Cupcakes hits, landing a few of his own, he was becoming sober too quickly. He knocked Cupcake’s head to the side, but then a glass was hitting him in the face, and a fist coming at his nose. That was going to be unpleasant in the morning. Spock came from out of nowhere and did something to Cupcake’s neck, the heavy man dropped to the ground.

The adrenaline was wearing off, and his legs buckled sending him to the ground. Then Spock was helping him up, and leading him over to a booth. He barely noticed how many people had come to watch the fight.

“I didn’t need your help.” He said. Denying the obvious.

“If I had not assisted you, the likelihood of you succeeding was 0.2 percent.” Spock said, and boy did this guy have a sense of humor.

“That good huh?” Jim asked, smiling despite the pain in his face. Spock seemed to look confused for a moment, and Jim just smiled more. “And my success with you joining in?”

“74.3 percent.” Spock replied right away, like he had anticipated that line of questioning. Jim couldn’t control his laughter, and he doubled over. He had to wipe a loose tear from his eye before straightening out again. He plopped heavily onto the seat in the booth.

“I like you. You name is Spock, right?” He asked not sure if the xenolinguistics major had sworn or what.

“Yes, and you are Jim Kirk.” Spock added, sitting across from him.

“You can call me Jim.” He said smirking, and winking across. He took in the features of his new friend, and noticed he was Vulcan. Pointed ears, slanted brows, nice bow shaped lips -unrelated. “So Spock, a Vulcan in Starfleet? That’s a first. What are you taking?”

“I am on the science-”

“Wait… You couldn’t take science at the Vulcan Science Academy?” Jim snorted, that was also a first. Then he wondered if maybe this Vulcan didn’t get in, then he momentarily felt bad for asking. Then Spock handed him a napkin, and he just stared at it. “That’s a story I’ve got to hear.” Jim admitted, before grabbing the napkin and wiping his face off.

Spock looked as though he was about to share, but he was formally dismissed by an older gentleman, and Spock wordlessly walked away. Greying hair, stern face, this guy was Starfleet alright.

“You didn’t have to make him leave, we are brothers in arms now.” Jim glared at the older man.

“You know I was surprised to find out who you are.” The man said, ignoring Jim’s statement.

“Yeah? And who are you?” Asked defensively. The man- Pike- gave Jim his backstory, making Jim feel like a grade a asshole. But when the guy, Pike dared him to do better than his father, he had to think. His father did a shitty job, dying like that. Jim wouldn’t have died, and left his wife behind with two sons. He left Pike, wanting to search out Spock, but also wanting to return home. He looked around and Spock was busy with the woman -Uhura- from earlier, so Jim went home.

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He wasn’t going to do it because Pike dared him to, he was going to do it to prove everyone that ever met him wrong. He wasn’t some dumb hick, he graduated high school with honors, and he was
tired of keeping up the facade that he was uneducated. He was going to finish the Command track in three years, then he was going to command his own ship, and do a hell of a lot better than his father.

He looked up at the stars, and knew that’s where he needed to be.

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He returned to his dorm and found the emptiness nearly unbearable. He remembered the Vulcan song that Spock had played for him. It was beautiful, and Jim couldn’t be alone with his thoughts. Not after that. He didn’t need to think about how much he cared about Spock, and the hope that he felt the same. Nope, he needed Bones.

“Jim, I’m busy.” Was the first thing Bones said to Jim when he walked in. Then he took one look at Jim and asked “What happened?” This time he had taken the time to grab shoes and a jacket, but he was still wearing his ‘at home’ clothes. The ones that one wouldn’t normally wear in public.

“Spock came over, and we were having a good time, I’m not sure what I did.” Jim sighed, seating himself on the biobed. “One second we were enjoying ourselves, and I touched his knee, then he all but ran out of there.”

“Which knee.” Bones asked, like that was the important piece of information.

“The left.” Jim answered, then paled. “Oh god, that isn’t like an erogenous zone? Did I molest him?”

“What?! Of course not, damn green-blooded-” Bones took a breath. “No you didn’t molest him. Listen Jim, go talk to him, give him time to explain. Not right this second, the hobgoblin probably needs to meditate. Give it an hour or two.” Bones pinched the bridge of his nose. “Don’t spend those two hours here either, you’re cluttering the sickbay!” Bones barked, shoving Jim out of there.

Jim sighed, and made his way to the botany garden, it was an atrium right outside of the labs where special plants were grown for students to observe and purchase. It was calming if you knew where to walk, the aroma of certain plants had a soothing effect.

“Hey! Jim Kirk, right?” A man called, and Jim turned to be faced with Sulu.

“Yeah, Hikaru Sulu.” Jim knew that was his name and did not need confirmation. They shook hands, and Sulu began walking him around the garden. He was very enthusiastic about the plants. Eventually they came to the desert flora, and Jim observed some cacti from earth, but quickly more interesting plants drew his eye.

One in particular really drew his attention. It was a purple succulent, when Jim moved around it the colors changed from more of a blue to more of a red. It was pretty. Jim managed to convince Sulu he needed that plant, and Hikaru seemed to understand.

He gave Jim everything he needed, including a little booklet on how to care for the plant. Once that was done he said goodbye to Sulu, and left the gardens to where he knew Spock would be.

He knocked on the door five times, which didn’t seem excessive until after he’d done it. As he waited, he wondering if it was overkill. When the door opened a crack, Spock’s brown eye peeked out, and Jim offered his smile and held out the gift. Spock eyed the gift, then opened the door open even more, keeping his left leg out of view. Spock had changed, Jim noted, into some loose fitting robes, and Jim tried not to drool at the sight. Spock’s eyebrow rose, and Jim chuckled.

“What? You’re not the only one allowed to bring surprises.” He said, handing Spock the plant.
Spock took the offered plant, and he turned into the apartment bringing the plant with him. He left the door open for Jim, who hesitated, but followed him in. Spock took the plant into his bedroom, and placed it on his nightstand.

“Thank you, Jim.” He said wandering back into the living room. He took a calming breath, indicating that Jim should have a seat. His meditation had calmed him quite a bit, but he still wondered if Jim would think him incomplete. The logical part of him knew Jim wouldn’t think that, but he was uncertain. He look a seat next to Jim making sure his left leg was the one nearest to Jim.

“You aren’t going to run again?” Jim asked nervously.

“I would have nowhere to run to, and no, I would like to explain.” That seemed to calm Jim down, and he wondered how he would word what he wanted to say.

“Whatever it is, Spock… You don’t have to tell me.” Jim said gently, and Spock took his hand. Jim’s hand was rough, but not unpleasant sitting in his own hand. Showing was easier than telling.

“I want to.” Spock gave the hand a squeeze, and brought it to the lip of his robe. His ankle had a sock on it, but he placed Jim’s hand palm down on his socked ankle, slowly bringing it up his cold hard leg. The robe went up with their hands, until they were at the thigh and Spock pulled his hand away. Jim kept his hand on the end of the prosthetic, but then he moved it back down to where Vulcan words were written in blue ink. Jim’s finger traced the writing, and Spock wished he could feel his leg, feel Jim.

“Kaiidth.” Jim whispered, breaking the trance. “What is, is.” Jim looked up and met Spock’s gaze, finally. There was a sadness there, it wasn’t pity or sympathy, it was more like understanding. Spock didn’t know which was worse.

Jim removed his hand, and fisted the bottom of his shirt, he chewed his bottom lip, and he hesitated for a brief moment before removing it. Spock could not react until he knew what was happening. Jim turned his back to Spock, and then he understood. There was a large pink scar marring his back, where it looked like Jim was burned. Along his shoulder blade, like a wing of tattered flesh. Spock traced the scar on Jim’s back like he had done with the calligraphy on Spock’s leg. He had so many questions, something like that was easily fixed with a dermal regenerator, and should not have scarred so terribly unless it was left untreated.

“Who did this.” Spock whispered.

“When I was 14… I was sent away from home. Frank was sick of dealing with me, and sent me off to Tarsus IV.” Jim swallowed, and took several steadying breaths. “It was pretty decent up until the crops failed, and fungus killed our food storage. Then when Kodos decided who would live and who would die, I found myself standing with 4,000 other colonists, being told we needed to die so the better members of the colony could live.” Jim put his shirt back on and faced Spock once more, whose hand was hovering in the air. Jim took the hand between two of his own. “They opened fire, with crude civilian phasers… They just burned people hoping that they would be killing shots. I was lucky. The rest, not so much.” Jim sighed.

“Tushah nash-veh k’du. I grieve with thee.”

“Thanks Spock.” He gave a chuckle, but there was no humor in it. They were both silent for a moment staring at each other, hands joined.
“I lost my leg in an explosion.” Spock said, ending the silence. He watched Jim look down at his leg, then back at his face. “The KEHL. While my father was on Earth, my family went for dinner and unfortunately we were at the wrong place at the wrong time.” Spock sighed. “I was six terran years old.”

Once again they were staring at each other. Jim squeezed Spock’s hand, and then his eyes drifted to Spock’s lips. They met halfway and shared a chaste kiss. Jim was the first to pull away, and he muttered “Sorry.”

“Do not be.” Spock said, using his free hand to take grab the back of Jim’s head and pulled them together. Jim’s mouth opened in surprise, and Spock snaked his tongue inside. The kiss became heavy and heated, Spock leaned back pulling Jim on top of him. Soon they broke apart for air, and Jim just laughed, a happy giggle that made Spock feel giddy.

“Oh.” Jim smiled, and his cheeks turned a delightful pink. “That was…” Spock lowered his shields slightly feeling Jim’s excitement, and warmth. His eyes lit up, and he leaned in once more, their hands exploring each other’s bodies. Spock’s hand found the burn on Jim’s shoulder, and he kept it there wanting to protect this beautiful human from any more pain. Eventually Jim sighed contently, and settled into Spock’s arms. His head resting on the Vulcan’s chest.

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“Did you two princesses figure it out?” McCoy asked at lunch three days later. They were all sitting together, Jim and Spock occasionally touching fingers. He had taught Jim how Vulcan’s display affection publicly.

“Yes.” Spock answered before Jim could say anything.

“Good, I don’t know how much longer I could have watched you two pine after each other.” Bones grumbled, stuffing a forkful of salad into his mouth.

“I was not pining.” Jim sputtered, and Spock laid a careful hand on Jim’s shoulder. He allowed a small smile to grace his lips when Jim turned to look at him. He was indeed amused with Jim’s denial. Sensing this Jim huffed and crossed his arms. “Wasn’t pining.”

“Alright dear.” Spock patted Jim. He watched McCoy’s face turn red as he coughed heavily. Clearly something went down the wrong pipe.

Sitting with Jim and McCoy felt inexplicably right. He watched Jim pat McCoy heavily on the back as the man coughed, and he allowed himself to feel content.

~EPILOGUE~

“So Mister Spock, how’s our girl looking?” Jim asked clapping Spock on the shoulder. Before boarding the shuttle.

“While I am still uncertain why you continue to refer to the Enterprise as a female; she is fairing well, Captain.”

“And how about our quarters, are they satisfactory?” Jim winked, a grin stretching his face. Spock merely quirked his brow, and nodded his head.

“Of course, dear.” Spock said dryly. He had seen the entire ship, but Jim had put it off. Spock could
feel his was nervous. He was beyond eager, Spock could feel as much through their bond; but he also knew Jim didn’t feel as though it were real. He didn’t allow himself to hope. Not after he gained command of the ship during Nero’s attack and Pike’s abduction.

Spock had served as his First Officer in Pike’s absence, and they had worked so well together that Starfleet saw to it that both men remained in their respective positions. His mother’s death had been crushing, but Jim brought him out of it. The shock, the pain and guilt. Jim didn’t allow him to be lost.

They had saved Earth, and now they were departing from it on a five year exploratory mission.

Jim leaned toward Spock, who met him halfway, and they shared a quick chaste kiss. Doctor McCoy made an unsatisfied noise from behind them, but he was ignored. Jim was giggling, their faces close. Spock stole another quick kiss as they docked the shuttle.

When Jim had stepped onto the bridge Spock watched him from the science station. Their eyes met, and they smiled at each other.

“Captain on ze bridge!” Chekov shouted. Jim took a seat in the captain’s chair leaning forward, elbows on knees.

“Alright Mr. Sulu, take us out.”

Chapter End Notes

Well that’s it.
I may add more to the story later, but I mostly wanted to have it complete before I started a new one.
Perhaps I’ll make it an amputee!Spock series. Only time will tell.

End Notes

Thank you for sticking with it so far. I love comments, and I did not have a beta so if anything looks abnormal just mention it in a comment and I'll do my best to fix it. I know I am not yet able to quite capture Spock speak so sorry if I ruined your lives, but with practice I will get better I promise. This fic was inspired by this art work (http://quietoceanlove.tumblr.com/image/144467330229) Of a cyborg Spock, and I thought it would be neat if we saw an amputee Spock, because why not?

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!