pleasures
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Explicit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>No Archive Warnings Apply</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>M/M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>Star Trek: The Original Series</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>James T. Kirk/Spock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>James T. Kirk, Spock (Star Trek)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>Crossdressing, Anal Fingering, Dirty Talk, Rimming, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Bottom Spock, Virginity, Masturbation, Fantasizing, Oral Sex, Face-Sitting, Sex Toys, Begging, Pon Farr, Phone Sex, Bottom Jim, Topping from the Bottom, Riding, Mind Meld, Alien Biology, Virginity Kink, Roleplay, Vulcan Kisses, Overstimulation, Dry Orgasm, Light Dom/sub, Very light and barely there, Intercrural Sex, Praise Kink, Embarrassment</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

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pleasures
by sunshine_captain

Summary
A collection of standalone K/S pwps. Majority are bottom!Spock, with various kinks.
Spock in a dress

Although it's still colloquially known as the female uniform, there is no rule, written or otherwise, preventing anyone that wants to from wearing the Starfleet uniform dress. Men have been known to wear it, including Jim himself on occasion.

Having been in one himself didn’t make seeing Spock in one any easier. The first time he’d shown up on duty in it Jim had almost spilled his coffee all over himself. That entire shift had been torturous as he tried desperately to deal with an incredibly frustrating planet bureaucracy and ignore Spock standing at his side with his legs showing. Being in the minidress didn’t stop Spock from bending over his science station, either—*god!*

Now, immediately after a long exhausting mission, Spock has volunteered to sit through the night shift by himself since they’re deep in Federation space, in order to let everyone else get some rest. Vulcans, after all, need much less sleep than humans.

Jim’s already gotten a few hours of sleep, woken up, and realized he couldn’t get back to sleep once he’d become aware of how empty and Spock-less his bed was. He heads straight up to the bridge to check on Spock and maybe keep him company for a while.

Except all his innocent thoughts of conversation flee as soon as he steps out of the turbolift and sees Spock perched in the captain’s chair, long legs crossed, uniform dress riding up on his thighs.

His acute hearing alerts him to Jim’s presence, and he turns with eyes warm and welcoming to see his captain gaping at him like a fool. “Jim? I had thought you would sleep longer.” He doesn’t sound unhappy that he’d woken up earlier than expected.

“Spock,” Jim manages. He’s going to tell Spock he doesn’t like sleeping without him, but his brain alerts him to several crucial facts. One, most of the ship is asleep. Two, he and Spock are alone on the bridge. Three, Spock is *in the dress and his legs are showing.*

Almost without his permission, his lips twitch into a dirty smile. “Why, Mr. Spock. Abandoning your post without permission? I wouldn’t want to have to punish you for that.”

Spock as ever, is quick to catch on. He quirks an eyebrow at Jim’s boldness at daring to start something on the bridge, but he’s probably also already calculated the likelihood of them being caught right down to the last decimal place and found it equally as unlikely as Jim. He rises from the captain’s chair and backs towards his science station. “Discipline is unnecessary. I shall resume my duties as science officer.”

Jim settles himself into his chair and takes a moment to watch as Spock goes to his station and bends down to look into his viewer. There’s nothing of import there; they’re traveling towards a starbase at a leisurely warp two. He looks so good bending over like that. He always does. But right now, his uniform is pulled higher with every movement, his skinny legs showing, the hemline teasing Jim. If Spock bent down just a little lower, Jim would be able to see his briefs. His ass.

He could reach right up Spock’s dress and...

A little shiver of excitement goes through him and he stands up, moves to Spock. Presses against him so Spock can feel that he’s already getting hard. Just from seeing Spock in that little uniform dress.

“You look so good in that,” he breathes into Spock’s ear, feeling him twitch in response to the warm breath on that sensitive area. “I’ve wanted to bend you over and finger you, make you come without
even taking it off of you since I first saw you in it.”

Spock blushes green at his words, like always, turns his head to try and reach his mouth with a groan of, “Jim.”

He looks so lovely bent over and flushed green and all for Jim. He kisses Spock hungrily, sneaking one hand under the uniform to squeeze Spock’s ass. Jim slaps him through his underwear, thinking about the time he laid Spock across his lap and spanked him until his ass was bright green and Spock kept on pushing back for more anyway. He hears Spock’s breath hitch and knows he’s picking up on Jim’s thoughts. Unavoidable, when they’re all pressed together like this and turned on.

Not that it bothers Jim; he’s always welcomed Spock as eagerly into his mind as Spock welcomes him into his body.

His other hand travels around Spock’s body to his front, presses against the hard cock he can feel through the uniform. Spock is ready and wants it just as bad as Jim. He twitches his hips, pressing the tiniest bit up against Jim’s hand, wanting friction on his cock. Jim takes his hand away. Not yet.

He whispers that out loud just to hear Spock’s impatient sigh. Jim pushes lightly on Spock’s lower back, getting him to bend down further until he’s resting his elbows against the console, undoubtedly maintaining enough focus even now to be sure he’s not pressing any buttons.

Jim pushes the bottom of the dress up and pulls Spock’s briefs down just far enough to have access to his ass.

Spock looks amazing like this but Jim is too far away from him. He drapes himself over Spock, pressing kisses to his neck, nuzzling his nose into Spock’s warm skin and soft hair. How he loves his gentle, clever Vulcan. The fact that Spock is in this position and letting Jim touch him like this... Jim’s heart starts beating faster.

Spock sighs again, but very differently, at the feeling of Jim’s fingers sliding into his cleft and rubbing over his hole. He turns again, reaching for Jim, and Jim meets him eagerly. It’s awkward, with Jim leaning down trying to kiss Spock over his shoulder, but so worth it for Spock’s hand cupping his jaw, trying to pull him in more, for the sensation of Spock’s tongue and soft lips.

He has to pull back to breathe, keeps his forehead pressed to Spock’s so he can see his eyes darken with lust when he says, “So tight here, Spock. But you’ll loosen up for me, won’t you? You’ll let me in, you always do. Always take it so well.”

He continues tracing light circles over the little furl of muscle. Spock is relaxed enough for one finger already, but Jim likes to tease until Spock demands what he wants.

Spock pushes his ass back into the light pressure, head turned and dark eyes fixed on Jim, pinning him in place with the impatience and desire plain in Spock’s face. “I desire penetration now, Jim,” he says, tips of his ears green from the words.

Helpless in the face of Spock’s want, Jim gives his fingers a quick suck to get them wet and then pushes one into Spock. He makes a longing noise at the warmth and tightness even as Spock moans and clenches down hard around his finger, wanting more, something bigger in him.

“Be patient and wait.” It’s accompanied by a playful spank to Spock’s ass.

His Vulcan twitches needily but settles, leaning further forward and waiting. He wants it so bad but he’s being sogood, it makes Jim desperate to push his pants down and shove his cock into Spock, but no. That’s not what he’s been picturing (and he’d never do that without proper lubrication; a couple
fingers on spit is no big deal when you’re as used to penetration as Spock is, but a cock? That’s a little much even with as often as they have sex.)

He’s not cruel. He moves his finger, rubs Spock’s inner walls to give him some friction while he works on getting him loosened up enough for two fingers. One isn’t enough for Spock to be satisfied, but he still likes it. He’s making little noises whenever Jim pulls his finger out and pushes it back in. Those tiny sighs are so hot. Spock has his mouth pressed to his arm, trying to muffle himself, but Jim’s ears are by now attuned to those noises and besides, Spock has never been able to be totally quiet with Jim.

“Jim, please,” Spock urges, pressing back against his hand in search of more. “I need more. Please, Captain.”

Spock knows what using his title in the bedroom does to him. Jim pulls his fingers free to wet them again, ignoring Spock’s plaintive noise, and then pushes two in. He’s had enough teasing, so he goes straight for Spock’s prostate and circles it lightly.

“Ah! Jim!” Spock shoves himself onto Jim’s fingers as hard as he can.

He’s relentless, keeping up the stimulation to Spock’s prostate to hear him moan and twist, the sway of his hips back onto his hand and forward in a fruitless effort to get stimulation on his cock. There’s nothing to grind against.

Jim can’t resist rubbing his own trapped cock against Spock for a moment as he reaches around him to gently squeeze his erection through the front of the Starfleet dress. The moment he started thinking dirty thoughts about Spock in it (the second he saw him in it) he started imagining making Spock come all over the inside of it. He slips his hand under it to properly grip him.

“That’s it, Spock,” he breathes, stopping to let Spock work for it, fuck him himself onto Jim’s fingers and into his hand. “Come on, show me how much you want it. You do want it, don’t you?”

As if he could ever doubt it with the way Spock is so beautifully flushed, coming apart right in front of him and under his hands, with the noises he’s making. He’s moaning fully now, shamelessly, and this is Jim’s favorite part, when Spock loses all his inhibitions and stops trying to keep it down, stops trying to control his movements--this graceless jerking back and forth between Jim’s hands, this moaning, wanton creature-- god, he’s so beautiful, and Jim is so far gone for him.

A final deep groan of his name and Spock comes, hot and wet all over Jim’s hand and his pretty dress. His muscles contract around Jim’s buried fingers and make him wish all over again he was in Spock in an entirely different fashion, but it doesn’t really matter. Not when he’s allowed to do what he did to Spock, see him like he just saw him.

And now. Spock has slipped even further downwards in the afterglow of his orgasm and is currently resting one cheek against the console, his eyes closed as he catches his breath. It only lasts for a few seconds before he remembers where he is and straightens up.

Jim pulls his fingers out and settles his hands on Spock’s hips, turns him around. Spock pulls his underwear up and then Spock’s eyes meet Jim’s, dark and adoring. He kisses Spock, and wants to keep kissing him, but Spock pulls away and looks meaningfully down at where he’s still obviously hard.

“It’s okay, Spock, you don’t have to-”

But Spock apparently feels he does have to, because he’s sinking to his knees in front of Jim, and oh
god. The picture he makes, kneeling at Jim’s feet, in his uniform dress that’s got come all over the inside of it, after he just let Jim bend him over and get him off in the middle of the bridge...

Jim grabs the edge of the console to steady himself and lets Spock have his way.
Rimming

Chapter Notes

Rimming is my favorite fictional kink, so it probably won’t surprise you to learn this is just the first of two (so far) of these featuring rimming. Hope everyone else likes it as much as I do.

He ambushes Spock as soon as he comes off duty and enters their quarters. Jim has him against the wall by the door in a heartbeat, kissing him fiercely. Their mouths pressed together, his fingers against Spock’s, grinding lightly against those sensitive fingertips, running over the soft flesh of his palm until Spock shudders and makes a quiet sigh in response to the stimulation.

“Not the greeting I anticipated, Captain, though not unwelcome,” Spock murmurs when they draw apart to breathe.

“I’ve been waiting for you, Spock. I already know what I want to do to you.” He squeezes Spock’s ass lightly, hears his breath hitch. “It’s been all I’ve been able to think of since I left the bridge.”

He steps back, but not before touching Spock’s face gently. “Undress and go get on the bed,” he commands him firmly, sees Spock’s pupils dilate slightly. Oh yes, he knows all about how Spock likes following his orders, likes being praised when he does. Not that he’d admit to it, but he knows.

Spock does just what he’s told, getting onto his hands and knees and waiting, head hanging down in an attempt to hide his green blush at his position. Jim goes to him, hands skimming over his body. That sleek, flawless back, moving around his body to touch his bony hips, stroke his flat tummy. Then Jim’s favorite, Spock’s ass.

“You’re so beautiful, Spock. So good for me. God, I love you,” he whispers, pressing kisses to every inch he can reach. To the nape of Spock’s neck, down his back, then to both cheeks of his ass.

Jim stops again, giving Spock a second to become aware of what he’s about to do. He must know. Jim can almost feel his anticipation. Spock loves this. He loves being rimmed almost more than Jim loves rimming him (impossible.)

“Spread yourself for me, Spock.”

“Jim—” Spock’s protest is immediate. Much as he loves it, he’s still so adorably shy about it. Even after all the filthy things they’ve done together.

“Come on, sweetheart.” A fine tremor from Spock at that. Another weakness. Spock loves being called pet names. Jim nuzzles his lower back affectionately. Spock’s inner testicles are there, and he twitches at the feeling. “If you want my mouth on you, my tongue in you, you’re going to have to help.”

Spock groans softly and reaches back to spread himself open with both hands, pressing his face into the pillow. Doesn’t matter. He’ll be loud enough soon for Jim to hear him anyway.

Spock’s tight little hole is exposed to his view now, and it clenches even as he stares as it. Jim moans and dives in, licking broad swipes over Spock’s cleft before focusing on the little pucker, tracing it
with the very tip of his tongue, licking him until he’s soaked with saliva and Spock is squirming, whining longingly into the pillow. He wants penetration.

Not yet. Jim teases him some more, turning his head to bite one cheek, hands sliding up to his lower back, rubbing light circles at the two slight bumps on either side of Spock’s spine.

It feels good, but it’s not what he knows Spock wants. Spock raises his head, a sound very like a whine in protest to his hole being abandoned escaping him “Jim, please cease teasing! I...I need...”

“Shh. I know what you need.” It’s time to stop being mean. Jim goes back to work.

Spock is relaxed and so wanting that he opens right up for Jim’s tongue. Jim thrusts it in and out, fucking Spock just like he’s been so desperate for.

It’s incredible. The heat inside Spock, the way he squeezes around Jim’s tongue, desperate for as much of the sensation as he can get. Jim groans and pushes Spock’s hands out of the way, holding him open himself as he licks and sucks and tongue fucks Spock until he’s whimpering and moaning into the pillow, rubbing himself all over Jim’s face, loving it so fucking much.

“Jim, Jim, aah! Jim,” Spock’s whines are clear when he lifts his head to gasp in frantic breaths of air, probably almost tearing holes in the sheets. All that’s coming from him in the form of words are pleas for Jim not to stop. And his name, of course.

As if he could stop. He has to pause to breathe, too. Jim flexes his jaw, the muscles in his mouth tired. It’s worth it. “You should see this, Spock. Your pretty little hole is so loose and wet. Jesus, you love this, don’t you? Love when I get my tongue in you, eat you out while you whimper for more?”

He talks to arouse them both, has to rub himself through his pants while Spock lowers himself back down, hiding in the pillow and pushing his ass even higher, pleading for more.

“Fucking beautiful. And all mine. Oh, Spock. I never want to stop.”

He doesn’t. He eats Spock out until he’s shaking and coming all over himself, making the prettiest noises the whole time. And then Jim rolls him over and fucks him slowly, Spock loose and relaxed and watching him with half lidded eyes, following all of Jim’s orders to work himself first to hardness and then to another orgasm (“Play with your nipples,” “Suck on your fingers, Spock, just like you suck on me. There you go,” “Spread your legs wider,” “Touch yourself. Slowly.”) that makes Jim come, too. And then he holds Spock closer and tells him just how much he loves him and how incredible he is.
Spock has become fixated on many things in his life prior to this point, the majority of them having to do with acquiring some kind of new knowledge, but never before anything to do with sexual desires.

He’s never desired physical satisfaction. Back at Starfleet Academy, he watched his roommate lead young women off by the hand to their room or to the nearest broom closet with perhaps mild curiosity but never has he felt the need to initiate sexual congress with someone. Nor does he masturbate. Spock is aware that humans do, but he simply doesn’t have a regular need to.

Until now, that is. Until he became enamored with his captain. It has been a slow process. He noted the warmth that attempted to flood his extremities (which he subdued) and the feeling of safety and well being that likewise tried to take over his insides (which succeeded) whenever Jim touched him or smiled at him. He filed the observations away for later examination, and never got around to thinking on the matter any further. He was very well aware of his illogical need to literally leap in front of Jim whenever his captain was in danger. That he tried to explain away as simply ensuring the safety of a most valuable member of Starfleet.

But at last, there’s something he cannot explain away or ignore. In the middle of the bridge, a young crewman on his first duty shift fumbles and drops his padd. Jim, making his rounds checking in with each person on duty, bends down to retrieve it. Spock, his head turned in that direction at the time (merely surveying the bridge, not magnetically fixated on Jim) catches side of the fabric and the way it seems to barely contain the plump roundness of Jim’s buttocks.

Blood rushes down to his genitals and he grows hard in response to outside stimulus for the first time in his life. In response to one specific person. Jim.

Spock stares down at his lap in disbelief, and is still trying to process the fact that he has an erection, caused by Jim, in the middle of the bridge when Jim reaches him and drops a hand onto his shoulder. Unlike all the other times he has done this, it doesn’t merely bring pleasant feelings to his mind, it sends a pulse of pleasure (that Jim is touching him, has a hand on him) and need (if he would only touch further down...)

“You seem distracted, Mr. Spock. Is everything okay?”

He can feel the concern that is radiating off of Jim through the touch. Even if there was no contact between them, he would hear it coloring his voice.

“I am quite alright, Captain. I was merely mentally formulating a response to a paper I read the previous night.”

Jim smiles, the expression one that Spock would be tempted to compare to a sunburst if he were more emotional and inclined to sentimentality. Which he is not. “Of course you were. I should have known.”

He moves on, Spock distracts himself with routine tasks until his erection vanishes, and all is as normal.

Until, that is, Jim accompanies him to the deck their quarters are located on and leaves him at the door to Spock’s quarters. He reminds Spock of their scheduled chess game several nights hence, invites him to join him for breakfast in the morning, and then bids him goodnight. Spock watches
him stride the short distance to his own quarters, eyes gravitating straight to his buttocks and the way it moves as Jim walks.

He goes inside, closes his eyes in resignation. He is hard again. Now that he’s all alone, there’s no logic in denying his arousal. He has rarely before had to deal with this, not since a brief period in his youth when it was a constant problem. That was simply a matter of the hormones in his body settling as he aged. This is something else entirely. This is...sexual desire. He is attracted to James Kirk. He is especially fixated on his behind.

Spock gets comfortable on his bed, unfastens his pants, and reaches in to grasp himself. The sooner it is dealt with, the sooner he can meditate and then complete the paperwork waiting for him.

The touch of his hand is pleasurable. Closing his eyes, he allows the indulgence of a sigh and strokes himself, then pauses.

He opens his eyes and stares at the ceiling. Suddenly, his ignorance of sexual activity is a hindrance. It is logical that he...no. He wants to think about Jim. He wants to picture Jim as he touches himself, but he simply doesn’t know what two people do when they have sex.

They touch each other. That much is obvious. He thinks about it, about Jim’s arms wrapping around him, pulling him in close. His lips pressing a kiss to Spock’s neck. Spock’s own hands traveling down Jim’s body, grasping his buttocks, his fingers squeezing, digging into the soft flesh as Jim sighs in approval and pushes back against his hands encouragingly...

He trembles and orgasms, his breaths sounding loud and harsh in his silent quarters. His hand is covered in his release. He removes it from his pants and stares at it before getting up to clean himself, wondering if this is going to become a regular occurrence.

It does. Any time that he spends too much time staring at Jim’s behind, he feels the telltale rush of arousal and stiffening of his genitals. He wills it away in public but indulges in private.

At first, all it takes for Spock to finish is thinking about touching Jim there, caressing that soft, round flesh, the way that Jim would want it and subtly request more. Perhaps not so subtly ask for more.

Eventually he acquires more stamina, so that he can withstand more than two strokes of his hand before it’s over. He requires more, but he doesn’t know what more is. What is the next step? What would Jim teach him comes next, if they were together?

His imagination steps in. Lying on his bed one night, calling to mind the familiar thoughts of touching Jim there, he imagines what more could be. Parting Jim’s cheeks, reaching between them to gently touch the tiny, tight entrance to his body.

He gasps and comes, wondering if that is what is done. Would Jim enjoy that? Would he desire for Spock to touch him there? Perhaps he would order him to, take hold of his wrist and lead his hand there, pin it insistently if Spock faltered in confusion. Perhaps he would want Spock to do more. Perhaps he would...

At the thought that occurs to him then, Spock discovers his refractory period can be rather short.

Perhaps he would turn around, lean down and brace himself on a table and order Spock to his knees. Perhaps he would reach back and gather a handful of Spock’s hair, guide him forward until his mouth was on that intimate place, and he would want Spock to use his lips and tongue on his entrance until he was shaking and making noises that Spock doesn’t doubt he would find intoxicating.
The orgasm this scenario triggers is more intense than any before it. Spock doesn’t know if this is a sexual practice that people do. He doesn’t know if Jim has partaken in it before, or if he would like it if he hasn’t tried it before.

But from that night on, it occupies an inappropriate amount of his mental space. When he touches himself, it’s what he thinks about more than anything else. When he watches Jim walk, bend over, the fabric of his pants straining over his round flesh, he cannot help but flash back to his fantasy, picturing himself spreading Jim open and putting his face there, his mouth on Jim, his tongue pushing into him, over and over, his hands squeezing those handfuls of flesh as he holds him open.

Nothing makes him lose it as quickly or as intensely as these thoughts. He thinks of little else while looking at Jim and unoccupied with ship’s business for a long while until one night when Jim pauses before he leaves Spock and invites him over for a drink and impromptu game of chess.

Spock tears himself from his thoughts of Jim’s rear and nods. He realizes Jim is not thinking of their game at all when their hands brush and Spock receives images from him. His shields were relaxed, and even if they weren’t, the powerful rush of longing that accompanies the thoughts might have ensured they made it through anyway.

Thoughts of Spock bent over his scanner, thoughts of Jim’s tongue on a particular part of his body...

Spock drops his knight and leans in to kiss Jim.
Chapter Notes

There is literally just....so much rimming here. Pretty sure I need Surak. Aaah.

It’s getting increasingly hard for Jim to breathe. Spock’s quarters are warmer than his own, and even with the temperature turned slightly down to allow for his human companion, it’s still enough to make Jim sweat. Not that Spock minds; he told Jim once that he was not only fascinated by his human habit of sweating easily, but that he found it endearing.

Jim isn’t about to complain about anything either, not when he has Spock between his legs, bobbing up and down on his cock. He’s devastatingly beautiful like this, flushed faintly green from his efforts, eyes closed, the full force of his concentration focused on bringing Jim pleasure.

For too long he’s been helpless under Spock’s touch to do anything but lay back and moan. It’s past time to return the favor.

“Spock,” he tries, “Let me...” But he dissolves into another groan and falls back against the bed again when Spock takes him all the way down, moaning as he does it.

He's so dazed with pleasure it actually takes a second to register when Spock abandons his dick and moves further down, pressing a kiss to the sensitive area behind Jim's balls and then sliding hands under his knees, pushing his legs open and...

Jim moans in shock as Spock's tongue makes contact with his hole. “Spock!” It feels incredible, he's so sensitive there. It's not often he's had this done to him, and Spock has never done it to him. It's always him eating Spock out, a regular feature of their sex life, but now he's wondering why they don't do it this way, too.

Spock pushes his legs further open and goes to work, eating him out with fervor, licking all around and sucking and pushing his tongue in deep as Jim grabs his knees and holds himself open, trying to help, anything to feel more of what Spock is giving him.

It's so good. Jim can feel how loose and wet he is down there as Spock licks him and he can hear all the embarrassing noises he's making, the breathy gasps and the way he's moaning, “More,” and rocking his hips against Spock's face, so eager for it.

He might be embarrassed, except Spock is moaning into his ass and he can hear and feel him rubbing himself against the bed in reaction.

Spock isn't just rimming him, he's getting off on it as much as Jim gets off on rimming him.

“Oh, Spock,” he gasps and comes just as Spock reaches up to touch his cock, lifting it away from his belly. He twitches and pants his way through his orgasm, feels Spock trying to keep him in place enough to lick him. It's only when he's flopped pathetically back onto the mattress, feeling thoroughly fucked out, and Spock pushes himself up to hover over him on all fours that he realizes what a mess he's made all over his Vulcan.

There's come in his hair. All over. It might be funny if Spock wasn't eyeing him so hungrily, looking
so desperate to be touched. So far gone he doesn't care what a mess he is.

“Sweetheart, that was so good.” Jim latches onto Spock and pulls him down for a kiss, tasting himself in his mouth. It just makes him hotter. “Spock, you were so good to me. It's your turn. Come here.”

Spock turns around eagerly, knowing what's going to be done to him and Jim lets him, pulls him up until he's hovering over his face, spreading him open as he does so.

Spock settles into place obediently, making a choked noise as he feels Jim's tongue flick over his tight hole. He's probably bright green, and Jim considers how pretty he must look as he mouths his ass, tracing the tip of his tongue over his wrinkled little entrance, encouraging him to relax.

He wants to talk to Spock, wants to tell him how much he loves doing this, how much he wants to do this to him all day, how badly he wants to make a mess of Spock every single moment when he sees him so very proper and neat in his uniform. How he wants to bend him over and tongue him, get him open and wet and whimpering for more, driving himself back onto Jim's tongue. How much he loves that Spock doesn't care right now that he's got Jim's come all over him, because he's too busy shifting his hips, making it clear he wants more and he wants it right now, wants to tell Spock how much he loves him and how beautiful he is in every way. How much it means to him that Spock lets himself feel these things with him.

It doesn't matter that he can't say them out loud, because Spock moans and he knows he can feel them.

Spock's open enough for Jim to get his tongue inside and he pushes it right in, loving the way Spock clenches and rocks in response to the feeling as Jim starts to fuck him with his tongue, sliding a hand onto Spock's thigh and squeezing, wanting to touch Spock all over inside and out.

Rimming Spock is his favorite thing to do. Everything else is amazing but this is without a doubt the best. Spock loosens and opens more for him until he can work his tongue in and out easily. When he gentles, licks slowly over Spock's quivering, needy hole instead he growls a protest and reaches back to fist a hand in Jim's hair, tugging it sharply in reprimand.

“Do not stop,” Spock commands, moving again, rubbing himself pointedly against Jim's mouth.

Spock giving him that order makes him shiver and he gets to it with a will, sucking and licking Spock's ass until he can feel him trembling, jerking gracelessly atop Jim, until with what's almost a whine he comes. Jim feels it on his bare skin, loves the way Spock contracts erratically against him as he shakes.

He folds forward onto Jim's chest, right into the mess he just made, but Spock shows no signs of caring. He rests his forehead on Jim's thigh and regains his breath.

Jim licks his lips, flexes his tired jaw. With Spock laying on him like that he has an amazing view of Spock's hole, all wet and messy now, but he's tired and what he really wants is to lay with Spock for a while and just be together. (And maybe work getting cleaned up somewhere in there.)

Nudging Spock to turn around, he rolls them onto their sides, kissing Spock and petting his hair which, by now, is a disaster. “You're amazing.”

Spock kisses his throat. “And you, Jim, are quite incredible.”
Jim is roused out of his exhausted sleep by the feeling of an insistent Vulcan climbing on top of him.

“Jim, please, I must have more. Jim...Jim...” Spock is pleading desperately.

He opens his eyes and is unsurprised to find Spock’s eyes dark with arousal and need, his hand behind him as he rubs his empty, aching hole, rocking slightly into the sensation.

Spock’s pon farr has been as draining as Jim had expected. The first day and a half was pretty fantastic, but then it started to wear on him. Spock wants to be fucked. Constantly. With a human’s stamina, it’s impossible for Jim to keep up.

“Spock, come here.” Jim guides Spock down to kiss him with a hand on the back of his neck. His other hand slides down Spock’s back to his ass, nudging Spock’s hand out of the way as he pushes two fingers in.

Spock is still all loose and wet from the last time Jim fucked him. The last several times. Jim presses a couple more fingers into him, but it’s never enough for Spock. Not unless he’s got Jim’s cock.

Spock twitches and moans as Jim rubs against his prostate, but it doesn’t distract him long. He turns around on top of Jim until he can reach Jim’s dick. He nuzzles it and starts to lick but Jim is soft, too sore and sensitive right now for any attention there.

Jim leans up to lick where Spock is all stretched around his fingers. Sure enough, Spock immediately abandons his attempt to get Jim hard and squirms back into his tongue, whimpering when Jim pulls his fingers out and parts his cheeks to push his whole tongue into Spock, eating him out with abandon.

As much as Spock loves being eaten out, it doesn’t satisfy him the way it would normally. It’s not long before he’s squirming restlessly.

“Jim, Jim, I need you within me. Please, Captain, penetrate me now.”

Jim draws back and wipes his mouth. “Spock, there’s no way I can get hard right now. But I have something else for you in the meantime.”

He gently but firmly guides Spock off of him to lay on his back beside him on the bed. Spock watches him, his eyes burning with the intensity of his need. He holds his legs open, clearly hoping Jim will change his mind about not being able to get hard.

Spock actually growls when he sees Jim produce a dildo. “I want you! Not a substitute!”

Jim pauses. “I can rim you again. Want me to put it away?”

Spock considers it and then huffs and tilts his hips up, a clear invitation for Jim to proceed.

He can’t get hard right now but it doesn’t stop the pulse of lust that runs through him as he pushes the toy into Spock, biting his lip at the way the black plastic looks as it disappears inside him. It’s really hot.
Even hotter is the way Spock pants and tilts his head back, exposing his throat as Jim fucks him with the dildo. Jim leans down to lick and bite at Spock’s skin, already marked with green hickeys from previous rounds, as he expertly angles the toy to nudge Spock’s prostate.

Spock whimpers and rocks up into the thrusts, trying to get the toy deeper. The noises he’s making, it feels good, it’s more satisfying than Jim’s fingers, but still not enough. “C-captain,” Spock gasps out with a particularly hard thrust. “It isn’t enough! It isn’t you! It is fake, it is--”

Jim ducks down to take Spock’s hard cock into his mouth, flicking the on switch on the bottom of the toy as he does so. It begins to vibrate and Spock chokes on his complaints, squirming furiously under the restraining hand Jim places on his hip.

“A-ah!! Jim, Jim, Ji-i-im!” Spock cries out as he orgasms, thighs tensing on either side of Jim’s head and hand in Jim’s hair keeping his mouth on his cock.

Jim swallows and sits up, smiling in satisfaction at the debauched picture Spock makes, fucked out (for now), legs fallen wide open, the vibrator still deep within him. Jim switches it off and starts to slide it out but is stopped by Spock’s hole tightening around it, and Spock laying a restraining hand on his wrist.

“No. Leave it. I wish to...I wish to feel something within me until you are capable of intercourse again.” Spock’s ears are blazing green as he says it.

It’s precious that after all the obscenely filthy sex they’ve had the last few days, Spock is still too embarrassed to admit he can’t stand not feeling filled. Jim reaches down for the blanket that was kicked to the bottom of the bed and pulls it over the two of them. Spock should be okay now for a little while. If he’s lucky, he can get a little more rest and when he wakes up, he’ll be ready for the next round.

Chapter End Notes

Pon farr with bottom!Spock is just...so hot. There is barely any at all, so I had to contribute. Now, someone else write some! Haha.
"You're alone, aren't you, Spock?"

"I am currently alone on the bridge, yes, Jim."

"Why on earth are you still on duty? You should have let someone else take the night shift, you've been working since I beamed down."

"It is no hardship. I am studying some fascinating sensor readings from the nebula we scanned last week. It makes no difference whether I look at them on the bridge or in my quarters."

"Where are you right now?"

"As I have already stated, I am on the bridge."

"Where on the bridge, Mr. Spock?"

"At my science station. Where else would I be, Captain?"

"Oh, I don't know. You could be in the captain's chair, all gorgeous and commanding. Mm, you look good in my chair, Spock. You'd look especially good with your legs spread open for me so I could suck your beautiful cock."

"Jim!!"

"Don't worry, I'm all alone. The diplomats are done with me for the evening, and I'm free to talk to you about all the things I wish I were doing to you right now instead of all alone down on this planet."

"..."

"Now, where was I? Oh yeah, you on the bridge, all by yourself. At your science station. Are you standing up or sitting down?"

"I am sitting down."

"That's what I thought. Why don't you stand up and then bend over for me, baby? Just like you always do when I'm on the bridge. I know you like me looking at you."

"You know I enjoy when you look at me with desire, Jim. As I know you like it when I'm leaning over my station, your eyes wander to me 50.6% more than when I'm seated."

"Yeah, you're right. I love it. You just look so beautiful all bent over with your perfect little ass up in the air. I always just want to come up behind you and give you a little slap, just to see you turn around, all surprised with that cute green creeping across your face."

"Ah...what else do you wish to do to me at those times?"

"Spock? Are you turned on? You sound turned on."

"I am somewhat aroused, yes."

"Shit. I'm getting hard just thinking about my words turning you on. What are you doing right now?"
“I am bent over my viewer, as you requested. I am touching myself through my pants. I wish that...”

“Yeah? C’montell me.”

“I wish you were here with me, Jim. Behind me, on your knees, encouraging me to bend further over as you took down my pants and put your mouth upon me.”

“Shit, Spock...I want that. I want to eat you out, want to get my mouth on your tight hole and make you whimper, get you pushing back against me, touching your cock, so turned on it gets all wet and slippery...mmm...you better have your dick out, Spock, you better be touching it.”

“Nnn...yes...”

“I’m touching myself, too. Feels so good. Not as good as you would. I wish it were your hand. Wish I could kiss you, Spock. Those noises you’re making are so hot, what are you doing?”

“Mmf...mm.”

“Fuck! Are you sucking on your fingers, Spock? Oh my god, you are, aren’t you? Oh shit, that’s so hot, I can hear you doing it. Yeah, suck your fingers, baby, does it feel good? I know how sensitive your fingers are. Keep going, I need to hear you come.”

“Jim, please keep talking.”

“Yeah, yeah, I will. Keep playing with yourself, keep sucking your fingers, and I’ll tell you how bad I want to be the one doing it. How much I want to be there to kiss every inch of you, push my fingers into you, make you moan...shit, Spock, please tell me you’re close.”

“Yes, I am about to, ah, achieve release.”

“God...Spock!”

“Jim!!”

“Mmm. I think I needed that. I miss you, Spock. Can’t wait until I’m not needed down here anymore.”

“Nor can I, Jim. I do wish you were here right at this moment, however.”

“Yeah? Would you give me a kiss?”

“No, I would ask you to assist in cleaning up the mess you caused me to make.”
Sanu means please in Vulcan; does ashayam really need a translation? (It means beloved.)

This is...particularly filthy, guys.

Jim's riding Spock, or at least he was. Now he's just sitting on top of him, occasionally clenching around Spock, stroking his cock. It feels so good, having Spock inside him, he feels so full. He could come like this. He doesn't need anything else, just the touch of his hand and Spock thick and warm inside him.

"Feel so good, Spock," he purrs, thighs working as he shifts slightly. "So perfect inside of me...how are you doing?"

"Jim," Spock gasps. "Please...ah...s-sanu, please, ahh..." His hands twist uselessly where they're tied over his head.

"What do you want?" Jim rocks his hips forward, thrusting into his hand.

Spock moans and turns his head to the side, pushing up into Jim desperately, more pleas in Vulcan tumbling out.

"No, Spock. If you do that I’ll have to stop. I’ll get myself off, come all over you, and leave you here still hard and wanting.” He takes his hand away from his cock. He doesn’t want to come yet, and it’s so good. “Do you want me to stop?”

"No!" Spock pleads with Jim with his eyes. “Do not stop. Jim...Move, please.”

Spock begging is so hot. Jim shudders with lust, his hand drifting helplessly back to his cock. Despite how affected he is, he tries not to show it, going for a careless, dismissive tone. “Move? Why would I want to do that? I could get off just like this, with you keeping me nice and full. Mm...” He sighs and squeezes around Spock, savoring his helpless whimper. “Yeah. You feel so fucking good inside me. But you want more, huh?”

"Yes."

“Tell me what you want me to do. You have to tell me, or I won’t do it. I’ll just sit here and get off on you, as many times as I want. Take my sweet time, you’ll be here for a long time.” Jim is lying through his teeth, he doesn’t think he can last all that much longer. He has good stamina but teasing and taunting Spock like this really strains his control.

It’s amazing he hasn’t come yet just looking at Spock, tied up and trying so, so hard to obey Jim’s orders. He’s actually shaking in his attempts to stop himself from fucking up into Jim, from breaking the ropes and rolling them over, holding Jim down and fucking him as hard as he wants, until they both come screaming...

Fuckfuckfuck. It’s so hot. Spock could break his bonds in an instant, he’s strong enough to do
anything to Jim he wants, but he lets Jim take control. He gives in and holds himself in check (Jim moans, stroking himself and thinking about a few days ago when he made Spock hold him up against the wall and fuck him achingly slowly, made him follow his orders exactly and the way Spock shook and hid his face in Jim’s neck when he told Spock to come, the way Spock lost himself in his release, and god, he was so tired and cuddly after...)

Spock must catch some of what Jim is remembering because he mirrors Jim’s moan. Then, finally, he opens his eyes and steels himself to speak the profanity he knows Jim wants him to. “Jim...please. F-fuck yourself on me...on my cock.”

It’s hard for him, Jim knows. He gets embarrassed whenever Jim makes him talk like that, but it’s so fucking hot, the way he stumbles over the words a little, the way he’s so desperate now he doesn’t care if it’s dirty, or illogical, or beneath him... He would do anything to get Jim to get him off.

“There you go, sweetheart.” Jim is relieved as he starts riding Spock for real, powerful thighs allowing him to raise and lower himself on Spock’s cock easily. “All you had to do...was tell me what you wanted me to do. Should have done it sooner, fuck...Spock...”

Spock isn’t allowed to do anything but lay there and moan as Jim fucks himself, controlling the pace completely. Jim hasn’t told him he’s allowed to participate yet, after all.

Spock may not be able to talk dirty himself, but he gets off on Jim doing it, and Jim loves seeing how his words make Spock squirm.

It would seem strange to outsiders, if they could see them together, how one night might contrast with the next. Jim is completely capable of being an utter gentleman in the bedroom, and he loves to lay Spock out and love him, be gentle and worshiping. He also loves making him beg and telling him filthy things.

“You going to come soon, Spock? I bet you are.” Jim tightens his ass around Spock’s dick, rising up until only the head is inside and staying there, ignoring the way his leg muscles are burning. “I want you to, I want you to come inside me, get me all wet and messy... Want to come in me, Spock? Make me yours? Will you clean me up, after? Lick your own come out of my ass?”

When Jim drops back down, taking all of Spock inside himself, Spock jerks so hard the ropes snap. A moment passes, Spock’s arms start to rise towards Jim, he wants to touch and take so badly, but then he regains his control and raises them back up to either side of his head, gripping the pillow.

“Good boy, you’re- ah, fuck, so good for me.” He’s losing himself in his own pleasure, riding Spock harder, stroking his cock and pinching and rubbing his nipples. “So good...you’d put your tongue in me after this if I told you to, yeah, know you would, you’re so good...fuck!”

He seizes up, back arching as he comes, all over his hand and, hopefully, Spock. His eyes are closed but he hears Spock as if from a distance, gasping as his ass squeezes his cock nice and tight.

When he blinks at Spock, he sees that he did come all over him, his chest hair and throat are covered in Jim’s come. Jim grins lazily, already feeling post orgasm lethargy setting in, rubbing some of his come into Spock’s skin. Then he offers some to Spock on two fingers (the fingers used in the ozh’esta, which Spock cannot possibly miss.)

He doesn’t. He opens his mouth and lets Jim slide his fingers inside, sucking on them, maintaining eye contact with Jim the entire time. His eyes are so dark. He’s still so hard.

It’s time for his reward.
Jim pulls his fingers out of Spock’s mouth and kisses him sweetly on the lips. “Good boy, so fucking good for me, it’s your turn now. Take what you need.”

If he needed a reminder of how quickly Vulcans can move, he gets one as Spock lifts him bodily off his cock, throws him down onto the bed, spreads Jim’s legs open, and shoves back inside.

Just like that, Jim’s being fucked harder than he has been for awhile. It’s incredible; he’s soft, and no way can he get hard again this soon. He’s so oversensitive that it hurts a little, but he loves it. Spock is growling with each thrust, pushing the both of them up the bed each time, and if Jim didn’t brace himself against the wall Spock would fuck them right into it. Their neighbors would love that.

He did this, he pushed Spock to this. Spock behaved so well and followed his orders so perfectly, he’s earned every moment of this.

Jim moves cooperatively with Spock the best he can, but the truth is Spock is so forceful there’s little he can do but lay back and take it.

When Spock comes, he stills, arms going around Jim to hold him close in what’s unmistakably a hug. Jim smiles and holds Spock back, marveling at how beautiful he is when he comes.

All the tension drains out of Spock, and he becomes a pile of warm, sleepy Vulcan. He’s also incredibly heavy, and Jim wiggles out from under him to lay beside him, instead. Spock goes with the change and pulls Jim to him, wrapping an arm and a leg around him.

Spock is an octopus after he gets off. Jim loves it, and him.

“You were beautiful, Spock. So good. Love you so much,” he sighs.

“And I, you, ashayam,” Spock murmurs, kissing Jim lightly.

They lay together for a while, until Jim remembers. “Mm, Spock. What about cleaning me up, huh?” Spock’s eyes pop open, and a brilliant green blush spreads from the tips of his ears to his cheeks.
Pon Farr, part 2

Spock whimpers softly into the pillow, rubbing against the mattress. Jim stares breathlessly at where he's penetrating him, four fingers fitting easily inside Spock's warm, oh-so-willing body. Thinking about how little and tight Spock's hole was when pon farr started has Jim groaning softly as blood rushes south and he starts to get hard. It's the first time in a while, and he knows Spock is going to want this one.

Jim almost moans out loud thinking about how thoroughly Spock possesses his body during pon farr. He demands Jim's cock without thought or consideration as to whether Jim can even get hard. He grabs Jim, manhandles him on top of him, tilts his hips up imperiously and waits for Jim to go about his duty servicing his bondmate. Sometimes when he's too impatient to wait for Jim to do all the work he pins Jim down, gets on top of him, and slides onto his cock. He'll ride Jim like that for as long as Jim can stay hard (which, lately, hasn't been that long), bruising Jim's thighs and hips as he slams down eagerly, coming again and again, head thrown back, erection not even needing to be touched, whimpering and moaning wantonly as he comes over and over, severely testing Jim's restraint as he spasms around him.

Jim is doing his best to get hard as often as possible, and to stay hard for as long as possible. He wants this to be so good for Spock, so pleasurable. He knows Spock will still be ashamed when it's over at the naked need he's displaying, his insatiability, but he wants at least one thing about this to be something Spock can look back on without embarrassment.

Besides the future, Jim doesn't want Spock to be uncomfortable in the here and now. The pon farr takes Spock's usual sex drive and preferences and multiplies them a hundred fold, so now when Jim isn't fucking him, he'll find Spock on his knees on the bed, whining desperately with his fingers inside himself, trying to capture the feeling Jim gives him on his own. He can't, he's made it clear nothing he can do to himself feels as good as what Jim can do for him. He needs Jim, so intensely that it's exhausting and a little overwhelming, but Jim won't let Spock down.

That's why he still tends to him even when he's so tired he just wants to sleep. He doesn't, he touches and kisses Spock, holds him close and keeps him warm, urges him to meld the moment he feels the need, to drink water (he'd get dehydrated if Jim didn't remind him), and to try and get some rest himself when he can. And he rims him until his jaw aches, blows Spock until it hurts worse, uses a vibrator on Spock when he can't get hard at all.

He comes out of his reverie when Spock presses back against his hand, panting his name out so wantonly and helplessly that Jim gets fully hard so quickly it almost hurts.

"I got you, sweetheart," he whispers, bending down to kiss Spock's lower back. "How do you want it? Want to be on your knees, or facing me?"

Spock doesn't say anything else (he's been talking less today, maybe because he's growing tired and it's almost over? Or is that just wishful thinking...) but he rolls over slowly, reaching for Jim.

He obliges immediately, going into Spock's arms as he lines himself up and slides home. Spock orgasms as he's filled, gasping, getting Jim's and his own chest wet with his come.

It doesn't matter. Jim's had every inch of himself covered in come during the course of the pon farr. He had the foresight to get a huge stock of washcloths when the warning signs began.

He notices at once that Spock doesn't immediately get hard again. He's not completely soft, either,
but the lack of a complete erection signals that it really is the beginning of the end.

Jim has to admit that he’s relieved. The pon farr has been nowhere near as bad as he was expecting, but it’s exhausting, and he misses Spock. He wants to see him on the bridge again, in the science lab, down on an alien planet barely able to contain the light of enthusiasm in his eyes at some new discovery. He wants Spock.

He moves in Spock slowly, gently, just trying to give him enough sensation to keep him satisfied.

Spock shudders out a gasp and reaches up to Jim’s face, fingers spreading in a familiar pattern. His eyes meet Jim’s, and they’re pleading.

Even now, he asks permission before he initiates a meld, even if he’s only capable of doing it nonverbally.

Jim stills, takes Spock’s other hand and kisses his palm. “Yes. *Always.* My mind is yours.”

The meld opens between them, and Jim is delighted when he realizes order is beginning to return to Spock’s mind. It’s no longer the whirlwind of need and desperation that it was. He’s no longer burning.

*Spock!*

*T’hy’la...Jim...you have been with me.*

Jim distantly feels himself beaming and covering Spock’s face with kisses. *Of course I was. I would never leave you to suffer this alone.*

The unnatural, manic energy which has been driving Spock for days is fading, and Jim can feel his exhaustion. He embraces Spock’s mind within his own, pouring through his love and devotion.

Spock’s hand slips from Jim’s face and the meld ends, and Jim watches Spock’s eyes flutter shut as he slides into sleep.

He pulls out gently and settles next to Spock on the bed, trying not to move too much and jostle him, but confident knowing that with how exhausted Spock is, it would take much more than some slight movements to wake him.

He’s still hard, but with as many orgasms as he’s had lately, he can’t say he cares he didn’t get another. Nothing can dampen his joy at having Spock be back to himself again.
I found this on Tumblr. I thought I'd posted it a long time ago, but apparently not, so. Here we are!

Spock and Jim are roleplaying and there's very, very mild pretended nonconsent on Spock's part. So mild I almost didn't warn for it, but I don't want anyone to go to read smut happily, and have it ruined by that kind of thing. So. Anyway!!

The thought leaks through before Spock can stop it (Spock, legs spread, under Jim, his captive as Jim, a roguish space pirate, has his way with him), and he immediately ends the meld, turning away from Jim, his face bright green.

“Spock,” Jim begins.

“Kindly disregard what you saw, Jim. It is— most illogical.”

“Hey.” Jim puts a hand on Spock's shoulder, draws him around and closer to him on the bed. “It's not illogical. It's one of your fantasies, and worth exploring, if you want to. We've tried out some of mine. Is this something you want to try?”

Spock lifts his hand back up to Jim's face and reopens the meld. If it is something you are agreeable to, I...believe I wish to attempt it.

Jim grins and grabs Spock's other hand, bringing it up to his lips and kissing the tips of Spock's fingers. I'm more than agreeable.

Captain James T. Kirk, notorious space pirate, surveys his latest prize. Lying on his bed in traditional robes, wrists cuffed over his head (with padded restraints that wouldn't hurt with even the most violent struggling, because Jim doesn't want to damage his prize), is a Vulcan who is currently regarding him warily.

“I must protest the logic of you keeping me here separately. Where are my shipmates?”

“They're in the brig. As soon as we reach a port, I'll sedate them, drop them off, and have a nice little head start before any of them can wake up and report me. But you, my beauty, are staying here with me.” Jim sits on the edge of the bed and strokes the Vulcan's cheek. “You're too pretty for me to let go. What's your name?”

He swallows hard at the touch. “I am called Spock. You wish to keep me here? What do you mean to do with me?”

“I thought it was obvious.” Jim's hand wanders down to Spock's neck and toys with the closures there. When his fingertips slip under the silky fabric to touch his throat, Spock gasps and the tips of his lovely ears go green. “Oh, my. Don't tell me you've never experienced the physical pleasures?”
“I am unsure of your meaning.”

“Fucking, Mr. Spock.” He purrs out the word and grins as Spock shivers, a tiny movement he wouldn't have noticed if he hadn't felt it. “Don't tell me you're a virgin? All new and unspoiled? Have you ever even touched yourself?”

“N-no.”

Oh, this is going to be so much fun. Jim stops wasting time talking and gets busy unfastening Spock's robe, spreading it open to reveal his body. He's lovely. Thin, bony, covered in soft, thick black hair. Jim runs a hand over his body, paying close attention to the way his cute green nipples being touched makes him gasp softly, how a touch to his flat tummy makes him suck it in reflexively, as if he can escape Jim's touch so easily.

Spock is gorgeous all over, but Jim really can't wait to get between his legs and see what Vulcan males are like. He's heard all kinds of rumors, but no one ever seems to know from experience. His partner having different anatomy than his is a complete turn on. He loves aliens.

Spock presses his thighs together when Jim moves to touch him there. He's trembling minutely. Jim puts his hands on Spock's thighs and meets his gaze.

“Frightened?”

“Vulcans do not experience fright.” It seems to be a standard response, from the way Spock said it. Likely his answer to any question of whether he's experiencing emotion or not.

“You needn't be scared,” Jim says softly, ignoring the stoic front Spock is putting up. “I may be a pirate, but if you know my reputation, you know I'm not a cruel man. I want you, and I'll have you, but I'll be gentle. Especially considering you're a virgin.”

He strokes Spock's thigh with two fingers. He knows about the special intimacy of that touch for Vulcans. Spock turns his head away and closes his eyes, blushing fiercely, but his legs part enough for Jim to see and, most importantly, touch.

There's the same thick, soft black hair there that covers the rest of his body, but no visible cock. Delighted, Jim searches with his fingers and finds an opening hidden in the hair. He touches it carefully and Spock tries, and fails, to smother a little gasp.

Ah. Sensitive there. Jim rubs more firmly against the outside of Spock's slit and Spock writhes, no longer able to hide his soft noises. Something bumps against Jim's fingers and he pulls his hand back, bending close to see. Spock's penis is pushing out, and when Jim wraps his hand around it, he feels how slick it is with some kind of lubricating fluid.

“Seems like you're enjoying this, Mr. Spock,” Jim purrs as he strokes Spock, loving the way he moans, pushing his hips up while also visibly fighting the urge to do so. He's helpless against the pleasure.

“It is merely an...nnnh...involuntary response to physical stimulation,” Spock bites his lip in a clear effort to stop himself from moaning when Jim squeezes his dick gently.

Spock makes a desperate noise, squirming frantically for more friction, hard and wet and needy. “Why...why have you ceased?”

“You don't want this, or so you've lead me to believe. I might as well just go now and leave you here, just like this, until we reach a port.”
Spock's eyes widen as he quite obviously takes in Jim's intent to leave him handcuffed, aroused and wanting, all alone. For hours. Maybe days.

“No,” he says, too quickly.

Jim grins, the expression promising all the things he wants to do to Spock. Spock's cock twitches in response, and he laughs, momentarily startled out of their roleplay. “Oh, Spock, as if I'd honestly have the self control to do that...I couldn't leave you if someone forced me to.” He bends down to kiss Spock, gently, cupping his face between his palms.

Spock strains under him, arching to try and press the length of his body against Jim's, kissing him back with everything he has. His fingers curl uselessly where his hands are cuffed over his head, his desire to kiss Jim in the Vulcan fashion too thwarted. With a sigh, Jim draws away and climbs off of Spock, throwing off his own clothes and falling back into their little game as he does so.

“No? You don't want me to stop?”

“I...”

“Admit it. You want more. You want to feel more of me, any part of me that you can get.” Naked now, Jim gets back on the bed and sits astride Spock's thighs, his hard cock nudging Spock's, the sensation making Jim want to rub himself all over Spock. “Tell me, my pretty little Vulcan. Tell me you want me.”

“I desire more stimulation,” Spock whispers, the words so clearly taboo to him that he gasps as soon as he says them, his own scandalousness making him wiggle. “Please...”

“You want me?” Jim presses relentlessly, stroking his cock tauntingly, teasing Spock with what he has, what Spock won't get unless he obeys.

“Yes,” Spock hisses, yanking fiercely on the restraints, suddenly angered. “I want you, you must cease teasing me!”

Satisfied, Jim drops forward onto Spock fully, rubbing their erections together and kissing Spock as he stretches his hand towards the table by the bed, searching blindly for the lubrication he put there earlier. The tips of his fingers brush it and then accidentally knock it to the floor.

Groaning, hating to leave Spock's mouth and body, he leans off the bed and grabs it, and then slides back into position atop Spock as if it never happened.

The quirk of Spock's lips and twinkle in his eye are proof that it did.

Jim kisses the smile away as he hauls Spock's legs up around his hips, pushing slippery fingers into Spock, two and then three, not rough but not prolonging it either. Spock has been teased enough, and besides, Jim is suffering under the weight of desperation, too. He can't wait to get inside Spock.

“Going to give you what you want,” Jim pulls away from Spock only far enough to be able to talk, speaking the words almost up against his lips. “You asked for it...going to give it to you, everything.”

Spock cries out as he pushes all the way in with one thrust. It's a noise of pure pleasure. Vulcan muscle control being what it is, penetration never hurts him. They never need extensive prep to get ready.

Jim could almost swear Vulcans are magical, seriously.
“Captain,” Spock gasps, arms tugging at the cuffs and body rolling up into Jim's thrusts. “Captain!”

Jim loves the way Spock is still sticking to the roleplay, calling out his title like that, but not as much as he loves how tight and warm Spock is around him, the way he's whimpering now as Jim fucks him, the beautiful green blush spreading across his whole body.

He loves Spock so fucking much, and he knows the adoration is pouring through the skin-to-skin contact, overwhelming Spock and driving him even closer to losing it. That's the way he wants it. He knows that the physical sensations feel amazing to Spock, but more than anything, Jim wants Spock to be overloaded by his love for him.

The restraints rattle as Spock writhes, mouth open and wet and gasping. Jim wants to put his fingers there, feel Spock sucking on them, but he doesn't have the concentration for that kind of move right now. All he can do is push into Spock, over and over. He does have the capability to reach between them and take Spock's dick in hand, though.

Spock groans deeply at the touch, and within just two strokes he's coming all over himself, moaning beautifully the whole time. The sight makes Jim speed his movements, fucking Spock harder than before, coming moments later deep in Spock.

Before he's even had time to catch his breath, Jim pulls carefully out of Spock and rolls off of him, reaching over Spock's head to unfasten the restraints. Spock lowers his arms and Jim takes his hands, checking his wrists closely to make sure the skin isn't bruised or broken. He presses a kiss to each one and then takes one of the washcloths off of the table by the bed, wiping Spock off.

Spock pulls Jim close to him when he's done, and they lay together, facing each other and coming down together, Spock's fingers drawing a line of kisses down Jim's arm.

Spock clears his throat. “Thank you, Jim.”

“Did it meet your expectations?”

“It exceeded them,” Spock said simply, eyes warm. “As our real life attempts at fantasies often do.”

Jim smiles in relief and draws Spock closer to him, transmitting silently that he enjoyed their play and he's more than happy to fulfill any other fantasies Spock might be hiding from him, on the grounds that they're 'illogical.' More important than anything, though, is Spock's comfort, and Jim has always wanted more than anything for Spock to embrace and accept all of himself, to stop feeling shame at the parts of him that he can't exert iron control over.

If he's helped Spock to accept himself at all, even just a little, then he's satisfied with himself.

Spock orders the lights out, and they trade kisses until they fall asleep.
Fingers and melds

Chapter Notes

My original intent with this was to have Jim actually bottoming, but things didn't work out like that. Honestly, I think I like it more this way.

Spock hovers over Jim, tracing his fingers over every inch of his skin. Where he places Vulcan kisses, human kisses follow. Behind Jim's ear, the nape of his neck, down his back.

Jim in on his belly on the bed, head resting on his folded hands, radiating utter contentment as Spock worships him.

When he reaches the pleasing roundness of Jim's posterior, Spock kisses each cheek, and then pauses for a moment, considering.

He nuzzles against Jim, wondering whether Jim would be appreciative of use of his mouth. Spock thinks of Jim’s enthusiasm when it comes to using his own mouth upon Spock, and decides he probably would.

Still. He would never do anything without being sure. “Jim, are you averse to me performing oral stimulation to your posterior?”

“Good god, Spock,” Jim laughs. “I’ll never say no to that.” He raises his rear in encouragement. “Go on, Spock, use your tongue on me.”

Spock needs no other urging. He spreads Jim open and kisses him, the action not embarrassing him the way it might have before Jim taught him how good this could feel. Jim gives him such pleasure, over and over, gives of himself and his time, gives Spock everything. If Spock can bring Jim even a fraction of the pleasure that Jim makes Spock feel, he will consider it time well spent.

Jim wiggles and pants as Spock works him, getting him wet and loose. “Oh, Spock, oh, sweetheart,” he murmurs, reaching back behind him, straining to brush his fingers through Spock’s hair. “So good.”

Spock keeps licking him until Jim is boneless and gasping into the pillow, Jim's hole and Spock's face a mess of saliva.

He rubs Jim's entrance gently with his thumb, playing with the idea of pushing in but not doing so. Not without permission. "Jim, do you wish for more?"

Jim pushes up into his hand. "Yes, Spock. Put it in," he urges.

Spock thinks of feeling Jim's warm tightness around his sensitive fingers and exhales more shakily than any Vulcan should. They haven't done this together yet.

Jim has never said he would not want to be penetrated. It is merely that, once they discovered how enjoyable it was for the both of them when Jim 'topped' (human vernacular; Spock thinks phrasing it as such is illogical, as much of the time he is in fact on top of Jim, controlling the depth and speed of penetration), they stuck with it whenever they had enough time to indulge in penetration. It is a most
time consuming act, and therefore quite impractical.

Life on the ship being what it is, that is not often. At least seventy percent of the time, they mutually pleasure each other orally and with hands.

Hands are very important to Spock.

Now however, Spock is contemplating penetrating Jim, and he finds the idea appealing. Not as appealing as having his fingers within him, however.

He circles Jim's entrance with his index finger. The saliva left behind from his oral stimulation is quickly drying up. They require more lubrication.

Jim's muscles move in a fascinating manner under Spock's hands as he stretches out to the table by the bed, retrieving their lubricant. He hands it back to Spock and settles back into position, pushing his ass up again eagerly.

Spock coats his fingers in the slick substance, rubbing more on the outside of Jim's hole before he pushes one finger gently into Jim.

At once he is shocked by the way it feels, how hot Jim is inside, the way he tightens upon Spock's finger several times before taking a deep breath and making himself relax.

Spock moans, bends closer to observe the stimulating sight of his finger inside Jim. "Are you well, Jim?" he manages.

"Mmm." Jim peers over his shoulder at Spock, licks his lips. "Feels good, Spock."

Jim is accepting Spock's finger beautifully. He enjoys the sensation of something inside him even without his prostate being stimulated. Speaking of which...

Spock twists his finger, reaching, but he can't quite touch Jim's prostate, so he applies more lubricant and pushes his middle finger in alongside his index.

The moan Jim makes at the additional stretch assures Spock that Jim is enjoying himself. He wants to feel Jim, in every way.

Laying himself along Jim's back, he moves his fingers and finally touches Jim's prostate. A full body shiver wracks Jim, and Spock can feel it, pressed so close to him. He kisses Jim's neck, strokes his cheek with his free hand.

"I wish to share a meld with you, Jim," he whispers as he moves his fingers gently within Jim's body. "May I?"

"Ah, Spock," Jim moans. "Yes, do it. Meld with me."

He presses his hand to Jim's face, dropping his mental shields and opening his mind to Jim's.

Jim's mind is lovely, vibrant, utterly bursting with life and energy. He is delighted to have Spock's mind in his, embracing him eagerly and pulling him further in, inviting Spock without words to share his thoughts and sensations.

Spock can feel everything that Jim can, the feeling of fingers inside him, the weight of a heavy, beloved body laying over him. In turn, he can give his feelings to Jim, all of it forming together in a feedback loop of pure pleasure and love.
Gasping for breath in tandem, Jim begs, *Please, one more,* and Spock stretches Jim further with another finger, curling and stroking Jim's insides, shaking head to toe with the pure pleasure they're sharing.

They come together in a burst of joy and sensation so bright, they find themselves temporarily stunned, the meld going quiet.

Jim finally stirs, stretching slightly, flexing around the fingers still inside him, the sensitivity of his hole making him sigh. Then he projects the sensation of how messy he's become, his own wetness on his belly and thighs and the blanket below, and Spock's semen on the backs of his legs, his rear, and his lower back.

Not quite up to speaking aloud yet, and wanting to stay in the intimacy and comfort of the meld a little longer, Spock says, *I apologize for making such a mess of you, ashaya.*

*I wasn't complaining,* Jim answers, a little "aah" noise escaping him as Spock removes his fingers gently.

Spock does not feel *entirely* regretful. Jim is exceedingly pleasing covered in their combined fluids, a visual reminder of the release they found together.

Jim's amusement is as clear to Spock as if he'd felt it himself. *Glad you're enjoying me covered in come. Maybe next time we'll manage to get a little further and it'll be inside me.*

Spock's insides twist in an attempt to become aroused again. It's too soon, even for a Vulcan with mastery over his body.

Jim always has been able to defy the laws of nature, but even with his tempting t'hy'la at hand, Spock needs time.

"Later, Spock,* Jim promises, already snuggling close to Spock with the intent to sleep. "When we wake up, you can penetrate me."

The meld slipped gently away, but Spock’s shields are still down, and through their skin to skin contact, Jim’s imagining of the moment (*Spock stretching him so wide around his cock, Jim full almost to the point of too much, but it's so good, feels so good to take Spock into his body like that*) is transferred to him.

Spock is suddenly wide awake, his body valiantly trying to prove him wrong about needing time.

Jim is already asleep and snoring softly.

There's no one awake to witness Spock's small sigh as he pulls Jim against his body and resigns himself to simmer with arousal until Jim has had sufficient rest.
All of Spock's intentions for the evening (to meditate and to work on a response in the discourse he has going with a scientist aboard the USS Cambion) are derailed by a pair of warm hands sliding down his shoulders, a kiss on the back of his neck, and the whispered words of his captain.

"Make love with me, sweetheart."

So it is that he finds himself in Jim's lap on the bed, hands fisted in his hair, head thrown back and moaning helplessly in pleasure as Jim gasps into his chest, hips jerking sharply as he fills Spock with his come.

Jim's hand on his penis, a few firm tugs, and Spock too orgasms, wetting Jim's chest with his semen.

He allows himself to collapse forward into Jim, pressing his face into the crook of Jim's neck and shoulder as his breathing slows and returns to normal, Jim's cock softening and slipping out of him.

The feeling of Jim's arms sliding around him, stroking his back and his hair (his own skin is damp with Jim's sweat, one of those differences that Spock finds illogically endearing) is expected. As is one of Jim's hands sneaking down to squeeze his ass.

The fingers that slide between his cheeks to nudge at his hole, and then push inside, however, are not.

"Jim!" Spock straightens quickly, staring down into Jim's face. He's flushed pink, eyes sparking in renewed arousal. "May I, ah," he stutters for a moment as Jim plays with his sensitive ass, wiggling his fingers. "May I inquire as to your intentions?"

"My intentions? Well, Mr. Spock." He's gentle as he slides his fingers in and out. "You're full of my come now, all wet and loose. I thought I'd play with you for a while, since you're so open and welcoming. Maybe get you to come again. Maybe come in you again."

He pauses, fingers stilling and face growing serious. "Is this okay, Spock? Is it too much?"

*I'll stop sweetheart*, he whispers into the bond. *Give me the word.*

It wouldn't take a word. Jim just opened the bond fully so that he can feel what Spock does. All it would take is a hint of discomfort and Jim would cease, would cuddle him instead and end all amorous activities for the evening.

Spock considers, clenching his muscles around Jim's motionless fingers. He is sensitive, tender after having accommodated Jim's penis and ridden him so briskly. He is not in pain. Jim's words and suggestions embarrass him, but also make parts of him burn and want. He is soft, and unsure if he is capable of getting aroused again, but there is still the want.

He wants to continue. He wants to be open for Jim's touches and attentions.

"Continue," he breathes, kissing Jim's plush lips quickly. "Do as you wish."

Jim groans, free hand squeezing his ass tightly. "Beautiful, Spock. You're incredible, letting me see you like this, touch you."

A third finger joins the first two, easily, and Jim moves them in and out of Spock, carefully, gently.
The crude noises and easy, wet slide of Jim's fingers make Spock's ears burn. Jim is using his own come as lubricant, and he's so sensitive it verges on pain.

Jim touches his prostate only once, and Spock digs his nails into Jim's back and gasps, "Jim, too much."

He kisses apologies into the side of Spock's neck. He avoids that spot from then on, just thrusts his fingers in and out, playing with Spock's body, exploring him.

Jim is adding another finger while Spock gasps and holds him tighter. How many, now? Four, he thinks dazedly. It's got to be four. He's never had so much in him before, never been stretched this far, never felt like this. So exquisitely sensitive, sensations so intense. It does hurt, now, it's too much, but it feels good.

"Can you get hard again?" Jim rubs his cheek against Spock's shoulder, then hugs him closer and peers down his back.

He must be looking at where he's penetrating Spock, where his fingers are in him, where he's open and wet and ready for Jim.

"I do not know," Spock mutters into Jim's skin, hiding his face now, shuddering faintly and hips twitching as Jim removes his fingers, adds more lubricant, and then presses them back in. The glide in is smoother, better. Feels almost like Jim's erection pushing into him.

Jim hums thoughtfully, slips a finger out to rub around the outside of Spock's sore hole. "Feels good, though?"

"Yes." Vulcans take longer. Jim is becoming aroused again, he can feel it in the growing haziness of his thoughts, even before the physical symptoms begin and Spock feels Jim stiffening against his hip. It usually is another twenty-five to thirty minutes longer for Spock. "I am enjoying the sensations. Perhaps," Spock pauses, trying to follow the images flashing quickly through his bondmate's mind. "Perhaps you could stimulate me with your mouth."

"Mm, yeah, perhaps I could." Jim is smiling as he assists Spock in climbing off his lap and stretching out on his back. He doesn't need the help, but he allows it, and enjoys it. "Where do you want me?"

Jim is hovering over him on all fours, golden skin sweat slick and pink flushed. Beautiful, he is like some forbidden temptation, something no one, especially not Vulcans, should be allowed to have. He's almost fully hard, erection curving out from his body, tapping Spock's belly. Jim sighs and pushes down with his hips, does it again.

"Everywhere," Spock says truthfully, looking at Jim's cock and thinking about its warm thickness inside him. He's so wet and loose right now Jim could slip right inside where he belongs. He thinks about Jim's mouth on his own penis, so warm and wet. If Jim sucked on him, it would hurt, but it would be that same illogically pleasurable pain.

Spock didn't know he could enjoy the sensations of being stimulated when he is sensitive and soft, until Jim taught him.

"Wherever you wish," Spock says finally, because Jim is still waiting for an answer. "I am yours."

He will submit to whatever pleasures Jim sees fit to provide. He cannot imagine not enjoying anything Jim could do to him.

Jim lowers himself down until he can kiss Spock's side, right over his heart. "God, Spock. You
know what it does to me to hear you saying that."

Indeed Spock does. He feels it through their bond, and he almost smiles, pulling his legs up until his feet rest on the mattress, leaving room for Jim between his knees. Jim makes himself at home, settling belly down on the bed and moaning softly as he gets friction on his penis. He rubs against the bed for a moment, then stops and rests his forehead on Spock's thigh.

Warm human kisses are laid on the sensitive skin of Spock's inner thighs, the hollow of his hips, his belly. Jim's fingers stroke worshipfully at the same time over his legs, tickling the tops of his feet. Spock curls his toes into the mattress, and gives Jim his smile.

When Jim's mouth leaves his stomach and encloses his penis, Spock sighs. Jim's tongue lavishes attention on his flesh, mouth contracting around him as Jim sucks, and before Spock knows it he is moaning restlessly, hips twitching back in an attempt to escape the overwhelming sensations.

It is too much, he wants it to stop, but it feels—It is so good—More, more, he is broadcasting through the bond, even as his body does its best to get away. More, another plea, and Jim's fingers push back into his hole and find his prostate unerringly, rubbing and tapping until—

Until—

A spasm of pleasure so strong it leaves nerves tingling in its wake flashes through Spock's body, he is writhing and jerking, a voice he doesn't recognize as his own half sobbing, "Please, please," as he endures the unendurable.

When it fades, he feels exhausted, wrung out. Jim gently removes his fingers and mouth from Spock's body, eyes dark and hand on his cock, rubbing himself firmly. "God, sweetheart, that was gorgeous. So hot."

"Jim." Spock half sits up, grabbing Jim's biceps and stilling the motion of his hand. "In me, I wish you to ejaculate within me."

"Fuuck," Jim hisses, seizing Spock in a tight grip and kissing him fiercely. "You want that, huh? Me to come in you again?"

Yes. He wants Jim to ejaculate in him again. What was in him has come out, and he wants to be marked again, claimed, filled.

Yes, do it, he urges, too busy grabbing a fistful of Jim's hair and meeting Jim's tongue with his own. In me, in me, do it.

Jim's hands take hold of Spock's thighs, pull them up around his waist. The blunt tip of his cock prods at his perineum. Jim reaches between them, adjusts, starts to push in—

And Spock backs away, hissing, as his body rejects the feeling of anything penetrating him after being fucked once and then fingered and played with. The oversensitivity was pleasurable before, but now it merely hurts.

"I am sorry, Jim," he murmurs, "It seems that I am not prepared for penetration at this time."

"Oh, Spock, Don't apologize." Jim shifts so that he's squeezed between Spock's thighs, instead. "You're sore, it's okay."

They kiss again, Jim bending down and Spock up, Jim rocking slowly between Spock's legs. The bond hums, Jim still on fire with lust, Spock lazy and content now.
"I have an alternative suggestion, if you are interested." Spock whispers this into Jim's ear, squeezing Jim's ass. Vulcans have so little spare flesh, the fact that Jim's stomach and buttocks are so soft and padded...it is exotic.

Spock finds it most enticing.

"Most definitely interested," Jim answers, panting now as he gets closer to orgasm.

Spock can tell how pleasurable Jim finds it, thrusting between his thighs, and is pressing his legs together in an effort to make it tighter for Jim. He hopes Jim will find his suggestion arousing.

"You were not able to ejaculate in me, so perhaps you may find your release on me, instead?"

Jim stops moving, pretty lips parting in utter surprise for a moment. "Oh my god, Spock. I can't believe you're laying there calmly asking me to come on you."

Spock could suppress his smile, but decides not to. "Forgive me. I forgot to add one word to my request. Please."

"Damn." Jim extricates himself from between Spock's legs and takes his penis in hand. "As if I could say no to you."

Spock stares, riveted, at where Jim's thick fingers are wrapped around his cock, the pink head peeking out between them on the upstroke. He doesn't get as wet as Spock does, only a few drops of pre-ejaculate to smooth the friction. How illogical of humans, to require foreign substances when mating. When Spock is aroused, he has a tendency to soak Jim's hands and face with his slick.

Spock puts his hands on Jim's hips, squeezing the soft flesh there. Jim has what he terms love handles, softness there for Spock to hold and press his fingers into. Jim’s head is bowed and eyes half closed, hips rocking into his fist, moans and the occasional whisper of Spock’s name pouring out.

Then, a single, "Ah!" as Jim trembles and releases, his come landing on Spock’s thighs and belly. Jim thrusts into his hand a few more times before sighing and releasing himself, hands landing on Spock instead, one on his hip and the other his chest.

“That what you wanted, Mr. Spock?” Jim has a lazy smile and a glow of satisfaction through the bond. He feels pleasure at having made Spock a mess.

Spock shares the feeling. He is more than content with the knowledge that he is Jim’s to make a mess of.

“It was, indeed.” Spock trails his fingers through the mess on his belly, knowing before it happens that Jim’s face will flush, watching him. “I do not think you have any complaints, either.”

“No. None.” Jim bends down to kiss Spock’s forehead, chuckling as Spock’s hands roam again, tickling his belly and poking and pressing at his softness. “Little fixated?”

“No. Simply fascinated, and allured.”

Jim’s laugh, golden and beloved, rings through the small room, and Jim slips off of Spock to lay beside him, accepting and allowing the attention Spock pays to his body, its curves as beautiful to him as Jim’s mind is through the bond.

He is Jim’s, and Jim is his, and that is right, how it is meant to be.
Sweetheart, Jim whispers, unconsciously, and Spock responds, *t’hy’la*, and all is well.
Their lips part with a wet smack. Jim sighs, cupping the back of Spock's neck, pressing his forehead to Spock's shoulder. He needs a minute.

Even in the dimmed lighting, even without raising his head, Jim can feel Spock's dark eyes on him. Spock's hands glide down his back, feeling everything he can through the fabric of Jim's shirt.

Pause before they reach Jim's ass, but then Spock seems to gather himself and he moves ahead, hands squeezing, pulling Jim in tight against him.

Jim starts backing towards the bed, sits when he feels it against his legs. Without being asked or told, Spock kneels in front of him, palms on Jim's solid thighs encouraging him to spread them.

Jim does, leans back on his hands and bites his lip at the sight of Spock between his legs, expression of open wonder on his face as he stares intensely at the obvious bulge in Jim's pants.

Spock looks and looks, but then glances up at Jim for permission. Jim takes Spock's hand from its place on his thigh and presses it where he's hard and wanting. For Spock. All for Spock.

Spock traces the outline of his hard cock through Jim's pants with his fingertips, squeezing gently. Jim moans, and Spock looks upward again, feeling him, rubbing and playing with him through the fabric.

"That's for you," Jim breathes shakily. "You do that to me, sweetheart."

Spock's eyebrow arches, and a hint of a smile flickers, hidden when he ducks his head and begins to unfasten Jim's pants.

"Oh, god," Jim half whimpers as Spock's warm, elegant fingers lift him with the utmost care out of his underwear. "Spock!"

Spock's mouth closes over him, and he begins sucking. Jim pets his hair, rubs the flushed tips of Spock's ears gently.

"Oh," he says again, entirely helpless beneath Spock's mouth, his fingertips ghosting gently up and down what he can't fit in his mouth. "Spock, you're so good. So good for me, so good."

Spock's response is a moan, muffled by Jim's cock. He shifts his hips, raises his eyes pleadingly back to Jim's as his free hand slips between his own legs, rubbing himself.

"That's....you like that? Being good for me?" Jim's hands slip out of Spock's hair, press briefly against his cheeks, feeling the way Spock's made room for Jim inside him. "You are. Always. Such a-- such a good boy."
Spock moans again, closes his eyes and redoubles his efforts on Jim's cock, even as his face floods with heat and he snaps open his own pants.

"That's it, that's it, sweetheart," Jim murmurs, eyes riveted to Spock's hand, pushing his underwear out of the way, fingers pressing briefly in and then coaxing out his own penis.

It slides into view, wet and hard, Spock's hand on himself making a slick noise. He's so wet.

Beyond the feeling of Spock's sweet mouth on him, Jim can barely handle seeing Spock like this. The way Spock lets Jim see him like this. Feeling pleasure. It's one thing to make Jim feel good, but to let Jim see his own hand upon himself.

Beautiful.

Spock stills, cradling himself in his palm, just the tip of Jim's dick in his mouth. Eyes on Jim. Waiting.

"Yeah?" Jim hunches forward, leaning down to press his lips to Spock's forehead. "Yeah. Keep going. You're doing so well."

Spock does. He sucks and rubs Jim just right, touching himself all the while, making the dirtiest, most deliciously wet noises. Spock is green with effort and embarrassment, but he doesn't pause or hesitate any longer.

Not as long at Jim keeps talking. "Beautiful. You're beautiful, Spock, and so good. Can't believe you'd do this for me." Jim is moaning too, now, hands back in Spock's hair because he just has to touch, has to feel the movements of Spock's head as he goes down on Jim. "So-- oh, god, good boy, Spock, good--"

And he chokes on the last word and comes, down Spock's throat, eyes closed, the softness of Spock's hair in his hands and the wet noises of Spock pleasing himself in his ears.

Jim is sliding down to the floor, taking Spock into his arms. Spock presses his panting mouth to Jim's cheek, breathes out a, "Jim, please."

"C'mon, c'mon, show me. Let me see, be good for me and come, be a good boy for me, Spock," and Spock does, he is, he's groaning and spilling all over his hand and Jim's thigh, on Jim's softened cock which is still out.

Jim kisses and kisses him, murmuring praise when his lips aren't on Spock, holding him. At last, Spock shudders a final time and puts his arms around Jim, hugging him back. Spock's hands are messy, dirtting Jim's shirt, and Jim is surprised Spock doesn't fuss.

“Well, Spock. That was unexpected.”

Spock clears his throat, an uncharacteristically human gesture. “Indeed. I myself did not expect it to be quite so stimulating.” Spock withdraws enough to meet Jim's eyes, searching. “Jim....”

Jim sees the beginning of self consciousness, the start of Spock withdrawing in shame, and he shakes his head, squeezes Spock's shoulders. “Don't you dare, mister. Am I complaining? You were beautiful. You were,” he pauses, considers. “You were so good, Spock. Sweetheart, you were perfect for me.”

Spock finds Jim's hand with his own, presses their fingertips together. “I am gratified you think so. I endeavor to fulfill my captain's expectations in every area.”
And yes, there it is, Spock being playful, even coy. Jim chuckles. “There’s a reason I call you the best first officer in the fleet.”

Spock stands and offers Jim his hand, pulls him to his feet, then tucks Jim away and fastens his pants in a business-like manner. “I trust I will continue to be deserving of that accolade.”

Spock’s efforts are wasted, Jim realizes. He has Spock’s come on the front of his pants, and on the back of his shirt, along with Spock’s slick. Spock himself has managed to escape relatively unscathed. Typical. “Oh, I think so. Now, I need to clean up.”

Spock is already heading towards the closet, efficiently finding a change of clothes for Jim. He smiles and resigns himself to Spock’s attentions.

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