Post-Operative Amnesia - Or, Jim Flirts Outrageously With Spock (Again)

by AlyssiaInWonderland

Summary

After an operation, one of the side effects of the anaesthetic means Jim experiences temporary amnesia. Spock visits him, and gets to have a little fun with his t'hy'la. Jim flirts outrageously. They are fluffy and cute. That's about it.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Jim was floating in darkness. He could see fuzzy splashes of colours, dancing in front of the black backdrop which he now realised must be his eyelids. He opened his eyes, the weight of his lashes struggling to pull them back down. The bright lights and sharp antiseptic smell of a hospital assaulted his senses, and he tried to wince, but found even that movement somewhat painful.

He tried to think back, pin down why exactly he was here. He frowned. He couldn’t find anything in his memories – he knew his name was Jim, that the place around him looked like a hospital room, but nothing else came to him. The urge to panic was muted by the fact he was clearly being taken care of. He slowly sat up, searching the room for clues about his origins. Nothing materialised, and so he leaned back, reluctant to rest now he had a puzzle to work on.

A knock on the door startled him out of the light doze he had somehow slipped into. He blinked his eyes open, watching the door open, and a man in Starfleet science blues entered. Jim tried not to stare, but he was unable to take his eyes of the Officer. His ears were pointed, his brows slanted, face betraying no emotion, and yet it was the most beautiful sight Jim had ever seen. He
quite literally forgot to breathe, and the Vulcan’s tranquil expression clouded with concern, and possible amusement, as he stepped forward and waved a hand past Jim’s eyes to snap him out of the vague fugue.

“Jim, you really must remember to breathe. It is a vital human function, or so I’m told.”

The Vulcan’s words were filled with a subtle sense of teasing, and Jim realised that this man must know him somehow. He immediately began to blush, hoping against hope that he hadn’t ruined a past friendship with his staring.

“I’m sorry, I…” he began, distracted by the way the Vulcan quirked his brow at him in curiosity. “I must know you, but… I’m afraid I can’t remember you.” He admitted, moving to shrug and then wincing at the pain the movement caused to his abdomen.

“Ah, the amnesia. You should be happy to know that it will fade soon. I am Spock.”

“Hi, Spock.” Jim managed a grin, deciding immediately that any other version of him could deal with the consequences of hitting on this gorgeous man. If he remained anything like he was now, his non-amnesiac self might even thank him. “It’s wonderful to meet you. Have you ever been told that you have stunning eyes?”

“It is good to meet you again, also, Jim.” Spock’s lips twitched in amusement at the flirtation, and though it was not returned, Jim felt getting any response at all was a success. He seemed to recall that Vulcan’s did not customarily express emotion, so this was better than he expected in terms of reciprocation.

“So, Spock… how did I end up in this situation?” he asked, aiming for a roguish grin.

“You were on a mission, on a hostile planet. You were undercover, but a fellow officer, Chekov, was discovered. You decided to fight rather than let him be captured and await rescue. You won, but not before you were stabbed by the guards, multiple times. You were then beamed up and sent directly to a hospital. The CMO is not pleased with you.” Spock related the tale, in a voice that was half briefing standard, and half exasperation. His expression, however, betrayed a hint of fondness that delighted Jim.

“I see. So, I’m in Starfleet! And I appear to be the reckless type.” He paused, realising that his decision for flirtation was playing to this type too. “I don’t think forgetting everything has changed that much.” He joked, and was elated to see that Spock actually smiled back at him.

“No, it has not. You are much the same as before.” Spock’s expression calmed again. “Perhaps I might have an admission of recklessness on record, before I explain further?”

“Something tells me that would cause my future self to hate me. So no, Spock, I’m not going to admit to being reckless. Besides, I’m pretty sure I’d do it again even now.”

“I’m sure you would.” Spock responded, dryly. “After all, you are the Captain.”

“Wait, what?”

“You are in command of the USS Enterprise.”

“No… no way! That is awesome!” Jim practically shouted his exclamation, and Spock gave him a look that was unmistakably to quiet him. “Sorry. This is probably very strange for you.”

“On the contrary, Jim, it is proving to be a most… gratifying experience.”
“So, Mr. Spock, are all my officers as gorgeous as you?”

“I believe the population of the ship to be unusually aesthetically pleasing, yes.” Spock’s eyes caught his, and they were sparkling with humour.

Jim could already feel himself falling for the man, and he had barely known him for a five minutes. He wondered idly just how long his past-self had been crushing on Spock – surely he had been. Either he had been rejected – which was unlikely given the cues he was being given now – or his past self was a coward in love, if not missions.

“I have to ask you something, Spock. It is important, even if my future self might try to back out.” He stated, seriously.

“Oh?”

“Would you agree to go on a date with me when I get out of here?”

“Certainly, Jim.”

“Ha! See, that was fine. I knew it would be fine. My past self totally had a huge crush on you, by the way, Spock. No way I didn’t. Just so you know.” He grinned triumphantly, having succeeded on his mission and managed to back his future self into a corner for a date. He would thank himself eventually, he was sure.

“I should hope so.” Spock looked distinctly amused by now, as if he were holding back actual laughter.

“Wait, how do you mean?” Jim blinked at Spock, confused.

“Well, we are married. It would be most awkward if you did not have a ‘crush’ on me.” Spock had controlled his laughter, but he clearly relished the revelation, the words loaded with humour and affection.

“We- we’re married?” Jim stared again, suddenly realising how much he had misjudged his past self. Then the reality dawned, and he grinned, brighter than the sun as he punched the air. “HELL YEAH, I’M MARRIED TO SPOCK!” he bellowed, then curled in on himself as the pain ripped through his stomach.

Spock rushed forwards, gently pushing Jim back to the bed, and moving to sit beside him in the visitor’s chair.

“We are indeed married – now please endeavour to prevent the part of the vows involving death parting us, and cease damaging yourself through unnecessary movement.” Spock raised an eyebrow at him, almost challengingly, and Jim huffed as he relaxed against the pillows.

“I can’t even be annoyed at you for that. You said it far too humorously. And you’re so beautiful. How is it fair – I could never win any arguments this way!”

“Your argument in this case lacks logic – this is a completely different scenario. However, it may please you to know that you regularly, as you put it, ‘trounce’ me at chess.”

“I do? Nice!” Jim paused, unable to stop his wide grin as he sat, holding hands with Spock.

“Could we play a game then?”

“Of course, Jim.” Spock reached down and pulled out a folding board, setting the game up on Jim’s table. They played, and though Jim was hindered by the sheer weirdness of knowing how to
play without remembering learning, he won two of the five games they played. The fifth game ended when Jim fell asleep.

Spock packed up the game, and continued to sit by his husband’s side, holding his hand, his face now showing the worry that he had kept hidden for the amnesiac version of Kirk. Eventually, Spock succumbed to sleep, and he slumped against the chair, their hands gently resting together.

When Jim woke once more, he could remember it all. The events of the mission came back with a rush, as did the recollection of his utterly ridiculous flirting earlier. He looked at his husband fondly, gently brushing his thumb across the back of Spock’s hand to wake him.

Spock stirred, and could immediately feel across their bond that Jim’s memories had returned.

“Welcome back, ashayam.” He said, gently.

“Thank you, Spock. For putting up with me – and my rather outrageous flirting.”

“It’s quite alright.” Spock’s eyes glittered with humour, his anxiousness soothed by the imminent recovery of his t’hy’l’a. “Indeed, I believe the correct phrase is that it was ‘adorable’.”

Jim laughed, and raised Spock’s hand to his mouth, pressing a kiss onto his knuckles.

“The others?”

“They are all well, Jim. They wish me to convey their thanks. Now you are awake, I must return to supervise the restocking of the ship.”

“Well, that does seem logical.” Jim responded, knowing that Spock had likely spent no time on his duties until he was assured by this interaction that Jim was indeed alright.

“Thank you, Jim. Your flirting is even more outrageous now than it was last night.” He joked, moving to the door of the room.

“Spock,” Jim called as he was about to exit. “Thank you.”

“Get some rest, ashayam.”

The door clicked shut behind him.

End Notes

I wrote some angst, and wanted some antidote fluff, so here it is! I have a list of fics I'm intending to write, and so I decided to burn through a few because I'm ill and have nothing better to do!

As ever, feeding me with comments and kudos would be greatly appreciated! :) Thank you all for reading and I hope you enjoyed it!

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