

Summary: George trembled and it hurt Jim more than any wound he had ever received himself. How funny that his son's pain gutted him more deeply than anything else he'd ever experienced. He supposed it was a part of parenthood ♦♦ of being a parent that gave a damn. He carefully tried to ignore his own less than stellar childhood. He liked to think he had done right by his son ♦♦ and would continue to do so.

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Challenges: None

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Story Notes:

"I love the premise of this story - the logic of repopulating a dying species by mating with humans. I wonder how the children of such forced bonds will regard this part of their history."

It made me go *headtilt* and then this was born. What can I say? Apparently reviews inspire me. So uhm, I hope you all like it and this is of course dedicated to [info]sylc and the rest of you lovely, lovely people.

Warnings: H/C, implied!child abuse (not George) and a bit of Spock/Kirk hotness

1. [Chapter 1](#) by vampiric_mcd

Chapter 1 by vampiric_mcd

When darkness comes

And pain is all around,

Like a bridge over troubled water

I will lay me down.

Like a bridge over troubled water

I will lay me down.

Bridge over troubled water ♦♦ Simon and Garfunkel

Jim looked up from the reports spread across his desk, when a tentative knock drew his attention. Jim grinned as a blonde young teenager with pointed ears entered his office.

"George! You're back."

Jim said. He stood up quickly and met his son halfway, arms going around his boy. George was almost as tall as Jim himself ♦♦ and would probably grow as tall as his sire in time. He tightened his hug and nosed the blond hair contentedly. There might come a time when George wouldn't let him do this at all anymore ♦♦ and so Jim took advantage of every stolen moment that he could. He kissed his son's head and whispered.


"I've missed you kiddo."

The blond head nodded, but George didn't try to move out of his embrace. In fact, his boy was all but clinging to him. Jim frowned. While his son was far less uptight than Spock ever had been ♦♦ he was still a teenager who by default merely tolerated hugs.

“George, is everything okay?”


The blond head moved from side to side. The grip his son had on him merely tightened when Jim tried to move. George made a hurt noise and Jim patted his son’s back soothingly.

“Hey, hey. It’s okay. Whatever’s wrong, we’ll deal with it. Just, let’s go sit down... okay?”



Jim asked worriedly. He resisted the urge to thumb his communicator and ask Spock what the hell was wrong with their kid. He hadn’t agreed to let George attend the training facility on new Vulcan, after much pleading on George’s part and logical deduction on Spock’s part  only to get back an emotional clinging wreck. Not that he minded the clinging or George expressing emotions this blatantly, but he did mind the fact that his son was hurting. He minded it a lot.

They moved to the seating area in his office. Instead of sitting in separate chairs, Jim moved them both to the big sofa. George had shifted slightly, but hadn’t let go.

“Can we just sit here for a bit?” George asked quietly, a tremor in his voice. His son sounded as if he were struggling to keep it together.

“Of course we can.” Jim replied  his throat tight and his heart feeling as if a fist had closed around it. “Of course we can.” And continued stroking his son’s back in an even comforting rhythm.

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They had spent the better part of the evening in Jim’s office. George hadn’t moved an inch from his side. Jim had spotted Spock at his doorway once, but the Vulcan hadn’t entered  and Jim hadn’t wanted to draw George’s attention to the fact that his sire had seen him clinging to Jim. While his son was far better adjusted when it came to showing emotion in Jim’s opinion, he sometimes got embarrassed about it with Spock  who still claimed that Vulcan-human hybrids, such as the two of them, could be just as logically controlled as any full-blooded Vulcan.





Jim honestly didn’t know why the pure-blooded Vulcans cared anymore. In another generation or two, there would be few to none pure Vulcans or humans left. It was the whole point of merging the species.

“There’s a boy at my school. He’s called Tavik.” George started quietly, his head buried in the nook of father’s shoulder and neck.

“He’s a hybrid as well. Most of my peers are at the Academy, but he’s -.” George hesitated.

Jim made an encouraging noise.

“His mother divorced his dad when the Kirk legislation came through.”

The Kirk legislation referred to the stand that Jim had defended before the Vulcan council  arguing for the freedom of choice  arguing for basic human rights. Most humans had opted to stay with their Vulcan partners and try to manage a relationship on new and more equal terms  especially those who had children or were expecting. However, there were those who were distinctly relieved to be set free  no matter their home situation.

“She really hated Tavik’s sire, that’s why she felt she couldn’t stay. Tavik’s father is one of the ambassadors responsible for Klingon diplomacy. So, Tavik stays with her during vacations or visiting days whenever his dad has to go on a mission. His mother still hates his father though.

And last week, during visiting hours, she... she...-

George's fingers tightened until they visibly strained. Jim ignored the almost painful hold his son had on him.

"She got really drunk on Terran whiskey."

He spoke in a hushed tone, as if divulging a secret or something so awful one had to whisper when revealing it as to minimize the damage it could do. Jim knew the power of words. They weren't to be taken lightly.

"And she called Tavik ugly names, daddy. She hit him and hurt him. She said... She said all hybrids were an abomination and if she could have had an abortion she would have. She said all humans felt the same way. That they hate their children. She showed him during a mindmeld"

Watery blue eyes looked at him, full of despair.

"Do you... Do you hate me too daddy?"

George's voice broke and Jim hushed him. He couldn't help feel angry at the woman who had caused his son such distress. Despite knowing that the woman had probably suffered for her being forced to bond to a Vulcan despite knowing that he himself could have continued hating the position Spock had forced them in despite understanding that the woman was probably traumatised in a way no one should have ever suffered he could still not forgive him causing such fear in his son. He could not forgive a parent hurting a child any child directly or indirectly so very much.

"Hush now. It's okay."

He kissed his son's brow over and over again trying to reassure his child to the best of his abilities. He placed another lingering kiss, filled with a parent's love on George's forehead. He then grasped his son's chin and tilted his head so their gazes connected.

"I love you George, do you hear me?" He spoke clearly. George swallowed, hope shining in that tearful gaze. "You're the most precious person in my life and I wouldn't trade you for the world any world."

He stroked his son's pale cheek.

"I love you. You're the best thing I have ever done in my life and I wouldn't... I wouldn't change having you for anything. Okay?"

George nodded tentatively. So, Jim continued.

"Hybrids aren't abominations either. You don't think your father is one, do you?"

George shook his head at the thought of anyone naming Spock an abomination. His son bit his lip though.

"But dad, father's parents were bonded willingly when they had father. Grandpa Sarek told me so. All of the humans that conceived children in those first five years they had no choice. You didn't have a choice."

Jim sighed. He had known that this issue would make itself known, some way or another. He considered the matter and rolled his shoulders trying to relieve the tension. He knew it was

futile though. He tweaked George's nose ♦♦♦♦ "trying to make his boy smile, before continuing seriously.

"George, the situation at that time was very dire. Both the Vulcans and the humans could have faced extinction. In fact, I think no one really knows how close we came. The Vulcans came up with a solution. Granted, it wasn't the most pleasing of decisions ♦♦♦♦ but we persevered and came through as one nation in the end. As for having a choice in having you."

Jim sighed.

"I want to show you something, okay? Promise me that you will only look at that memory? There are some things I need to keep to myself and that doesn't reflect on my trust in you. I've seen a lot of ugliness in my life. There is no need for you to see any of it if it can be helped. So, promise?"

George blinked but nodded and drew back reluctantly. George brought up his fingers to Jim's face ♦♦♦♦ to the proper points for a mindmeld ♦♦♦♦ and suddenly they were one. And Jim forced himself to remember, carefully not thinking about any other event that happened in that period of his life.

Bones looked at him, pale and serious.

"Are you sure Jim?" He asked. "Sarek told me they would be willing to give you a few more weeks."

Jim palmed his stomach. The thought of carrying his own child hadn't ever crossed his mind before this whole mess. Quite frankly, he hadn't expected to ever become a father. And he certainly hadn't anticipated any of this, but then who could have.

"I'd like to have some say in this, Bones. And I think this is it. I know I've got some time left, Spock told me so." He ignored Bones' mouth tightening at Spock's name. "At least this way, I can tell my child that I really did choose to have him or her. That I did want her or him. That I had a choice."

Bones' hand gripped his shoulder.

"Some choice." He whispered hoarsely.

"I know, but I'm taking everything I can at the moment ♦♦♦♦ so cut me some slack here okay?"

He wasn't surprised Bones when drew him into a fierce hug. He hugged back just as fiercely. They stayed that way for a long time.

Jim gasped as George pulled them out of the mindmeld ♦♦♦♦ separating them into two beings once more. George's blue eyes glittered. My eyes. Jim thought distractedly.

"Some choice." He echoed his godfather's words.

"It was mine nonetheless." Jim said clearly ♦♦♦♦ meaning every word he spoke. He hoped it showed. "And I've never regretted it, not for one single moment."

He kissed George's brow again and his son blinked. It broke his heart to see the hurt in that young face. Something had broken inside his son. Jim feared it might be his son's innocence. They all had to grow up, he knew, but why did George have to grow up like this. Were all hybrid

child cursed with this awful realisation or would those raised more logically not face this hurt. He feared that none could or would truly be spared this.

“It wasn’t a good time for anyone, but I made the best of it. And I took control then and there over your conception 🎲🎲“ your existence. I chose you. Do you understand? I chose you gladly and I never looked back.”

George smiled sadly.

“But some of the humans 🎲🎲“ most of them 🎲🎲“ they didn’t choose freely, did they? They conceived when they were told to 🎲🎲“ when they were forced to.”

Jim closed his eyes and nodded. “Yes, yes they did.” He shifted and drew his boy back into his embrace. George trembled and it hurt Jim more than any wound he had ever received himself. How funny that his son’s pain gutted him more deeply than anything else he’d ever experienced. He supposed it was a part of parenthood 🎲🎲“ of being a parent that gave a damn. He carefully tried to ignore his own less than stellar childhood. He liked to think he had done right by his son 🎲🎲“ and would continue to do so. He didn’t need to remember those that were clearly less than excellent role models.

“It doesn’t mean that most of them don’t love their children 🎲🎲“ no matter how they were conceived though.”

“Tavik.” George spoke. “His mother really hates him. She hates his father, but she hates Tavik as well. She really, really hates him a lot.”

Jim swallowed. “I know George. I know.” And rubbed his son’s back as his boy’s breath hitched again. “I love you. I do. I love you.” They spent a long time in his office. Neither one minded.

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He tucked his son in, something he hadn’t done for a while now. He hated that his boy was still a bit wary and scared, but he loved that his child could take comfort in his love 🎲🎲“ and that George wasn’t emotionally crippled or afraid to seek it out. He tucked a strand of blond hair behind a pointy ear and smiled.

“It’s getting long.”

George scowled. Jim suppressed the urge to chuckle.

“Father will not make me cut it. He promised me.”

“I didn’t say it to caution you. I merely made an observation.”

The wary look recedes even more, which had been his intention.

“Sorry dad.”

Jim shook his head. “I don’t mind. You’re just like your father in some ways, little one.”

George grinned.

“Dad! I’m thirteen now. I’m not little or young.” He eyed Jim hopefully. “In fact, I’m sure that some

Klingon wine would ❖❖“.”

Jim chuckled, briefly pressing a finger to his son’s lips ❖❖“ stopping the words from tumbling out.

“Don’t press your luck, my positively ancient little one.”

He stood and smoothed the blankets down. He met the blue gaze and saw a boy on the cusp of manhood and his heart ached. Such innocence already cracked down and about to be blown open wide. George had the makings of a fine man. It mostly hurt and pleased Jim to an equal extent. But tonight, he let himself grieve a little for the carefree child George had always managed to be. He sincerely hoped that the man his son become could retain some of that carefree innocence.

“Dad?” Blue eyes regarded him solemnly. “Do you mind it? That I’m like father in some ways? Maybe even in most ways to some degree?”

Jim smiled.

“You are your own person George. Never let anyone make you think differently. But the qualities I see reflected in you that have been influenced by Spock, me, Sarek, Bones or anyone else we hold dear ❖❖“ those I cherish as well. Never fear anything different.”

He stroked a pale cheek and walked to the door.

“Sleep tight.”

“Don’t let the bed bugs bite.” George mumbled sleepily, turning on his side - clutching at his pillow. Jim grinned and shook his head. The door hissed shut quietly behind him.

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He looked at the stars, out of the viewing port in their bedchamber. He still thought they were beautiful. No matter the hostile planets or war-loving aliens they encountered. He was always reminded of the good and the beauty and the happiness the universe still contained. Still, it wasn’t always as easy to remember. And today had been particularly hard. He shook his head to clear his mind as he heard Spock enter, but he didn’t turn to face his mate immediately ❖❖“ preferring to look at the stars and the planet of new Vulcan. They’d have their boy with them for the next two months. It felt heavily. He startled as strong hands massaged his tense shoulders however. Jim then groaned at the pleasure those hands provided.

“Gods that feels good.”



A kiss was placed on the side of his neck and Jim leaned back against Spock’s chest. His husband’s arms came around him, holding him tightly. Jim tilted his head sideways and towards Spock inquiringly.

A soft yet insistent kiss surprised a moan out of him. He enjoyed those thin lips moving against his, before that wicked tongue stroked firmly and wetly against his own. He hardened and rubbed his ass against Spock’s groin ❖❖“ feeling that hard Vulcan cock growing as well. Those strong arms moved down, until firm hands gripped his hips. Spock tightened his grip and pulled Jim’s ass even more firmly against his cock. Jim indulged his Vulcan by moving his hips in a gyrating movement. It never failed to make Spock growl and Jim laughed as the sound echoed in their bedroom.



“Let’s go to bed Spock.”





He stroked one of those splayed hands on his hips.

“And tomorrow, husband, you can tell our son about how you’ve gone and planned a diplomatic mission to one of the outer Klingon colonies.”

He met Spock’s surprised gaze at his knowledge. He smirked. The damn Vulcan kept underestimating him  “ even after all these years. Spock really should know better by now.

“And then…”

He whispered against Spock’s lips, turning in his husband’s embrace  “ resting his arms on those strong shoulders. He resisted his own urge to dig his fingers into the firm muscles there.

“Then you can tell him that it is only logical to invite Tavik  “ his roommate  “ to accompany us on this mission since the boy’s father Kavat has been so very suddenly deployed.”

He licked his lips, smiling as Spock’s eyes were drawn to that motion. So he did it again, watching those burning dark eyes in a bone deep contentment. He fleetingly felt sorry for Tavik’s mother, who had never come to love her Vulcan as he did.

“You approve of my actions, t’hy’la?” Spock inquired as they walked towards their bed. Jim grinned.

“Let me show you how much I approve.”

And then he made Spock growl again.

The End (for now)

[Back to index](#)

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