

Summary: Five times Pavel Chekov cursed the Vulcan legislation and one time he didn't.

Categories: [Star Trek - 2009/Reboot](#) Characters: Chekov, Chekov/Kovu, Ensemble, James T. Kirk, Kirk/Spock, Kirk/Uhura, Leonard "Bones" McCoy, McCoy/Sarek, Mr. Spock, Original, Sarek  
Genres: Het, Slash

Warnings: Apocalyptic , Bond, Bonding, Coercion, Complete, Dark Themes, Enslavement , Forced Sex, Future mpreg, Implied Sexual Situation, m/f, m/m, Non- Con, Previous Warnings  
Apply, Rape

Challenges: None

Series: The Sun Will Rise

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Story Notes:

Warnings: off-screen rape (not Chekov), assault, enslavement, some slightly crackfic moments mixed in there as well. What can I say, I'm quirky like that.

A/N: Kovu? Isn't that like from the Lion King 2 or something? I thought it rung a bell, but oh well. Clearly there are no limits to my deprived mind. I say this honestly. \*nods\*

A/N2: The accent? I didn't even attempt it, cause I would fail at it. \* EPIC FAILURE\* I say. That is all.

A/N3: This is dedicated to all of you who made noises about more fic and more fic about the other crew members.

Spoilers: Let's go with yes to be very very sure? But really, why are you reading fic if you haven't seen the movie/series/anything at all yet? Go and see it! Now! It's totally smokin'.

## 1. [Chapter 1](#) by vampiric\_mcd

Chapter 1 by vampiric\_mcd

That's me in the corner

That's me in the spotlight

Losing my religion

Trying to keep up with you

And I don't know if I can do it

Oh no I've said too much

I haven't said enough

I thought that I heard you laughing

I thought that I heard you sing

I think I thought I saw you try

Losing My Religion - REM

One

There was a Vulcan that kept looking at him.

He saw him at the oddest of times, that dark gaze burning while following every movement Pavel made. It made him feel distinctly uncomfortable and out of his league. He knew he couldn't ignore the Vulcan's attentions if he were to force the matter, but so far, the Vulcan seemed content with merely watching him.

At first he had been relieved, he didn't think he could handle the shock of having to bond with a near stranger as well as Kirk had. But after a while the suspense and nerves of whether or not the

Vulcan was going to approach him were slowly wearing him down. He had even spoken to a bemused Kirk about it, whose eyes had narrowed at his description. From the look he had shot Spock, Pavel would have his answer soon.

He shifted his tense shoulders and looked tiredly up from the display that Scotty had asked him to take a look at. He startled as he found those burning dark eyes on him again. The Vulcan was standing in the corner of the engine room “out of the way for anyone working” all very logical and appropriate. Pavel froze for a moment then looked down again. The Vulcan just kept watching.

It had been driving Pavel steadily crazy. He wanted to know where he stood and he wanted to know now. He glanced up and met the Vulcan’s gaze. Pavel blushed, resulting in a raised eyebrow. Pavel’s cheeks burned even more but held the gaze for another minute then focused back on his work.

## Two

One of the things Pavel hated the most about the legislation was the impact it had on those already chosen. He saw the looks James Kirk had to endure and scowled his disapproval at the perpetrators as much as he could. It wasn’t Kirk’s fault that Spock had chosen him so quickly and blatantly “against everyone’s thoughts on his and Uhura’s relationship.

It also wasn’t his fault that Spock had claimed him so visibly and immediately, without any courtship at all. At least the rest of them got some time to deal with the changes in their lives. James Kirk had had to make a far more rapid adjustment than anyone else on this ship or in one of the remaining colonies. If anyone deserved their respect, it was Jim Kirk.

To see him be disrespected, humiliated and scorned “that hurt Pavel in ways he could not properly address.

## Three

He didn’t quite know how to act. His own Vulcan intended, Kovu, was watching the proceedings almost visibly approving beside him. He turned to meet Jim Kirk’s wounded eyes “dead eyes” before looking back at the couple getting married. He didn’t even seek out the other human’s eyes. There was nothing to be done “nothing anyone could say or do that would make this stop.

Spock was skilfully conducting the ceremony that would pronounce the young yeoman and his Vulcan fully bonded. It was much like a wedding. In fact, all bonded partners were considered married as stated by federation law “the little they had to fall back upon. Even though that the Federation continued to exist on a theoretical level, as well as having all the rules and regulations in the database, Pavel could only watch as several of their most sacred rights were being broken without any consideration.

Because despite the Vulcan ceremony having to resemble something close to a human wedding, it inspired no happiness or joy in any of the humans present. In fact, it was heartbreaking to watch how the Vulcans impassively continued their ceremony “binding the two intended bondmates together, while yeoman Andrew Burns cried silently but continuously.

Four

Kovu looked at him, almost puzzled.

“Once we are joined, we will try to conceive our first child as quickly as possible.”

Pavel resisted the urge to scream.

“I am only seventeen years old Kovu. I would like some time to grow up, as they say, before having a child of my own.”

The Vulcan frowned.

“You have reached your sexual maturity and are thus already fully grown. As for the matter of children. It is imperative that we rebuild our races to the best of our abilities. It is only logical to have as many children as is appropriate to contribute to that renewal of our species. We will need to produce a minimum of three.”

Pavel gritted his teeth, then gave up and then threw the ceramic plate Kovu had brought him as a token from new Vulcan. It briefly made him feel better. The Vulcan blinked at the destruction, before looking to Pavel. A slight surge of guilt threatened to take hold of him. It had been a nice gesture from the Vulcan. Even if it hadn't been a nice plate. And Pavel knew that Vulcans generally didn't do nice gestures when there was no logical reasoning behind it. As far as he knew, the plate had just been a plate. He tensed. Perhaps it hadn't been and Pavel had destroyed something precious to the Vulcan ❖❖“ something that meant something. Kovu addressed him.

“I believe your actions are emotionally compromised beyond your normal human emotional parameters. Are you unwell in any way?”

Pavel gaped then gave into the overwhelming urge and shrieked out his frustration at having such a logical and analytical and frustrating partner. But then again, what could one expect from a Vulcan? Kovu's eyes widened comically at the sound though.

“Your pitch has reached levels I have not heard before.” He paused for a moment, tilting his sideways. “Fascinating.”



Five



Forcible enslavement wasn't a highlight of any species, but it brought countless problems along that not even the Vulcans had considered beforehand. Some of the races out there liked to think that humans were now nothing more than a fucktoy ❖❖“ there for anyone's enjoyment ❖❖“ without the right to say no.

Their latest diplomatic disaster was based on such an infraction. During shore leave on a seemingly friendly planet, one of the human engineers had been assaulted and raped by several men ❖❖“ her Vulcan being forced to helplessly watch while restrained.

Once they had finished with the woman, they had opted to release her bonded Vulcan. It was the last mistake they ever made. He had killed them with a ferocious rage that had even surprised Sarek and Spock, who had mindmelded with the Vulcan to ascertain what had happened.





The Vulcan had beamed up alongside his wife immediately after dispatching her attackers. The ruling government had gotten wind of the situation in a matter of hours though and were

demanding retribution. They addressed Spock and Sarek directly on the bridge, while McCoy and his team were still fighting to stabilize the woman. Her Vulcan was with her, continuously calling out to her mentally  “ trying to stabilize her mind to keep it from slipping into oblivion.

“We demand satisfaction.” The Andorian ambassador hissed. The nostrils of his ridged nose arched and his other facial ridges visibly tensed. Spock frowned at this display. Pavel tried to meet Sulu’s gaze, but the pilot was concentrating on his display  “ his jaw clenched so hard Pavel worried he might crack some teeth. Spock replied to the Andorian ambassador in a seemingly civil matter, but Pavel could hear the impatience and reluctance to even address the ambassador in his voice.

“As we have said before, it is we who were wronged. It is therefore only logical that satisfaction was achieved on our end.”

“The human was used for what she was intended. You cannot blame my men for mating with a whore assigned that specific purpose. Even you Vulcans have acknowledged that.”

The silence on the bridge could have been cut with a knife. Pavel tried to ignore the tears and the rage that threatened to well up. He needed to keep a clear head to be on the bridge. In those tense moments a silent, enraged Kirk exited the turbo life  “ no doubt having come from sickbay  “ storming up to Sarek and Spock. Kirk mutinously faced the ambassador projected on the viewing screen. The ambassador cocked his head and his eyes visibly trailed over Kirk’s body, who stiffened even more under the regard as did everyone else on the bridge.

“Him. He shall do nicely.” The ambassador spoke. Pavel swallowed. This couldn’t be good. Sarek stepped closer to Spock, placing a hand on his son’s shoulder.

“I’ll do nicely as what?” Kirk barked out when no one replied immediately, making several crewmembers flinch. The ambassador frowned disapprovingly, but addressed Spock, his eyes flitting back and forth between Spock and Kirk.

“I accept him as satisfaction for the wrongdoings against my people. Have him brought to my residence as soon as you are able.” He looked at Kirk. “I will make you forget the Vulcans that you have had in no time. I am sure you will be most pleasing.”

Kirk’s mouth dropped open. Spock growled and even Sarek bared his teeth slightly. He saw Spock drag a possessive and protective arm around a still gaping Kirk, as Sarek dug his fingers into his son’s shoulders. With Kirk tucked closely to Spock’s side and after a heated glance between the Spock himself and Sarek, Pavel could only listen as the verdict was spoken. It didn’t surprise him.

“Cease all transmission between the Enterprise and the Andorian homeworld.” Spock gritted out. “All diplomatic ties are hereby severed.”

One

“Please remove your hands from my intended’s posterior immediately.”

Kovu spoke very precisely and clearly, while pointing a phaser at the Bellarian groping his ass. Pavel blushed in mortification at needing his big strong Vulcan to save him, but it seemed that it couldn’t be helped.

The Bellarian snorted contemptuously and palmed his ass again.

“You’re Vulcan.” He said mockingly. “You wouldn’t know what to do with the human’s ass if you had your cock up it.”

The Bellarian’s clan mates laughed at the crude joke. They winked at each other and at Pavel himself, palming themselves visibly. It seemed they too wanted to have a bit of fun alongside their leader. Pavel gritted his teeth and pulled against the hold without result.

“Let go!” He said insistently. He remembered what had happened to one of their female engineers on another shore leave. The only difference here was that his Vulcan hadn’t subdued and that the Bellarians hadn’t made any overtly aggressive movements yet. They just hadn’t let go “” even when Pavel had clearly said he wasn’t interested. The Bellarian’s fingers tightened painfully around his arm and Pavel gasped audibly.

The man looked at him and then proceeded to leer at him in a positively disgusting manner. Pavel’s nose wrinkled at the smell as well as the orange teeth. It was hardly enticing. The distraction was enough for Kovu to take advantage though. Within moments the Vulcan had discharged his phaser and the other three Bellarians fell to the ground stunned. Meanwhile he held the Bellarian that had been groping Pavel in a firm chokehold. Pavel shouldn’t really like to see the Bellarian turn that shade of puce, but he did. He really, really did.

“Ensign Chekov specifically stated that you were to let go of his person. You have only yourself to blame for your injuries.” And then Kovu broke the Bellarian’s nose quite logically, before applying a pinch to his nervous system - incapacitating him. He let the large man fall to the ground and turned to look at Pavel, who blushed prettily.

Kovu smiled awkwardly in response.

The End

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