

Summary: The look of intense grief made Jim's heart ache. He walked closer to his best friend, but kept a slight distance. He didn't want to crowd Bones, not about this 💎💎“ never about this. He slid down to his knees and watched as his friend brought the teddy bear to his face and inhaled. Bones' breath shuddered.

Categories: [Star Trek - 2009/Reboot](#) Characters: James T. Kirk, Kirk/Spock, Leonard "Bones" McCoy, McCoy/Sarek, Mr. Spock, Sarek

Genres: None

Warnings: Angst, Dark Themes, Death of Child

Challenges: None

Series: The Sun Will Rise

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Story Notes:

A/N: [info]lirulien said the following and it got me thinking.

BTW, good job killing off that bitch of Bones' ex, but ow, Joanna...angst for Bones while Sarek courts him?

[info]chosenfire28 also mentioned this and I thought it would tie in nicely? I mean.. by which I hope I pulled it off.

Lastly I think my favorite part of this is not the Kirk/Spock relationship but the relationship between Kirk and Bones, just WOW it comes across as very strong and amazing, a true friendship with people who really need each other and care for each other.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by vampiric_mcd

Chapter 1 by vampiric_mcd

Author's Notes:

Kirk/Bones friendship.

Beyond the door

There's peace I'm sure.

And I know there'll be no more...

Tears in heaven

Would you know my name

If I saw you in heaven

Will it be the same

If I saw you in heaven

I must be strong, and carry on

Cause I know I don't belong

Here in heaven

Cause I know I don't belong

Here in heaven

Tears in Heaven 💎💎“ Eric Clapton

It was the middle of the night when Sarek came to his and Spock's quarters. It was only a few weeks after everything changed between their two races 💎💎“ for their two species. Earth and Vulcan destroyed 💎💎“ humans all but completely enslaved as well as being forced to bond in order to save both their people.

Spock answered the door and let his father in. Jim blinked sleepily at the two of them from the bedroom door. It only took seeing Sarek's expression to make him wake up completely however.

The older Vulcan looked tired and worried and even helpless. He turned to look at Jim, ignoring his son's gentle inquiries. Jim's breath caught. He grabbed his uniform and put it on as quickly as he could. He nodded to Sarek, who bowed slightly ♦♦♦ Spock falling silent as he watched the both of them interacting wordlessly.

Jim left Sarek and Spock alone in his quarters, the two Vulcans watching him leave silently. In the end not a word had been spoken but Jim knew what this was about. He knew why Sarek had shown up in the dead of night in his quarters. He knew why Sarek looked so helpless ♦♦♦ as if he were unable to act and make things right ♦♦♦ no matter the logic involved in the matter.

He knew.

It had been a long time coming.

He palmed Bones' door and wasn't surprised at the pause before being let in. He also wasn't surprised at the sight of his best friend kneeling on the floor ♦♦♦ pictures and several items spread out in a half circle in front of him. Bones held a bottle of whiskey in one hand ♦♦♦ and a stuffed brown teddy bear with only one eye in the other. The look of intense grief made Jim's heart ache. He walked closer to his best friend, but kept a slight distance. He didn't want to crowd Bones, not about this ♦♦♦ never about this. He slid down to his knees and watched as his friend brought the teddy bear to his face and inhaled. Bones' breath shuddered.

"I can still smell her."

He whispered, his voice broken. Jim wondered if one could actually feel a heart breaking. He wasn't quite sure whose of the two of them it was. He wondered if Bones' heart hadn't been broken once earth had exploded in the first place ♦♦♦ and the shock and worrying of the last few weeks had only let himself feel it now. A sort of accumulation of grief that could drive anyone to drink. A vicious sort of sorrow that could destroy a man ♦♦♦ drive him insane and beyond all want for logic or emotion.

He watched as Bones placed the teddy down and reached for pink plastic beaded necklace. He also drank straight from the half-empty whiskey bottle ♦♦♦ a trickle of alcohol making it down his chin. He had seen his friend drunk before, more times than he cared to think about. But he had never seen him so desolate after drinking. It scared Jim. He eyed the items on the floor and the alcohol so close by.

"Don't spill it on her things Bones."

Jim said quietly but alert. He watched as Bones swayed backwards slightly. The fingers clutching the pink necklace twisted however, almost as if they helped ground Bones. Jim made sure that he could move forward quickly enough to protect the items if he needed to.

"She doesn't need them anymore Jim." Bones barked out, making Jim flinch at the sudden volume. He paused slightly, but then spoke the truth.

"You need them." He said, reaching for the bottle. Bones looked at him ♦♦♦ blue eyes so filled with pain it hurt Jim to see it there. He'd do anything to make this better, to change it. But this was something he couldn't change. It couldn't ever be made right again. He took the whiskey and placed it away from the precious items spread out on the floor. When he sobered up, Bones would hate it if he tarnished anything he still had to remember her by.

"You need them, Bones, so take care."

Bones looked at the items spread on the floor. A small lifetime represented by a few pictures and some pieces that had been held dear. They were all that was left. All that could bring some

comfort. All that could tear his friend's heart apart.









"She's gone Jim. My little girl." Bones' voice cracked. "She's gone."







Jim swallowed painfully.



"I know." He spoke, feeling so very inadequate. Because what could he say to make it better. Nothing could or would. No words sufficed. Nothing ever would. Bones stood up swaying unsteadily from side to side and dropped the necklace. Jim eyed it, but stood up also, following his friend. Everything lay safe where it was. No harm would come to any of it. He would make sure of that. Bones' breath hitched and Jim placed a hand on his shoulder. Bones shrugged it off as if burned. Jim closed his eyes briefly.

"I'm sorry Bones."

His friend sank down on his bed and buried his face into his hands. He shuddered and his body shook with silent sobs. Jim sat down beside him and placed an arm around those wide shoulders. Bones' entire body tremble under the ferocious expression of his grief. Jim tightened his hold.

His friend was strong   " too strong at times   " carrying his burdens and pain beneath a hostile temper and a biting wit. But Jim knew him   " saw him   " loved him. And Bones was only human.

The loss of a child was enough of a burden   " something so painful it could crack a man wide open   " losing such perfection. If any parent deserved his child to be happy and healthy and alive   " surely it was Bones. The universe didn't operate that way though. And there was nothing Jim Kirk could do about that. He could only offer his best friend comfort and hold on. He would always hold on.

"I won't let go." He whispered fiercely and buried his nose in Bones' hair as his friend turned in his embrace   " clutching almost desperately at Jim as if he could leave or vanish at any time. The hug bordered on painful, but Jim clutched right back. Jim's throat burned as he swallowed. He could do nothing but be there for his friend. He hoped it would be enough.

"I'm here."

He kissed his friend's temple.

"I'm here."

The end.

[Back to index](#)

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