

Summary: This takes place in my the sun will rise/verse. It's not always a happy place. Go read the other stories and the warnings that go with it. Keep it in mind. Angst, h/c and fluff for general warnings.

Categories: [Star Trek - 2009/Reboot](#) Characters: Chekov, Chekov/Kovu, Ensemble, George (Original Character), Hikaru Sulu, James T. Kirk, Kirk/Spock, Kovu (Original Character), Leonard "Bones" McCoy, McCoy/Sarek, Montgomery "Scotty" Scott, Mr. Spock, Other Female, Other Male, Pavel Chekov, Sarek

Genres: Gen, Het, Slash

Warnings: Adult Situations, Angst, Bond, Bonding, Coercion, Complete, Fluff, Forced Sex, Future mpreg, H/C, Implied Sexual Situation, Kid Fic, m/f, m/m, Mind Meld, Non- Con, Previous Warnings Apply, Rape, Scientific Conception, Violence

Challenges: None

Series: The Sun Will Rise

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



Chapter 1 by vampiric\_mcd

The trouble with love is  
It can tear you up inside  
Make your heart believe a lie  
It's stronger than your pride  
The trouble with love is  
It doesn't care how fast you fall  
And you can't refuse the call  
See, you got no say at all





The Trouble With Love Is by Kelly Clarkson

One

Scotty swore inventively as he checked the some of the shoddy work several of the engineers had performed. They'd all but committed sacrilege in his opinion. He turned on two of the engineering team.

"Look at those relay connections! Do you want the ship to explode when it goes to warp? Where in hell's blazes did you get your degrees!" He roared. The two engineers were pale and trembled  their mouths opening and closing. Scotty sighed at the sorry sight of them and deflated slightly. He groaned softly.

"Get out of my sight. It seems neither of you two can do anything productive."

The two engineers all but scrambled away, scuttling out of his sight. He watched them go and sighed, rubbing his neck as he turned to face the utter horrifying waste of effort. Especially since he would have to spend three extra hours outside of his shift fixing the problem. Luckily the ship was in space-dock and they had the luxury of time to deal with such stupid mistakes for once. Still, errors like these could turn deadly when it happened in deep space. He grunted as he inspected the mistakes in front of him  already mentally unravelling everything and putting it back together  the way it should have been done in the first place.

"You are angry at their apparent lack of skill." A precise voice came from his left. Scotty startled slightly and turned to look at whomever had interrupted him. A female Vulcan stood to the left

behind him, watching him. Scotty blinked. He hadn't even noticed that the Vulcan had been in the room when he'd shouted at the engineers.

"If they didn't know what they were doing, they shouldn't be in charge of this relay station and they should have asked for help before they turned it into such a mess." He pointed disgustedly at the crosswires and utter abomination of mistakes on the relay station.

The female Vulcan looked at the station and her features tightened slightly in what Scotty chose to interpret as righteous disgust. His attention wavered between the pretty female in a very scary Vulcan way and the work in front of him. As always, the work won and he started running a diagnostic, while mumbling everything that needed to be done under his breath. The woman was all but forgotten until she spoke up again.

"Might I be of assistance?"

Scotty snorted absentmindedly, as he punched in his personal code.

"Don't take this the wrong way, but you'll only slow me down."

He didn't pay much more attention to the Vulcan after that choosing to focus himself completely on the thing that deserved his utter attention. The relay station.

"Don't worry about it." He crooned softly to the station, hands stroking alongside its sides traces hard edges and cool metal. "We'll get you sorted out in no time. I won't let them play with your lovely circuitry no more." He patted the station firmly and hummed a tune of nameless song.

"Fascinating."

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## Two

Sarek watched as his grandson ran towards his father. Kirk squatted down and oomphed dramatically as George impacted with him. Kirk stood up quickly and then spun the little one around and around laughing wildly all the while. George giggled as loudly as his human father. Sarek could also clearly see that the boy's enjoyment only added to Kirk's happiness. After a moment of contemplation, Sarek turned to his own son beside him and watched carefully how Spock's eyes didn't leave the sight of his t'hy'la and child.

He was glad that his son had obtained this much joy in his life. It hadn't always been a given and even now their world was so perilous and the road to a renewal of the Vulcan-human alliance was far from secured.

But for now, Sarek would try to live in the now enjoy the pleasures that were bestowed upon his clan. As a hand slipped into his own sturdy fingers caressing his own in the ways of a Vulcan kiss he met the clear blue gaze of his own love. Leonard smiled at him broadly, his fingers tightening for a moment before slipping loose far too soon. If he could, he would never release Leonard McCoy from his embrace a wholly illogical sentiment, yet true nonetheless. He watched as his own human joined Kirk and his grandson. The boy shrieked at the sight of his human and Kirk whooped loudly as well.

"Uncle Bones!"

"Bones!"

Kirk half-hugged Leonard as he shifted George who reached for his human. Leonard eagerly took the precious boy into his arms and twirled the boy around as well making George shriek again. Leonard laughed and Kirk snorted. Leonard finally hugged the boy close to his body, resting him casually on his hip. Leonard kissed George's brow and the boy snuggled closer to his human.

Sarek swallowed at the ease with which Leonard handled the child at the obvious love his human had for Sarek's grandchild. He wondered if Leonard would ever want to have a child of their own if he would ever be ready for it. A small touch to the small of his back startled him out of his thoughts. Spock's concerned gaze made him incline his head slightly. No matter if Leonard would ever give him another child he already felt particularly blessed with the one he already had. Another shriek dragged his attention away again.

"Grandpa!" George connected forcibly with his legs and Sarek raised his eyebrows as the boy smiled toothily up at him. That blue eyed gaze so much like his human father twinkled with obvious affection for him. It made Sarek's breath catch.

"Twirl me grandpa, please?" The boy pleaded, pouting in an exaggerated fashion. The display of a less than completely Vulcan disposition didn't diminish the love Sarek felt for the boy though. It even illogically perhaps made him more content to be so loved in return by someone so willing to display their affection. He reached down and hoisted George unto his hip. Sarek cocked his head.

"You wish for me to make a spectacle of myself by spinning you around my body in a circular motion?"

George blinked at his query then gnawed on his lower lip blue eyes turning more solemn more Vulcan in their appraisal. Sarek frowned as he felt a twinge of distaste at the realisation that George was trying to please him by diminishing himself even in such a small way. He hoisted the child up again and George clearly thought that he would be put down unto the ground. The child looked down and thus didn't anticipate Sarek's actions. He twirled his grandson around once in a large arc making the boy's eyes widen and making him shriek loudly as the boy needlessly scrambled to hold on. Sarek would not let go. Still, only the sound of laughter and joy echoed around them.



"Again, grandpa, again!"



Sarek smiled and obliged his grandson not even noticing how an amused Spock, a grinning Kirk and a shocked but rapidly laughing Leonard were watching him closely. He also didn't notice the intrigued air Leonard had about him as he watched Sarek interact with George. Jim Kirk did however.

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Three



Hikaru Sulu was a master with the fencing foil as well with his retractable blade. He had never anticipated that his sword skills would one day get such a reaction though. He stood panting to

the side of the gym as three Vulcans battled it out. His own fencing partner was out cold “ having been struck by one of the combatants. Apparently one of three of his suitors had gone into ponfarr. And when that Vulcan had come looking for Hikaru, he had found him merrily battling an unsuspecting ensign Carson.

The Vulcan had gone into a protective rage “ his instincts screaming at him to protect his intended mate. All it had gotten the Vulcan was a knocked-out ensign and two other suitors having the time to track him and challenge him for Hikaru’s affections.

Apparently Hikaru was being courted by each of these three Vulcans. It would have been nice to have been informed of the fact before he was set upon by a lust addled Vulcan though. He didn’t know what to think about the fact that there were currently three Vulcans battling it out for the right to court him.



He watched at the savagery that they heaped on each other “ green blood and shredded clothes making him sick to his stomach as well as slightly fascinated at the primal display of power.

An insistent touch startled him out of his focused reverie and he frowned as a pale-faced Jim Kirk drew him insistently into the turbolift “ away from the Vulcans and the small crowd watching the battle.

“Jim?” he asked uncomprehendingly.



“We need to get you ready.” Jim spoke softly, his hand gripping Hikaru’s shoulder.

“Ready?” Hikaru asked in consternation. “Ready for what?”

Jim’s eyes flew to meet his and Hikaru could read the fear and determination there. It scared him, because there were few things that made James Tiberius Kirk afraid. Jim pulled him out on his floor and dragged him to his quarters. Hikaru spoke his authorization code and let Jim drag him inside “ towards the bed.

“Where’s the rest of your lube?” Jim asked grimfaced, poking around in his drawers. Hikaru blushed as Jim drew out a half used tube of his lubrication.

“Jim, what the hell?”

Jim looked at him and frowned “ looking him over in an almost detached manner.



“Get your clothes off and for God’s sake start stretching yourself Hikaru. You don’t want to do this dry.”

Hikaru sat down “ mortified.

“Jim.” His voice was strangled. “What the hell are you talking about?”

He watched how Kirk really looked at him and paled even more. Jim sat down heavily and shook. Hikaru swallowed. Nothing good could come from this, he was sure.

“Goddamnit.” Kirk cursed, punching Hikaru’s mattress. He reached out to touch Jim’s shoulder but the man drew back. Kirk shook his head briefly, his fists still balled.

“Sulu... Hikaru... There are three Vulcans battling for the right to mate with you. One is already lost to ponfarr and he will likely bite and infect the others “ forcing their own ponfarr upon them.”

Jim's blue eyes were hard as they locked on the shut door, before softening as they landed on Hikaru.

"Whoever wins is going to claim you and mate with you. And you'll probably have to deal with your bonded in full ponfarr while you're at it. So you really need to prepare yourself for him, because he probably won't hold back to prepare you himself." Jim paused before inhaling deeply. "Hikaru, do you understand what I'm saying?"

Hikaru swallowed as he realised that the Vulcans weren't in fact battling for the right to court him slowly and exclusively. Like Jim said, they were fighting for the right to fuck him ♠♠ claim him ♠♠ bond with him. Something final and permanent and most likely painful.

His hand closed around the tube, his heart pounding. A Vulcan that he didn't know would come to his quarters in a lust filled haze and wouldn't take no for an answer ♠♠ not that any human had the right to say no to a Vulcan anymore, not even when they weren't in the midst of ponfarr.

"I've never been with a man before." Hikaru spoke, not really knowing why. He didn't say that he didn't want to be with one now. What would be the point. There were no choices left for him, not anymore. He also didn't say that he was afraid. He probably didn't have to, judging by the look on Jim's face.

"I'm sorry Hikaru, but you really need to prepare yourself." Jim spoke hoarsely. He touched his temple briefly. "Spock says they're down to two competitors."

Hikaru took the tube with shaking hands.

"I don't... I..."

"Hikaru, please." Jim pleaded, his eyes wild. Hikaru closed his own eyes and nodded, taking the tube and then walked unsteadily to his bathroom. He could do this. He could. The awful edge of fear in Jim's voice made him move more quickly.

"Hurry, Hikaru. Please."

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Four

It felt intimate ♠♠ like a slow kiss with a hint of tongue and the slow burn of familiarity. It felt like fireworks and a sense of belonging. It felt like two people becoming one entity ♠♠ irrevocably changed forever like a stone thrown into a river ♠♠ changing it's very essence by its presence. It felt like home and everything he could wish for ♠♠ all that he was and all that he could be or wanted to be unveiled and he had never been more naked. Pavel gasped sharply as Kovu retreated from his mind, feeling the loss of that mind as something close to unbearable.

Pavel's hands scrambled for Kovu's face and he kissed his Vulcan the way humans did. Kovu opened his mouth and Pavel moaned as their tongues met. The tentative quality of the Vulcan's motions aroused Pavel. It was oddly endearing that the Vulcan hadn't quite understood why humans loved to kiss with their mouths. It was even more endearing the way he tried to please Pavel by doing his best at this kissing business.

Pavel drew back, panting softly. For someone who had never kissed another in the human way before Pavel ◊◊ his Vulcan had proven to be a wonderful pupil. He took in his Vulcan, whose eyes were dilated as a lovely green flush stained his cheekbones and the tips of his pointed ears. His hair looked slightly mussed. In simple terms, Kovu looked all but dishelved.

The sight of his Vulcan in a less than pristine condition made Pavel's heart twinge. It felt as if everything had slotted into place ◊◊ no matter his fears and considerations ◊◊ no matter his dreams and everything he openly or secretly had wished for. In the joining of their minds most of it had been revealed. He knew that Kovu was his future now. He knew that most of what he had planned for himself wouldn't take place. He knew that it would be up to his Vulcan to decide when they were to be fully bonded ◊◊ as well when the procedure for his ability to bear children would be implemented. That alone would change his life even more drastically.

And it scared Pavel that slowly but surely he was getting resigned to his fate ◊◊ that he would gladly lose himself in the mind and tentative strokes that Kovu gave him ◊◊ if only the Vulcan continued doing so.

"Perhaps..." Kovu paused, then cleared his throat. Pavel looked up, meeting his Vulcan's gaze. For the first time since Pavel had met Kovu, he felt that the Vulcan looked young and perhaps less sure of himself than he would like everyone to believe. Pavel had gotten his own share of imprints during their mind melt ◊◊ their first one ◊◊ but he knew that it would take and practice for him to interpret the memories and feelings in the same way that Vulcans could.

"Perhaps we would benefit from a longer courtship." Kovu spoke. Pavel blinked. "You would not be expected to carry offspring before we are fully bonded in the eyes of the Vulcan council." Kovu looked at his hands. "While I would like to fully explore our bonds and our relationship at our own leisure, I do believe the council would permit a longer courtship ◊◊ provided we ultimately procreate adequately." His Vulcan raised his eyes ◊◊ visibly weary.

Pavel swallowed and nodded, his heart thudding painfully in his throat. Kovu reached for him and he leaned into the brush of those agile fingers against his face.

"It was not my intention to make you cry." Kovu spoke softly, a vulnerable note in that often serious voice. Pavel hadn't even noticed he had been crying. He surged forward and kissed Kovu again, his own hand finding his Vulcan's ◊◊ kissing in both the human and Vulcan way.

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Five

It was and wasn't a conscious decision when Jim woke up ◊◊ when he got up in the middle of the night. He had been thinking about it for a while now. He had been trying to think about so many things ◊◊ trying to keep his mind off of what ifs and children and the unbearable loss that life had dealt him. The truth of the matter was that he had to keep busy.

It helped that one of the things that plagued his mind had been something he had been advocating for a long time, ever since the beginning. He had tried to do it overtly as well as covertly ◊◊ to be the best ambassador for his people that he could be. It would stand to reason that he would finally have to implement a more formal way of going about it. He worked at it until Spock sat down beside him ◊◊ reading what he had written down. Jim's breath caught as he watched his husband.

The tension in the air was almost unbearable and painful, but he couldn't and wouldn't back down on this. He hadn't really thought about Spock's reactions to all of this though. But he needed to do this. He needed to be useful. He needed to see things change. He needed to make things change, because rebels had taken inadvertently away his child. Rebels had attacked him and the diplomatic convoy he had been with ♠♠“ because they still represented a form of oppression to those that were opposed to any form of interaction between Vulcans and humans ♠♠“ at least regarding the unequal terms of Vulcans.

Perhaps it was time to finally truly advocate change. Perhaps more heartbreak and sorrow and loss could be avoided. In order to do that, things needed to change. It should have never been this way in the first place. Surely Spock could see it now as well. Still, it would mean that the relations and status quo of the past few years would once again be drastically altered. Jim knew that there would be a fair share of humans who would want to free themselves of the Vulcan shackles ♠♠“ in more way than one. It wouldn't be easy to make his vision come true. Especially since Vulcans were notoriously protective of what they considered theirs.

In fact, Spock might not approve of his actions. Perhaps he would fear for the safety of his own bond and family. Perhaps he wouldn't be wrong to fear what Jim had in mind. But he also didn't know if he could handle Spock not supporting him on this. He needed Spock with him on this because it meant that they were truly equals. He needed Spock with him on this because it would allow humans and Vulcans to live as equals once again. If he had learned anything these last few years, it was that things needed to change ♠♠“ for the better.

Spock shifted beside him and Jim looked at his Vulcan. Spock didn't look at him tough, his eyes wistful and weary as they remained locked on Jim's words.

“Once you have finished your proposal, you will need to defend it before the Vulcan high council.” Spock spoke, finally meeting his gaze. Jim swallowed at the intensity of emotion that he could see.

“I would be honoured to stand beside you when you do so.” Spock spoke softly and brushed his fingers alongside Jim's psi points. He inhaled sharply at the fleeting brush of their minds. Spock's devotion and awe as well as his fear that he could lose everything nearly overwhelmed Jim. He tried to project his own feelings and reassurance as best as he could. It must have worked on some level because Spock drew back ♠♠“ a slight smile on his face. They stared at each other for a moment, before Spock stood up. Jim frowned.

“I shall rouse George.” Spock answered his unspoken question, walking towards their son's room. He blinked. He hadn't realised that it was in fact morning ♠♠“ that he had written the night away. Jim watched his husband for a moment longer, before his eyes sought out the words he had written down ♠♠“ and then he slowly but surely let himself wonder about change. He almost couldn't wait to see it all unravel.

The Intergalactic Declaration of Basic Human and Vulcan Rights.

Article 1

All beings ♠♠“ human or Vulcan ♠♠“ are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood.

The End

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