

Summary: Sleep, baby, my dear one

Categories: [Star Trek - 2009/Reboot](#) Characters: Chekov, Chekov/Kovu, Kovu (Original Character), Original

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Birth - Implied, Fluff, m/m, Scientific Conception

Challenges: None

Series: The Sun Will Rise

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Story Notes:

This is part of the sun will riseverse. While there are no (majorly) offensive acts being committed here, there are acts obliquely referred to that might squick people. Be forewarned. Check warnings on the masterpost if you don't even want a hint of any of that crossing your screen. Just saying.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by vampiric_mcd

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Author's Notes:

Prompt: Chekov singing a lullaby (with his awesome accent) to either his own baby, with Kovu listening or while babysitter George.

It had not been the most easy of decisions. It had not been the most desirable of choices “” especially in the eyes of the council. If Kovu hadn't been as determined as he had been. If he had not all but outright defied the council and if he had not had the support from Spock's family “” Kovu wondered what his life would have been like. He and his mate would have had to procreate a great deal sooner. They would not even be on their first child. They might as well have been introducing their second or third born into their world.

But Kovu wasn't convinced that it would have been the joyous occasion that it should be “” the joyous happening that this first birth was. He wasn't sure that Pavel would have almost illogically glowed as he had humans say about his pregnant mate. In fact, it would have been far likelier that Pavel would have been very dissatisfied with the situation “” with Kovu “” something quite unbearable if the Vulcan was truthful with himself. Still Kovu had never doubted that Pavel would have thought think ill off their hypothetical offspring. All things considered though, he was content that they had chosen this path instead.

He had chosen a fine mate. In turn, Kovu was willing to do a lot of things that didn't quite make sense to most Vulcans “” to the rigid thinking and ordered minds. He was willing to do a lot of things he had never thought possible or likely before.

Despite the pressure and chiding whispers they had to deal with, Kovu could even admit that he was glad that they had waited. It was an emotion most Vulcans scoffed at “” as they did at any notion of such things “” even though Vulcan thinking had been fundamentally changed and challenged through close contact with the humans they had claimed and merged with. Despite the emotions and thoughts involved, it had been a battle nonetheless. They had even managed to wait to procreate until it wasn't even mandatory anymore to produce offspring to regulate the losses they had suffered at the hands of Nero.

The Kirk legislation had given way to great deal more freedom for everyone “” both human and Vulcan alike. The choice to create life between Kovu and Pavel had been consensual on both their parts. Kovu felt that it made a difference for Pavel “” but in retrospect for Kovu himself as well. He often wondered if Pavel would have divorced him once the chance arose, if

Kovu had acted any different in this or any other matter ♦♦“ if Kovu had forced his mate to bear him children before he felt ready to do so. If Kovu would have forced him on any other level.

He didn't really like to ponder the what ifs of such scenarios, yet his mind often betrayed him by straying to such thoughts just the same. Despite it's illogical nature to think about things that hadn't occurred, it kept plaguing him in all its illogical glory. Especially since Kovu felt that it was more than likely that their relationship wouldn't be what it was today. If he had forced his mate into such decisions that he clearly hadn't wanted to at such a young age ♦♦“ they wouldn't have the level of balance between them that they had at this point.

Kovu also probably wouldn't have the same level of affection returned to him as he did today. It might be illogical to some, but he valued the life he had built with Pavel above all the what ifs and imaginary children they could have had. Instead, Pavel and he had both had a hand in the creation of their own little miracle as the Russian often liked to say. And as he watched his mate and child together, it illogically stole his breathe away.

Pavel looked tired but happy ♦♦“ unaware of the scrutiny he found himself under. Pavel held their child in such a comfortable manner, propped up against a mountain of pillows. Pavel held their daughter so protectively and lovingly that it made Kovu's heart ache with sheer irrational emotion. His mate was singing softly to the infant, whose attention was firmly and solemnly on its bearer. Clearly, their progeny had good taste and was already showing great potential.

Pavel sung to her quietly yet melodically and Kovu opted to observe them from the doorway as long as he could ♦♦“ unwilling to break the little bubble of perfection before him. Instead of partaking in this scene, he focused on the words his mate sung to their daughter. It was a centuries-old Russian lullaby of sorts if he wasn't mistaken.

“Spi mladenets, moy prekrasnuy.”

Kovu swallowed as he easily translated the old Russian lullaby verse into standard.

Sleep, baby, my dear one.

It was perfect, just perfect. Just like everything else in this little scene. Kovu wouldn't change it for the world. His mates' eyes suddenly found his and Pavel smiled brilliantly at him.

“Look Alexandra, your papa has arrived.”

Pavel changed his hold on the baby, tilting her so that Kovu could see her better. He walked up to the bed in response and just took in the child again. Raven dark curls and black eyes, Vulcan eyebrows and ears combined with an almost milky white human complexion ♦♦“ only a faint green hue highlighted her cheeks. She still amazed Kovu with every perfect lungful of air she took. The feeling was awe-inspiring and terrifying. He didn't know how he was ever going to let her out of his sight again.

Kovu carefully took her into his arms as Pavel shifted. He brushed a finger over her cheekbone, skirting alongside the psi points. A sense of contentment and security radiated from her tiny fragile body. It awed him on so many levels. Solemn black eyes blinked up once at him before closing trustingly as his daughter settled down to sleep against his chest. Kovu leaned down and brushed his lips over her brow in the human way. He knew that he would do anything in his power to keep her safe.

Anything. Even illogically so.

The End.

[Back to index](#)

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