

Summary: No one had ever promised him that it would be easy “ that love wouldn't sometimes hurt. It was almost funny in a way how he hadn't really understood that. George always thought that love was supposed to be glorious and the pinnacle of all emotion. And maybe it was. Just not quite in the way he expected it to be.

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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

Chapter 1 by vampiric_mcd

Author's Notes:

This is for [info]misagoddess who prompted me this: Well, you ALREADY know I want to see more of George. How about a young adult George - first love maybe? And all day I've had Nina Simone's 'I put a spell on you' going through my head.

I fall to pieces

Each time I see you again

I fall to pieces

How can I be just your friend?

...

I fall to pieces

Each time someone speaks your name

I fall to pieces

Time only adds to the flame

Patsy Cline “ I fall to pieces









When he was seventeen, he knew for certain. He would only ever romantically love one person. This person “ a hybrid like himself “ could be considered his brother, friend and hopefully his lover as well. George knew that there was word for people with potential like that. The word was t'hy'la and everyone who knew what it meant “ and those who could ascertain its value, would only gracefully bow to the inevitability of such a joyous union.





Of course, George hadn't counted on aggressive suitors and bullies making it that much harder for him to achieve that relationship. The last few months had wreaked havoc with his composure and emotions. While he didn't aspire to be as in control of himself as his father Spock was “ he had noticed a certain tendency to only be completely open with those he trusted and loved.

And while George was rarely aggressive in a normal setting, he found himself becoming enraged whenever interlopers approached his intended mate with any sort of perceived romantic intent. He had punched an average of six boys and three point six girls every month this last semester



before dean Mavok deemed his private plea to have any legitimate claim.

And even then it had occurred only after extensive talks and mindmelds to verify George's feelings and capability to commit to a lifetime event such as the joining of two t'hy'la's. He felt vindicated at last, when he had finally gotten the approval from the dean to announce his own intent to formally court Tavik in front of all of their schoolmates. Of course, it wouldn't do at all to not inform Tavik of that before George broadcasted it to all. Especially since his intended mate wasn't quite as aware of the situation as George would have liked.



He felt reasonably secure in the knowledge that Tavik knew that George liked him  that he liked him a lot  but he had felt conflicting emotions coming from Tavik whenever George had tried to broach the subject tactfully. He would be lying if that didn't put him ill at ease at times. He had never been anything but truthful with Tavik  and placed a lot of emphasis on it in every relationship he had. Be it familial, friendship or more  truth was a necessary basis for George. He hated lies and deception.

Still, Tavik's mind felt open to him more often than not and their minds melded so very easily. In fact George always had to work hard at not letting himself go completely into the meld  something only reserved for bonded pairs. And he felt the same struggle from Tavik. So he felet exhilarated when he made his way to the quarters he shared with Tavik, accompanied by the dean to finally be able to present his case formally  the Vulcan way.



George knew Tavik had a study session that would almost be over. Though he always made sure that his best friend had the space and quiet to hold that study session in as Tavik had logically pointed out to him.

Together with dean Mavok they entered his quarters. George frowned at the light setting. It was over sixty percent the capacity of what it should be to create a barely adequate reading environment. He felt a sudden illogical fear grip his heart. He looked at the dean whose eyes were narrowed into the darkness. When the Vulcan's eyes widened and turned to George, he somehow already knew. George still said the words that would make it undisputable though, because he wasn't a coward or in the habit of lying to himself  even if it meant destroying his own worldview.

"Lights to normal capacities." He spoke seemingly in a calm fashion. He felt anything but calmness. His heart thudded painfully and his hearing seemed diminished when a rushing sound seemed to drown out his otherwise fine hearing.

Light washed over his quarters in the wake of his order. He immediately couldn't help but see what he had feared and yet somehow already known to be faced with. A partially undressed Tavik and Marbella were revealed entangled on the seating area, both visibly startling at the occurrence of light. Pale purple and green bruises on both bodies as well as bruised lips made their activities well-known  even if their undressed state of clothing hadn't already.

And then there was light. George's mind whispered illogically. And then there was only ruin.

Tavik frowned reproachfully at George, slowly moving away from Marbella. Tavik then glanced at dean Mavok uncertainly. While consensual meetings like these weren't prohibited, the administrators tended to frown upon unbonded liaisons  especially between those not yet of

age.

That didn't matter though. None of it did. George just had eyes for the two of them together. It made him feel stupid, hurt and ashamed. From the level of familiarity, this could not have been the first time that Tavik and Marbella consorted like this. In fact, they seemed most at ease with the situation "if not for their unplanned discovery" and weren't even offering a justification for their behaviour.

This ease not only meant that Tavik had been lying to George for a certain amount of time about his actions now, but he'd also been cuckolded in his own domain. No matter if Tavik hadn't perhaps known the romantic aspects of George's feelings for him "this certainly wasn't the behaviour one should expect from someone considered his best friend.

Marbella didn't look at dean Mavok. It seemed she knew where the most danger lay. She only had eyes for George. He merely stared at her. He didn't feel a need to spin off into a rage to defend what he considered his. It was very obvious that Tavik was not his. Maybe the other boy had never been his to defend and claim at all. Maybe George had been very silly to even consider the notion of their bond being reciprocated at both ends. And the girl seemed to know that George would not fight for a lost cause "that he would not lower himself to such levels. She smiled with her teeth bared. The sense of victory and accomplishment was easily detected in her posture. George wondered how Tavik couldn't see or feel that. He wondered how Tavik could prefer this scheming and completely illogically trust above the strength of a t'hy'la bond.

It was almost ludicrous, the way Tavik liked to say that since he was raised more Vulcan than George had been "that he could read people better than George could ever hope to dream of. Tavik obviously hadn't spent enough time with George's bearer Jim Kirk yet to make such a distinction. Because if he had met his dad, then George felt certain that Tavik wouldn't make such a statement quite as easily "quite as confidently.

And George was more than willing to own up to the fact that he had inherited a fair share of qualities from both his fathers. The sense of victory Marbella felt now was also ludicrous, because there had been no battle. If Tavik choose her so blatantly, without even giving him the merest consideration a friend was due, well then Tavik could have her and Marbella could have him. George ignored the sense of loss. It was illogical "since he clearly hadn't had anything in his possession to truly lose.

He turned to dean Mavok who was now openly watching him. On some distant level it hurt that this man had seen and known his most inner feelings for Tavik. It galled more than a bit that he had completely made a fool of himself in front of a full Vulcan who would no doubt think the level of commitment between hybrids could only pale to that of true Vulcan t'hy'la's. It wasn't anything any hybrid had not heard insinuated before. He had often felt that this Vulcan had his own less than favourable thoughts about hybrids, though the man had never treated him or other hybrids with anything less than was appropriate for any student under his care "it would not be logical after all. George somehow couldn't bring himself to care anymore. He just wanted for it to pass. The humiliation and the pain and the oppressiveness of the situation almost seemed to suffocate him.

George could feel himself retreating behind a mask of carefully sculpted indifference and control. He met those dark eyes and could feel the numbness spread. This was something he had not learned from his father but from his dad. It should be funny how he used a human's way of defending himself to become more Vulcan. It should be funny but it wasn't. It was heartrending. All his hopes and dreams were completely shattered.


"I apologize for creating an uncomfortable situation on all our parts, dean Mavok. Obviously I was mistaken as to when my quarters would be sufficiently adequate to receive both our persons. This has of course negated the need and option to establish the verification I had wanted to obtain."

Careful words that revealed nothing, except it sparked off a hint of compassion in entirely too Vulcan eyes. He did not need pity. The numbness spread and the control grew. His composure was perfect and it gave nothing away. So of course it probably told dean Mavok all he needed to know. The man had something of a unique insight to the whole situation after all.

"Perhaps we can discuss your curriculum in my office Mister Kirk. I am sure that location will suffice just as well as your quarters would have."

George just looked at the Vulcan, who had just provided him with an excellent excuse that he could use when Tavik would question him about dean Mavok's presence in their quarters. It also gave him the option of retaining some sense of honour. It was almost unbearable that his intended bond mate did not in fact feel the same way he did. It was almost unthinkable that the person he thought of as a probable t'hy'la didn't see him as such. It left him so very numb.

"I would be most grateful to change locations so we can start that conversation at a more suitable place, dean Mavok. I am interested in several aspects of the curriculum available to me."

And it was true. He had been thinking about his curriculum. He had been thinking about all the classes that would demand his absence from his intended. It no longer mattered now. He briefly recalled all the classes that could demand for him to take an internship off planet  "on a colony or in deep space. Perhaps it wouldn't be illogical to create some space between him and Tavik. Perhaps the numbness would disappear then. It wasn't his intention to become completely Vulcan, not in the way that his father was or at least tried to be. He was both Jim Kirk and Spock's son and felt no need to leave any of his heritage unsaid. So, the numbness startled him. And it worried him on a dim sort of level.

As he followed dean Mavok out of his quarters he looked gazes with Tavik. His friend looked worried and stumped by the whole situation. It was only after they entered dean Mavok's office that George realised that neither one of them had addressed either Marbella or Tavik even once. Still, he couldn't quite make himself care about that.

A hand on his shoulder startled him forcibly out of his thoughts and he met the gaze of dean Mavok again.

"A completely Vulcan composure does not suit you." The dean spoke calmly. He squeezed George's shoulder briefly in an almost human sort of comfort. George swallowed at the sense of comfort he derived from the gesture. When dean Mavok drew his hand back, George almost felt

bereft in an entirely foreign way. The older Vulcan inclined his head. It seemed as if he was considering something before actually addressing him.

“I did not think I would ever say the following words to anyone ♦♦“ hybrid or other. B I urge you to not let go of the variety of your human emotions. They make you quite unique in so many ways, George. I would be distressed to learn you have completely submerged that side of you.”

George closed his eyes for several moments and tried to let go of that horrible numbness. It changed somewhat, weighing him down with the scope of emotions he tried to let himself feel. Grief and sorrow and a sense of loss were among the worst contenders. No one had ever promised him that it would be easy ♦♦“ that love wouldn’t sometimes hurt. It was almost funny in a way how he hadn’t really understood that. George always thought that love was supposed to be glorious and the pinnacle of all emotion. And maybe it was. Just not quite in the way he expected it to be.

When he opened his eyes again, dean Mavok reached for his cheek. He didn’t engage a mindmeld between the two of them, but instead brushed his cheek. When the older Vulcan pulled his hand back, George could see the glistening wetness on that pale green hand. Tears. He brought a hand to his cheeks. He was crying silently. When George inhaled next, his breath shuddered horribly and he tried to compose himself. Surely the dean could not even approve of such a loss of sense of self, but the Vulcan merely nodded at him. It eased something inside of him. It was strange how George felt strangely comforted by him. It was startling the way the Vulcan seemed less and less unreachable and more a normal approachable person in his own right. He had never expected that from this Vulcan to be honest. And maybe he had done him a disservice by thinking like that all this time.

“It will resolve itself appropriately in the end.” Dean Mavok spoke. The tone could be described as kind. It didn’t feel patronizing though. Mavok was merely speaking what he thought to be true.

However George was very much aware that the dean didn’t mean that that it was to be expected that Tavik would ever return George’s feelings. In fact, the dean probably deemed it to be very unlikely at all. Still, it was more consideration than he had ever thought he would get from this person. He somehow wondered how he hadn’t seen the innate sense of goodness in dean Mavok before ♦♦“ how he had only seen the strict teacher who ruled the academy to the best level of proficiency possible. He had never thought he would ever have to feel grateful to him in such a capacity at all. It left him feeling more off-kilter than ever.

Of course, George had also never anticipated that his first love ♦♦“ and most likely only love at that ♦♦“ would equal his first and most likely only broken heart as well.

The End.

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